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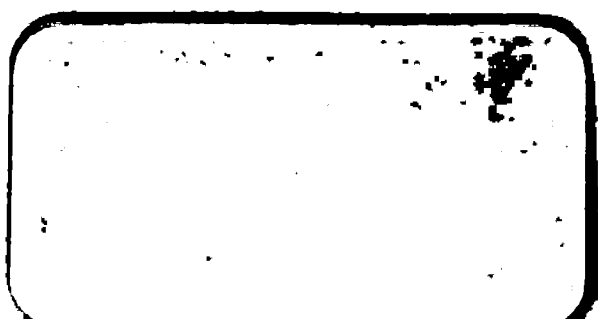
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**THE**  
**YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN.**



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THE

# YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN.

A VOLUME

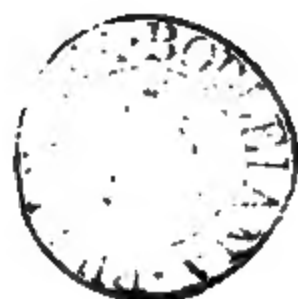
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# THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN.

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## THE HYMN OF LOVE.

### Part I.

*"Il est si beau d'aimer et d'être aimé, que cet Hymne de la Vie peut se moduler à l'infini, sans que le cœur en éprouve de lassitude; ainsi l'on revient avec joie au motif d'un chant embelli par des notes brillantes."—DE STAHL.*

### CHAPTER I.

#### A GOOD MORNING FROM MINNA'S CHAMBER.

**I**T is early morning. Every tiny sound falls dulled and muffled on the drowsy air. A gray light fills the room where Minna lies fast asleep; and the young girl's breathing is audible in the stillness, yet does not break it.

April-faced Aurora has not yet decided whether to laugh or cry. The most profoundly weather-wise could make nothing of the capricious lady in her present mood. Pouting like a spoiled child, she has hid herself behind a veil; and through its cloudy folds who could tell her humour? It may be that she will persist in her pouting fit; it is just as likely she will fling off her gray fall and show her fair young face all smiles and gladness. Being a lady, Aurora maintains her right to be a little wilful; and as she is yet, so to speak, in her teens, she must be pardoned for not always knowing her own mind.

The dull light brightens, and we can look around us within the chamber of the sleeping maiden. A pretty little room it is, simple, but right tastefully kept. Very neat too, with a pleasant quaintness about it. There are chairs of oak, stiff-backed and uncushioned, but far from ugly; the centre table is worm-eaten and oddly shaped, but brilliantly polished by Time's own hand; so is the little toilet-table; so is the carved cabinet yonder, on which stands an equally venerable book-case. The floor, with the exception of a tiny square of green carpet in the middle, is curiously sanded; indeed it might well be intended to represent the sea beating round a green island in its midst, so cleverly is sand stroked with a besom into waves, endless in variety and size. The windows are lattice-paned, clumsily cased, deep-sunken, with old-fashioned seats in their recesses, and presses under these seats. But the ornaments of the room, though simple, are effective. The walls, of a delicate sea green, throw out right prettily the gilt frames of the prints and drawings adorning them. The fresh soft moss and dark ivy that fill the stove contrast well with the age-tinted oak mantel. The spotless bed-curtains, depending from a bright-coloured rose-garland fixed in



the ceiling, sweep in long graceful folds to the ground. The old-fashioned window-seats have their well-stuffed white cushions. Soft clouds of snowy muslin drape each window. Books, new and old, fill the shelves of the miniature library. On tables and mantel are fresh spring flowers,—fragrant violets, golden primroses, honey-lipped cowslips, purple hyacinths, rich-tinted wall-flowers,—and, mingling with the fair blossoms, the tender foliage of the lime and the glossy leaves of the beech.

Well? Even now you think you can form a pretty accurate idea of the tastes and disposition of the mistress of this little chamber; is it not so? Looking round again, you nod your head and say: "Yea, truly the quaint surroundings of her outer life must have no small effect upon her temperament." So it is, indeed, with all of us, but most with one of a quiet, thoughtful, nature-loving disposition.

Now, suppose we just peep at the unconscious subject of our speculations?

Why look so disappointed? Ah! you expected to see a second Dornröschen asleep there in all her beauty, and you find instead a pale plain-featured girl. I have not said that Minna was handsome, but neither do I think her ugly. Look again. Mark the sweet expression of the lips, the smooth brow, the masses of dark silky hair.

And see! A glow lights up the cheek, a smile curves the lips, the young bosom heaves. Guardian spirits are hovering over the sleeper, suggesting happy thoughts, weaving for her bright dreams. She wakes and opens her eyes. Ah! our Minna is *not* plain; who could be plain with those eyes? Soft, thoughtful, loving orbs of a dark clear hazel,—eyes reflecting every thought, every emotion,—dear, truthful, soul-lit eyes!

Minna seems to regret her dream; she sighs as she looks around her. Just now the church-clock, booming on the languid air, strikes six, her hour for rising. The last stroke has not died away when she is up and dressing. So let us leave her a little while.

## CHAPTER II.

### GOETHE'S "MAILIED"—A SOLILOQUY.

It was a fine morning after all. Phœbus, with his merry speeches, had dissipated the ill-humour of Aurora, and with "rosy fingers" had plucked away the veil that shrouded her charms. All smiles and graciousness, the goddess stepped forth; and the triumphant Phœbus, tossing his golden locks, sprang into his chariot, and set forth on his daily journey.

Minna had been walking in the orchard behind the house. She had a book with her, a book carefully covered with paper, which she handled daintily, as fearful that even her delicate little fingers might hurt it.

Seated in the grass in the shade of an enormous apple-tree, that with every breath of wind sent drifting on her a shower of lovely blossoms, she now read from this precious book. Birds sang round and about her—the melodious thrush, the merry chaffinch, the friendly red-breast, the shrewish sparrow. A blackbird hidden in a tree close by answered the call of another in the distance, and the full, flute-like notes vibrated and lingered on the air. The little river that flowed through the orchard almost at Minna's feet laughed and shouted to the morning sun, glorying in the blue heaven it clasped in its bosom, and merrily mocking the forms of the trees that grew beside it. There, in the madcap little river, even the old moss-bearded trunks were endowed with never-ceasing motion, and waved and swayed as they had indeed done long, long ago, when they were but tender striplings. And the sage old trees, looking down at their fantastically-twisted reflections, said, laughing, "See then! only see what pranks these tricky water-spirits make us play for their amusement!"

Quite suddenly was Minna deprived of the use of her pretty eyes by the pressure of two hands thereon. She was startled, for she let fall the precious book, and her cheeks glowed, and for a second she trembled nervously. This was plain to the person who had stolen behind her; but it did not seem in the least to make him sorry for having frightened her. On the contrary he was greatly amused, and smiled to himself as he looked down on his fluttering prisoner. He smiled still more as he glanced at the book lying on the grass, then, with increased amusement, looked back at the maiden, whose lips softly uttered the magic name, "Otto!" At this Minna was free, and the intruder, with a gay laugh, threw himself on the ground beside her, and possessed himself of the precious volume, just as its owner reached forth her hand for it.

"This is no time for reading, my child," he said. "Thou canst read when I am not here; now I forbid it. Thou wert startled just now, Minnchen; why was that?"

"I—I do not know, Otto. It was so sudden."

"Yes, yes. And Minnchen has not yet quite put off her baby-shoes." (A German expression for childish ways.) "Is it not so?"

"So thou sayest, Otto, but thou only."

"Because I love to speak truth while others flatter and compliment thee. What of the book?" tapping the closed cover of that he carelessly held.

"Dear Otto, it is heavenly. I like it more than I can tell. Ah! thou knowest what books to give one."

"Yet thou art still at page one, I see. I stood full five minutes looking down over thee, and during all that time the same first page stood open."

"Because of its beauty. I have read nearly all the poems, and all are exquisite; but something there is in this sweet 'Mailed' that steals me back to it again and again. Truly its rhyme chimes in with the songs of the water-sprites and the warbling of the birds this soft May morning. What a morning, Otto!—one can almost hear the grass grow, and the leaves, those

'pretty birdies green,  
Flown down here from heaven,'

chattering and singing—

'Singing ever soft and low,  
In their own stilly fashion,  
Of the sunshine and the heaven's blue.'

Listen! Dost thou not hear them, Otto?"

"I hear the wind stirring amongst them, silly Mousekin," said matter-of-fact Otto, smiling at her enthusiasm. "Was I not right to talk of thy baby-shoes just now?—with thy fanciful nursery rhymes!"

"But, dear Otto, it is a pretty fancy, is it not? And those old nursery songs are so pleasant and kindly, I am a child again listening to them or repeating them."

Otto smiled, and patted her head lazily, but forbore any reply.

"And the dear, beautiful Mailed!" the girl resumed softly after a moment. "I was dreaming over it just now. Of many, many pleasant things—and," she added, looking with a shy smile into his face,—“and most of all—”

She paused abruptly, with a blush. Her companion, composedly drawing her towards him, kissed her brow, and took up the broken sentence:

"Most of all, thou would have said, of one May morning, now nearly a year ago, when in this very spot we two became plighted lovers. Is it not so, my heart?"

"Yes—yes, truly. And the dear poet would seem to have known all about it, and to have taken it for his theme. Thy very words are there, my Otto,—thy very exact words."

"Thou rememberest my words, dear bride?"

"Ah, yes! ah, yes! But read this for me, Otto. See how beautiful it is!"

While Otto, in obedience to the lady's behest, reads aloud, in his deep manly tones, the heart-stirring "Mailed," we may as well sketch his portrait.

Otto Müller, then, was tall and well-made; he had an ample chest, broad shoulders, a graceful carriage, a well-set head. His features were good, his dark hair thick and waved, his black eyes, albeit a trifle hard, wonderfully handsome. His mouth, though well-shaped enough, was the worst thing about him; for it gave indication of considerable want of firmness, or settled principle, or strength of character. Though, to be sure, at nineteen or twenty this might easily pass. Of a certainty, Minna, who was the person to feel most interested in any question of the kind, had never discovered the slightest want or failing in this admirable Otto.

No; Minna simply thought him perfect, or as near to perfection as was ever mortal man. Of this conviction on her part the young gentleman was, of course, fully aware. It *may* be that he somewhat presumed thereon, that he patronised his bride rather more than is usual in such cases. But if so Minna never found it out, and, even if she *had* found it out, would have thought it the most natural thing in the world to be patronised by dear Otto, who was so infinitely her superior in every way,—ay, and very kind of him, moreover! As I have said, the young man was quite aware of her creed, and—it must be owned—thought she was not far astray in her ideas.

Meanwhile he has finished the "Mailed," and we have lost the charming little discussion that followed about it and the other poems and their authors—Goethe, Schiller, Uhland, Tieck, Bürger, Reinick, Wieland, and the rest. Now the two are silent; for a time nothing is heard save the merry voices of the nixies as they sport along, and the songs of the birds, and the whisperings of the breeze, and the myriad tiny flutterings of the young leaves, newly "flown down from heaven." Otto breaks this silence by demanding of what Minna is now dreaming. She answers without hesitation what might have been a very unreasonable query.

"Look!" she says, pointing to the glancing waters of the little river; "I was watching the ripples there, and thinking how, with the sunlight glancing athwart them, they looked exactly like a fairy fleet sweeping along, with sails of blue and silver, and elfin oars falling in time to the songs of an elfin crew. I was trying to fancy how the boats were manned, who were the passengers on board, whither they were bound. Is it not a right royal fleet, Otto?"

"Thou silly dreamer! the fairy fleet has no being save in thy fancy. I, poor mortal, can only see a few ripples shining in the sun. Seriously, my Minna, thou art too fanciful. It will but unfit thee for everyday life."

"I trust not. Even now neither my fairy fleet nor thy serious voice can make me forget that it is time to give the dear papa his breakfast."

"Nay; surely it cannot be so late! Stay yet a little while, dear child, and I will let thee dream of all the fays, nixies, gnomes, and goblins, in fire, air, earth, or water. Stay with me, and I will tell who are the passengers on board thy royal fleet,—every one of them will I paint thee."

"It cannot be—it may not be! The good papa must not be neglected, even for thee, my lord."

So the two walk in through the orchard, under the blossom-laden boughs, and on through the pretty flower-garden to the house. As they pass, the bright-eyed birds sing their sweetest; the trees, in greeting, shower on them their white-and-pink blossoms; the sunbeams kiss their heads; the melodies of the water-spirits seem but the echoes of happy thoughts within their breasts. A living embodiment of Goethe's own "Mailed!"

Otto Müller turned homewards, and Minna ran up to take off her hat. Yes, that

was true, but was it more that the girl longed for a few minutes to herself, in her own dear little room, to think over the happiness of the last half-hour? She was smiling to herself as she tripped upstairs, smiling as she shut the room-door behind her, smiling as she refolded the dear book in its wrapper. She fancied that what *Otto* had so recently touched and held was sacred; so she pressed it quite reverentially to her lips before replacing it on its shelf. Then she moved dreamily over to her dressing-table, and there stood gazing at her own mirrored reflection. Not that there was in this prolonged gaze aught of vanity. No, indeed! The scrutiny was long, and wistful, and somewhat anxious, but no particle of vanity was there. Presently there came a long-drawn sigh, and then an earnest little murmuring speech.

"No, truly!" she cried; "never can I understand how *Otto* learned to love me. Dear *Otto*! He so good and wise, I so worthless and ignorant! He sees that, and yet he loves me. O, thou best-loved of my heart! He, so handsome, so graceful, so gifted—I so plain, so unattractive! He so learned, and I so weak and silly! O, thou dear God, how I thank Thee!"

Her voice died away, and she stood, with clasped hands and downcast eyes, musing silently. Rousing herself with a start, she broke out again:

"Ah, if I were but pretty,—as pretty as *Bertha Alken*! Yet no; why should I care, since *Otto* loves me even as I am? Dear *Otto*,—dear, dear *Otto*!"

She moved about the room, softly repeating the beloved name. Nowhere but in that little chamber would she have dared to speak her thoughts aloud. But here it seemed only natural so to do. As a child, she used to fancy the old tables and the stiff-backed chairs possessed of brains and feeling and kindly natures, and to them she had often, poor motherless little one, confided her joys or sorrows. Now, in her dreamy way, it seemed to her that everything in the room—ay, even the goblin-table in the midst—was fully in her confidence, and took it as a matter of course that she loved her *Otto*, and was loved by him.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A FOREIGN LETTER—HERR OTTO'S FURTHER VIEWS OF WOMANKIND.

*Affranchie.*]

MADemoiselle WILHELMINE REINICK,  
*Chez MONSIEUR SON PERE, Notaire,*  
*Bergheim-an-der-Erft,*  
*Bei Coeln,*  
*Allemagne.*

This was the French-German address of the letter that gave the old postman, *Hans*, so much trouble to decipher. A foreign letter was to him ever a matter of some difficulty; as to this one, the difficulties it presented were enormous. The writing was so fine and delicate, the flourishes so many and so extraordinary, that the old man, sorely against his will, was forced to submit the letter to various people before he could find out its destination. "*Bergheim-an-der-Erft*" was quite plain enough; but that was rather a vague address. Well? Who would have guessed that those strange hieroglyphics above meant neither more nor less than the name of the dear little *Fräulein Minna*? Not *Hans* the postman, surely. But, having found out so much, he delivered the missive at the house of the *Herr Notary*, and retired grumbling. "Ah, why will not all people write in the good, legible old German character, instead of puzzling honest folks with this nonsensical scritch-scratch?"

Notwithstanding the admixture of French in the superscription, and the total exclusion of German from the rose-scented, rose-tinted epistle within, the writer was a

German maiden. Yes, truly; a German maiden who had grown up and flourished even in the mighty shadow of the most glorious of monarchs, the ever-to-be-loved-and-revered Charlemagne. In the shadow of the noble cathedral, which owed its rise to the favour of the great emperor, within the walls of the town that sprang up at his behest, had this maiden seen the light. None other was it than the pretty cousin Bertha Alken of Aachen.

The pretty cousin Bertha had been sent to France, as is often the case with German maidens, to finish her education. There she had formed many friendships,—amongst others, one with a gay young Parisian, who, on leaving school, had invited her school-friend to pay her a visit at her home in the great world of Paris. From this visit the Fräulein Bertha of Aachen had just returned; now she wrote to the dear cousin Minna to come and stay with her a while.

Minna was still glancing over the gay letter when Otto walked in. His eyes were so flashing, he looked so animated, so bright, so handsome, that the maiden's little fluttering heart throbbed louder than ever with pride and joy at sight of her lover. Anew she asked herself how, ah! how indeed had this bright, beautiful Otto come to care for so plain a little baby as herself? That was the wonder.

This splendid Otto had brought his bride a nosegay of fresh perfume-breathing flowers, and a duet which he wished her to learn to sing with him.

"Above all, my child," he said, opening the roll of music, "be most careful about this minor passage. Yes, it is a difficult bit, this. As thou seest, the second dominates here; and it is indeed not quite easy to bring out distinct and pure all these semitones. Be careful then. It would be execrable if spoilt or slurred over."

"At least, Otto, I will spare no pains. Nowise will it be my fault if I fail to please thee. But ah! how I wish my voice were only a little stronger, and better suited to thine!"

Herr Otto smiled, by no means displeased to have his merits and accomplishments so lovingly acknowledged. But he spoke as one amused with the speech.

"Thou silly little heart! is it not enough for thee to own a clear, sweet, silvery voice—a very bird-voice? Or wouldst thou covet the powerful trumpet-tones of our big church-singer, the Frau Tailoress? But, Minnchen, who may be the superfine and elegant correspondent in pink?" taking the pretty note from her hand, and glancing at the address. "'Mademoiselle Wilhelmine Reinick!' Why, whence comes this?"

"From the cousin Bertha Alken of Aachen, who writes to me from Paris, just before setting out for home. Thou hast doubtless heard me speak of her."

"And it would seem that the cousin Bertha of Aachen thinks it not elegant to write a simple German address, though to a simple German maiden, and so out of Fräulein Minna spins Mademoiselle Wilhelmine. I'll wager old Hans had hard work to find the little Fräulein under her foreign disguise."

"I believe he had some trouble to find me, surely. But we must remember, Otto, that to the cousin, who has been so long in France, French must be now as natural as—perhaps even more so than—her native tongue. Indeed, she says as much."

"Mere affectation, like 'Mademoiselle Wilhelmine' here. Yes; all this running after French customs and French language reminds me of the story of the Minister Kaunitz and the watchmaker Reidel. Kaunitz, to evince his refinement and superiority, despised all that was German, and had his clothes, his jewelry, his furniture—everything that he used—brought to him from Paris. One fine day a valuable watch, which he had just imported, and for which he had paid double, stopped. What to do? Will he, nill he, he had to send for a German named Reidel, who was highly lauded by the ladies and gentlemen of the court. 'See thou here, fellow!' quoth he superciliously; 'examine this watch; but on thy life injure not its delicate French mechanism!' With

a covert smile, the man took the treasure, touched a spring, and lo! held forth to the astonished gaze of the minister, engraved in tiny characters, ' *Made by Reidel of Vienna!* ' "

Minna clapped her hands gaily and nodded her approval.

" Ah, how good! that was right!" she cried. " How the minister must have stared! But, Otto, I do not think the cousin will prove in need of such a lesson. No, no, I cannot think it. And thou wilt surely like her, Otto; she is so clever, and so lovely—ah, lovely as a dream!"

" What care *I* for her cleverness or her beauty, child? I do not like beauties at all, they think far too much of themselves; and clever women I detest. Now, it is woman's nature to be humble, self-sacrificing,—say rather self-ignoring,—wholly unselfish, sweetly unselfish. This is woman's charm; without it, woman is only woman in outward seeming. No, truly; these women of genius lack the genius of woman. O, no! *I* could never have loved a genius or a beauty, neither could have any heart to spare from a much-admired and tenderly-cherished self."

" Then I am glad I am no genius and no beauty," cried Minna, blushing so prettily as for the moment to be in danger of the latter appellation; " though, to be sure, I have often wished to be more worthy of—to be pretty. Yes, if I were but like the cousin Bertha. O, Otto, she is so lovely!"

" Thou silly child!" he said, encircling her with his arm, and speaking, ah, so tenderly, while his black eyes looked their softest into hers,—*"thou dear, silly child! Why, what beauty is there that could love me as thou dost? No, truly. I would not give my pale lily Minna, with her humble trusting heart and her meek womanly nature, for the most radiant rose in the garden of beauty. Nor could I well find a match anywhere for the soft truthful eyes wherein I read so sweetly that I am loved as I would wish. No, truly. Never again wish to be different from what thou art, sweet love."*

Ah, how proud and blissful did his listener feel! Surely, surely, there was not in this wide, happy, beautiful world another being so wise, so indulgent, so tender, so good, so grand, so noble, so perfect as Otto,—dear, dear Otto!



## WHAT A WORLD THIS MIGHT BE!

O, WHAT a world this might be,  
If hearts were always kind;  
If, Friendship, none would slight thee,  
And Fortune prove less blind!  
With love's own voice to guide us—  
Unchangingly and fond—  
With all we wish beside us,  
And not a care beyond.

O, what a world this might be;  
More blest than that of yore!  
Come, learn, and 'twill requite ye  
To love each other more.  
The angel-guests would brighten  
The threshold with their wings,  
And love divine enlighten  
The old-forgotten springs.

## The Fashions.

### 1. OPERA CLOAK (FRONT).

This opera cloak is particularly suitable for a young lady ; it is made of plain cashmere of any colour. Our pattern was rose-coloured, lined and



## The Fashions.

### 2. OPERA CLOAK (BACK).

quilted with white silk. The ornaments are composed of black-velvet ribbon and narrow guipure lace.

## THE FOUR SEASONS, AND A LITTLE ABOUT THEIR FLORA.

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### WINTER.

**I**T is midwinter. The trees and shrubs stand with leafless, bare, smooth branches. The little plants long ago cowered into the earth, or gladly sheltered themselves under the dead leaves, to welcome the white snow coverlet that tucks them into their beds. Yes, it is midwinter. But it is January. Already the sun "has turned," as people say. Not so. It is we ourselves that have turned towards the sun. Our round earth, that has been giving the sun the cold shoulder, is now coming back to it again, and rejoices in longer days and a renewing sunlight.

"The days begin to lengthen,  
And the cold begins to strengthen,"

It is true. But the growing plants I mean to tell of care little for the cold. The lengthening sunlight warms them in their close buds, and stirs the young germs that are to make their first appearance in the spring. They do not think of minding the weather. The oak stands hardily against the storm, and the elm sways its long branches gracefully in the wind, and the sturdy pines look glad and green.

Before we set out on the winter's walks that are to tell us of trees and buds, here is one tree that has come into the house that we must stop for. "A tree in the house!" Yes, for surely you cannot already have forgotten the CHRISTMAS-TREE. This tree belongs to the *cone-bearing* family, but, as we have seen it, its fruit has been far more various. There were rosy apples, and bags of nuts, and sugar-plums, and shining coloured glass globes, red, blue, and green. What fruit there was indeed! You have not yet forgotten the dolls,—wax dolls, and china ones, and those whose eyes would open and shut. There were boxes of soldiers, with their cannon and tents. Many reviews and battles you have had with them already, and, alas! by this time many are lost or on the list of the wounded. A general, perhaps, in the crack behind the great trunk in the playroom; a sergeant with only one arm; one or two down the furnace register; and the bravest lieutenant of all thrown by Bridget, before your very eyes, into the hottest of the fire in the grate!

Ah, well, tears do not become the brave; so think again of the Christmas-tree, how it shone with candles on every bough! The tree itself looked like a great chandelier. That was in the midst of our shortest days, and the shining candles were calling to the sun to come back to us again.

But it is only once a year that our Christmas-tree bears such gay fruit as this; and if we begin to tell over the guns, and the wooden horses, and the picture-books, and the Noah's arks, and the backgammon boards and games, and all the countless toys that it brought, we shall never get out for our winter's walks.

Where shall we go to find the trees? On to the common, in one of the squares, or we can linger by this little strip of flower-border by the door; or, more adventurous still, we will take the train, and start from home out of town, where we can see the winter landscape in all its beauty.

In all its sameness, you want to say, if you know only the dripping of the melted

ice from the roofs, and the muddy snow that clogs the streets, and the glimpse of a leaden sky that you get between the houses. That is the way the town folks at home talk. But country people know better. Winter and snow tell them of skates and sleighs, of coasting and skating, of snow-balls and snow-men, and long, glittering icicles. So we shall not be surprised at the beauty of the winter landscape that meets us.

Before the house rises a high hill, covered with trees. Let us climb it and look down. What an enchanted country lies below, all still and silent! Everything glistens as in an Arabian Night's tale. All the million little twigs are covered with a soft snow, and last night's mist thickened and turned into ice upon the trees. Yet, heavily laden as the trees are, we can still recognise some acquaintances. Here is the maple, round at the top, with its many branches. A few leaves still linger on the oak, and show their yellow-brown beneath the white crystal ice covering. The pines are so heaped with the snow, that one might not recognise their needle-shaped leaves, but that one could not mistake their regular form. The light glitters on our Christmas-tree, who stands alone. He lets the sun trickle over his iceclad branches, as though he wanted to show himself as gay as his cousin in our parlour, Christmas-eve. Ruby and emerald jewels, shining crystals, are the fruit he bears. He might have stepped out of Aladdin's garden.

Our path leads along the edge of the wood. In the little meadow on one side we can see a graceful elm, bending still more under its icy load. Among these low bushes by our side the snow clings closely, and we shall never be tired of admiring all the jewel-work. The whorls of flowers that the asters held are turned into clusters of diamonds, and the high grasses hold up long sceptres of shiny glass crystal, like a fairy army. Now and then we can hear the tinkle of their elfin armour, delicate little noises, under the silent snow-bushes.

The path leads us to a quiet pond in the woods. Not quiet now! We have come out from the silence to a noisy, gay scene. Great children and little children swarm like flies, gliding, twisting, and turning every way over the ice; for on the ice everyone is a child again. In the summer thousands of slender insects whirled round in wide circles over the smooth mirror of water that they never succeeded in touching. Now men, women, and children circle about madly over the same surface, that winter with its hand of ice has made safe for them.

We have not brought our skates, and cannot join the gay dance; but we will walk across the smooth floor, and look on the low bank opposite at the loveliest work of the frost. Here every little dark mound of earth, every little blade of grass, shines, crystal-clad, along the edges of what was once a little brook, but is now a narrow ice-path that leads us into the woods,—into the thick woods, that shake down crystals upon us, and heavy balls of frozen snow. Ah! if only they would not melt away in the warmth, what garlands of bright jewels we might carry home,—how gayly we might dress ourselves with them for a dance!

If I were not afraid, I would tell of a little animal's home under the edge of the frozen stream,—such a comfortable sheltered house, weeds "piled in" to make thick walls, and a cosy little room, just big enough to turn in; but I am afraid one of your bold brothers might disturb him in his winter's nap. Yet surely he has earned a good sleep after all that work. Which one of you has done as much for his winter's comfort? The more they have done, the better they will enjoy themselves,—certain! And we must turn home again, for the sun is melting our crystals. There is a warm wind blowing, and who knows how long our path across the pond will hold firm?

Wait but a day, and the sun has carried off the jewels from our pines, and we can take another walk to visit them. But which are the pines? Are all the evergreens

pinces,—our Christmas-tree, these cone-shaped trees in our grounds, and the leafless larch? They are all of the pine family,—the *Coniferae*, the cone-bearing family of which I have spoken. The Germans have a pretty way of describing this family. They call them the *needle-trees*,—those that have narrow pointed leaves like needles. It was one of this family, in the German story, that wanted to change its needles into “real” leaves, like those of the oak and the elm. But glad enough was the dissatisfied tree to come back to its needles again; and very much should we miss them if all the pines and firs and spruces should choose to lay aside their needles, and dress themselves like the other trees. We should lose their green, that lasts us all the winter long. The larch is the only one of this family that mimics the other families of trees, and sheds its leaves in the winter. We can tell the different kinds of this family by the different effect the position of their branches gives them at a distance. The white pine has its regular horizontal stages. We have seen how it spreads them to hold the snow. The pitch-pine bears round tufted masses; the spruce from the very ground begins to conceal its gradually-sloping trunk. The fir rises with a tall, sloping shaft, “clean” from the ground for some distance. Its lower branches are horizontal, while the upper ones bend slightly upwards. The hemlock has a soft delicate outline, and the cedars and junipers are more ragged and very picturesque.

Of these, the white pine (*Pinus Strobus*) is a most stately tree in the forests, varying in its outward appearance, and receiving different names according to the place it grows in. Left standing near towns, in the summer, its dark green forms a contrast to the other trees around,—a picture of powerful growth; or, farther away in the country, its dark colour is prominent amidst the softer tender green of other trees, or its trunk serves as a support for many trailing and creeping plants. No wonder that Emerson says:

“Who leaves the pine-tree  
Leaves his friend,  
Unnerves his strength,  
Invites his end.”

For now in the winter he seems like a trusty friend, stretching out his sheltering arms, a type of a strong constancy. It is easily distinguished by its leaves being in fives; that is, each one of its slender little needles does not rise separately from the branch, but, with four needle-like companions, comes out of a little gray sheath. These sheaths, each bearing its five needles, are set closely round the twig. A single large bud, encircled by five smaller ones, is at the end of each branch. The branches, as we have said, grow in regular stages or whorls, of about five at each stage, tending upwards when the tree is young, but in old trees horizontal. It is not the season to examine its flowers, which indeed at any time are indistinct. Has it any flowers? Who ever saw the flowers of such great old trees, you ask. Every plant must have its flower, its blossom, because from them come the fruit or seed. And the essential parts of a flower are not its showy, its pretty part. The important parts, those which must never fail in a flower, because they produce the seed, are the stamens and pistils. These we shall have a chance to study when the flower-season comes.

In all the pine family the flower is very incomplete; even the important pistil has not all its parts, but appears like a mere scale. Besides, the pistils are in one part of the tree and the stamens in another. So there are two sets of flowers, one to hold the pistils, called the *pistillate* flowers, and another to hold the stamens, called the *staminate* flowers. In the white pine the pistillate flowers are in erect cones on the ends of the uppermost branches, and appear in June. These do not ripen into fruit till the autumn of the second year. It is the ripe cones that give the name to this family and distinguish it.

Here are more pines. Are they white pines? Take hold of a branch and count its needles. You will see that there are only three in a sheath, where the white pine had five, and they are flatter in shape. Each tree, too, is more irregular in form; and this tree never reaches the height of the white pine. It is the Pitch Pine (*Pinus rigida*). It makes up the great woods of the West, that Americans call the "pine woods," and that invite with their healthy smell.

Approach; listen to the pleasant sighing of the wind through the leaves. There is a warm comfortable feeling here, even in these winter days, for the thick branches have kept the snow from the brown tasselled ground, and we are sheltered from the cold winds. Here and there a stream of sunlight comes in, and lights up a red tinge on the brown soft carpet; and we can venture to linger awhile and listen to the story the wind is whispering to the pines. The brown empty cones lie scattered about. "O, we have picked thousands of them," you say. But did you ever consult them about the weather? In damp seasons the scales of the cones drink in the moisture. This makes them swell and close up. When it is dry again, they open gradually; so you see they are little weather-prophets. A part of the scale of the pistil of which I have spoken makes a wing that flies away with the seed when it is ripe. The cones of some of the pines require two or three years to come to perfection.

A rough road, used by the wagons of the farm over there, leads us among trees that are leafy in summer, by snow-covered bushes, to a favourite summer resting-place under a tall hemlock; for this is the name we are in the habit of giving to the *Abies Canadensis*. It is the hemlock-spruce, or hemlock of the spruce genus. It may fairly be called the most beautiful tree of the family, and we find a cool shelter in the summer beneath it, in a soft corner of the rocks at its feet. Far up in the branches sound the gay voices of the birds, not far off the note of the thrush, and the blackbird. But there are dreams of the summer as we look up its tall firm trunk. Its foliage even now is soft and delicate; and it is distinguished from the spruce by its slender tapering little branches and smooth limbs. Here in the forest its lower limbs are stiff and broken.

The names of spruce and fir are used with a bewildering uncertainty, and in the shrubs of our gardens which stand in either genus there is resemblance enough to create much doubt. The leaves of both differ much from the pines we have just described. They are solitary; that is, we no longer find them collected in fives, threes, or twos, and a sheath, but they rise directly from the twig, closely, side by side. The leaves too are shorter than those of the pines, and more flat. They are more like a little sword than a needle, and some have three sides and some four. The spruce in the beginning of summer puts on a fresh tuft of yellowish-green leaves at the end of each twig; and its branches are so numerous that its young delicate green gives a great beauty. In the very ornamental shrub of our grounds, the lower branches spread close to the ground, and from these a regular pyramid of whorls of leaves rises to the tapering summit. It was from among that them we took our Christmas-tree. Its shelf-like branches offered cosy places for playthings enough to last till next Christmas. In the summer the robins and other birds find pleasant shelter of a rainy day. These are their piazzas and balconies, where they can take exercise when it is too stormy outside. Its leaves, as I have said, are small and flat, and sow themselves along the sides of the stalk, forming a flatter branch than that of the fir, more like a hand spread out. Its staminate flowers are near the end of the smaller branches. In the hemlock-spruce the cones that have borne the fertile flowers are long and pointed, of a light-brown colour, and hang from the extremities of the branches.

Here is another tall tree, with tapering trunk. Can this be a spruce or a pine? It is a tree that commands our attention at a distance, and gives character to the whole

landscape. It is the tree that forms a great feature in the German forests, and it reigns especially in the famous Black Forest, where all the dwarfs and the elves of the German stories are to be found. I can almost fancy I see one of the little elves now, sitting astride of one of its cones high in the air. This tree is the Balsam Fir (*Picea balsamifera*). Reach down some of its leaves, and you will see how they differ from the spruce. They are broader, and look as if they might be formed of two grown together. They are more crowded, too, than those of the spruce. Starting on every side of the stem, they bend upwards where the branch is horizontal, so as to seem to form but two rows, but are pressed together on the upper side. In the bark lies concealed some of the peculiar balsam of the fir, that spreads a pleasant fragrance. Their beauty rises from the regularity of their symmetrical heads. The trunk too is perfectly even and straight, and tapers rapidly to the top. It cuts in upon the landscape with its nearly horizontal branches, giving a picturesque character wherever it appears. Even if some bird or insect has greedily eaten up its leading shoot, which constitutes the pride of all the members of this family, the two buds on either side of the leading bud vie with each other in growing, till they form a double-head, and the tree, though not so symmetrical, is equally picturesque. The cones are erect near the ends of the upper branches, tapering a little, with the ends rounded. They stand in great numbers, and with their purple scales look like a cluster of candles on a majestic chandelier. Do not tell me that you have picked its cones, for I shall be forced, though reluctantly, to contradict you. The cones of the pine and the spruce set free the seeds they conceal, which have little wings to carry them out into the world, and then, with all their scales perfect, they drop to the ground. But in the cones of the fir the scales and the seeds fall away together, and leave on the tree only the tapering little spike round which they were formed. Therefore to find a perfect fir-cone, you must be adventurous enough to climb the tree, or else cut it down.

Which of these trees could be spared from a forest landscape? If the white pine is in one place the king of the woods, the hemlock in another might stand for the queen, and a group of balsam fir in a third soil claim to be princes. The pines and the firs stand as sentinels along the lines of the hills, guarding the valleys,—the pines solitary watchmen, the firs clambering up in bands, while the hemlock lingers in the woods, or sends its foreign cousins into gardens and grounds, or the squares and parks of cities. It is a cousin of the balsam fir that is cultivated in this way, the Norway spruce, which is very ornamental. Its cones are large and light-brown and pendent. Its leaves differ from those of the cultivated spruces, as they are not arranged so flatly on the stem, but the leaves are crowded on the twigs, and the twigs on the branches. It is of the cones of the Norway spruce that some of our mothers used to make frames or cone-baskets—soaking the cones in hot water till the separate scales fell apart, and were softened so they could be pierced by a needle. For my part, I think they look prettier in their cone shape than in baskets that have neither use nor beauty. But perhaps it is well now and then to make a few ugly things. Then we learn how hard it is to make them pretty, and are led to admire the simple beautiful things that are put before us every day.

One peculiarity of this pine family is that they have no hesitation about telling their age. The oaks and the maples, the trees of the "real leaf" sort, are not so outspoken. After they are dead, by their works you can tell their age; after cutting across their trunks you can count the rings that year after year they have formed round the centre. But the pines tell their history *as they grow*. They form each year a fresh whorl of leaves. Thus each year's growth is marked between each whorl of branches; so by counting the stages of branches you can reckon the life of the tree. And its history is further told by the varying length of the trunk between the branches, or of the



branches themselves. If this space is smaller, if the branches are shorter than they should be, or the needles shorter, then you know there was a year of famine, there was a want of rain, or a late frost checked the young buds.

To this family, too, belonged the trees of the old coal period. For all the mines of black coal, were once stately trees ; but ages have passed away, burying them up in earth, far under the ground, changing them from growing trees into stone. What a change indeed ! It took such a long, long time, too. Do you think that pine-wood branches, if brought in and laid on the grate to help the fire, would recognise their very great-great-grandfathers in the shining black stones of coal that they now touch ?

It is very hard to leave this family, of which we have but spoken concerning three of its principal members. There are, besides, the arbor vitæ, the cedar, the juniper, the cypress, and the yew. These study yourselves. Go to the sea-shore and look at the red cedar (it belongs to the junipers), and the juniper itself, and see how their branches contort themselves against the salt breeze. They are stout fellows. A little of their firmness is learnt perhaps from the great rocks that they clasp with their roots. The needles of the cedar spread themselves out to look like a fan-like leaf, and the juniper puts on purplish berries. Beaten by the winds, they look as if they had lived for ever with their torn trunks and ragged limbs ; but they keep ever green still.

The juniper-tree is dear to children, from the old German story of the stepmother and the juniper-tree. And they can smell the red cedar in the wood of the pencils they use. Such a useful family this is ! How greatly, thus, the pines furnish the tapering masts for tall ships ! Far away in the harbours of foreign cities these tall masts stand like another forest. The hemlock and larch furnish bark for tanning. The Indian, in another clime, cuts his canoe from the white spruce. The firs give healing balsams. Pitch, resins, balsams,—these are the spices that flavour the northern woods of the great continent across the Atlantic.

How little one is able to tell ! how much there is to tell ! how much to look at and find out for yourselves ! You do not *know* these trees yet ; you have only made their acquaintance, and can bow to them when you meet them in the wood. If you shake hands with a pine you can look and see whether he has two, three, or five needles in his sheath, and will know accordingly whether he is red, black, or white pine. But don't fancy you know a great deal, and "set up" upon it, else you will show you have not got so far as to understand the meaning of the saying, "Very few know how much they must know in order to know how little they know."



## ACROSTIC.

C ORDIALLY we welcome thee,  
H appy season of the year ;  
R ich in blessings and in glee  
I n sparkling robes appear.  
S now and frost are all around,  
T he bells send forth their jocund sound,  
M any hearts make holiday,  
A nd never is known a time so gay,  
S o sweet, so happy as *Christmas-day*.

CLARA.



### 3. PATTERN FOR KNITTED CURTAINS, &c.

This pattern is suitable for knitting different articles, according to the thickness of the cotton used. Infants' caps may be made with it if the cotton is very fine.

The number of stitches must be divided by ten. The pattern is knitted backwards and forwards.

1st row.—All plain.

2nd row.—\*Knit 1, make 2, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slipped stitch over the knitted one, knit 5, knit 2 together, make 2. Repeat from \*.

3rd row.—Purl the long stitch formed by making 2 in preceding row\*, make 2, purl 2 together, purl 3, purl 2 together, make 2, purl 3. Repeat from \*. (By make 2 we mean, twist the cotton twice round the needle, which forms one long stitch, and is knitted or purled as such in next row.)

4th row.—Knit 3\*, make 2, slip 1, knit 1, and pass the slipped stitch over, knit 1, knit 2 together, make 2, knit 5. Repeat from \*.

5th row.—Purl 3\*, make 2, purl 3 together, make 2, purl 7. Repeat from \*.

6th row.—Knit 3\*, knit 2 together (1 stitch and

1 long stitch), make 2, knit 1, make 2, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slipped stitch over (the knitted stitch is a long stitch), knit 5. Repeat from \*.

Continue the pattern by repeating always from the 2nd to the 5th row; the 6th row is the repetition of the 2nd row, but it is begun (compare the two rows) about the middle of the 2nd row, so as to change the places of the thick diamonds in the following pattern. This will be easily understood in the course of the work.



### 4. 5. FLOWER-POT STAND.

**MATERIALS:**—Black and gilt wood-mounting and tin case, painted green outside; 39 inches of Java canvas; 1 skein each of black, green, violet, and crimson floss-silk; a little gold thread.

Bamboo is now very generally replaced, for mountings of fancy work, by carved wood, painted

black, and varnished, with gilt knobs and divisions, to imitate articles of Chinese lacquer. Such is the case for this flower-pot stand, a little piece of furniture always in great demand with ladies, especially during the winter, when one likes to keep flowers in pots within doors.

### 4. FLOWER-POT STAND.

##### 5. PATTERN FOR FLOWER-POT STAND (NO. 2).

rose with black silk, and in cross-stitch with crimson. The straight lines of the pattern are worked in point rose with black silk, excepting the small

third violet; after that green again, and so on. Their centres are invariably formed of a cross-stitch of black silk crossed again with gold thread.

## GALESWORTHIA.

### A PAGE FROM MEROVINGIAN HISTORY.

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**C**HLOTHER, King of the Gauls, was dead. He had, it was thought, exerted himself too much in the autumnal hunt in the forest of Cuise ; he had drunk more deeply than was wholesome afterwards ; and so he was attacked by fever, and gave up the ghost. He had four sons, Haribert, Gonthramm, Hilperik and Sighebert ; and they, bearing waxen torches and singing the *Miserere*, followed him to his burial at Soissons.

When earth had been returned to earth and dust to dust, the four brothers, not far removed from utter barbarians,—for who in modern times of civilisation ever heard of brothers disputing over a dead father's goods ?—began to plot and contrive for the outwitting of each other, and for the seizure of the richest lands. Hilperik hastened to Paris, entered it without opposition, quartered his warriors in the towers which defended the bridges of the city—then entirely surrounded by the Seine. For a few days only he remained in quiet possession of his prize, delighting himself in the games of the circus, spreading an ample board for his warriors, and favouring them—at late sittings—with original Latin poems of his own composition, in which the rules of prosody were boldly defied. Still it was commonly agreed that Hilperik as a Latin scholar was superior to Romulus, and that the dwellers on the Seine would yet have to teach the dwellers on the Tiber their native tongue. This shows us also the barbaric spirit of the age. Could such an absurd assertion be made now ? Did anybody, for example, ever hear the French of “Stratford-le-Bow,” vaunted over the French of Paris, ever hear of an English traveller after vainly endeavouring to make a *garçon* comprehend in his own language, turn away with the angry comment—“The fellow does not know his own tongue” ?

Hilperik was disturbed from his repose by the arrival of his three brothers. He ascertained the strength of the forces they brought against him, and, finding that resistance would only end in failure, surrendered and made the best terms he could. He was a barbarian, and therefore professed affection when he felt it not, and contrived to make his brothers believe that he had simply visited Paris for their mutual interest. A division of all Gaul, with a considerable part of Germany, then took place. The division was made by the drawing of lots. There were four lots, answering with some slight variations to the four kingdoms or principalities of Paris, Orleans, Neustria and Austrasia. Paris fell to Haribert, Orleans to Gonthramm, Neustria to Hilperik, and Austrasia to Sighebert. Then all the brothers swore by the relics of the saints never to interfere with one another, nor attempt encroachment by violence or by stratagem.

Hilperik retired to his new kingdom ; it was bounded on the north by the river Esgant, and on the south by the Loire. There he hunted in fine weather, composed more Latin verses in bad weather, and wreathing his head with vine and myrtle, indulged in all the luxuries which his age and condition could offer. Here again we have to mark the barbarian nature. Hilperik was very comfortably circumstanced ; he had fair lands, a good income, an excellent table, and friends who never criticised his rhymes. Yet he was not—as people in our age would have been—contented. He coveted ; we never do. He longed to have his neighbour's land ; and when brother

Sighebert was busy with torch and sword in Germany, Hilperik took possession of Rheims. When Sighebert returned he was compelled in a pitched battle under the walls of Soissons to yield it up again, and then conclude another peace, swearing on the relics of the saints that he would never more invade the territories of Sighebert.

Hilperik, being a barbarian, was in no way scrupulous. He was by profession a Christian; but his practice was not learnt in a Christian school. He had no respect for bishops; made jokes at their expense, which his warriors laughed at; averred that they were idle watch-dogs, and not worth their sop; that they were too well paid, too much given to meddling with what concerned them not, and to falling asleep when they should be awake and active. If by any means he could lay claim to any of the church revenue, he did it, and thereupon he and his warriors drank deeper than usual.

Marriage in those days was not by the Gauls regarded with any very great reverence. If a king pleased he accepted the responsibility of two or more wives at the same time. Hilperik indulged his predilections in this way more freely perhaps than any of his brothers. He had married the lady Andowera with all proper ceremonial, and she was queen of Neustria. In her service was a beautiful girl named Fredegonda, and Hilperik observed her with approval. The girl saw this, and resolved to supplant her mistress. While Hilperik was absent on a war-expedition in Germany, Andowera gave birth to a daughter. She consulted Fredegonda, whom she treated as a dear friend, as to whether it would be proper to have the child christened in the absence of its father. "Madam," answered the treacherous waiting-maid, "when the king my lord returns triumphant, could he behold his daughter with any pleasure if she were not baptised?"

This reasoning convinced Andowera. When the day of the christening arrived, the baptistery was hung at the appointed hour with tapestry and garlands; the bishop was present in his pontifical robes; but the godmother, a noble Frankish lady, did not appear, and she was waited for in vain. The queen, astonished and disappointed, was at a loss what to do; when Fredegonda, who was near her, said, "Why should you trouble yourself about a godmother? No lady is worthy to stand in that relation to your daughter; if you take my advice you will be her godmother yourself." The queen consented without reflection; the bishop finished the ceremony; and Fredegonda secretly rejoiced. By becoming godmother to her own child she forfeited her right to be regarded as queen, and could no longer be recognised as the king's wife. When Hilperik returned, and the maidens of the household went forth to meet him with songs and dances, Fredegonda went with them and told him all. "Andowera is your child's godmother; you can no longer have her to wife." Then Hilperik swore that he was well content. Andowera was dismissed to a convent, and Fredegonda married to the king.

Not long after this Sighebert fell in love—or was supposed to fall into that condition—with Brunehilda, one of the daughters of the king of the Goths. It was a very eligible marriage (and here again occurs another instance of barbarism: marriage, the holy estate, was frequently entered into as a matter of convenience; people who had no real affection for each other plighted their troth because there was money, or land, or dignity, to be gained by it); the Goths were a great people; and the princess brought with her a handsome dowry. She was received with great magnificence; the poets—another example of barbarism—the vates, the teachers of the people, composed the most extravagant epithalamiums, in which, although it was a Christian country, Venus and Love were freely introduced, with their usual accompaniments of bows, torches, and roses.

The marriage of Sighebert, and the important alliance with the Goths which it

cemented, made a lively impression on Hilperik. Fredegonda was very beautiful ; but her face was her fortune. An alliance with her family was that which Hilperik felt no disposition to encourage ; for, being a barbarian, he entertained the strongest aversion to poor relations, especially on his wife's side. He pondered over the matter for some time, sighed occasionally, drank more deeply, and without improving the prosody he intensified the melancholy of his rhymes. If, as the barbaric laureate of the court of Sighebert asserted, the charms of Hilperik's new sister-in-law were "more brilliant than the ethereal lamp," if "the light of precious stones" was dimmed by the splendour of her countenance, if "the whiteness of milk and the brightest red" were the colours of her complexion, if "lilies and roses, purple woven with gold," presented nothing comparable to it, if Spain had produced a new pearl,—"novam genuit Hispania gemmam"—was it not possible Spain might produce another, and that he, Hilperik, might be the happy winner of the prize? Fredegonda saw the change that had come over her lord. She did not resent it ; she studied his mood, discovered his secret, led him on to the confession that he was tired of her, that a divorce was the only thing to make Hilperik himself again. Fredegonda was all submission. Being a barbarian, she was subtle enough to hold that language was given us to disguise our thoughts ; so she put no obstacle in the king's way, and only begged that she might not be dismissed from the palace, but might return to her old employment and be as one of the waiting-women in the court. Hilperik consented ; and, the arrangement being concluded, an embassy was sent to the king of the Goths, to demand in marriage the hand of his eldest daughter Galeswortha. She was a gentle, innocent, affectionate being, with faith and love and hope in her heart. She flitted through the magnificent halls of her father more like an ethereal creature than one of common mould—an angelic spirit dwelling in a woman's form. She was the friend of the poor, the sick, the suffering ; the friend of children and of old age ; the oldest, sternest warriors felt the power of her presence, and bowed down before it. When the proposal of marriage was made, Galeswortha trembled ; her mother, Goiswintha, loved her dearly, and partook of her repugnance, her fears and forebodings of unhappiness. The king himself was not free from distrust, but being a barbarian, he considered that a good match ought not to be thrown away simply because there was no love in the matter. Still he protested that he had heard anything but a good character of neighbour Hilperik, that for his own part he "went in" for the proprieties, and that he rather doubted whether his own spotless purity would not be somewhat damaged by an alliance with him. There was a delay in the proceedings, and Galeswortha, weeping in her mother's arms, was comforted by the assurance that all would yet be well.

This bright hope was darkened by the return of the ambassador, with written promises of thorough amendment, accompanied by the offer of so many political advantages, that the king of the Goths gave his consent, and nothing remained but to consider the articles of the marriage treaty.

Hilperik's ambassadors were urgent in their demands for a good dowry,—the bride must not come empty-handed to the son of Chlothar. The ministers of the king of the Goths were on their side urgent that the son of Chlothar should pledge himself to present his bride with a handsome morning-gift. The morning-gift was given to a bride on the morning after the wedding. The present varied in its nature and value ; sometimes it was a sum of money or some costly article ; sometimes teams of oxen or horses, cattle, houses, or lands ; but whatever it was, there was but one name for it,—it was called morghen-gate, or the morning-gift. A considerable time elapsed in the settlement of this matter ; for, being barbarians, the statesmen on both sides were given to the doing of as little work in a large number of hours as could be ingeniously accomplished ; and besides this their barbarian nature led them to

the commission of many pieces of capital diplomacy, which were intended to take in somebody else, and generally took in themselves.

Throughout the negotiation Galesworth's repugnance to the man whom she was to love, honour, and obey, grew into deadly fear. When she found her fate irrevocably fixed, she ran to her mother, threw her arms round her neck like a child seeking protection, and wept silently.

When the ambassadors entered the hall to receive the lady's orders for departure, they were struck with pity at the spectacle of the weeping women, and silently withdrew. On the third day they apprised the queen that the journey must be no longer delayed ; but the queen and the princess sorrowed together, and begged for one day more. When on the next day the ambassadors again talked of departure, the same request was made.

"Let us weep together again to-day, and we will part to-morrow."

"One day longer," said the queen, "and I will ask no more. Know you that where you are carrying my daughter there will be no mother for her?"

At last all delays were over. The streets of Toledo were alive with an immense concourse assembled to witness the departure of their beloved princess. A long line of horsemen, chariots, and baggage-wagons traversed the streets in the direction of the north gate. The king on horseback followed his daughter as far as a bridge over the Tagus, at some distance from the town. Then he quitted her side ; but her mother determined to travel still further. Leaving her own chariot, she entered that of Galesworth, and so they travelled on together, both weeping and deploring their hard fate. Day after day, stage after stage, the mother travelled onward with the child she was never more to see. "I will go so far, but no farther." So she would say in the morning ; but when she reached the appointed place she still went on. At last the separation was inevitable. It was a painful parting, and the hearts of both seemed torn asunder.

"Be happy, child ; but I tremble for thee."

"It is God's will."

Descending from the chariot, the queen-mother stood in the road, waving a long adieu to her beloved child. When the chariot containing her daughter had passed from her sight, when the cloud of dust raised by the escort was gone, when the faintest clatter of hoofs or jingle of arms was heard no longer, she stood erect, motionless as a statue, gazing at the road by which her daughter had been taken from her. Then with a deep sigh she reëntered her own chariot, and returned to Toledo.

Hilperik in the mean time had made splendid preparations for the reception of his new wife. When he saw her—and at the first glance her heart was cold and heavy as a stone—he favoured her with some highly elaborated compliments. The wedding was celebrated with a pomp and splendour equal to, if not exceeding, that of her sister Brunehilda ; for you observe they were barbarians, and were therefore foolish enough to rival each other even in the matter of orange-blossom wreaths and wedding-favours. All the noble warriors, quarrelling for precedence, for they were but barbarians, swore fidelity to her as though she were a crowned monarch. They all drew their swords and brandished them as they took the oath of allegiance ; the king also pledged himself to be true and faithful, and never to take another wife as long as she lived.

On the day after the wedding, before Galesworth quitted the bridal-chamber, Hilperik gave her the morning-gift with all the ceremonies customary on the occasion. In presence of chosen witnesses he took his wife's hand in his own right hand, and with the left threw a wisp of straw over her, pronouncing in a loud voice the names of five towns which were henceforth to be the queen's exclusive property.

And Time pursued his course : the evening followed the morning, and the morning

followed the evening ; the spring blossom burst into the floral glory of the summer, and strewed the ground with scented leaves as the days grew shorter and the nights grew cold. Galeswortha often thought of her home, and wept sore in the solitude of her private chamber ; but she was careful never to weary the king with complaints, nor vex his soul with her sorrow ; for you see Hilperik was only a barbarian, and therefore unlike the husbands of to-day, who understand, as though by instinct, all a woman's feelings, can sympathise with her about her childhood's home, and are never chafed at a wife's pale face and red eyes. But there was one who watched Galeswortha closely—one that to the unhappy queen seemed as a messenger of light. This was Fredegonda ; so kind, so tender, so affectionate, so thoughtful, she was as a loving sister to poor Galeswortha in all her afflictions ; but Fredegonda was but a barbarian, and was consequently double-faced. Alas for that barbaric age, what wickedness and deceit it tolerated !

Hilperik at the first was proud of his wife ; being a barbarian, he took care that his brothers should be well informed as to the excellent match he had made. He fancied that he was very much in love with her, when in point of fact he was only so much the more in love with himself—this being a delusion to which the barbaric mind was subject. When he grew weary of her society, as he often did, he would retire to his treasure-house, and—like the monarch of the nursery classic, “the king in his counting-house, counting out his money”—would please himself by calculating the number of valuables she had brought him. At last, however, this failed to afford him pleasure. He was tired of the quiet life he was obliged to lead in pursuance of his agreement with the king of the Goths. He became careless about Galeswortha, grew indifferent to her, began to avoid her company, fostered a growing dislike to everything associated with her. She, poor child, observed all this with secret dread, and endeavoured—alas, in vain !—to retain his affection.

Fredegonda had waited for this moment. One day, as the king left the queen's chamber after an angry altercation,—for these barbarians absolutely had domestic disputes,—Fredegonda, blooming in beauty and gracefully apparelled, met him as though by accident. Till that moment she had kept as much as possible out of his sight. When he saw her, the contrast between her and the woman he had just left startled him. He spoke to her ; told her how miserable he was, how deeply he regretted that foolish step he had taken about the divorce, and much more to the same effect. Fredegonda listened with all humility. She did not deny that she had been wronged ; but she did not upbraid the king. She did not shed tears, but she stood before him in all her beauty, her head slightly bent, her eyes upon the ground—the attitude of a slave. But Galeswortha within an hour saw the change that had come over her friend. Fredegonda assumed a haughty and contemptuous behaviour before the neglected queen. Galeswortha first wept in silence, then ventured to appeal to the king ; he disregarded her appeal, hinting that it was none of his business to arrange the disputes of women. Then Galeswortha grew angry, and demanded to be divorced ; she did not ask that her dower should be returned to her, only she pleaded for leave to go back to her mother, to die in her own land.

Hilperik professed to be softened by her appeal ; he took her to his arms ; he assured her of his faithful love ; he swore by the relics of all the saints that there was none upon earth he cared for as he cared for her. He quieted her alarm, he soothed her wounded pride. She retired to her chamber, peaceful if not happy ; and in the morning was found dead in her bed.

On the discovery of the death of Galeswortha, Hilperik professed the utmost astonishment and the deepest grief. She was buried ; and Fredegonda, within a very days, was restored to her old dignity as queen of the land.



But Hilperik and Fredegonda were openly charged with the murder of Galeswortha ; and Hilperik's brother Sighebert, who, being a barbarian, had never quite forgiven his brother for rivalling him in matrimonial alliance with the Goths, declared himself the avenger of blood. He was brother-in-law to the deceased, her sole surviving sister was his wife ; he was resolved that justice should be done. Preparations for war were made on both sides ; when Gonthramm, another brother of Hilperik's, interfered and suggested that the matter might be settled without bloodshed. Sighebert consulted his wife ; and being advised how he should act, consented to arbitration. A court was assembled. Hilperik appeared, and neither admitted nor denied the crime : he was willing to pay whatever fine should be imposed. Sighebert, following his wife's instructions, demanded the five cities that had been presented as a morning-gift to Galeswortha, in addition to some pecuniary compensation for her dowry. Hilperik, wincing at his own loss and his brother's gain, was forced to consent. So the brothers, each with a small budding branch in his right hand, agreed to this arrangement ; they exchanged their branches, the cities and other properties were legally made over. Sighebert returned in the best of humours to his wife, and Hilperik in the worst of humours to his.

So we gather from this story, painful as it is, some idea of what might be done in a barbarous age : that for money people married ; that for money they were willing to do mischief ; that for money even murder was condoned. How happy the lot of those who live in an age such as ours, free from this worship of wealth—an age when selfishness is scouted from society, and the greedy go to the wall !



### “WILL YOU SAY YES?”

WILL you say yes ? Pretty Lizzie, believe me,  
 All that I've said I most fervently mean ;  
 Think for a moment, pet, how it would grieve me  
 If you said no. O, my dearest, I ween,  
 Knew you the doubts that my spirit oppress,  
 You would say yes, Lizzie ; you would say yes.

Think ere you say it though, could you endure me ?  
 Love me a *little* bit when we are wed ?  
 Always a place in your warm heart insure me ?  
 Trust your dear self to the care of your Ned ?  
 Think these things over, love ; tell me, dear Bess—  
 Can you say yes, Lizzie ? can you say yes ?

Think of the life, pet, I ask you to enter—  
 Uphill at first, and a difficult way ;  
 Could you your life-hopes and joys in me centre ?  
 Mourn in my night and sing in my day ?  
 Say can you promise this ? quickly confess ;  
 Will you say yes, Lizzie ? will you say yes ?

• • • • •

This be the token then ; dear, let me seal it ;  
 Pledged be our troth by this passionate kiss.  
 Dearest, you're mine ; I know it, I feel it ;  
 Never before have I known what is bliss !  
 Nerved for life's battle, now on I can press :  
 You have said yes, Lizzie ; you have said yes !

A. A. D.



New Winter Bonnets.

6. FANCHON-LANDALLE BONNET.

7. FANCHON BONNET.

**Mein Blindes Sonnets.**



## A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GAYWORTHYS," "FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD," ETC.

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### I.

**"NOTHING** but leaves—leaves—leaves! The green things don't know enough to do anything better!"

Leslie Goldthwaite said this, standing in the bay-window among her plants, which had been green and flourishing, but persistently blossomless, all winter; and now the spring-days were come.

Cousin Delight looked up; and her white frilling that she was daintily hem-stitching fell to her lap, as she looked, still with a certain wide intentness in her eyes, upon the pleasant window and the bright fresh things it framed. Not the least bright and fresh among them was the human creature in her early girlhood, tender and pleasant in its beautiful leafage, but waiting, like any other young and growing life, to prove what sort of flower should come of it.

"Now you've got one of your 'thoughts,' Cousin Delight! I see it 'biggening,' as Elspie says." Leslie turned round, with her little green watering-pot swinging in her hand, waiting for the thought.

To have a thought and to give it were nearly simultaneous things with Cousin Delight; so true, so pure, so unselfish, so made to give,—like perfume or music, which cannot be, and be withheld,—were thoughts with her.

I must say a word, before I go further, of Delight Goldthwaite. I think of her as of quite a young person; you, youthful readers, would doubtless have declared that she was old,—very old, at least for a young lady. She was twenty-eight at this time of which I write; Leslie, her young cousin, was just "past the half, and catching up," as she said herself,—being fifteen. Leslie's mother called Miss Goldthwaite, playfully, "Ladies' Delight;" and, taking up the idea, half her women-friends knew her by this significant and epigrammatic title. There was something doubly pertinent in it. She made you think at once of nothing so much as heart's-ease; a garden heart's-ease,—that flower of many names;—not of the frail, scentless, wild wood-violet; she had been cultured to something larger. The violet nature was there, coloured and shaped more richly, and gifted with rare fragrance—for those whose delicate sense could perceive it. The very face was a pansy-face, with its deep, large, purple-blue eyes, and golden brows and lashes; the colour of her hair pale gold,—so pale that careless people, who had perception only for such beauty as can flash upon you from a crowd or across a drawing-room, said hastily that she had no brows or lashes, and that this spoiled her. She was not a beauty, therefore; nor was she in any sort a belle. She never drew around her the common attention that is paid eagerly to very pretty, outwardly-bewitching girls; and she never seemed to care for this. At a party she was as apt as not to sit in a corner; but the quiet people,—the mothers looking on, or the girls waiting for partners,—getting into that same corner also, found the best pleasure of their evening there. There was something about her dress, too, that women appreciated most fully; the delicate textures, the finishings—and only those—of rare, exquisite lace, the perfect harmony of the whole unobtrusive toilet,—women looked at these in wonder at the unerring instinct of her taste; in wonder, also, that they only with

each other raved about her. Nobody had ever been supposed to be devoted to her; she had never been reported as "engaged;" there had never been any of this sort of gossip about her. Gentlemen found her, they said, hard to get acquainted with; she had not much of the small-talk which must usually begin an acquaintance. A few—her relatives, or her elders, or the husbands of her intimate married friends—understood and valued her; but it was her girl-friends and women-friends who knew her best, and declared that there was nobody like her; and so came her sobriquet, and the double pertinence of it.

Especially she was Leslie Goldthwaite's delight. Leslie had no sisters, and her aunts were old,—far older than her mother; on her father's side, a broken and scattered family had left few ties for her. Next to her mother, and even closer in some young sympathies, she clung to Cousin Delight.

After this digression, we will go back now to her and to her thought.

"I was thinking," she said, with that intent look in her eyes, "I often think, of how something else was found once having nothing but leaves, and of what came to it."

"I know," answered Leslie, with an evasive quickness, and turned round with her watering-pot to her plants again.

There was sometimes a bit of waywardness about Leslie Goldthwaite; there was a fitfulness of frankness and reserve. She was eager for truth, yet now and then she would thrust it aside. She said that "nobody liked a nicely-pointed moral better than she did; only she would just as lief it shouldn't be pointed at her." The fact was, she was in that sensitive state in which many a young girl finds herself when she begins to ask and to weigh with herself the great questions of life, and shrinks shyly from the open mention of the very thing she longs more fully to apprehend.

Cousin Delight took no notice; it is, perhaps, likely that she understood sufficiently well for that. She turned towards the table by which she sat, and pulled towards her a heavy Atlas that lay open at the map of Connecticut. Beside it was the American Gazetteer,—open also.

"Travelling, Leslie?"

"Yes. I've been a charming journey this morning before you came. I wonder if I ever *shall* travel in reality. I've done a monstrous deal of it with maps and geographies."

"This hasn't been one of the stereotyped tours, it seems."

"O, no! What's the use of doing Niagara or the White Mountains, or even New York, and Philadelphia, and Washington, on the map? I've been one of my little by-way trips; round among the villages; stopping wherever I found one cuddled in between a river and a hill, or in a little sea-shore nook. Those are the places, after all, that I would hunt out, if I had plenty of money to go where I liked with. It's so pleasant to imagine how the people live there, and what sort of folks they would be likely to be. It isn't so much travelling as living round,—awhile in one home, and then in another. How many different little abiding-places there are in the world! And how queer it is only really to know about one or two of them!"

"What's this place you're at just now? Winsted?"

"Yes; there's where I've brought up, at the end of that bit of railroad. It's a bigger place than I fancied, though. I always steer clear of the names that end in 'ville.' They're sure to be stupid, money-making towns, all grown up in a minute, with some common man's name tacked on to them, who happened to build a saw-mill or something first. But Winsted has such a sweet little quiet English sound. I know it never *began* with a mill. They make pins and clocks and tools and machines there now; and it's 'the largest and most prosperous post-village of Litchfield County.' But I don't care for the pins and machinery. It has a lake close to it; and Still River

—doesn't that sound nicely?—runs through; and there are the great hills—big enough to put on the map—out beyond. I can fancy where the girls take their sunset walks, and the moonlight parties boating on the pond, and the way the woods look round Still River. O, yes! that's one of the places I mean to go to."

Leslie Goldthwaite lived in one of the inland cities of Massachusetts. She had grown up and gone to school there, and had never yet been thirty miles away. Her father was a busy lawyer, making a handsome income for his family, and laying aside abundantly for their future provision, but giving himself no lengthened recreations, and scarcely thinking of them as needful for the rest.

It was a pleasant, large, brown wooden house they lived in, at the corner of two streets, with a great green door-yard about it on two sides, where chestnut and cherry trees shaded it from the public way, and flower-beds brightened under the parlour windows and about the porch. Just greenness and bloom enough to suggest always more; just sweetness and sunshine and bird-song enough in the early summer days to whisper of broad fields and deep woods where they rioted without stint; and these days always put Leslie into a certain happy impatience, and set her dreaming and imagining; and she learned a great deal of her geography in the fashion that we have hinted at.

Miss Goldthwaite was singularly discursive and fragmentary in her conversation this morning, somehow. She dropped the map-travelling suddenly, and asked a new question: "And how comes on the linen-drawer?"

"O, Cousin Dell, I'm humiliated,—disgusted! I feel as small as butterflies' pin-feathers! I've been to see the Haddens. Mrs. Linceford has just come home from Paris, and brought them wardrobes to last to remotest posterity! And *such* things! Such trimmings and stitchings and embroiderings! Why, mine look—as if they'd been made by the blacksmith!"

The "linen-drawer" was an institution of Mrs. Goldthwaite's; result partly of her old-fashioned New-England ideas of womanly industry and thrift,—born and brought up as she had been in a family whose traditions were of house-linen sufficient for a lifetime spun and woven by girls before their twenty-first year, and whose inheritance, from mother to daughter, was invariably of heedfully-stored personal and household plenishings, made of pure material that was worth the laying by, and carefully bleached and looked to year by year; partly also from a certain theory of wisdom which she had adopted, that when girls were once old enough to care for and pride themselves on a plentiful outfit, it was best they should have it as a natural prerogative of young-lady-hood, rather than that the "trousseau" should come to be, as she believed it so apt to be, one of the inciting temptations to heedless matrimony. I have heard of a mother whose passion was for elegant old lace, and who boasted to her female friends that when her little daughter was ten years old she had her "lace-box," with the beginning of her hoard in costly contributions from the stores of herself and of the child's maiden aunts. Mrs. Goldthwaite did a better and more sensible thing than this. When Leslie was fifteen she presented her with pieces of beautiful linen and cotton and cambric, and bade her begin to make garments which should be in dozens, to be laid by in reserve as she completed them, until she had a well-filled bureau that should defend her from the necessity of what she called a "wretched living from hand to mouth—always having under-clothing to make up, in the midst of all else that she would find to do and to learn."

Leslie need not have been ashamed, and I don't think in her heart she was, of the fresh, white, light-lying piles that had already begun to make promise of filling a drawer, which she drew out as she answered Cousin Delight's question.

The fine-stroked gathers; the tiny dots of stitches that held them to their delicate bindings; the hems and tucks, true to a thread, and dotted with the same fairy needle-

dimples (no machine-work, but all real dainty fingercraft); the bits of frilling peeping out from the folds with their edges in almost invisible hems; and here and there a finishing of lovely lace-like crochet, done at odd minutes, and for "visiting-work;" there was something prettier and more precious really in all this than in the imported fineries which had come, without labour and without thought, to her friends the Haddens. Besides, there were the pleasant talks and readings of the winter evenings all threaded in and out, and associated indelibly with every seam. There was the whole of *David Copperfield*, and the beginning of *Our Mutual Friend*, sewn into the night-dresses; and some of the crochet was beautiful with the rhymed pathos of *Enoch Arden*, and some with the poetry of the *Wayside Inn*; and there were places where stitches had had to be picked out and done over again, as the eye grew dim and the hand trembled when sad and grievous news was being read.

Leslie loved it and had a pride in it all; it was not truly and only humiliation and disgust at self-comparison with the Haddens, but some other and unexplained doubt, which moved her now, and which was stirred often by this or any other of the objects and circumstances of her life, and which kept her standing there with her hand upon the bureau-knob in a sort of absence, while Cousin Delight looked in, approved, and presently dropped quietly, like a bit of money into a contribution box, the delicate breadths of linen cambric she had finished hemstitching, and rolled together among the rest.

"O, thank you! But, Cousin Delight," said Leslie, shutting the drawer and turning short round suddenly, "I wish you'd just tell me what you think is the sense of that—about the fig-tree. I suppose it's awfully wicked, but I never could see. Is everything fig-leaves that isn't right down fruit, and is it all to be cursed, and why *should* there be anything but leaves when 'the time of figs was not yet'?" After her first hesitation she spoke quickly, impetuously, and without pause, as something that *would* come out.

"I suppose that has troubled you, as I daresay it has troubled a great many other people," said cousin Delight. "It used to be a puzzle and a trouble to me. But now it seems to me one of the most beautiful things of all." She paused.

"I can not see how," said Leslie emphatically. "It always seems to me so, somehow,—unreasonable, and—angry."

She said this in a lower tone, as afraid of the uttered audacity of her own thought; and she walked off as she spoke towards the window once more, and stood with her back to Miss Goldthwaite, almost as if she wished to have done again with the topic. It was not easy for Leslie to speak out upon such things; it almost made her feel cross when she had done it.

"People mistake the true cause and effect, I think," said Delight Goldthwaite, "and so lose all the wonderful enforcement of that acted parable. It was not, 'Cursed be the fig-tree because I have found nothing thereon'; but, 'Let *no fruit* grow on thee henceforward for ever.' It seems to me I can hear the tone of tender solemnity in which Jesus would say such words; knowing, as only he knew, all that they meant, and what should come inevitably of such a sentence. 'And presently the fig-tree withered away.' The life was nothing any longer from the moment when it might not be what all life is, a reaching forward to the perfecting of some fruit. There was nothing to come ever again of all its greenness and beauty; and the greenness and beauty, which were only a form and a promise, ceased to be. It was the way he took to show his disciples, in a manner they should never forget, the inexorable condition upon which all life is given, and that the barren life, so soon as its barrenness is absolutely hopeless, becomes a literal death."

Leslie stood still with her back to Miss Goldthwaite and her face to the window.

Her perplexity was changed, but hardly cleared. There were many things that crowded into her thoughts, and might have been spoken ; but it was quite impossible for her to speak. Impossible on this topic, and she certainly could not speak at once on any other.

Many seconds of silence counted themselves between the two. Then Cousin Delight, feeling an intuition of much that held and hindered the young girl, spoke again.

"Does this make life seem hard?"

"Yes," said Leslie ; then, with an effort that thickened her very voice, "frightful!" And as she spoke she turned again quickly, as if to be motionless longer were to invite more talk, and went over to the other window, where her bird-cage hung, and took down the glasses.

"Like all parables, it is manifold," said Delight gently. "There is a great hope in it, too."

Leslie was at a table now, rinsing and refilling the little drinking-vessel. She handled the things quietly, but she made no pause.

"It shows that while we see the leaf we may have hope of the fruit,—in ourselves or in others."

She could not see Leslie's face. If she had, she would have perceived a quick lifting and lightening upon it. Then a questioning that would not very long be repressed to silence.

The glasses were put in the cage again, and presently Leslie came back to a little low seat by Miss Goldthwaite's side, which she had been occupying before all this talk began.

"Other people puzzle me as much as myself," she said. "I think the whole world is running to leaves, sometimes."

"Some things flower almost invisibly, and hide away their fruit under thick foliage. It is often only when the winds shake their leaves down and strip the branches bare that we find the best that has been growing."

"They make a great fuss and flourish with the leaves though as long as they can ; and it's who shall grow the broadest and tallest and flaunt out with the most of them. After all, it's natural ; and they *are* beautiful in themselves. And there's 'a time' for leaves, too, before the figs."

"Exactly. We have a right to look for the leaves and to be glad of them. That is a part of the parable."

"Cousin Delight ! Let's talk of real things and let the parable alone a minute."

Leslie sprang impulsively to her bureau again, and pulled open the linen-drawer.

"There are my fig-leaves—some of them ; and here are more."

She turned with a quick movement to her wardrobe, pulled out and uncovered a bonnet-box which held a dainty head-gear of the new spring fashion, and then took down from a hook and tossed upon it a silken garment that fluttered with fresh ribbons.

"How much of this outside business is right and how much wrong, I should be glad to know ? It all takes time and thoughts ; and those are life. How much life must go into the leaves ? That's what puzzles me. I can't do without the things ; and I can't be let to take 'clear comfort' in them, as grandma says, either."

She was on the floor now beside her little fineries, her hands clasped together about one knee, and her face turned up to Cousin Delight's. She looked as if she half believed herself to be ill-used.

"And clothes are but the first want, the primitive fig-leaves ; the world is full of other outside business—as much outside as these," pursued Miss Goldthwaite thought-



fully. "Everything is outside. Learning, and behaving, and going, and doing, and seeing, and hearing, and having. 'It's all a muddle,' as the poor man says in *Hard Times*."

"I don't think I can do without the parable," said Cousin Delight. "The real inward principle of the tree—that which corresponds to thought and purpose in the soul—urges always to the finishing of its life in the fruit. The leaves are only by the way,—an outgrowth of the same vitality, and a process towards the end; but never in any living thing the end itself."

"Um," said Leslie, in her nonchalant fashion again, her chin between her two hands now, and her head making little appreciative nods. "That's like condensed milk; a great deal in a little of it. I'll put the fig-leaves away now, and think it over."

But as she sprang up and came round behind Miss Goldthwaite's chair, she stopped and gave her a little kiss on the top of her head. If Cousin Delight had seen, there was a bright softness in the eyes which told of feeling and of gladness that welcomed the quick touch of truth.

Miss Goldthwaite knew one good thing,—when she had driven her nail. "She never hammered in the head with a punch, like a carpenter," Leslie said of her. She believed that, in moral tool-craft, that finishing implement belonged properly to the hand of an after-workman.



## THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

HURRAH! success at last! the electric chain  
Is safely fix'd beneath the Atlantic main.  
Success to it, and also to the brave  
And dauntless hearts who cross'd the ocean wave!  
Hurrah! for them a ringing cheer we'll raise,  
And crown their efforts with a nation's praise;  
For English hearts behold with joyous pride  
A two-fold chain unite the ocean bride  
With her bold sister-land! Let bonds of peace  
Ever unite the two; may discord cease  
Between the Old and New World; let each feel  
That these new wondrous links for aye must heal  
All bitter thoughts; and as the electric spark  
Flies swift from land to land, from heart to heart,  
So may the spark of love, uniting lands  
Thus closely bound together! May the bands  
Of charity and love be two-fold types,  
Which shall for aye unite the Stars and Stripes  
With England's Union Jack! Loud hurrahs  
We'll raise for England's ships and England's tars;  
And all those brave ones who have cross'd the main  
With heart-felt cheers welcome them back again.  
Fully and nobly have they won the fame  
That shall forever gild each honour'd name.  
All honour be to them for victory won  
O'er all obstructions, and for duty done  
Earnestly and patiently! May God's blessing rest  
Upon their noble work! may it be ever blast!

CECILIA.



# 10. MATCH WITH FL WOOL.

**MATERIALS**  
wire shap  
and golds  
wool; wh  
red single  
wool; 3  
of green  
fine wire;  
of yellow  
a wooden  
1/2-inch wi

To ma  
pretty  
match sta  
gin by t  
the sides  
wire shap  
light gre  
over whic  
some sp  
wool; th  
up the sp  
tween w  
two darks

upon a mesh,  
like fringe: they  
must be careful-  
ly combed out  
and clipped with  
sharp scissors.  
For each flower  
fine petals are fast-  
ened round a  
small bundle of  
yellow pistils,  
which may be had  
ready prepared at  
an artificial flor-  
ists' shop; a stitch  
of spangled wool  
is worked in the  
centre of each  
petal; the leaves  
are made in the  
same manner as  
the petals, except  
that the fringe  
is left neat, a  
piece of wire is  
passed through  
them, and then  
folded double.  
The leaves are  
edged round with  
chain stitches of  
spangled wool.  
The bottom of  
the stand is form-  
ed of a piece of  
card-board cover-  
ed with green silk.

## 10. MATCH-STAND WITH FLOWERS IN WOOL.

of wool, passing the wool alternately over and under the wire, as in darning. When the case is entirely covered in this way on all four sides, place alternately one red and one white flower at the top of each of the four corners, with two leaves between each; place leaves only round the bottom.

We have explained in a preceding number of the old Series the way to form the petals of the flowers

## 11. CROCHET PATTERN FOR QUILTS, BASSINETTE COVERS, CUSHIONS, &c.

**MATERIALS:**—White and blue single Berlin-wool.

With white wool make a chain of stitches of the length required; turn, and work one long treble stitch in the fifth stitch; then work another long treble in the fourth stitch of the chain, thus crossing over the long

table first worked: work one long treble in the third next stitch, then one in the stitch before that, so as to cross them again; and repeat to the end of the row.

For the next row take the blue wool: make 4 chain, work 1 long treble in the first opening of last row; then 1 in the third, and after that

## 12. PATTERN FOR WORKING ON JAVA CANVAS.

The outer borders are formed of a sort of net work of black purse-silk; a strip of light-green sou-tache is passed alternately over and under two stitches of the Java canvas, on either side of these borders.

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## 13. LONG KNITTED PURSE.

**MATERIALS:**—Black and green purse-silk.

This purse is knitted in the following manner:

1st row.—Knit 1, \* make 1, knit 3; slip the first over the two others; repeat from \*.

2nd row.—All purl.

3rd row.—Knit 3; \* make 1, knit 3; slip the first over the two others; repeat from \*.

4th row.—All purl.

5th row.—Knit 2, \* make 1, knit 3, and slip the first as before; repeat from \*.

6th row.—All purl.

7th row.—The same as the first.

The purse is knitted the long way; it is 11 inches long and 7 inches wide. The centre is black, the deep vandykes on either side, green. Fold the piece of knitting in two, and sew the sides together, leaving an opening 4 inches long in the centre; gather up the ends and finish them off with black and green silk tassels. Add steel rings.

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## THE MYSTERIOUS LADY OF THE HAYSTACK.

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**I**N the year 1776 a young woman knocked at a cottage door in the village of Bourton, near Bristol, and begged for a draught of milk. There was that in her appearance calculated to excite interest and extract sympathy. She was a stranger, and quite alone. Her worn and weather-stained garments, her wan face and emaciated frame, betokened distress; but she uttered no complaint, and asked no alms. Notwithstanding the wretchedness of her garb, her carriage and deportment bore visible marks of good-breeding; but there was a wildness in her manner and an incoherency in her speech which betrayed an unsettled mind. As she could not be induced even to make known her name, she was distinguished by that of Louisa.

After wandering about all day, she at night took up her lodging under a haystack. The ladies of the neighbourhood pointed out the danger of such an exposed situation, but in vain. Their bounty supplied her with the necessaries of life, but neither threats nor entreaties could induce her to sleep in a house.

Such being her extraordinary choice, it was considered more humane to leave her undisturbed than to force her into an asylum. For four years, therefore, did this forlorn creature make the foot of the haystack her abiding place, never knowing during that time the comfort of a bed or the protection of a roof. Her way of life was most harmless and inoffensive. Every fine morning she walked round the village, conversed with the children, made them presents of such things as were given her, and received others in return, but would take no food but milk, tea, and the most simple diet.

From a certain peculiarity of expression and a slight foreign accent, it was conjectured that she was not a native of England; and various attempts were made, but in vain, to draw from this circumstance some knowledge of her origin. In the meantime, as it had been concluded that she was a native of Germany, all the particulars that could be collected concerning her were translated into that language, and transmitted to the newspapers of Vienna and other large German cities, in the hope that they might lead to some discovery. The effect of this was, that, shortly afterwards, a pamphlet was published in some part of the Austrian dominions, entitled *The Stranger: a true History*. The author of this pamphlet, after giving an affecting recital of the sufferings of the poor female stranger in the neighbourhood of Bristol, proceeds to relate the history of her life, and declares that he is furnished with indisputable evidence to prove the correctness of his statements. The narrative is as follows:

In the summer of the year 1768, Count Cobenzel, the Austrian minister at Brussels, received a letter from a lady at Bordeaux. The writer requested him not to think it strange if his friendship and advice were eagerly sought, adding that the universal respect which his talents and his interest at court commanded induced her to address herself to him; that he should soon know who it was that had presumed to solicit his good offices; and that he would, perhaps, not repent of having attended to her. This letter was written in French, and was signed *La Frülen*, at Bordeaux.

Shortly afterwards he received a letter from Prague, signed Count I. von Weisendorf, and entreating that the best advice might be given to Mademoiselle la Frülen; that all interest might be made in her favour; and even that a thousand

ducats might be advanced her, should she require them. The letter concluded in these words :

“ When you shall know, sir, who this stranger is, you will be delighted to think you have served her, and grateful to those who have given you an opportunity of doing it.”

In his reply to the lady, his Excellency assured her that he was highly sensible of her good opinion ; that he should be proud of assisting her with his advice, and of serving her to the utmost of his power ; but that it was absolutely necessary he should, in the first instance, be informed of her real name.

Several letters passed between the Count and the young lady, without, however, his becoming acquainted with the real name of his correspondent. Towards the end of the year, the wife of a tradesman at Bordeaux having to transact business at Brussels, which introduced her to Count Cobenzel ; she, in answer to his inquiries, said she knew the young lady very well. She extolled her beauty, her elegance, and, above all, the prudence and propriety of her conduct. She added, that the young lady had a house of her own ; that she was generous to a fault, and lavish in her expenditure ; that she had been three years at Bordeaux ; that the distinguished attention with which she was treated by the Marshal de Richelieu, the great resemblance of her features to those of the late Emperor Francis, and the entire ignorance of the world concerning her birth, had given rise to strange conjectures ; and that though the young lady had often been questioned on the subject of her family, she maintained the most scrupulous silence.

In one of her letters to Count Cobenzel, Mademoiselle la Frülen declared her willingness to inform the Count of every particular of her history ; but as the secret was too important to be intrusted to chance, she intended to visit him with the special purpose of revealing herself. Meanwhile she sent him her picture, which she desired him attentively to examine, and which she imagined would lead to some conjectures as to what she had to relate. The Count, on examining the portrait sent, could not disguise from himself that it bore strong resemblance to the Emperor ; but he said nothing.

In the beginning of the year 1769, Count Cobenzel received some despatches from Vienna, containing several extraordinary circumstances relative to the stranger ; and he was instructed to have her apprehended and to examine her. While Count Cobenzel was debating within himself how he should act, she was, at the instance of a messenger from the court of Vienna, arrested in her own house, and carried to Brussels, to Count Cobenzel's residence.

On her first appearing before the Count, she was, as may be imagined, much confused ; but he reassured her, telling her that she should experience the greatest kindness, provided she would adhere to the truth.

Upon being asked where she was born, she answered that she knew not ; but had been told the place where she was brought up was called Bohemia. She said that the place in which she had lived was a small sequestered house in the country, with neither a town nor a village near it. In her infancy she had been under the care of two women, one of whom she called mamma, and the other Catharine. An ecclesiastic came from time to time to teach her catechism and to instruct her in reading and writing ; and he always treated her with great respect. She said that about a year afterwards a handsome man in a hunting suit came to the house where she resided. The stranger placed her on his knee, caressed her, and told her to be good and obedient. She did not remember ever having seen this stranger before. In about two years he returned ; and at this second interview his features made such an indelible impression upon her, that, had she never seen them more, she should never have forgotten them. At this second visit she remarked something red about the stranger's neck under his riding

coat: she inquired what it was; on which he replied that it was a mark of distinction worn by officers. She added, that at this visit she felt a strong attachment to the stranger; and when he took leave she burst into tears, at which he appeared much affected, and promised to return soon. He did not, however, keep his word, for it was not till two years afterwards that he returned; and when she reproached him with his long absence, he told her that at the time he had fixed for coming to see her he was very ill, in consequence of overheating himself in the chase. It is remarkable that at a time corresponding with that above mentioned the emperor, as was well known, was taken ill on his return from hunting. At the third interview the stranger desired to be left alone with her. He then declared that he loved her as his daughter; that he would take care of her; that he would make her rich and happy; and give her a palace, money, and attendants. He then gave her his portrait set in diamonds, bidding her keep it as long as she lived. The portrait given proved to be that of the emperor.

She then related the story of her departure from the place of her education, stating that, soon after the stranger's last visit, the ecclesiastic who had attended her from her infancy came to inform her that her protector was no more, and that, before he expired, he ordered that she should be taken to the house of a merchant at Bourdeaux, there to reside until she arrived at woman's estate. Under the care of the merchant's wife she thus continued for several years. At length, one day, a gentleman called upon her, placing in her hands a purse of a thousand louis d'or, for the purchase of furniture; at the same time telling her that she might now seek a house, and establish a home of her own.

Soon after she had taken her house she received an anonymous letter, in which she was directed to go to the Duke de Richelieu, and ask that protection of which she now stood in need. She accordingly repaired to that nobleman, who informed her that he had received a letter from the Princess of Anersberg, recommending Mademoiselle de Schönaue to his protection. He promised that he would have a watchful care over her, and he afterwards made her a constant guest at all his entertainments; when questions were asked, he invariably replied, "She is a lady of great distinction."

During her residence at Bourdeaux she was regularly supplied with money, receiving in all upwards of 6000*l.*, and yet was not able to discover to whom she was indebted for this allowance. This corroborated her supposition that she belonged to a wealthy family, and she spent the money as fast as she got it. Her remittances, however, suddenly stopped; and as she made no alteration in her style of living, she soon contracted debts to a large amount. In her distress, she had taken the resolution of writing to Count Cobenzel, with the hope that his interference would procure her relief.

She then proceeded to give some information of considerable importance in connection with the Duke of York. On his arrival at Bordeaux, the duke sent to inform her that he had something of great consequence to communicate to her, and requested her to appoint some time when he might see her without the knowledge of any other person. She replied that, as he wished for secrecy, she thought the most suitable hour would be at six in the morning, after a ball that was to be given by the Duke de Richelieu. His royal highness came at the appointed time, when he told her that the object of his visit was to learn the amount of her debts, as he was commanded by a lady of distinction to give her a sum of money. She acknowledged that her creditors importuned her greatly for sixty thousand livres. He desired her to make herself easy, and the same day sent her seven hundred louis d'ors, informing her that he would soon furnish her with a sum sufficient to pay all her debts. The next day the duke left Bordeaux.

Soon after this she fell ill. One morning, while her attendant was at her bedside, the following letter was brought from the Duke of York, dated Monaco: "I was about to send you the remainder of the money, but after I left your house, I received a letter which strictly enjoined me to give you but a portion of it. I have written to

the Princess of Auersberg, and have requested permission to remit you at least the sum you want, to release you from the importunities of your creditors, but—"

Here the letter abruptly terminated. A few days after she received it, she was informed of the duke's death.

Such was the substance of the information obtained in the twenty-four sittings occupied by the examination. The Count Cobenzel now seriously considered what steps were proper to be taken, and he thought it would be most prudent to place the unfortunate girl in some convent, where she might be kept till time should throw some light upon her mysterious existence.

But before the Count had time to carry out this project, he was attacked by an illness that proved fatal. The day before his death he told a friend, who had been made acquainted with all the circumstances connected with the stranger, that he had just received despatches from Vienna, charging him to acquaint the Court with the stranger's history, by no means to dismiss her, nor to take any steps without fresh orders.

On the following day the Count expired, and about a week afterwards the stranger was taken out of the prison in which she had been confined and conducted by a sub-lieutenant of the Mare-Chaussée of Brabant to Quievrain, a small town between Mons and Valenciennes. Here fifty louis d'ors were put into her hands, and she was abandoned to her destiny. For seven or eight years she seems to have wandered from place to place, until she appeared in the neighbourhood of Bristol, as narrated at the commencement of this memoir.

In her new-found retreat beside the haystack the unfortunate creature was now permitted to settle down. She seldom rose from her bed, on which she lay very quietly, apparently half unconscious of what was passing around. She often amused herself with shaping her blanket into the semblance of a royal robe.

Her manner of speaking English, though imperfect, could not absolutely be pronounced to be that of a foreigner, but was rather that of an infant, as she frequently omitted the connecting particles, and used childish epithets. When a question was put to her, it was found necessary to repeat it; not because she did not comprehend it, but either from indifference, which gradually disappeared, or from caution to avoid being ensnared, against which it was evident, in spite of her insanity, she was constantly endeavouring to guard. Instead of giving a direct answer to the questions that were asked her, she more usually talked of mamma coming to take her away, and used other expressions as though she hourly expected some one to come to her aid.

She frequently talked of dress, and by her action expressed a desire for fine clothes; but she concluded all her broken sentences on the subject with saying, "They must be like this, and the colour of this;" pointing sometimes to the straw, and sometimes to the blanket which lay loosely over her. She had a particular passion for bracelets, especially for miniatures, but displayed the most sovereign contempt for every other ornament. Of a Queen Anne's half-crown she was extremely fond; she sometimes desired to have one sewn on to a black ribbon, and, saying that it much resembled her mamma, would wear it on her arm, and kiss it with great delight.

Her state having at length become worse, she was conveyed to a hospital for lunatics at Bristol. From Bristol she was removed to Guy's Hospital, London; where the contraction of her limbs, owing to exposure to cold, combined with her constant propensity to remain inactive, rendered her an object of the strongest compassion; and her case having been made known to the talented Hannah More, that lady settled a small annual allowance upon her for the purchase of such comforts and luxuries as would serve to soothe and please our poor lady of the haystack.

THE NEW YEAR is once more bringing us its usual round of festivities. Balls and evening parties are crowding one upon the other, and elegant dresses and coiffures are what the fair votaries of

14, 1  
of dark purple cloth, trim-  
med with black Astrakan

14. POLISH PALETOT (FRONT).

16. B  
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fashion are most anxious to hear about just now.

Evening dresses are made much in the same style as those worn in the day-time. The empire dress, also called the *fourreau*, is made with a low bodice. In that case the bodice is cut out at the same time with the widths of the skirt.

Low bodices, or *corsets* with *casques*, are also worn with a gored skirt, but of course separate from

THE FASHIONS.

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it. The fashion of long dresses, caught up and tied loosely at the back, is also sometimes adopted for ball dresses. When the material is light and vapoury, this is not ungraceful, while for walking dresses

of heavy woollen tissue it would certainly be extremely so.

Other evening dresses have double skirts, not looped up in the Pompadour style, but merely the upper skirt rather shorter than the under one. The latter is always train-shaped. Both are gored; and the upper one is also longer at the back than it is in front.

The Grecian tunic is also fashionable to wear over a ball-dress. It



## THE FASHIONS.

er in front or on either side. Let us give a few examples, which will be more than mere general descriptions.

r under dress of white silk, trimmed round the bottom with two quillings of white laced one upwards, and one downwards, that is, opposite one to the other, and distant centre by a pinked-out ruching of the same. Dress of white tarlatane, simply with fine rouleaux of white silk. In the centre of the back, the seam joining two halves, is not continued further than one third of the length of the skirt from the two widths, which thus remain divided, are loosely tied together at the back, and up the tarlatane skirt over the silk one, quite in the Louis XV. style. A low white silk, with small basque at the back only, is trimmed all round with tarlatane. This dress is very simple, though elegant, and is in very good taste for 1775. The hair should be arranged in the Wattian style, with strings of pearls, and roses tastefully disposed in the hair. The dress, instead of being entirely white, may be white and blue, or rose-colour.

s for a young married lady. Dress of white satin, composed of a gored skirt. In ruffles of white tulle, spangled and edged with gold; and a low bodice embellished with gold soutache, and edged with ruffles of the same tulle. A second skirt of spangled with gold, is tied loosely at the back, as in the preceding toilette. The skirt composed of white velvet flowers, with gold centres.

ball toilette is thus composed. Empire dress of pink glacé silk, cut out in small pieces and the bottom. The bodice is low, square at the top, and with no sleeves beyond the white lace. It is trimmed round the top with lace insertion. A tunic of white muslin is lengthened at the back into a sweeping train, edged round the bottom with gold lace. In front it is short, and divided into five lapels, covered with embroidery. The bodice is ornamented with a stomacher of embroidered Indian muslin. The skirt round the top. A wide sash of pink satin is tied in a large bow at the back. The skirt of the pink skirt, showing under the tunic in front, is trimmed with a wide lace insertion. The head-dress is composed of a coronet of pink roses.

g dress, also in the empire shape, is made of maize-coloured satin. It is trimmed round the bottom with a strip of lace insertion, edged with a fringe of black gimp and jet. Large stars of black lace studded with jet are placed at regular distances a little above the lace insertion. The low bodice and short sleeves are trimmed with black lace, and jet grelots. Coiffure of black lace and maize-coloured flowers. A scarf of black lace and a sash round the waist.

us and bodices are very fashionable for evening wear. The following are some patterns:

valle fichu, of white guipure, bordered with black guipure insertion, and edged with black guipure lace. This fichu is rounded at the back, and crossed in front with very large bows which are tied at the back.

for a young lady is made of fine Brussels net, arranged in cross-pleats, and with white lace insertion placed over coloured satin ribbon, edged on either side with a wide white lace border. This trimming forms braces, epaulettes, wrist- and waist-bodice. At the top there is a small lace collar, also lined with coloured satin. The bodice of pleated white muslin, trimmed round the top, short sleeves, and waistband of coloured satin covered with white lace insertion formed of separate cut-out pieces. A white or rose-coloured skirt forms a pretty evening toilette for a young lady.

rs are made of guipure or Valenciennes lace; they come very high up in the neck, and have long turned-down points in front. Lace cuffs fall over the wrists, and cover the hands.

Collars and cuffs are made of fine linen put double and stitched all round. They are lined with strips of lace insertion, and separate lace patterns worked in appliqué which is afterwards cut out under the lace.

Any new bonnets are prepared for the beginning of January, which is always a busy time for visits in full dress.

These are some of the various models lately produced by fashionable *modistes*.

A bonnet in the Mary Stuart shape, slightly modified and rounded, with an oval crown, is made of bright blue velvet; a wide strip of blue moire ribbon is loosely twisted round the crown and forms the strings. The crown is embroidered with a pattern in small jet bugles; the brim is edged round with a ruche of black lace, divided in the centre by a string of jet beads. Inside, pleating of blue velvet and one pink rose with leaves formed of jet beads.

A mauve velvet bonnet of a much rounded and very small empire shape is trimmed with a border of the tips of curled white feathers, which goes both round the crown and brim. Inside, bandeau of mauve velvet and white velvet asters, strings of mauve satin, and lapels of white blonde.

A bonnet of green terry velvet has a crown in the shape of a toquet, trimmed round with a cross strip of green satin, studded with jet beads. The brim is edged with a fringe of jet; a drooping black feather, tinged with green, is placed on one side. Inside, pleating of green velvet, and one beautiful tea-rose; strings of green velvet.

And, for a young lady, a small *fanchon* empire bonnet of fine white silk plush, trimmed with lapels of white satin, bound with rose colour, placed over the top of the bonnet and falling at the back in long lapels, finished off with rose-coloured silk tassels. Coronet of small roses inside; strings of white satin edged with rose-colour.



## LOVELIEST WORDS.

### THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

#### AN EPISODE OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

INTO the house ran Lettice,  
With hair so long and bright,  
Crying, "Mother, Johnny has 'listed!  
He has 'listed into the fight!"

"Don't talk so wild, little Lettice;"  
And she smoothed her darling's brow.  
"Tis true—you'll see—as true can be;  
He told me so just now."

"Ah, that's a likely story!  
Why, darling, don't you see,  
If Johnny had 'listed into the war  
He would tell your father and me?"

"But he is going to go, mother,  
Whether it's right or wrong;  
He is thinking of it all the while,  
And he won't be with us long."

"Our Johnny going to go to the war!"  
"Ay, ay; and the time is near;

He said when the corn was once in the  
ground  
We couldn't keep him here."

"Hush, child; your brother Johnny  
Meant to give you a fright."  
"Mother, he'll go; I tell you I know  
He's 'listed into the fight."

Plucking a rose from the bush, he said  
Before its leaves were black  
He'd have a soldier's cap on his head,  
And a knapsack on his back."

"A dream, a dream, little Lettice,  
A wild dream of the night;  
Go find and fetch your brother in,  
And he will set us right."

So out of the house ran Lettice,  
Calling near and far—

"Johnny, tell me, and tell me true,  
Are you going to go to the war?"

At last she came and found him  
 In the dusky cattle-close,  
 Whistling "Hail, Columbia,"  
 And beating time with his rose ;—

The rose he broke from the bush when he  
 said  
 Before its leaves were black,  
 He'd have a soldier's cap on his head,  
 And a knapsack on his back.

Then all in gay mock-anger,  
 He plucked her by the sleeve,  
 Saying, "Dear little, sweet little rebel,  
 I'm going, by your leave."

"O Johnny, Johnny !" Low he stooped,  
 And kissed her wet cheeks dry,  
 And took her golden head in his hands,  
 And told her he would not die.

"But, Letty, if anything happen—  
 There won't—" and he spoke more low ;  
 "But if anything should, you must be  
 twice as good  
 As you are to mother, you know.

Not but that you are good, Letty,—  
 As good as you can be ;  
 But then, you know, it might be so  
 You'd have to be good for me."

So straight to the house they went, his  
 cheeks  
 Flushing under his brim ;  
 And his two broad-shouldered oxen  
 Turned their great eyes after him.

That night in the good old farmstead  
 Was many a sob of pain :  
 "O, Johnny, stay ! if you go away  
 It will never be home again."

But time its sure slow comfort lent,  
 Crawling, crawling past,  
 And Johnny's gallant regiment  
 Was going to march at last.

And steady up her stricken soul,  
 The mother turned about,  
 Took what was Johnny's from the drawer,  
 And took the rose-leaves out ;

And brought the cap she had lined with silk,  
 And strapped his knapsack on,  
 And her heart, though it bled, was proud  
 as she said,  
 "You would hardly know our John."

Another year, and the roses  
 Were bright on the bush by the door ;  
 And into the house ran Lettice,  
 Her pale cheeks glad once more.

"O mother, news has come to-day !  
 'Tis flying all about ;  
 Our John's regiment, they say,  
 Is all to be mustered out.

O mother, you must buy me a dress,  
 And ribbons of blue and buff !  
 O what shall we say to make this day  
 Merry and mad enough !—

The brightest day that ever yet  
 The sweet sun looked upon,  
 When we shall be drest in our very best  
 To welcome home our John !"

So up and down ran Lettice,  
 And all the farmstead rung  
 With where he would set his bayonet,  
 And where his cap would be hung.

And the mother put away her look  
 Of weary waiting gloom,  
 And a feast was set, and the neighbours met  
 To welcome Johnny home.

The good old father silent stood,  
 With his eager face at the pane,  
 And Lettice was out at the door to shout  
 When she saw him in the lane.

And by and bye a soldier  
 Came o'er the grassy hill—  
 It was not he they looked to see—  
 And every heart stood still.

He brought them Johnny's knapsack,—  
 'Twas all that he could do,—  
 And the cap he had worn, begrimed, and  
 torn,  
 With a bullet-hole straight through.

## THE BEST JUDGMENT.

## A STORY OF THE COLD.

Get up, my little handmaid,  
And see what you will see :  
The stubble fields, and all the fields,  
Are white as they can be.

Put on your crimson cashmere,  
And hood so soft and warm  
With all its woollen linings,  
And never heed the storm.

For you must find the miller  
In the west of Westburg town,  
And bring me meal to feed my cows,  
Before the sun is down.

Then woke the little handmaid  
From sleeping on her arm,  
And took her crimson cashmere  
And hood with woollen warm ;

And bridle, with its buckles  
Of silver, from the wall,  
And rode until the golden sun  
Was sloping to his fall.

Then on the miller's door-stone,  
In the west of Westburg town,  
She dropt the bridle from her hands,  
And quietly slid down.

And when to her sweet face her beast  
Turned round, as if he said,  
"How cold I am !" she took her hood  
And put it on his head.

Soft spoke she to the miller :  
"Nine cows are stalled at home,  
And hither for three bags of meal  
To feed them I am come."

Now when the miller saw the price  
She brought was not by half  
Enough to buy three bags of meal,  
He filled up two with chaff.

The night was wild and windy,  
The moon was thin and old,  
As home the little handmaid rode,  
All shivering with the cold ;

Beside the river, black with ice,  
And through the lonesome wood—  
The snow upon her hair the while  
A-gathering like a hood.

And when beside the roof-tree  
Her good beast neighed aloud,  
Her pretty crimson cashmere  
Was whiter than a shroud.

"Get down, you silly handmaid,"  
The old dame cried, "get down.  
You've been a long time going  
To the west of Westburg town !"

And from her oaken settle  
Forth hobbled she again ;—  
Alas, the slender little hands  
Were frozen to the rein !

Then came the neighbours one and all,  
With melancholy brows,  
Mourning because the dame had lost  
The keeper of her cows ;

And cursing the rich miller,  
In blind misguided zeal,  
Because he sent two bags of chaff  
And only one of meal.

Dear Lord, how little man's award  
The right or wrong attest !  
And he who judges least, I think,  
Is he who judges best.

## 19. CARD-CASE IN PERFORATED CARD-BOARD (FRONT).

## 19-21. CARD-CASE.

**MATERIALS** :—Perforated card-board ; green-velvet ribbon ; violet ditto ; fine gold cord ; silver ditto ; gold, steel, and jet beads ; white sarcenet ; white ribbon ; card-board ; green and violet pure-silk.

Cut two pieces of perforated card-board of the size and shape of No. 19 or 21. Cover one of these pieces with violet velvet, leaving only six holes of the card-board in depth all round uncovered ; cover the other piece in the same way with green velvet, but not before you have embroidered the word *Cartes* in steel beads upon the velvet. Stretch threads of silver across the corners, and work the border in steel and black beads over the card-board. The

net-work over the violet velvet is worked with gold thread, the border with gold and black beads.

For the inside of the case, cut two pieces of plain card-board, of the same size and shape as the preceding, and cover them on one side with white silk. Three pieces of white sarcenet ribbon, each  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches long, and not quite  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch wide, are gummed on to the pieces of card-board, as seen in No. 20. Both sides (inside and outside of both halves of the case) are edged with gold or silver cord, and the outside and inside are joined together by button-hole stitches worked over the cord, with silk of the colour of the velvet, that is, green on one side and violet on the other.



20. INTERIOR OF CARD-CASE.

**22. TOBACCO-POUCH.**

**MATERIALS:**—Black velvet; crimson silk soutache; Turkish braid; very fine gold cord; gold thread; black purse-silk; small black jet beads.

Four pieces similar to No. 22 are required to

make up the pouch. Each piece is cut out of black velvet, and the pattern is traced upon it with white chalk. The outer border is formed of crimson-silk soutache, the inner one of Turkish braid, edged on either side with gold cord. The centre of the pattern is composed of a net-work of black purse-silk, fastened

**22. PATTERN FOR A TOBACCO-POUCH.**

at each crossing by a stitch of gold thread. A small black bead is placed within each space of the net-work.

Each of the four pieces of the pouch is lined with white braid; they are all joined together, and edged round the top with a piping of black satin.

Small gilt rings are placed just inside the upper edge of the pouch, and a double piece of black-silk cord, finished off with tassels, is run through them to fasten up the pouch. A long black crimson and gold tassel is added at the bottom.

## LETTERS FROM "DEAR OLD GRANNY."

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### I. DRESS.

"Strength and honour are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come."—SOLOMON.

"I have observed among all nations that the women ornament themselves more than the men."—JOHN LEWYARD.

"From little matters let us turn to less,  
And lightly touch the mysteries of dress.  
The outward forms the inner man reveal ;  
We guess the pulp because we see the peel."—O. W. HOLMES.

**M**Y DEAR CHILD,—I am ready to comply with your prettily expressed wish to know Grandmamma's opinion on the conduct and carriage of a Young Englishwoman. If my letters serve in any way to render you more happy and more useful, all the trouble of their composition will be more than repaid.

In this letter I wish to direct your attention particularly to the subject of dress. It is a common complaint that *all* women—ay, my dear, the old as well as the young—devote far too much time and care to the "broidering of the hair and the putting on of apparel." I shall have something to say about this before I close my letter ; but here I think it right to make one or two remarks that are, I conceive, to be justified by the circumstances of the case.

Dress has two functions—to *clothe*, and to *ornament* ; and while the first is the essential matter, the second should never be disregarded. I believe in beautiful things ; I think they are pleasing to Him who makes "everything beautiful in its time." There is nothing more beautiful than a pure, intelligent, well-bred woman ; and I hold that to take that which infinite ingenuity and power have made beautiful, and clothe it in a careless and unbecoming manner, is highly indecorous and ungrateful. It is a shame for a lady who has the means to dress well to dress meanly ; it is every woman's duty to make herself pleasant and attractive by such raiment and ornament as best accord with her style of beauty. Perhaps this view of the subject may startle you a little ; but I assure you it is true. Those who are for ever indulging in secular homilies on the vanity of dress are heretic to one of the first principles of agreeable companionship. There are few habits which a young woman may acquire that in the long-run will tend more to the satisfaction of her real friends and to the preservation of her own self-respect than that of thorough tastefulness, appropriateness, and tidiness of dress.

The arbitrary rule of fashion is another subject which is often brought forward as something to be gravely deplored ; and we are led to infer that setting oneself in opposition to the fickle mode—"rising superior" is the expression often employed—to the prevailing taste, is a certain indication of masculine intelligence in a woman. Now, for my own part, I was never ambitious of the endowment, being very well content that my intelligence—presuming I possess any—should be feminine. I was never one of those strong-minded women to whom the wearing of petticoats and the teachings of St. Paul are alike repugnant. I never, therefore, set my face against the fashion unless there was something in it immodest, or otherwise obviously improper. I made it a rule to avoid all peculiarity of dress that might attract the vulgar gaze, and gener-

ally contrived to adopt so much of the prevailing fashion as to escape the notice which must have been drawn upon me, had I worn it after the exact pattern of the fashion-book, or, on the other hand, abstained from it altogether. The middle course is always the best; enough to show that you are aware of the fashion, but not enough to make of yourself a dressmaker's advertisement and a milliner's block.

In the endeavour to dress well with a proper regard to the fashion, remember, my dear child, that your costume should accord with your person. This is a point which receives too little attention. What would you say to me or of me, were I to lay aside my cap, my spectacles, and discard my black-satin gown, made high to the throat; adopting, instead, a large-sized chignon, a small-sized head-ornament (I must not mis-call it a bonnet), about the dimensions of an Abernethy biscuit, a long train dress open at the neck, and of some conspicuous colour. What could you think but that I was young again, indeed, by being in my second childhood. Still I find that there is a strong disposition to ignore all difference of age and personal appearance, and for everyone to act in opposition to the plain rule of common sense. The tall and the short, the light and the dark, the pale and the rosy, the grave and the gay, require their own appropriate style of dress. Ladies with delicate rosy complexions bear white and blue better than dark colours. The sallow should never adopt these tints; dark, quiet, grave colours are those which are fitted to improve their appearance. Yellow is the most trying and dangerous of all, and should only be worn by the rich-toned, healthy-looking brunette. Longitudinal stripes in a lady's dress make her appear taller than she really is, and are therefore appropriate for persons of short stature; tall women for the same reason should never wear them. Flounces also are becoming to tall persons; but not to short ones. These hints will no doubt be sufficient to suggest to you many other matters which apply to the fitness of dress. I need scarcely say that there should always be harmony between your dress and your circumstances, or that your costume should be suited to the time, place, and occasion on which it is worn. A dark worsted dress on a warm day, a white one on a cold day, a light thin one on a windy day are all in bad taste. Very fine or very delicate dresses worn in the street, very highly ornamented clothes worn to church or in shopping, are in bad taste; and very long dresses—even when they are the fashion—are in bad taste when worn in the street.

Health is of course of primary importance in connection with dress. It is not enough that we look well, recognise the fashion, and adapt it to our individual peculiarities, if health is impaired. The practice of tight-lacing is one of the most serious evils of a woman's toilet. For the sake of exhibiting an unnaturally small waist, she inflicts upon herself the most exquisite torture, deranges her whole constitution, and shortens her life. You, my dear child, have, I believe, been too well instructed to adopt this injurious system, and I need not therefore dwell upon its evils at any length; but there is another matter in which I fear you are likely to err—I mean that of the strong contrast between the costume worn at home in the morning and abroad in the evening. I have known many young ladies, who would keep themselves comfortable and warm in good stout garments through the day,—sitting over the fire, it may be, with an extra shawl wrapped round them on account of the cold,—and yet when the evening came would adopt a dress of flimsy material, with a considerable portion of the chest and shoulders left exposed, delicate silk-stockings, and thin-soled satin-shoes; and so arrayed would go forth—with the thermometer at zero! Thus the seeds of consumption are sown broadcast.

And now let me say a word or two about the cost of dress. Every individual in providing her wardrobe should call into exercise a correct judgment and a thorough understanding of what she can afford. I highly approve the plan adopted by your father—that of allowing you a certain fixed annual stipend for dress. It is calculated



to make you careful—to encourage method and economy ; besides, it saves you from the uncomfortable habit of pressing on your papa's purse with demands which are inconsistent with his finances. He gives you what he can afford, and what he and your mamma think requisite ; you, in consequence, know exactly what you have to spend. Beyond the allotted sum you ought not to go. I advise you to keep an account-book ; to enter the price of every article purchased, with the date affixed, so that yourself or another may be able to tell at the year's end what has become of your allowance. Whatever the stipend allowed may be, never spend the whole upon your own person. By moderating your wants, and by taking the best care of your wardrobe, you may reserve to yourself the power of assisting the needy. To forego the purchase of an expensive garment that a sickly sufferer may be clothed and fed affords the truest satisfaction.

With regard to the purchasing of the articles you require, do not be extravagant in any way. It is possible to be very extravagant under the specious semblance of economy. It is extravagant to buy what you do not require, even if you obtain it at a low price ; but, as a general rule, you may be sure that low-priced articles are seldom bargains. Before you make a purchase, always put to yourself Jane Taylor's maxim, "Can I do without it?" Give yourself a candid answer, and you will have some ribbons, laces, and gloves the less, but a good many shillings the more. It is always good economy to buy good materials. You have read the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and you know when the Vicar's wife was to choose her wedding-gown, she selected something that would wear well. It is a good rule. Plain, simple, well-made attire is far better than a heap of tawdry finery. It carries with it a more honest look, and is always more agreeable to those whose good opinion is worth obtaining.

And now, in the last place, always dress in such a manner that your attire will not occupy your thoughts after it is put on. Let every garment be well fitted and properly arranged ; ugly in no point, "fussy" in no point, nor made of such noticeable materials that you necessarily carry with you the consciousness that people around you are examining it. Make it always subordinate to yourself ; tributary to your charms rather than constituent of them. Then the society in which you move will see *you*, and not your housings and trappings. It is *not* the fine feathers that make fine birds. "How well Jane looked last evening !" is a far nicer compliment than "How magnificently Jane was dressed !"

Bear in mind then, dear child, the advice thus tendered to you by an ancient dame. Dress well—as well as you can afford. Recognise the fashion of your time, but have regard to propriety, good taste, health, and cost. Scorn the idea of making dress in any way the grand object of life ; that is beneath you. A woman was made for something higher and better than the display of the latest triumph in the mantua-making and millinery arts.

Have I exhausted your patience ? Age is ever garrulous ; but receiving my admonitions on paper, darling, has this advantage—you can stop me without offence, and allow me to resume when you are in the humour. That you will not weary of me, but give an attentive ear to my counsel, is what I hopefully expect : you are so little changed in heart and mind from what you were when your arms were so often round my neck, and your lips met the lips of

DEAR OLD GRANNY.



THE PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE

Modelled for

The Young Englishwoman

## "A LITTLE MUSIC."

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"I SHALL be one of the men that go," said an unfortunate hearer of *The Brook*, which was not being sparkingly sung. And how any man can be got to stay at all in some of our drawing-rooms, I cannot imagine, when "a little music" is going on. Little enough, there is, verily; and I am glad that some of our musical critics have courage sufficient to condemn the rubbish printed, and decry the performances we see and hear. One of these critics I have just read, and agree with him that the pianoforte must feel a delicious trembling as the doubt passes over it as to the power of finger and love of pedal about to be exercised, as violent hands hasten to open it for the first comer. Who this first comer should be is debatable oftentimes—whether the hostess should begin or another; I certainly inclining to the belief that proper courtesy would rule that the lady of the house, or one of her special friends and companions, should lead the play. There are difficulties and obstacles, oftentimes, of course, to this plan; but in any case those who know the house best should be the first at the instrument. Once begun, there is often no cessation; and the question has been asked as to how much bad music a man is bound to listen to who wishes to retain the reputation of a pleasant member of society. A Christy Minstrel's ballad is a good thing in its way; but to have to listen at different houses, night after night, to variations and variations on the same sentimental stuff, is too much of a good thing. Letting alone these instrumental discomforts, what more painful infliction could be invented than the vocal expression of the modern song? Is it, speaks a man in despair—is it absolutely necessary that so many sisters, cousins, spinsters, should display their musical abilities? Some of them surely must know that though they have the will, poverty of skill is theirs also, and such ought to learn to be merciful. Art should reign supreme in the drawing-room, whereas Fashion is the goddess and decides the music as she does the colour of the paper or the shape of the curtain-poles; and when a certain amount of musical performance is required from her devotees, whether they have skill or no skill for the purpose, what can be expected but weariness and vexation? Many will have to join in the task of reforming all this, and principally these are the ladies themselves who relinquish a cheap mode of display, and the variation-mongers, whose pieces of music will lack buyers. And then the hearers, the listeners—they have a duty to perform, without necessarily being harsh or impolite. For don't we all now feebly gasp out "Thank you!" when a series of inane variations on the *March of the Men of Harlech* has just been concluded; and if we appear satisfied with the fare thus offered, whom have we to blame but ourselves? If men would occasionally ask for a *lied* of Mendelssohn, or a *sonata*, or one of Schumann's charming pieces, the supply would soon be forthcoming. A piece of classical music is now the exception; let it be the rule. Let music be elevated to its proper place among the home pleasures, and then its study will be pursued upon pure principles.



### DESCRIPTION OF OUR FASHION-PLATE.

**VISITING TOILET.**—A black velvet bonnet with a flat round crown; it is edged all round with green silk, and trimmed in front with velvet daisies. Green ribbon-strings. An under dress of plain green silk, with half-tight sleeves, ornamented with narrow black velvet. The skirt, cut out in tabs at the bottom, and trimmed with black silk edged with braid, forms a train behind about two yards long from the waist. The upper dress of black silk has no sleeves. It is scalloped at the bottom, bordered, and trimmed down each width with green silk braid. The waistband has two long pointed ends ornamented in the same style as the dress. Six ribbon rosettes are placed round the bottom of the upper skirt, two behind, and two on each side.

**WALKING TOILET.**—A white felt hat bound with velvet. A wreath of feathers, mixed with violet velvet flowers, adorns the brim. The upper dress and paletot are made of drab "drap moutonne," trimmed with jet and violet silk bands. A plain violet silk under dress completes the toilet.

**23 & 24. PALETOT  
FOR A LITTLE BOY  
FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS  
OLD.**

This paletot is made of dark blue cloth. It is quite straight and loose-fitting. The single trimming consists of fine black silk soutache placed round the pockets, upon the sleeves, and in the centre, at the back, and of two rows of black horn buttons down the front.



**25. NEAPOLITAN  
CAPELINE.**

This capeline is of blue cashmere, lined with blue silk, and trimmed with silk

**23. LITTLE BOY'S PALETOT (FRONT.)**

**24. LITTLE BOY'S PALETOT (BACK.)**

and gimp edging. The shape of this capeline is simple and comfortable; it forms both a hood and a cape. A bow with long tassels, formed of a strip of cashmere edged in button-hole stitch with black silk, and trimmed with guipure, is placed upon the top of the hood.



**26. WAISTBAND  
WITH POINTS.**

This waistband can be made of any material similar to that of the dress, or of black silk, satin, or velvet. It is corded all round, and fastened with large round gimp, jet, or velvet buttons.



**27. "MANON"  
JACKET FOR A  
YOUNG LADY.**

Our pattern is made of fine gray cloth; and edged round the bottom, neck, and wrists with a border of black velvet. Lapels of the same material as the jacket are placed upon the shoulders and sleeves, and upon the basque at the back. These lapels are piped with black, and ornamented with pine patterns cut out of black velvet, embroidered in chain stitch with white silk, and edged all round with fine white soutache. A similar pattern is worked upon each of the pockets in front of the jacket.

**25. "NEAPOLITAN" CAPELINE.**

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of lemon-peel. Make the night before baking : it will not keep long.—*Second best ditto* : Three quarters pound of flour, three quarters pound of treacle, quarter pound of coarse sugar, six ounces of butter, half ounce of ginger, half ounce of lemon-peel ; boil together the butter, sugar, and treacle, for ten minutes, pour hot into the flour, roll out, and bake directly. This will keep.—*Another way* : One pound of flour, half pound of sugar, half ounce of ginger, a little butter, nutmeg, mace, and a glass of brandy ; mix all together, and make up with three quarters pound of treacle, roll out, and bake in a slow oven.

**HONEY GINGERBREAD.**—One pound of flour, half pound of butter, one pound of honey, and a little lemon ; make into a thin paste, and pour upon tins rubbed with butter ; bake slowly.

**YORKSHIRE PARKIN.**—One pound of oatmeal, two ounces of butter, one ounce of ginger, and a few carraways ; warm one pound of treacle, mix all together into a thin paste, pour into shallow dishes buttered ; bake in a slow oven, and let it grow cold before turning out.

**HUNTING NUTS.**—Half pound of flour, half pound of butter, half pound of treacle, quarter pound of coarse sugar, ginger to your taste, and a glass of brandy. Drop on tins, and bake in a moderate oven.

**IMPERIAL GINGERBREAD.**—Half pound of loaf-sugar, quarter pound of butter, ten ounces of flour, the rind of a lemon, and one egg ; mix all together, and drop on tins.

**ALMOND PUDDING.**—Half pound of almonds blanched, and beaten fine, half pound of loaf-sugar, half pound of melted butter, six eggs—taking out the whites of two—a small roll, and a tea-cupful of cream ; lay paste round a buttered dish, add a little brandy to the mixture, and pour all into the dish. A short time will bake it.

**CAKE PUDDINGS.**—Two eggs, their weight in flour, butter, and sugar ; beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar, mix well, then add the flour and the eggs, well beaten. Beat all together. Bake in cups. This quantity will make six. Half fill the cups only. Wine sauce.

**WELSH CAKES.**—One pound of butter beaten to a cream, add by degrees an equal quantity of flour, a tablespoonful of yeast, and three eggs. Let it stand half an hour before making into cakes. Put a small quantity of currants into the centre of each cake. Roll out with grated sugar instead of flour.

**MOCK MACAROONS.**—Beat together half an hour one pound of loaf-sugar and four eggs, then add one pound of flour and some carraways. Drop on tins, and bake in a moderate oven.

**POTATO PUDDING.**—Six ounces boiled potatoes rubbed through a sieve, five ounces sugar pounded very fine, the yolks of two eggs, and the pulp, juice, and rind of a lemon—the latter shred fine ; line a dish with thin puff paste, and bake a light brown.

**LITTLE CURRANT PUDDINGS.**—Quarter pound finely shred beef suet, the grated crumb of a penny loaf, quarter pound currants, two large spoonful of finely pounded sugar, half a nutmeg grated, a teaspoonful of cream, one do. of brandy, a little salt, and the yolks of two eggs. Make up into six balls, tie in separate cloths, boil fifteen minutes, pour white wine sauce over them.

**GROUND RICE PUDDING.**—Half pound ground rice, in two pints of milk ; when cold add five well-beaten eggs, half a nutmeg grated, a gill of cream, a little lemon-peel shred fine, half pound butter, half pound sugar ; mix, line a dish with thin puff paste, and bake a light brown.

**BRICQUA.**—Two pounds flour, melt one ounce butter in a little milk, mix with it two spoonful of yeast, and add a little of the flour ; let it stand fifteen minutes, then add the rest of the flour, with sufficient milk to make into a stiff paste ; roll out, and bake in a slow oven. Enough for two dozen.

**YORKSHIRE TEA CAKES.**—A little thin cream warmed, add a lump of butter, and an egg, and a few spoonful of yeast ; mix all with sufficient flour to make a light dough ; let it stand to rise, roll into round cakes ; let them rise before the fire on tins, and bake a light brown ; split, butter, and serve hot.

**TEA CAKES.**—Two pounds of flour, quarter pound loaf-sugar, four eggs, half pound of butter, one pint new milk, and a spoonful of yeast ; boil the butter and milk together, and when milk-warm, mix with the rest, beating the paste a long time ; bake twenty minutes in a quick oven, in round cakes ; split, butter, and serve hot.



## OUR DRAWING-ROOM.

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HOW much easier it is to interpret a prediction *after* the event than it is before ! There are some lines going the rounds of the papers now, showing us that storms, warfare, and pestilence must always ensue if Christmas-day falls on a Monday. Now it is plain that last Christmas-day was on a Monday ; plain also that we have had severe tempests, hard fighting, and the rinderpest, to say nothing of cholera. What is the use of a prediction that can only be interpreted after the event ? If a vessel carried all her lights in the stern, so as to mark her wake only, what use would those lights be ? Dr. Cumming has some remarks of this kind in his *Apocalyptic Sketches*. By the way, the doctor knows as well as anybody that in dealing with events to come it is well not to be too precise. He had to write a letter in self-defence the other day to the *Times*, complaining of a report that had gone abroad of certain things that he had never said. Now, it is sometimes difficult to stand or fall by what one does say ; but it is too bad to have to bear the burden of every idle report. How little of what Carlyle calls the "veracities" is there in the *on dits* commonly reported even about living people ! How much less credit is to be given to the anecdotes related of the illustrious dead ! It would be not a little curious to trace one story through its many metamorphoses, and to count up to how many different people good things have been ascribed. In a book recently published entitled, *Memorials of the early Lives and Doings of great Lawyers*, by Miss Brightwell, there is an anecdote of Judge Holt, which the *Athenæum* takes the pains to put right. This is the anecdote : " Many persons, even of superior education, contract the habit of interlarding their conversation with one or two peculiar phrases without being aware of it. An example of this was the celebrated lawyer, whose perpetually recurring expression was 'Lookie, d'ye see !' An admirer of the Chief Justice one day said to his nephew, 'Your uncle is a great man, but what a pity it is he can't talk any time together without bringing in "Lookie, d'ye see !"' 'I'll break him of it,' said the nephew ; and the mode he adopted was the following : Holt had often found fault with the youth for not giving his mind to legal studies. One day the young fellow surprised him not a little by saying, 'Well, uncle, I have thought much of your advice, and have been acting upon it so intently as to have versified parts of *Coke upon Lyttelton*. Shall I give you a specimen ?' Holt nodded assent, and he proceeded thus :

'He that is tenant in fee  
Need neither quake nor quiver,  
For he hath it, "Lookie, d'ye see ?"  
To him and his heirs for ever.'

Ah, you rogue,' said the old judge, 'I understand you.'" This is the amended version : "The real judge of the laughable occurrence thus misreported was old Sir Lyttleton Powys ; the wit was Philip Yorke, afterwards Lord Hardwicke, who was in no degree related either to Chief Justice Holt or the judge actually ridiculed ; and far from exclaiming, 'Ah, you rogue, I understand you,' Sir Lyttleton was so totally blind to the point of Yorke's *jeu d'esprit*—which, by the way, was uttered at a judge's dinner on the western circuit,—that on encountering the barrister a few days later in Westminster Hall, he inquired, 'And pray, Mr. Yorke, how is your poetical translation of *Coke upon Lyttelton* getting on ?'" Mr. J. Cordy Jeaffreson, whose story of *Not Dead Yet* gave rise to a good many lively jokes sometime ago, has written a book about lawyers, which the *Times* says would be a good deal better than it is if it were only half the length. This is rather doubtful praise, as it might follow that as a still further improvement there should be no book at all. Everybody knows the old rhyme,

"The gentleman who dines the latest  
Is in this street esteemed the greatest ;  
But, surely, greater than them all  
Is he who never dines at all."

Talking of dining, are we to include horseflesh as an article of diet henceforth ? We hear that a famous Frenchman is about to visit us on this important mission. He will show us what may be done ; and henceforth in our cookery books we shall have recipes for boiling, baking, roasting, frying, stewing horse.

M. K. N. should submit her drawings to some respectable printseller, or proprietor of image repository. Drawings, if they are really good, would find a sale as copies for self-instructing amateurs, or drawing-masters who were too much occupied to make their own. Drawings of this kind are frequently lent on hire.

INQUIRER may obtain some very pretty and appropriate designs for the decoration of churches by sending two stamps to Cox and Co., Southampton-street, Strand. We are no advocates of extreme decoration in the house of prayer, but at the same time can see no harm in a few simple and tasteful adornments proper to the season of the year.

To CASSYMELLYM our thanks are due for throwing out an excellent hint. It shall have our attention. We are much obliged also to F. B. W. for her suggestion. We trust that our friends will make a point of favouring us with any ideas that may occur to them for the improvement of our Magazine.

An esteemed correspondent sends the following :

#### WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES.

My friends ! when Christmas comes at last, receive  
 The joyous season with a smile, a tear—  
 A smile for present welcome, if it leave  
 A sadness when the fond ones disappear.  
 Some gone for ever, some are absent far,  
 Remember them—O, press them to the heart  
 Within the heart ! For ever present are  
 The friends we loved ; we too must soon depart.  
 But be not “ as the hypocrites,” and wear  
 A cheerful visage ; celebrate the day !  
 With children innocent enjoyments share.  
 We too, with anxious cares, may still be gay !  
 Trust in the Father, ye of little faith ?  
 We come not here to suffer and to bleed ;  
 Rather to show that there is life in death,  
 And help the weary in their patient need.—R. B.

“BEETON'S CHRISTMAS ANNUAL.”—PUBLICOLA.—Yes, our title was taken, our model copied exactly, by Mr. Warne and Mr. Hood. The first was the publisher, the second the editor. And they did the copying very thoroughly and very well. The *Illustrated Times*, through its Lounger, thus sums up the case so far as Beeton's Annual is concerned :

“*Beeton's Christmas Annual*—the captain and leader in this annual business, it deserves and shall have a place of honour. Originators always come off badly ; it is a law of progress. In Mr. Beeton's Annual—the real original Blue Boar, and no deception—the stories are good, and there is more suggestion of good raw material for Christmas amusement in this than in any of its compeers—I mean followers.”—*Illustrated Times*, Dec. 15th.

How is it, the question arises, that so many people who are beginning to write prefer poetry to prose ? Is it easier ? The answer we received the other day when we put this question to a competent authority was—it is easier, and the probability of insertion is greater. An essay or a tale call for laborious exertion, both to write and read. They take up a large space, and uninvited contributions of this sort are respectfully declined, or swept into the waste-basket. A scrap of poetry stands a better chance ; it may fill up an odd corner, and thus be the means of glorifying the unknown Apollo in the eyes of her select circle.

Will some of our readers kindly tell M. P. where she can obtain a quantity of prettily-coloured prints to cover a screen with ? *Robinson Crusoe*—Beeton's—can be ordered through any bookseller, or can be had by sending stamps to the amount, and twopence for postage, to Warwick House, Paternoster-row, E.C.

No, PRETTY PUSS, with you we have no patience. It is written in the Wise Book, "it is a sport to a—" well, to one worthy to wear the asinine tiara of tribulation—"to do mischief." You have evidently sported with the man's feelings, and now you "jilt" him. We do not think from what you say that Romeo is deeply smitten with you; we rather suspect his vanity is the most wounded; but you are none the less to blame on that account. We advise you to read the following lines, kindly sent to us by C. C. M. (Vienna Neuban Stiftgasse). Perhaps they may strike home.

ALEXANDRINE.

Maiden of proud Grecian blood,  
Thy flashing eye and raven tresses  
Have sped the dart in wanton mood  
Which, rankling deep, my soul distresses.

Look on my cheek, so pallid now,  
And on my lip—and on this token  
Of many a warmly-uttered vow,  
Predestined only to be broken.

Yet fondly, spite this cruel feat,  
I love thee, and *could* love thee ever.  
Did not thy smile, so deadly sweet,  
Declare too plainly we must sever.

Go, then, false, dusky, thorn-clad rose!  
Thy flashing eye and raven tresses  
And beauty-flushing cheeks will lose  
Ere long the charm which each possesses.

The only plan that JANIE can adopt is to submit one or more of her compositions to some respectable publisher. Of course, no opinion can be given as to their merit or defects until they have been examined. JANIE is anxious to do something to help those at home. With the same worthy object in view A COUNTRY GIRL writes to us and tells a sad tale of repeated disappointment. She has answered many advertisements without any response; he has sent fees to agency offices without any result. She wishes to know which is the best office—the safest in London—for a governess to apply to. Now in this matter many of our lady correspondents will be able to assist us, and we should be exceedingly glad to hear their opinion. It is a subject of serious importance.

HELEN MARY, near Monmouth, writes to complain of her governess, whose discipline appears to be of an old fashion and severe pattern. The schoolmistress immortalised by Shenstone was accustomed to rule her charges in the way described, but it's altogether out of date. Even if HELEN MARY is the very opposite from tractable, the treatment she describes is only calculated to make her worse. She should inform her friends, and get them to interfere.

Two correspondents, who write very badly—in blue ink—and if possible spell still worse, address us on the subject of matrimony. They want to make the leap through the golden hoop, and consider that if their wishes were made known in the "drawing-room," there would be no difficulty about it. We decline to have anything to do with it; and we advise both young ladies to improve their education, and to *try* to exercise some share of modesty and good sense.

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CASES FOR BINDING.—Handsome cloth cases for binding Volume IV. of "THE YOUNG ENGLISH-WOMAN" (Nos. 79 to 100) are now ready. Cover for the Numbers, 1s. 6d. Portfolio for the Supplements, 1s. 6d.

Messrs. WARD, LOCK, and TYLER beg to inform Subscribers that they will bind the Numbers comprising Volume IV. at the following rate: Town, 2s. 6d.; Country, 3s. 6d.\* Portfolio exclusive.

Subscribers should forward their Numbers by book-post (prepaid), leaving the ends of the parcel open, at the rate of a 1d. per  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb.

\* For the above price the volume is returned to Country Subscribers post free.

# THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN.

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## THE HYMN OF LOVE.

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### CHAPTER IV.

#### OTTO'S UNREASONABLE PREJUDICES—MINNA'S CONFIDANTS.

THE Herr Notarius would not hear of the proposed visit to Aachen. He also, doubtless, shared Otto's theories concerning the unselfish and sweetly self-sacrificing duty of woman; for, without at all considering Minna's inclination in the matter, he at once negatived the proposition. Certainly not. No, no. Who was to keep *him* company, to mind *his* house, to make *his* breakfast and tea, to see after *his* daily *mehlspeise* (a sort of pudding), to sing to *him* in the quiet evenings? No, no. If the niece Bertha felt so anxious to renew acquaintance with her cousin, let her come to Bergheim to see her. Yes, let her come to Bergheim. He wrote off himself to tell her so.

The Herr Otto Müller was unreasonably displeased at the news of the Herr Papa's decision. A cold hard light filled his eyes when Minna gaily told him. And what eyes he had, to be sure! At times they could melt to the utmost tenderness; then wonderful shadows came into them, and the whole face softened with them. But when he was displeased Minna shrank from meeting them; for it pained her immensely to see looking so hard and cold the dear beautiful eyes of which, waking and sleeping, she so often dreamed. And O, as cold and gleaming as polished steel did they now appear!

"But, thou dear Otto," pleaded his bride, softly laying her hand upon his arm,— "why is it that thou wilt dislike Bertha even before seeing her? Thou art—thou must be somehow mistaken about her. That is, I mean that Bertha is so gay, so clever, so accomplished, so lovely, thou wilt surely like her after all."

"Not I!—by no means!" cried the unreasonable Otto. "I know full well what she is from her letter. Yes, truly. A waxen-faced German doll, decked out by a French milliner. A fine companion this for my innocent, humble-minded Minna, whose little head she will cram with folly, whose little brain she will turn with her French sentiment, her French conceits."

"Dear Otto!" Minna's eyes swam with tears, so deeply was she pained by the ungracious speech. Her lover did not see the drops in her downcast eyes, but the expression of the little face moved him.

"Well, Minnchen," he said, passing his hand caressingly over her hair, "I—I only meant that she would *try* to do this. Be on thy guard and heed her not. What canst thou know of the world, brought up in this quiet village? Whereas I know it; have I not spent a year myself in Paris? And my dislike to one coming hither from the very hotbed of worldliness and folly is my fear that she may spoil thy sweet simple nature. Say thou art not angered, my sweetheart."

Angered—against *him*! Well he knew what a hyperbole that was. Why, he smiled as he put the question, knowing what a look of loving wonderment it would bring into the clear eyes and candid face. Ah, truly was Minna spoiling her lover; he was growing all too self-satisfied, too masterful. Had Minna been wise, she would have tried to keep him in the dark as to the extent of her affection for him; but alas, that is a lesson women only learn from experience, and Minna was as yet unskilled in the matter. She loved Otto with all her heart and soul, and of that Otto had been quite aware long—ay, long before herself even; so that now she could hardly be expected to begin to hide or disguise her sentiments. She loved Otto, and was proud of her love; why should he not see it? Such an idea had never even occurred to her. Between ourselves, it was a pity it did *not* suggest itself; a pity it did not suggest itself long since—a very great pity.

A few posts later brought a reply from the cousin Bertha. *This* letter, written in faultless German, was addressed to the uncle Wilhelm. In it the writer gladly, yes, with all her heart, accepted his kind invitation. The very next week should find her at Bergheim—dear old Bergheim, that she so longed to revisit.

Moreover, there was a lively French epistle for Minna, written in so lively and affectionate a strain that she, in hopes of conquering or softening Otto's unreasonable prejudices, gave it to him to read. But, having read it, Otto handed it back, declaring, with a most contemptuous shake of the head, that it was just such as one might have looked for from a smart, flippant, chattering, pert, conceited, frenchified coquette. Thus did he rudely stigmatize the elegant, lovely cousin Bertha.

Now Minna had to prepare for the reception of her visitor. In her kindly way Bertha had said, "I mean to share *thy* little room, dear cousin; and then it will be so gay, so gay! Ah, I promise thee that there we shall have, between four eyes, many a little interesting chat." The unreasonable Otto had knit his brows and muttered something between his teeth when he came to this passage; but as he made no audible remark thereon, Minna quietly let it pass as part of his odd prejudice against the fair cousin.

Nevertheless, the proposed charming arrangement was not carried out. Minna shrank from it somehow. She could not bear to bring a stranger—or one almost a stranger—into the cherished privacy of her own little room. Minna was a dreamer, to be sure, and this may have been one of her dreamy fancies. Yes; this little room, her own dear little room, she deemed quite sacred to her love for Otto. Here she dared even speak her thoughts aloud; for the pictures on the walls, and the clumsy chairs, and the quaint old tables, and every pane of glass in the windows, all were deep in her confidence, and felt quite a friendly sympathy in her feelings. Ah, no; no stranger should come here to interrupt this friendly understanding.

When Minna, gazing in her chamber-window, had arrived at this conclusion, it seemed to her that her own inmate rejoicing thereat at once communicated itself to all the familiar inanimate objects in and about the room. The very apple-trees peeping in from the orchard nodded their boughs approvingly, and clapped their leaves together in

high delight. The ponderous old oak chairs, phlegmatic as was their temperament, were so far excited as to impart a broad grin to the faces peeping forth from the carved wreaths upon their backs. The spider-legged tables, good-natured goblins that they were, sprawled about their twisted limbs in a manner most ludicrous to behold,—the sole mode they had of indicating joy. The window-curtains, to which a playful breeze lent voice and motion, waved and rustled about in gracefully-expressed glee; and the picture-frames winked and twinkled in exuberance of mirth.

"Yes," whispered Minna, "would not one say they knew all about the matter in their own way? And indeed it is better, far better so."

## CHAPTER V.

### THE COUSIN BERTHA—THORNS IN THE "ROSE-GARLAND."

OTTO had refused to go to the station to meet the expected visitor; but he promised to spend his evening, as usual, at the house of the Herr Notary.

Now Otto, spite of his avowed abhorrence of vanity or conceit, was by no means free from these very faults. No indeed! Few young men in Bergheim valued of their persons, or better satisfied with their own endowments, than the same Herr Otto Müller. But then Herr Otto Müller had such a grave quiet manner, and was so free from any apparent foppery of dress, gait, or speech, that no one ever looked upon him as either vain or conceited. Nevertheless he was both. Yes, much as we must regret such stains on the character of Minna's glorified hero, truth compels me to say that he was both.

I wonder, I wonder, what would Minna have said had she seen her noble Otto at his toilet? I wonder what she would have thought of the little array of perfumes, and essences, and pomades, and fragrant washes, and marvellously endowed hand-pastes, and all the rest of the paraphernalia? I wonder what would she have said if told that her manly Otto had spent,—yes, full an hour adorning his person before submitting it to the fastidious eyes of the fashionable Fräulein Bertha Alken?

But she knew only that Otto, when he entered her pretty, quaint, oak-wainscoted sal, looked so handsome and brilliant as almost to take away her breath. Otto had too much taste to overdeck himself for the occasion; his dress was quiet, in perfect-keeping; but he possessed the rare art of seeming perfectly careless and unstudied, when in reality such seeming was in a great degree the effect of elaboration. So Minna never dreamt of the long careful toilet in honour of her cousin's arrival.

Otto came in when Bertha was in the middle of a song. Ah, what a superb voice was here! Long before he reached the house of the Herr Notarius, Otto had heard the rich, full, liquid notes floating towards him on the evening air. In common with most Germans, the young man was passionately fond of music, and spite of his prejudices against the new-comer, he felt his soul melt and tremble as the lovely voice that could only be hers filled the air with tender melody. In the little garden without he paused to listen. But she had just commenced another song, very different from the last glorious strain; and now his lip curled, the softened expression left his face. This was a style of music he heartily detested—a light French air, in which music and words both required an exceedingly rapid and skilful enunciation. He could not but admire the clear ringing notes of the singer, and the care and skill she displayed; but these could not reconcile him to the flimsy, over-adorned music. While listening, he felt all his prejudices against French frivolity and artificial educations return tenfold. He was rather pleased at this; for having predetermined *not* to like the German-French lady, it had rather annoyed him to feel himself softening towards her. So he entered the



house, and walked into the saal as careless and as stolid as he had originally purposed showing himself.

The cousin Bertha, being seated at the piano with her back to the door, did not at once perceive the young man's entrance. Minna and the Herr Papa saw him, however, and the latter nodded friendly, while his bride smilingly motioned to him to approach. He obeyed, and drew near the group at the piano, whereupon the cousin Bertha shot one quick glance at him, continuing her song without betraying further any sense of his presence. Truly was she too well accustomed to the brilliant audiences of Paris salons to care one pin for a listener more or less. Yet Otto—would it be credited?—was secretly piqued at this, and was thereby further-confirmed in his prejudices. Notwithstanding the really startling beauty of the *nonchalante* lady, he forthwith began to make in his own mind a series of comparisons betwixt her and his gentle bride by no means favourable to the new-comer.

The song over, he was presented in due form, yet with a lamentable want of self-possession, by the blushing Minna, who feared while going through the ceremony even to look her cousin in the face, so conscious was she of all the pride and love that filled her eyes. Yes; Otto was forced to admit mentally that Minna was at times even absurdly timid and childish.

Lovely indeed was the cousin Bertha. Very tall, with a pliant grace of figure that lent a charm to her smallest motion. Her features were classically regular, her skin wax-like; her dimpled cheeks rivalled the soft bright glow that nestles in the bosom of the June roses. Her black hair, turned back so as to display the smooth white brow, formed a right queenly diadem for the delicate head. Her dark brilliant eyes sparkled and flashed like stars, actually dazzling at times by the gleams they emitted. Right glorious, O, inexpressibly glorious, was the beauty of the cousin Bertha!

Otto, being asked in turn to sing, complied. He had a rich voice, and managed it with taste and feeling. So, when he had ended, and Minna sat still, with tears trembling behind her eyelids, Otto was gratified by hearing the warmly-expressed encomiums of the cousin Bertha. She praised the song, she praised the voice, she praised the skill of the singer, and that in a frank way that made such praise charming. Indeed, Otto began to own that the Fräulein possessed infinite taste and discernment and was, on the whole, far less spoilt and affected than anyone could possibly have expected.

Bertha, without at all seeming to do so, watched the lovers closely. As the evening wore on, and the gentleman's usual manner became apparent, it was with no small surprise that she saw the unquestioned mastery he wielded over his bride. Such a state of things was utterly opposed to all her ideas and experiences.

"Truly is the girl imbecile," she said to herself, "to allow her lover to treat her so strangely! How condescendingly he talks to her! with what an air he bids her do this or that! I must certainly give her a few hints as to *how* she ought to play off so proud an adorer. Heavens! if I were in her place, would I not tease and humble him? She does not deserve a lover, for she no more knows how to manage him than a child—less than many a child I have known. It really vexes me to see his airs. O, silly Minna!"

For the lady, from the first, had been more heedful of Otto's presence than he had deemed her. True, she only acknowledged his introduction to her by a bow—the slightest bow and smile—while still retaining her seat at the piano, over the keys of which her pretty hands kept straying. Nevertheless she *had* felt curious as to who the handsome guest might be, who was so much at home and on such familiar terms with her uncle and cousin. For Minna, in her shy way, had shrunk from previously naming Otto to her, knowing well how little she could depend on her self-possession

where *he* was in question. To be sure, Bertha must know all about it—that very night even—but, but she need not, could not tell her before. So Minna held her tongue concerning her betrothed bridegroom, and when he so suddenly appeared at the piano, he became to the new-comer a source of great speculation. Even before the close of the brief ceremony of introduction, however, Minna's blushing and stammering had betrayed her to her experienced visitor. And during the remainder of the evening vast was her mental wonderment to think that this handsome young Herr Müller, with his fine figure, heavenly eyes, and noble bearing, was the betrothed of the plain, unaccomplished, country-bred Minna! A dear affectionate child, it was true, but so insignificant and even awkward, while her lover was so handsome, so well-bred, so perfectly dressed. Truly was it incomprehensible! "Were there indeed such a thing as a love-drink," said the cousin Bertha to herself, "I would feel tempted to say that the little maiden had slyly contrived, some time or other, to slip a dose into his wine. Holy Virgin! what *can* he see to admire in her?"

Just then Otto was asking his bride to sing with him the duet he had brought her to learn some days previous. Nervous about singing before Bertha, and fearful of displeasing or of mortifying him by acquitting herself badly, Minna tried to excuse herself. But this Otto did not understand; he wished to sing this duet, and he *would* sing it. Minna must not be so absurdly timid. He bent down to her, and in a quiet undertone repeated his desire. His wishes were not to be disputed, so poor Minna silently rose and seated herself at the piano.

But, alas, she was so foolishly nervous that her really sweet voice quivered and failed, and the first ill-assured notes coming after the rich tones of the cousin Bertha, offered indeed a disheartening contrast. More than once she was on the point of rising in despair and declaring she *could* not sing. Yet, ever anxious to obey Otto, she forced herself to continue. She saw that he was already mortified, and that did not mend matters. The terrible minor passage was at hand. Trembling and confused, she lost her little remnant of self-possession, dashed at it too soon—stopped short—began again—sang false—tried in vain to recover herself—then, finding that Otto had ceased singing, sprang up, with crimsoned face, stammering forth some unintelligible apology. Here was a disaster! But had Otto done right, he could have soothed her with a word; that word came not. Otto was far too deeply mortified at the exhibition they had made to say it. And this the poor child saw plainly.

But then Otto was not a considerate person by any means. He asked Minna with a forced smile what had come over her, and sent a first jealous pang right through the little heart that beat only for him, by turning to the cousin Bertha and asking her to show the silly child *how* the part should be sung. Bertha smilingly complied, and Minna, with a strange sore feeling in her breast, shrank into a chair to listen to her visitor's voice blending with rich effect with Otto's, and surmounting without effort difficulties which to her had seemed so great. For a minute she felt angry with Otto for his unkindness, but long before the unlucky duet was ended she had reproached herself fifty times for this. How could Otto suppose that anyone could be so exacting and ill-tempered as to resent her cousin's singing with him? Minna blushed at the enormity of her exactingness. It was *she* who was unkind and unreasonable. Besides, so horribly had she sung! how could he know all the pains she had expended on that unlucky part? On the contrary, he must indeed suppose that she had never practised it at all, that she had no desire to please him. *Had* he known, he would not have been so—no, no, not unkind; he never was and never could be that; but then he would have looked and spoken otherwise.

She had plenty of time to scold herself, and to reflect; for the first duet was followed by another and another and another,—all those that *she* used to sing with Otto,



but which he now eagerly selected for trial with the Fräulein Bertha. The good papa was dozing, the singers absorbed in their music ; so Minna had only to sit still and listen, and reproach herself for her ill-temper—she felt so miserable ; any way, if she were *not* ill tempered, should she feel so ?

Otto and Bertha sang on. They seemed enchanted to find how well they could sing together. Otto had never before heard his own voice to such advantage ; with hers it sounded twice as well as it had ever done before. It never even occurred to him that dear little Minna might feel hurt at being thus wholly set aside. It was a piece of utter thoughtlessness on his part, mixed with a good deal of vanity. For it must be owned that he thought more of the improved effect of his own voice than of that of his fair fellow-singer. Yes, this is the simple truth.

Meantime, spite of all Minna's self-reproaches, she continued to feel wretchedly heart-sore and jealous. The more she fought against such unworthy, such base weakness, the stronger it grew. More than once, on pretence of stooping over the music-stand, did she wipe away the big bitter tears that came welling up from her very heart. Whenever Otto's eyes chanced to meet hers, she forced herself to smile sweetly as ever. This was not easy, with all her remorse ; and for the first time in her life she was unutterably relieved when Otto rose to go.

Some sense of his want of consideration for the quiet girl must have crossed Otto's mind when he took her hand in his to say good-night ; for he did not at once release it, but held it close and firmly, while he looked questioningly into the loving eyes that met his. Minna coloured ; her eyelids drooped beneath the gaze, fearful lest he might read her wicked feelings, and be pained thereby.

And was not all her trouble more than repaid when she felt the long tender clasp of her bridegroom's hand, and heard him softly whisper, " A good-night, and dream thou of me, my darling little child ! "

Ah, but !—ah, but !—yet has poor Minna to learn what sharp thorns lie hidden 'neath the leaves and blossoms that adorn the rose-garland of love's weaving.



## MY OLD VALENTINES.

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AH me ! where are my Valentines,  
To whom I wrote such gushing lines  
In those sweet days of yore ?  
How time has changed them ! can it be  
That I have lived such change to see,  
And yet may witness more ?

Kate, whose slim waist I've oft embraced,  
And thought with sylph-like quickness graced,  
Has had to take to " Banting ; "  
While Jane, who, active as a fawn,  
Once used to skip upon our lawn,  
Can't get up without panting.

Lizzie, who always dressed so swell,  
Has ne'er, although she was a belle,  
A husband found to ring her ;  
And Julia, quiet and demure,  
I never could have thought, I'm sure,  
She'd be an Opera singer.

Lucy, whose leg and foot so neat,  
Where'er I met her in the street,  
Excited admiration,  
Stand now (her pardon I must pray  
For what I am about to say)  
On sure and firm foundation.

Maud, who so many men refused,  
Has now to love and be amused  
With pet cats and canaries ;  
While Fanny, whom I ne'er thought nice,  
Has actually been married twice—  
Which shows how fortune varies.

Alice, who used to dance with me,  
Now never dances, save it be  
With violent rheumatic ;  
And Ann's sweet voice, I've heard it said,  
Now fills her husband more with dread  
Than with a bliss ecstatic.

Bessie was always false as fair ;  
But now she's got false teeth and hair,  
A Jezebel I rank her.  
Blanche rides no more to cover-sides,  
But Dossas-meeting "hobbies" rides ;  
For which the paupers thank her.

Emma at chess checkmated me,  
But she will never mated be ;  
At least so I've been thinking.  
Mabel's sweet blush once vied the rose,  
But now the red's all on her nose—  
I hope it's not through drinking.

Amy is dead, and Hannah too ;  
Agnes, if what I hear is true,  
Is dyeing every morning.  
Ellen the flirt is single still,  
Although it is against her will ;—  
Coquettes, at this take warning !

Enough of them ; the lot is mine  
To have a life-long Valentine :  
O, would that life were longer !  
For though we're getting stout and old,  
My Carrie's love has not grown cold ;  
Our mutual love grows stronger.

**38. PATTERN FOR A LADY'S MORNING DRESS.**

This dress is made of brown poplin, with a high plain bodice, and a waistband, from which depend seven lappets of the same material; lappets of the same shape, but much smaller, form the epaulettes. All these lappets are trimmed round with three rows of narrow brown velvet, and

**38. PATTERN FOR A LADY'S MORNING DRESS.**

finished-off with a brown silk tassel. The waist-band is bound on either side with a cross strip of brown velvet; it is fastened with hooks-and-eyes under a bow of the same material, formed of six loops and a cross strip.

## 89. NEAPOLITAN CAPELINE.

This elegant capeline is in the true Neapolitan style. It is made of white cashmere, lined with silk, and trimmed with narrow green velvet ribbon. The top and back part of the capeline are formed of a piece of cashmere 27 inches long, 14 inches wide, sloped off a little on each side in front. About two inches from the front edge, sew on long lappets on either side of the capeline. The lappet on the right side is 1 yard 28 inches long, the one on left side 1 yard 2 inches :

## 89. NEAPOLITAN CAPELINE.

both are 11 inches wide, cut out into a point at the bottom, sloped off a little on either side, and arranged into a double pleat at the top before being fastened on to the upper part of the capeline. The lappet on the left side falls straight over the bosom; the other is crossed over it, goes round the neck, and falls over the right shoulder.

## STAR OF THE MORNING.

A PAGE FROM PERSIAN HISTORY.

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**I**N an obscure quarter of a thronged city, far away and long ago, there dwelt a Jew, and he had one fair daughter. She was not his own child, but the child of his adoption, and he loved her with all his heart and lavished upon her all the gentlest feelings of his nature. She was the light of his house ; her voice music ; her presence as the scent of flowers ; and he called her Myrtle. Those were hard times for the Jews. They had suffered bitterly under the dark shadow of the Pharaohs, when Memnon was eloquent and the Sphinx vocal in its praises of the sun's uprisings ; Nilus had heard their bitter wail, had been the witness of their triumph also, had flushed crimson and turned to blood under the outstretched rod of their prophet ; but the enslaved people, who were brought out with a strong hand, were now in a more dolorous estate than before. They had been great ; their marvellous history had been the world's wonder ; their chief city the joy of the whole earth ; their grandeur had culminated in a monarch whose name is the synonyme of wisdom and glory. Then they had gone down into the dust, and captives in a strange land mourned and suffered. They, the children of the princely patriarch ; they who had been the occasion of signs and wonders in the land of Ham ; they, whose story was the most conspicuous in the world's annals, were derided, despised, rejected, as if they were the offscouring of the people—a race outcast of earth and heaven, and unworthy of either.

What comfort to the old Jew's heart, when the day's traffic was over, when the scoffs and sneers of the idle and dissolute were for the day hushed, when the sun was dipping and the stars coming out in the blue sky—what comfort for the man to shut out the cruel world and listen only to the music of Myrtle's voice, and to see her, in all the beauty of early womanhood, ministering with gentlest solicitude to all his wants, smoothing the lines from his furrowed brow with her silken hand ! What matter though the lordling, flaunting in unpaid-for finery, had called him rogue and thief, and cursed the race he sprang from ; what matter though the careless had jested at his gray beard and humble bearing ; what matter though lisping lips had been taught to mock him ; what matter all the ignominy and scorn a thoughtless wicked world could heap upon him ?—he was at home with Myrtle, and she was all in all to him.

Little recked they how the affairs of the empire went on ; what fleets were launched, what armies marshalled, what victories won—all these things were nought to them. But one day when the Jew returned to his home Myrtle was surprised at the strange interest he took in public affairs. He walked with her as the purple twilight deepened, and talked of kings and palaces and royal life ; she listened patiently, as became her, nor questioned what he said, perhaps thinking that he was but summoning back old memories deep and tender of the by-past glory of their race. But at length he told her all that was in his heart. Artaxerxes the king was seeking a woman who should be worthy to share his throne. The king's officers were empowered to make known the royal will in this matter throughout the land. The most beautiful and accomplished

maidens were to be gathered, and from their number this sumptuous eastern king would make his choice. Why should he not choose Myrtle? We may imagine how, when the thought was first presented to her, she would shrink from it; how, blotting out all the possible splendour that might be hers was the desolate home of her friend and father; how she would rather, as she put her arms round his neck and wept on his breast, bear the reproach of her race and be with him—his always—than enjoy the pleasures of the Persian court as its queen and mistress. Gradually, however, she would yield to her old monitor; would learn to submit, if she could not acquiesce. It was for the best, he argued, perhaps; who should say? there might be deliverance for their race, and at her hands; perhaps they might yet dare to walk in the face of day without insult and contumely. The girl was prevailed upon to become a competitor for the diadem, and the old man saw her safely to the palace.

Weary days, weary weeks, weary months of waiting. Myrtle was introduced into a new life, and she bore a new name, for she was now called Day-Star or Star of the Morning. How strange every thing appeared to her! Of the splendour of the palace she saw, of course, but little, being shut up in the apartments of the women; but what she saw filled her with amazement. Yet she yearned after the old home, thought of it by day, dreamed of it by night, and when her heart sank low, comforted herself by remembering that her old guardian was not far off: had he not promised, and had he not always been faithful to his promise, that he would remain in the strange city, as near as he could to the palace, till he knew the result of their enterprise? He would be near the gates in the early morning; she would turn her face towards the gates, and fancy that she saw him—the beard whiter, the furrows deeper; none could care for him as she cared.

The day of trial came. Day-Star was brought into the awful presence of the king. He loved her, and he married her, and the wedding-feast was celebrated with extraordinary magnificence. With his own hands he set a diadem upon her head. The rejoicings consequent on their marriage were prolonged for a whole month, and everyone who had an opportunity of seeing the new queen spoke in the highest terms of her kindness and affability. It must have been very strange to the poor Jewess, who had feared to cross her kinsman's threshold by reason of the taunts and sneers of the vulgar, to be thus honoured. None in the palace knew of her race, and she had been instructed not to betray the secret. But she walked amidst a thousand snares. The winner of any great prize is generally regarded with jealous eyes. Day-Star had won not only the hand but the heart of the king; she won the diadem for which there had been no less than four hundred competitors. Three hundred and ninety-nine disappointed women, with their relations to boot, would make no small hostile army; but Day-Star, true in her love to the king, and in her faith to her kinsman, walked safely.

From her kinsman Day-Star heard many times; and however the world went with him, it was always good news that was sent to her. She never heard how the haughty lords—who borrowed his money—called him dog, and spit on his gaberdine. He kept these things to himself. But he was watchful.

One day there came to him one of his own race, Barnabazus by name. He came under the shadow of night, and with bated breath and a white face, told of a conspiracy he knew to be afoot for the murder of the king. He had taken service with one of the officers of the king's household, and had overheard the details of a dangerous plot. Two great men, Bigthan and Teresh were seriously implicated; these, having access to the king, were to do the work of the assassin. The old man hastened to the palace as soon as it was day, and found means to communicate with Day-Star. She made the conspirators known to the king, who discovered the whole truth, and

dealt summarily with the offenders. But to the old man, who had been the means of saving his life, he gave no reward ; he bade his scribe set down the informant's name on the record, never dreaming he was his wife's kinsman ; and so the matter ended for the time.

Now it is not improbable that while Bigthan and Teresh suffered death, a greater rogue than either of them escaped punishment. There was at the court a vain-glorious, arrogant, audacious man. This man aspired to the throne ; and if by any means consistent with his own personal safety he could have put an end to Artaxerxes, there can be no question he would have done so. A smooth courtier, this Persian noble, of the cursed race of Amalek, Haman by name, smooth of speech, smooth of manner, wheresoever it was wisest to win favour. Who so loyal to the king's majesty as he ? Who so impressed with the king's wisdom ? Who so tickled by the king's humour ? Who so delighted with the king's choice ? He was as the king's right hand, and others knew it and paid court to him. As he offered incense to the king, so men of lesser note offered incense to him. In the street the people prostrated themselves before him, and sycophants counted their fortunes made if he gave them even a favourable word. Riding in great state to and fro, his servants clearing a road for him, with their cudgels unmercifully belabouring those who did not speedily get out of the way, this Haman had noticed one man who never prostrated himself, never in any way acknowledged his honour, glory, and high mightiness. And it chafed the spirit of the vain fool. Who was that fellow who dared to stand erect ? A Jew ! The Amalekite felt the old enmity of the race, and it added fuel to the fire of his wrath. No matter ; he would have revenge enough.

We may imagine Haman in his sober moments talking thus with himself : " I am resolved, if possible, to sit on the throne of Artaxerxes. If I can satisfy the courtiers by giving them a share of the spoil, they will offer little opposition : as for the people, they care nothing ; for the burden will be none the heavier whether it be he or I who dwells at Shushan : but I am an Amalekite ; the old feud with the Jews will be revived ; *they*, though they be our captives, will cause endless trouble : I must be rid of them. They may bring ten plagues upon me without a miracle, and make their exodus with Persian spoil. They must die."

With this idea in his mind, Haman presented himself in the king's presence. He was not at ease ; his smooth smile fitful, his manner absent and perturbed ; the king observed it, questioned him closely, and then the wily knave laid bare his plan. The Jews, he said, were known to be a dangerous people ; his majesty might be familiar with the traditions of what they had once done in Egypt ; he had reason to believe that mischief was impending. Not a word had he, personally, to urge against this race ; but, with his small knowledge of statecraft, he should imagine that subjects who banded together, who were unsocial, separate from their fellows, neither admitting the same sort of worship that others do, nor using laws like to the laws of others, in their manners and practices distinct from other people ;—such a people he supposed must be dangerous to the state. He was aware that being captives they were under heavy tribute, and rendered a goodly share of their ill-gotten gains to the exchequer. Still he was of opinion, if so humble a man as himself might have an opinion, that the first loss would be the least. He was not wealthy, but of his scanty store he would willingly give forty thousand talents to be well rid of the Jews.

Monarchs, especially despotic monarchs, are ever ready to listen to rumour ; suspicion haunts them. The words of Haman really alarmed the king ; he felt confident that his counsellor knew even more than he disclosed ; he was sure Haman was in the right. So he forgave the intrusion of advice, repudiated the suggestion of accepting Haman's liberal offer, took off his signet-ring, and bade his excellent friend do his plea-

sure. Overwhelmed with the royal condescension the oily courtier withdrew, and penned the following letter :

"Artaxerxes, the great king, to the rulers of the hundred and twenty-seven provinces from India to Ethiopia, sends this writing. Whereas I have governed many nations, and obtained dominion over all the habitable earth according to my desire, and have not been obliged to do anything that is offensive or cruel to my subjects, but have shown myself mild and gentle, by taking care of their peace and good order, and have sought how they might enjoy those blessings for all time to come. And whereas I have been kindly informed by Haman, who on account of his wisdom and prudence is the first in my esteem and in dignity, and only second to myself for his fidelity and constant good-will to me, that there is an ill-natured nation intermixed with all mankind, that is adverse to our laws and not subject to kings, and of a different conduct of life from others ; that hateth monarchy, and of a disposition that is obnoxious to our affairs :—I give orders that these men, of whom Haman, our second father, hath informed us, be destroyed, with their wives and children, and that none of them be spared, that none prefer pity to them before obedience to this decree. And this I will to be executed on the fourteenth day of the twelfth month of this present year ; that so, when all who have enmity to us are destroyed, and this in one day, we may pass the rest of our life in peace."

Copies of this letter were widely circulated, and the Jews heard with dismay the fate that awaited them. There were mourning and lamentation in all the homes of Israel. The queen's kinsman rent his clothes, and put on sackcloth and sprinkled ashes on his head, and went about the city crying out that "a nation that had been injurious to no man was to be destroyed." Thus wailing the unhappy condition of his race, he reached the gate of the palace, and there stood weeping and lamenting. There were those within the palace who reported to the queen how the aged Jew was clad in mourning, and how he bewailed the coming evil. Day-Star was deeply distressed, and sent to him her faithful eunuch Acratheus, begging that he would acquaint her with the cause of his sorrow. The old man told of Haman's letter, and sent a copy of his letter to the queen, charging her to petition the king about the matter, and if possible avert the destruction of her people. Day-Star was much afflicted by the news, the more so on account of the king, who had not sent for her recently, and death was the penalty attached to the offence of entering the royal presence without being summoned. She apprised her kinsman of this fact ; but his answer was imperative—she must be regardless of her own safety for the common preservation of her nation ; and that if she now neglected this opportunity there would certainly arise help some other way ; but she and her father's house would be destroyed by those whom she failed to serve. It was unlike him to speak thus harshly, and Day-Star felt there was a cause. She would go to the king ; and if she perished, it should be in the effort to save her people.

Day-Star mourned and wept, for she expected nothing but death, and that the destruction of her race would swiftly follow. But the effort must be made. Putting aside her mourning garments, she "adorned herself as became a queen, and took two of her handmaids with her, one of whom supported her as she gently leaned upon her, and the other followed after and lifted up her large train (which swept along the ground) with the extremities of her fingers : and thus she came to the king, having a blushing redness in her countenance, with a pleasant agreeableness in her behaviour. Yet did she go to him with fear ; and as soon as she was come over against him, as he was sitting on his throne in his royal robe, a garment interwoven with gold and precious stones, which made him seem to her more terrible, especially when he looked at her somewhat severely and with a countenance on fire with anger, her joints failed her immediately out of the dread she was in, and she fell down sideways in a swoon." Now



what is a king but a man, and what man is there who would not be touched by such a sight? Forgetful of his royal dignity, his body-guard of veterans with sharp axes armed, his state etiquette, everything but that his young wife had swooned, Artaxerxes leapt from his throne, took Day-Star in his arms, brought her to herself, and comforted her with words of love and confidence. Playfully he touched her by and by in all formality with his golden sceptre, thus acquitting her of all blame, and then besought her to tell him her request. It was a very simple one: only that he would sup with her, and that the lordly Haman might be of the company. With a smile, the king consented, bidding her ask what she would at supper-time, and it should be hers—after the fashion of Eastern kings—even to the half of his kingdom. But she put off the discovery of her real purpose till the next day, if the king would again sup with her, and lordly Haman would accept her hospitality.

Lordly Haman was a proud man. "I and the king." Surely his "greatness was a-ripening." It was known abroad, and the prostrations of the people in his presence were, if possible, more profound than before; but the stiff-necked Jew chafed his vanity—that man would not bow. Revenge was coming speedily; but Haman thirsted for it at once. He would obtain the king's permission to hang the insolent dog; a Jew more or less in the hundred and twenty-seven provinces would be of small account. So sure was he of obtaining the royal assent, that he amused his leisure by having a gallows prepared; and in order to strike terror into the audacious, it was made of very unusual height. Early in the day Haman waited on the monarch, and listened with much humility as Artaxerxes took his advice as to how a man should be honoured on whom the king desired to bestow the utmost favour. Haman concluded that he was that man; but professing to have no such thought, sketched out the dignity that a munificent monarch might bestow on a worthy servant; his own horse, his own robe, a chain of gold, the highest noble at the court to serve as groom, a triumphant progress through the streets, with heralds to proclaim the royal will. Haman dwelt on all the details of the grandeur; he was, in his imagination, already chief actor in this splendid pageant, and with horror he shrank back when he heard that all these honours were to be lavished on the Jew—the Jew who had offended his vanity, and for whom the gallows was already built. The king explained that, wakeful on the preceding night, he had been looking over the annals of his reign, and had found that this Jew had never yet received a reward for the good service he had done him in saving him from assassination. The reward came late, and it must needs be handsome. Baffled Haman was forced to submit; and with bitter indignation he clothed the Jew in the king's robe, assisted him to mount the king's horse, and led him in grand procession through Shushan. Only one thought comforted him: all the Jews were doomed, and this one, not many days after, must perish with the rest.

Bind the brow with the rose and the myrtle; let the ruby wine sparkle in the golden cup, and circulate it freely; lightly pass the hours; let us enjoy life while we may. There is bloom upon the fruit, there is down upon the flowers. All must fade; but shall we despise the good while it lasts? Adieu to state cares; we are shut out from the busy world in a tent of green and white and violet silk, supported by pillars of gold and silver; there are couches of amber, and tables richly spread—a delicious sense of enjoyment. The slaves glide noiselessly as they minister to our wants; we talk low and soft. The air is loaded with perfume; but a cool breeze is at intervals admitted, and anon we catch a glimpse of a purple sky and a crescent moon. Excellent Haman has recovered his morning's disappointment; he is in the best of humours. Artaxerxes reposes at his ease, and Day-Star flashes all the glory of her dazzling beauty on her guest. All will yet be well; he is confident that great things are in store for him. He drinks deeply; outshines himself in eloquence. Suddenly Artaxerxes, half in

just, half in earnest, reminds his queen that she has a boon to ask. Our good friend Haman is our confidant; we may trust him. Ask. And Day-Star discloses everything. All that Haman has done; his plottings, intrigues, ambitions; his perfidy, his haughty letter, his committal of the king's grace to an act of outrageous cruelty to an unoffending loyal people—to her people; for, kneeling low before the king, she owns herself a Jewess.

Hastily the king rises and leaves the tent; and Haman, half dead with terror, casts himself down and begs mercy from the queen. The king returning summons the attendant eunuchs; he hears from one of them of the gallows built for the Jew so lately honoured of the king; and with his face covered, the wretched plotter is dragged away, himself to hang upon the very gallows he has prepared for another. Never was retribution more sudden or more certain.

As for the Jews, at the intercession of the queen, they were permitted and encouraged to defend themselves. The law of the Medes and Persians altereth not. The order to attack the Jews has gone forth under the royal signet, and may not be recinded: but the Jews may be incited to resistance. They did so, and came off conquerors. So Day-Star, queen of Persia, saved her people from destruction; and in memory of the event, the Jews still keep a joyful holiday. It is called the Feast of Purim on this account. In order to ascertain the month and the day of the month most calamitous to the Jews and most prosperous to their barbarous undertaking, Haman and his friends had cast *pur*, or lots, and the lot had fallen for the fourteenth day of the twelfth month Adar, answering to the 28th of February. About this season it is still held. The day of the festival has formed the carnival and bacchanalia of the Jews, in which they indulge more freely than at any other time. The Talmud, indeed, seems to indicate it as a matter of duty that a man should be so far gone in liquor as to be unable to distinguish between "Cursed be Haman!" and "Blessed be Mordecai!"



## GOOD IN ILL.

WE are the mariners, and God the sea;  
And though we make false reckonings, and run  
Wide of a righteous course, and are undone,  
Out of His deeps of love we cannot be.

For by those heavy strokes we misname ill,  
Through the fierce fire of sin, through tampering doubt,  
Our natures more and more are beaten out  
To perfecter reflections of His will.





# **LAPPET FOR LAMP-GLASS COVER (40).**

Cut a good pattern of a *fanchon* capeline and knit from it, begin by casting on a sufficient number of stitches for the entire length of the capeline in front, including the lappets, which form the strings.

*Description of the stitch.*—1st row.—Slip 1, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 3, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass the slipped stitch over, knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 3, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass the slipped stitch over. Repeat.

2nd row.—All purl.

3rd row.—The same as the first.

4th row.—All purl. Repeat these 2 rows alternately.

When you have completed the shape of the capeline, work one row of scallops in crochet round it, and one row of slip-stitches with crimson wool.

The top of the *fanchon* is ornamented with a coronet of rosettes worked with white Berlin-wool. Each rosette is composed

## 44. LAMBALLE CAPELINE.

of a piece of uncut fringe, 4 inches long, worked upon a wooden mesh, wound round a small tuft composed of bits of red wool. No. 50 shows one of the rosettes in full size; eleven are required for the coronet. Woollops

of fringe, similar to that used for the rosettes, are arranged round these. This fringe is edged with chain-stitches, worked with crimson silk. The arrangement of this tasteful trimming is clearly seen in No. 44.

## A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GAYWORTHYS," "FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD," ETC.

### II.

I HAVE mentioned ~~one little theory~~, relating solely to domestic thrift, which guided Mrs. Goldthwaite in ~~her arrangements~~ for her daughter. I believe that, with this exception, she brought up ~~her family~~ very nearly without any theory whatever. She did it very much on the taking-for-granted system. She took for granted that her children were born with the same natural perceptions as herself; that they could recognise, little by little, as they grew into it, the principles of the moral world,—reason, right, propriety,—as they recognised, growing into them, the conditions of their outward living. She made her own life a consistent recognition of these, and she lived *openly* before them. There was never any course pursued with sole calculation as to its effect upon the children. Family discussion and deliberation were seldom with closed doors. Questions that came up were considered as they came; and the younger members of the household perceived as soon as their elders the "reasons why" of most decisions. They were part and parcel of the whole *régime*. They learned politeness by being as politely attended to as company. They learned to be reasonable by seeing how the *reason* compelled father and mother, and not by having their vision stopped short at the arbitrary fact that father and mother compelled them. I think, on the whole, the Goldthwaite no-method turned out as good a method as any. Men have found out lately that horses even may be guided without reins.

It was characteristic, therefore, that Mrs. Goldthwaite—receiving one day a confidential note proposing to her a pleasant plan in behalf of Leslie, and intended to guard against a premature delight and eagerness, and so perhaps an ultimate disappointment for that young lady—should instantly, on reading it, lay it open upon the table before her daughter. "From Mrs. Linceford," she said, "and concerning you."

Leslie took it up, expecting possibly an invitation to tea. When she saw what it really was, her dark eyes almost blazed with sudden, joyous excitement.

"Of course, I should be delighted to say yes for you," said Mrs. Goldthwaite; "but there are things to be considered. I can't tell how it will strike your father."

"School," suggested Leslie, the light in her eyes quieting a little.

"Yes, and expense; though I don't think he would refuse on that score. I should have *liked*"—Mrs. Goldthwaite's tone was only half, and very gently, objecting; there was an inflection of ready self-relinquishment in it also—"to have had your *first* journey with me. But you might have waited a long time for that."

If Leslie were disappointed in the end, she would have known that her mother's heart had been with her from the beginning, and grown people seldom realise how this helps even the merest child to bear a denial.

"There is only a month now to vacation," said the young girl.

"What do you think Mr. Wayhe would say?"

"I really think," answered Leslie, after a pause, "that he would say it was better than books."

They sat at their sewing together, after this, without speaking very much more, at the present time, about it. Mrs. Goldthwaite was thinking it over in her motherly

mind, and in the mind of Leslie thought and hope and anticipation were dancing a reel with each other. It is time to tell the reader of the what and why.

Mrs. Linceford, the elder married daughter of the Hadden family,—many years the elder of her sisters Jeannie and Elinor,—was about to take them, under her care, to the mountains for the summer, and she kindly proposed joining Leslie Goldthwaite to her charge. "The Mountains" in New England means always, in common speech, the one royal range of the White Hills.

You can think what this opportunity was to a young girl full of fancy, loving to hunt out, even by map and gazetteer, the by-nooks of travel, and wondering already if she should ever really journey otherwise. You can think how she waited, trying to believe she could bear any decision, for the final determination concerning her.

"If it had been to Newport or Saratoga, I should have said no at once," said Mr. Goldthwaite. "Mrs. Linceford is a gay, extravagant woman, and the Haddens' ideas don't precisely suit mine. But the mountains,—she can't get into much harm there."

"I shouldn't have cared for Newport, or the Springs, father, truly," said Leslie, with a little hopeful flutter of eagerness in her voice; "but the real mountains,—O father!"

The "O father!" was not without its weight. Also Mr. Waylie, whom Mr. Goldthwaite called on and consulted, threw his opinion into the favouring scale, precisely as Leslie had foreseen. He was a teacher who did not imagine all possible educational advantage to be shut up within the four walls of his or any other school-room. "She is just the girl to whom it will do great good," he said. Leslie's last week's lessons were not accomplished the less satisfactorily for this word of his, and the pleasure it opened to her.

There came a few busy days of stitching and starching and crimping and packing, and then, in the last of June, they would be off. They were to go on Monday. The Haddens came over on Saturday afternoon, just as Leslie had nearly put the last things into her trunk,—a new trunk, quite her own, with her initials at each end in black paint upon the russet leather. On the bed lay her pretty balmoral suit, made purposely for mountain wear, and just finished. The young girls got together here, in Leslie's chamber, of course.

"O how pretty! It's perfectly charming,—the loveliest balmoral I ever saw in my life!" cried Jeannie Hadden, seizing upon it instantly, as she entered the room. "Why, you'll look like a hamadryad, all in these wood-browns!"

It was an uncommonly pretty striped petticoat, in two alternating shades of dark and golden brown, with just a hair-line of black defining their edges; and the border was one broad, soft, velvety band of black, and a narrower one following it above and below, easing the contrast and blending the colours. The jacket, or rather shirt, finished at the waist with a narrow polka frill, was a soft flannel, of the bright brown shade, braided with the darker hue and with black; and two pairs of bright brown raw-silk stockings, marked transversely with mere thread-lines of black, completed the mountain outfit.

"Yes; all I want is—" said Leslie, stopping short as she took up the hat that lay there also,—a last summer's hat, a plain black straw, with a slight brim, and ornamented only with a round lace veil and two tips of ostrich feather. "But never mind! It'll do well enough!"

As she laid it down again and ceased speaking, Cousin Delight came in, straight from Boston, where she had been doing two days' shopping; and in her hand she carried a parcel in white paper. I was going to say a round parcel, which it would have been but for something which ran out at a sharp tangent from one side, and pushed the wrappings into an odd angle. This she put into Leslie's hands.

"A fresh—fig-leaf—for you, my dear."

"What *does* she mean?" cried the Haddens, coming close to see.

"Only a little Paradise-fashion of speech between cousin Del and me," said Leslie, colouring a little and laughing, while she began, somewhat hurriedly, to remove the wrappings.

"What have you done? And how did you come to think?" she exclaimed, as the thing enclosed appeared: a round brown straw turban hat,—not a staring turban, but one of those that slope with a little graceful downward droop upon the brow,—trimmed with a pheasant's breast, the wing shooting out jauntily, in the tangent I mentioned, over the right ear;—all in bright browns, in lovely harmony with the rest of the hamadryad costume.

"It's no use to begin to thank you, Cousin Del. It's just one of the things you're always doing, and rejoice in doing." The happy face was full of loving thanks, plainer than many words. "Only you're a kind of a *serpent* yourself, after all, I'm afraid, with your beguilements. I wonder if you thought of that," whispered Leslie merrily, while the others *oh-oh'd* over the gift. "What else do you think I shall be good for when I get all those on?"

"I'll trust you," said Cousin Delight; and the trifling words conveyed a real earnest confidence, the best possible antidote to the "beguilement."

"One thing is funny," said Jeannie Hadden suddenly, with an accent of demur. "We're all pheasants. Our new hats are pheasants too. I don't know what Augusta will think of such a covey of us."

"O, it's no matter," said Elinor. "This is a golden pheasant on brown straw, and ours are purple on black. Besides, we all *look* different enough."

"I suppose it doesn't signify," returned Jeannie; "and if Augusta thinks it does, she may just give me that black-and-white plover of hers I wanted so. I think our complexions *are* all pretty well suited."

This was true. The fair hair and deep blue eyes of Elinor were as pretty under the purple plumage as Jeannie's darker locks and brilliant bloom; and there was a wonderful bright mingling of colour between the golden pheasant's breast and the gleaming chestnut waves it crowned, as Leslie took her hat and tried it on.

This was one of the little touches of perfect taste and adaptation which would sometimes make Leslie Goldthwaite almost beautiful; and was there ever a girl of fifteen who would not like to be beautiful if she could? This wish, and the thought and effort it would induce, were likely to be her great temptation. Passably pretty girls, who may with care make themselves often more than passable, have far the hardest time of it with their consciences about these things; and Leslie had a conscience, and was reflective for her age,—and we have seen how questions had begun to trouble her.

A Sunday between a packing and a journey is always a trying day. There are the trunks, and it is impossible not to think of the getting-up and getting-off to-morrow; and one hates so to take out fresh sleeves and collars and pocket-handkerchiefs, and to wear one's nice white skirts. It is a Sunday put off, too probably, with but odds and ends of thought, as well as apparel.

Leslie went to church, of course,—the Goldthwaites were always regular in this,—and she wore her quiet straw bonnet. Mrs. Goldthwaite had a feeling that hats were rather perky and coquettish for the sanctuary. Nevertheless they met the Haddens in the porch in the glory of their purple pheasant plumes, whereof the long tail-feathers made great circles in the air as the young heads turned this way and that in the excitement of a few snatched words before they entered.

The organ was playing; and the low, deep, tremulous rumble that an organ gives



sometimes, when it seems to creep under and make all things vibrate with a strange vital thrill, overswept their trivial chat, and made Leslie almost shiver.

"O, I wish they wouldn't do that!" she said, turning to go in.

"What?" said Jeannie Hadden, unaware.

"Touch the nerve—the great nerve—of creation."

"What queer things Les' Goldthwaite says sometimes!" whispered Elinor; and they passed the inner door.

The Goldthwaites sat two pews behind the Haddens. Leslie could not help thinking how elegant Mrs. Linceford was, as she swept in in her rich black silk, real lace shawl, and delicate costly bonnet; and the perfectly gloved hands that upheld a bit of extravagance in Valenciennes lace and cambric made devotion seem—what? The more graceful and touching in one who had all this world's luxuries, or—almost a mockery?

The pheasant-plumed hats went decorously down in prayer-time, but the tail-feathers rose up perkier than ever, from the posture. Leslie saw this, because she had lifted her own head and unclosed her eyes in a self-indignant honesty, when she found on what her secret thoughts were running. Were other people so much better than she? And *could* they do both things? How much was right in all this that was outwardly so beguiling? and where did the "serving Mammon" begin?

Was everything so much intenser and more absorbing with her than with the Haddens? Why could she not take things as they came, as these girls did, or seemed to do? Be glad of her pretty things,—her pretty looks even,—her coming pleasures,—with no misgivings or self-searchings, and then turn round and say her prayers properly?

Wasn't beauty put into the world for the sake of beauty? And wasn't it right to love it, and make much of it, and multiply it? What were arts and human ingenuities for, and the things given to work with? All this grave weighing of a great moral question was in the mind of the young girl of fifteen again this Sunday morning. Such doubts and balancings often begin far earlier than we when older are apt to think.

The minister shook hands cordially and respectfully with Mrs. Linceford after church. He had no hesitation at her stylishness and fineries. Everybody took everybody else for granted; and it was all right, Leslie Goldthwaite supposed, except in her own foolish, unregulated thoughts. Everybody else had done their Sunday duty, and it was enough; only she had been all wrong and astray, and in confusion. There was a time for every thing, only her times and thoughts would mix themselves up and interfere. Perhaps she was very weak-minded, and the only way for her would be to give it all up, and wear drab, or whatever else might be most unbecoming, and be fiercely severe, mortifying the flesh. She got over that—her young nature reacting—as they all walked up the street together, while the sun shone down smilingly upon the world in Sunday best, and the flowers were gay in the door-yards, and Miss Milliken's shop was reverential with the green shutters before the windows that had been gorgeous yesterday with bright ribbons and fresh fashions; and there was something thankful in her feeling of the pleasantness that was about her, and a certainty that she should only grow morose if she took to resisting it all. She would be as good as she could, and let the pleasantness and the prettiness come "by the way." Yes, that was just what Cousin Delight had said. "All these things shall be added,"—was not that the gospel word? So her troubling thought was laid for the hour; but it should come up again. It was in the "seeking first" that the question lay. By and by she would go from the other to this, and see clearer,—in the light perhaps of something that had been already given her, and which, as she lived on toward a fuller readiness for it, should be "brought to her remembrance."

Monday brought the perfection of a traveller's morning. There had been a shower during the night, and the highways lay cool, moist, and dark brown between the green



of the fields and the clean-washed red-brick pavements of the town. There would be no dust even on the railroad, and the air was an impalpable draught of delight. To the three young girls, standing there under the station-portico,—for they chose the smell of the morning rather than the odours of apples and cakes and indescribables which go to make up the distinctive atmosphere of a railway waiting-room,—there was but one thing to be done to-day in the world ;—one thing for which the sun rose and wheeled himself toward that point in the heavens which would make eight o'clock down below. Of all the ships that might sail this day out of harbours, or the trains that might steam out of cities across states, they recked nothing but of this that was to take them toward the hills. There were unfortunates, doubtless, bound elsewhere, by peremptory necessity ; there were people who were going nowhere, but about their daily work and errands ; all these were simply to be pitied, or wondered at, as to how they could feel *not* to be going upon a mountain journey. It is queer to think, on a last Thursday in November, or on a fourth of July, of states where there may not be a thanksgiving, or of far-off lands that have no independence-day. It was just as strange, somehow, to imagine how this day, that was to them the culminating point of so much happy anticipation, the beginning of so much certain joy, could be otherwise, and yet be anything to the supernumerary people who filled up around them the life that centred in just this to them. Yet in truth it was to most folks simply a fair Monday morning, and an excellent “drying day.”

They bounded off along the iron track,—the great steam-pulse throbbed no faster than in time to their bright young eagerness. It had been a momentous matter to decide upon their seats, of which there had been opportunity for choice when they entered the car ; at last they had been happily settled face to face, by the good-natured removal of a couple of young farmers, who saw that the four ladies wished to be seated together. Their hand-bags were hung up, their rolls of shawls disposed beneath their feet, and Mrs. Linceford had taken out her novel. The Haddens had each a book also in her bag, to be perfectly according to rule in their equipment ; but they were not old travellers enough to care to begin upon them yet. As to Leslie Goldthwaite, *her* book lay ready open before her, for long, contented reading, in two chapters, both visible at once ;—the broad, open country, with its shifting pictures and suggestions of life and pleasantness ; and the carriage interior, with its dissimilar human freight, and its yet more varied hints of history and character and purpose.

She made a story in her own mind, half unconsciously, of every one about her. Of the pretty girl alone, with no elaborate travelling arrangements, going only, it was evident, from one way-station to another, perhaps to spend a summer day with a friend. Of the stout old country grandmamma, with a basket full of dough-nuts and early apples, that made a spiciness and orchard fragrance all about her, and that she surely never meant to eat herself, seeing, first, that she had not a tooth in her head, and also that she made repeated anxious requests of the conductor, catching him by the coat-skirts as he passed, to “let her know in season when they began to get into Bartley ;” who asked, confidentially, of her next neighbour, a well-dressed elderly gentleman, if “he didn’t think it was about as cheap comin’ by the cars as it would ha’ ben to hire a passage any other way ?” and innocently endured the smile that her query called forth on half-a-dozen faces about her. The gentleman, without a smile, courteously lowered his newspaper to reply that “he always thought it better to avail one’s self of established conveniences rather than to waste time in independent contrivances ;” and the old lady sat back,—as far back as she dared, considering her momentary apprehension of Bartley,—quite happily complacent in the confirmation of her own wisdom.

There was a neat, not to say prim, spinster, without a vestige of comeliness in her face, save the comeliness of a clear, clean, energetic expression, such as a new broom

or a bright tea-kettle might have, suggesting capacity for house-thrift and hearth-comfort, who wore a gray straw bonnet, clean and neat as if it had not lasted for six years at least, which its fashion evidenced, and which, having a bright green tuft of artificial grass stuck arbitrarily upon its brim by way of modern adornment, put Leslie mischievously in mind of a roof so old that plants had sprouted in the eaves. She was glad afterwards that she had not spoken her mischief.

What made life beautiful to all these people? These farmers, who put on at day-break their coarse homespun, for long hours of rough labour? These homely home-bred women, who knew nothing of graceful fashions,—who had always too much to do to think of elegance in doing? Perhaps that was just it; they had always something to do, something outside of themselves; in their honest earnest lives there was little to tempt them to a frivolous self-engrossment. Leslie touched close upon the very help and solution she wanted, as she thought these thoughts.

Opposite to her there sat a poor man, to whom there had happened a great misfortune. One eye was lost, and the cheek was drawn and marked by some great scar of wound or burn. One half his face was a fearful blot. How did people bear such things as these,—to go through the world knowing that it could never be pleasant to any human being to look upon them? that an instinct of pity and courtesy even would turn every casual glance away? There was a strange, sorrowful pleading in the one expressive side of the man's countenance, and a singularly untoward incident presently called it forth, and made it almost ludicrously pitiful. A bustling fellow entered at a way-station, his arms full of a great frame that he carried. As he blundered along the passage, looking for a seat, a jolt of the car, in starting, pitched him suddenly into the vacant place beside this man; and the open expanse of the large looking-glass—for it was that which the frame held—was fairly smitten, like an insult of faith, into the very face of the unfortunate.

"Beg pardon," the new-comer said in an off-hand way, as he settled himself holding the glass full before the other while he righted it; and then for the first time giving a quick glance toward him. The astonishment—the intuitive repulsion—the consciousness of what he had done, betokened by the instant look of the one man, and the helpless mute "How could you?" that seemed spoken in the strange, uprolled, one-sided expression of the other,—these involuntarily-met regards made a brief concurrence at once sad and irresistibly funny, as so many things in this strange life are.

The man of the mirror inclined his burden quietly the other way; and now it reflected the bright faces opposite, under the pheasant plumes. Was it any delight to Leslie to see her own face so? What was the use of being—what right had she to wish to be—pretty and pleasant to look at, when there were such utter lifelong loss and disfigurement in the world for others? Why should it not as well happen to her? And how did the world seem to such a person, and where was the *worth-while* of it? This was the question which lingered last in her mind, and to which all else reverted. *To be able to bear*; perhaps this was it; and this was greater than any outer grace.

Such as these were the wayside meanings that came to Leslie Goldthwaite that morning in the first few hours of her journey. Meanwhile, Jeannie and Elinor Had-den had begun to be tired; and Mrs. Linceford, not much entertained with her novel, held it half-closed over her finger, drew her brown veil close, and sat with her eyes shut, compensating herself with a doze for her early rising. Had the same things come to these? Not precisely; something else, perhaps. In all things one is still taken and another left. I can only follow minutely one.



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48

## MY BROTHER'S FRIEND.

IN TWO PARTS.

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### I.

**I** CANNOT tell how it happened, but from some cause or other my brother Raleigh and I were always peculiarly attached the one to the other. I am sure that this mutual love did not interfere with our affection for the rest ; for ours was a happy, united family circle, but still that there existed between us two a bond of especial strength was a fact unconsciously acted upon by us, and tacitly understood by everyone around us. As children our plans and hopes were the same ; and our studies too were in many respects similar, for while my brother joined me in my botanical rambles,—first, as I well remember, induced to do so by the fear that I should get into danger in my enthusiastic search after a rare specimen,—I, ever by his side, caught somewhat of his delight in the old Greek and Latin authors. In these pages he revelled ; and many and many an hour have I spent in our library, poring over those records of the past, and, from their teaching, learning yet more and more to believe that saying of the Wise Man, “ There is nothing new under the sun : ” for are not the men and women of to-day the same as when, long ages ago, they lived and loved and joyed and sorrowed in this dim world ?

Thus passed my childhood and early youth ; the years, as they flew by, brought many a change to us and to those dear to us, but no shadow fell between our hearts. Our father died, and our little sister Jessie soon followed him to the tomb. Helen married and went to live in the south of Ireland ; John too took to himself a partner and bore her to the far West, there to found a happy and prosperous home ; and not long after his departure Raleigh finally decided on carrying out a plan which had long been talked about and looked forward to, but hitherto delayed by many circumstances, a plan which was no less than to go to London to complete the medical education which had been begun in our native place ; and when this was finished, should any opening promise success, to enter on his career as a doctor in the capital ; for to the profession of medicine he had been destined from his childhood.

To me his decision was fraught with inexpressible pain and anxiety. The idea of losing my beloved brother ; of bidding him farewell with the knowledge that in that great busy London scarcely one single human being whom we could call friend would be at hand to cheer and uphold him in his toilsome path ; the terrible dread that the temptations that beset the medical student in no common measure would gather thickly around him in his solitude,—all filled me with bitter sorrow, the more intense from my utter hopelessness as regarded any ability of mine to lessen the peril ; and I watched the preparations going forward, and strove to aid in them as far as I could, in the silence of despair. For when for an instant the thought of accompanying Raleigh in his venture, and clinging to him in the trust that one home face would be a blessing amidst a crowd of strangers, flashed across me, and the proposal rose to my lips, I turned away from the idea sick-hearted, for I knew how vain would be the attempt to convince

my mother that the necessity existed that could possibly justify me in placing myself in such a lonely, self-dependent position as mine would be unavoidably. In the end, however, the permission for which I longed was unexpectedly granted, and in a manner totally unforeseen. I need not relate how the matter was brought about ; suffice it to say that just after Christmas in the year that witnessed my twentieth birthday, the final arrangements having been completed, Raleigh and I were comfortably settled in good lodgings in London, and his course of study fairly entered on under excellent auspices.

From this time our two lives rippled on in a placid stream, with very few events to disturb its course. My brother, devoted to his avocations, was absent from me the greater part of the day, only returning to his hasty meals, and even then often too much hurried or engrossed to speak many words ; but our evenings well repaid all my privations ; busy as the poor fellow might be, he always held the hours from eight to ten sacred to me, and except perhaps that a lecture might interfere unavoidably and oblige his absence, I never missed him from my side during the time which he called his "daily holiday ;" and lonely as I might be during the long silent forenoon, I could look forward to our pleasant reunions and cheer myself up right bravely, for each one brought me fresh proofs of my brother's warm, untiring affection, and convinced me more and more that I was in my right place.

After the first few months I had not much time to remember any lack of companionship. It is true that for a space the dull dark street with its endless sameness of prospect, the hurry and bustle that surrounded me on all sides when I ventured out, the myriads of unknown faces and all those nameless annoyances that beset the stranger freshly arrived from the heart of the country and the freedom of old-fashioned country life, were so many sources of trial to me ; but I did my best to conceal my discomfort from Raleigh, and before very long custom had me completely familiarised with my situation. Besides, I had scarcely learnt to thread my way fearlessly amongst the intricate thoroughfares before I had plenty of work laid out for my leisure moments. Raleigh had from his childhood been noted for his sympathy with every species of suffering. From the day that he, when little more than six years old, had come crying to our mother with an almost inarticulate tale of the woman and baby under the hedge in the orchard, who on examination proved to be a poor hunger-stricken tramp carrying her two-week old infant, and wandering over the country in a vain search for her recreant tinker-husband, my brother's heart had been open to all kinds of woe ; and in the hospitals and amongst the dismal alleys where his chief acquaintance lay, he found only too many opportunities for learning how much misery there is in the world ; and very often, and at last almost daily, fresh objects for such small help as I could offer were recommended to my charity. It is true that we had not much abundance of worldly store from which to spare for the relief of the destitute ; but after all, good as it is to have wherewith to afford temporal aid, that is not the only thing requisite. Sympathy is a rare benefaction to the poor, and it is touching to see how gratefully they receive it. When health and strength are theirs, and the necessity of constant work imposes ceaseless activity, there is little time for falling back on themselves ; but O, what a desert their life is when the strong hand is feeble, the sturdy foot fettered, and when their saddened existence knows of no break to its monotony but the coming and going of the narrow strip of light that pierces the window of their gloomy homes ! The sick poor ! How often we say those words ! how seldom, how very seldom, we realise their full meaning !

Amongst all these employments I scarcely felt so much as some might have expected the absence of companionship with those of my own age and station. As months and years rolled on, certainly, from one cause or another, my limited circle of

acquaintance increased until I was on speaking terms with several families with whom Raleigh had become professionally connected ; but neither our position nor inclination favoured a large range of associates ; and weeks would sometimes pass without my exchanging a word with any out of my own home, save my poor clients before mentioned. With respect to Raleigh's daily associates, his fellow medical students, for my sake any desire they might have felt to find their way to his fireside was ever courteously but decidedly discouraged. At the time of which I am speaking, there were but few among this class with whom any intimacy would have been agreeable ; and justly believing that it would be easier to stand aloof altogether than to set limits where a habit had once begun, our hospitalities were never offered or extended. I do not know how my brother managed to adhere to this difficult rule. He never alluded to any unpleasantness arising from it ; but I fear that such must often have followed so unpopular a measure ; but, with all his gentleness and affability, Raleigh had a resolute spirit, and nothing could ever turn him from that which he esteemed to be right ; and he well knew all the trials that might have assailed me if he had followed the bent of his naturally free and open disposition, and gathered around him in his home those who elsewhere were his associates and fellow-workers.

But there was one exception to this otherwise rigid rule. I cannot at this distance of time recall exactly for what special reason or on what particular occasion my brother first brought Walter Stewart to our secluded corner. I have often asked myself the question, and taxed my memory in the vain endeavour to bring back to my recollection the first interview and the impressions it produced. I cannot do it ; I only know that the winter subsequent to our arrival in London must have witnessed the beginning of our acquaintance, for from that time he is associated with all our life. " We two " it is up to that period, " we three " it is ever after, until the sad, sad blank comes, and the old tune begins again.

Walter was Raleigh's senior by a few years, and from the earliest day of my brother's studentship had ever been his steady friend. His abilities and excellent conduct, his clear head and skilful hand, and that indescribable influence of character which some possess in such a peculiar degree, marked him out amongst the class as its highest member ; but at the same time these qualities, joined with a refinement of mind and, what was better, an uprightness of principle that made him shrink with abhorrence from the dissipated reckless habits of those around him, isolated his position much, and until Raleigh's appearance he had walked on alone, bravely but in loneliness. No wonder, then, that two such kindred spirits should recognise each other, and join in the links of no common intimacy for mutual aid and support in their arduous paths. Even as that subsisting between David and Jonathan was their friendship, " passing the love of women ; " no marvel, then, that my brother should have decided to relax his plans and to admit this one guest to our home ; as a brother he came and went, helping and cheering us both, and applying to us as freely in his turn for aid and encouragement—a bright thread woven into the quiet web of our sober domestic life.

The records of few existences, comparatively speaking, are fraught with startling incident or wonder ; here and there we meet with one to whom strange things have been meted out, varied experiences have been permitted ; but such is seldom the case ; and if the even tenor of the common path of mankind may be called by some monotonous, it is at least peaceful compared with the storms and conflicts that harass those of the less-favoured ones. Ours was a quiet unobtrusive walk through many a year. Doubtless there were points of peculiar interest, to some of which I can now recur : tidings of further changes in the home scene—deaths and marriages and births ; occasional visits to the old places far away in Yorkshire ; the emancipation of Walter and Raleigh from their pupilage, and their early struggles in making for them-



selves a position amidst the ranks of the profession,—all these things, so fresh in their importance at the time, so far away in the dimness of the past now, and mingling with them the ever-running stream of our intercourse together, unbroken in its pleasant current, unruffled, untouched by one breath or shadow of distrust or coldness. Thus years went on, but clouds, all unknown to us, were gathering in our horizon.

To those who can look back fifty years, some things sound strangely. When we hear it said that unless great alterations be made, unless blocks of houses that have stood in their places through the lifetime of generations be not cleared away, unless sanitary regulations be quickly introduced and carried out strictly, fearful epidemics will thin our populations, old people are apt to wonder how these affairs were managed in their youth. Ah, if some of these improvements had been thought of then! If a little of the science that now watches over health had been in existence half a century ago, what lives might have been saved! what sorely-tried hearts might have been spared that anguish which is worse than death! But cease these vain questionings and murmurings. Let us say, "God's will be done," and be at peace!

There was no marked indication of the coming of any season of peculiar sickness. I remember that the summer began rather early that year, and that the hot weather surprised us by its suddenness, although we had all become so inured to the stifling atmosphere of those close London streets that we did not hold the matter in much account; but about the last week in June a change came; heavy rains, in no way mitigating the heat, making it only more oppressive from the alteration from dry to damp, set in, and before long fever—at first of the usual summer character, but speedily assuming a more alarming type—made its appearance in our district. By this time I had become as fearless as any hospital nurse in my attendance on the sick. Once or twice Walter had seemed to hesitate before allowing me to visit some cases which had come under his care, and at first my brother had always made a personal inspection before sanctioning my venturing; but I had long since overruled all their objections, and now my hands were indeed full of employment.

At the outbreak of the epidemic it was thought best to send patients to the neighbouring hospitals; but ere long their wards were inconveniently filled, and it was necessary, and a sad necessity it was, to trust to such arrangements for their life and comfort as their own poor homes afforded; and, strange to say, in many instances the sufferers themselves were more than satisfied that such should be the case. O, how well I remember that busy anxious time! busy and anxious at first, gradually becoming more and more so, until at last, amidst the heavy pressure of many cares and fatigues and fears, the power of connected thought seemed almost lost, and we felt that we must act in the present moment; afterwards we might realise what our dangers and terrors had been, but now we must not pause.

Walter and Raleigh were very popular in the district, not with the poor only, though, of course, their chief practice lay amongst them, but in many instances the richer inhabitants had learnt to appreciate their merits and to look to them in any sudden emergency. Now these hasty calls had become appallingly frequent, and at all hours of the day and night hurried rings at the surgery bells of both houses announced that another stricken one required aid. Gradually, as the time of the visitation lengthened, we could plainly see how the disease was making its rapid way from the hovel of the poor to the abode of the comparatively affluent, until at last it reached the houses of the rich, and into all these habitations made so sadly equal by the stroke that levels to the dust the vain distinctions of earth, did the fearless companions go, ministering what lay in their power to the suffering body, and often—how often will never be known until the secrets of all hearts are revealed at the last dread day,—bringing as needful succour to the departing spirit. Through these labours,



which seemed all too heavy for any human frame or mind to bear, our home was still as calm and bright as in the sunniest days before. Smiles and words of sympathy and acts of generous self-abnegation for the sake of others made our way smooth and happy; and now, in this hour of fear and trial, shone out yet more purely and cheerily that ray of peace which had long made "the path of the just as a shining light;" and I could bless God and take fresh courage as I joined my brother and friend in their daily supplication at the Throne for that support and protection which we each so desired for one another.

Amidst the many recollections that crowd on my mind in connection with this time, confused and blended together as most of them are, as my eye strains back to them through the mist of intervening years, some incidents stand out with singular prominence, little incidents, many of them so slight in interest to all but the immediate actors in the drama that I will not record them. But one scene of agony and dismay I must recall. Perhaps amidst the overstrained excitement of the hour, and the overtasked energies of mind and body, I was morbidly alive to rash and false impressions if it were indeed so, I cannot now, I never could, judge; but from that moment to this, the idea, struggled and prayed against for many a long day after, now left alone in the submission born of sad years, gathers vividly around this point, the terrible belief that in that hour the disease, which had been encountered successfully so long and bravely, struck home its arrows, and that the sun of my life set as I stood beside that sick-bed and aided one,—unconsciously how much dearer to me than my own existence!—to combat death in his struggles for one frail young victim. The time has been when I have driven the picture of that night from my memory and striven to erase its torturing image; but I am older, calmer now, and it seems to pour balm into the aching wound to associate that deed of mercy with the closing hours of the dead.

Our evenings, in so far as we could so arrange them, interrupted as they now constantly were by hurried calls to the sick, were spent together as they had been for a long time; in fact our little sitting-room had become almost common property. My brother had even urged Walter strongly to give up his present lodgings and take up his domicile in our house,—an arrangement which, under existing circumstances, we both thought would be a considerable advantage, as enabling the two companions to summon each other without delay; but to this Walter would in no way agree. He thanked us most warmly and gratefully for our offer, but declined it simply and decidedly, assigning no very special reason, however; and though often adverted to, the plan was never carried into execution. At the time I imagined that an unwillingness to deprive his landlady of a lodger at a season when such were so scarce was his chief motive, and that perhaps he fancied that the addition to our household (Raleigh and I had moved into a small dwelling of our own) would entail increased care and trouble on me when I needed all the quiet that could be afforded; but I now know what was the actual state of the case. He felt too truly that the risk we each daily ran was more than enough to make it very probable that one or other would eventually be smitten; and he could not bear the thought that, should the ordeal lie in his path, the chief weight of nursing and attendance would rest with me, and with his usual generosity he chose to suffer himself rather than increase the burden on those he loved. If for a moment the truth had flashed on me or on Raleigh, we should have borne down all opposition and resolutely carried our point; but it was left for a chance expression to reveal to us the full extent of our friend's self-forgetfulness and tender care for us.

The epidemic had been raging unchecked for weeks, and the alarm occasioned by it had reached its height, but from some sudden atmospheric change (or rather ought I not to say, in the mercy of Him who had permitted the disease to descend on the city?)

a remarkable abatement had been remarked within the past day or two, more in the mitigated type exhibited by fresh cases, however, than in any improvement in the older cases. But such as it was, we hailed the hopeful omen with deep thankfulness, and drew together on the evening to which I have alluded with a feeling of relief that only those who have been as sorely tried as we had been can realise. For many days past we had scarcely known the luxury of a quiet hour; and now, with an unspoken wish that no call might disturb us in the enjoyment of our unwonted rest, we shut out the busy world and were all in all to each other, as in the old days that seemed, looking through the busy weeks just past, so very, very long ago. Raleigh was sadly tired, but Walter appeared as well and strong as ever; and as for myself, all sense of fatigue had vanished. I even opened my long-forgotten work-box and prepared to employ myself with some of its contents, not, however, without a playful remonstrance from Walter, who cried a truce to such things, and bade me rest myself on the sofa while I had an opportunity; but I persisted in my industry, and we all, I think, liked that it should be so, it seemed such an earnest of the peace that we so hoped was coming.

But it had not come yet; for scarcely had an hour passed before a violent ring at the surgery bell, and then another and another, startled us into a remembrance of the suffering world outside. Raleigh, who had been dozing on the couch, sprang up at the sound; and Walter himself went to answer the messenger. I followed to the door of the parlour and heard a hasty dialogue that told me only too much. "Both the doctors were to come at once," such was the answer to some question from Walter; "not a moment was to be lost, for the little thing was dying; and if the young lady could come too, it would be a mercy, for the poor gentleman—" and here I lost what was said, until, as Walter turned hastily from the door, the direction of the house caught my ear, showing that it was little Bertha Hollis, the only child of Walter's kindest friend, who was stricken, and I grew sick with terror and sorrow; for I well knew how that one young life was entwined with many, and how feeble a spark always burned within her tiny frame. How could she weather the blast that had destroyed so many stronger frames?

But this was no time for paralysing regret; Walter's voice first roused me to a recollection of the need for instant action, as he took my hand in his, and tenderly inquired whether I was equal to going with him on his errand. "If it be as the messenger says, Janet, our aid will be of little avail; but still I cannot bear to forsake them at such a time, and it is possible we might be of some use; but do not come if you do not feel able. Raleigh shall not; he is far too much tired." I could only whisper that I would go at once, and fly to prepare for setting out. I loved the little creature so dearly; I had so hoped that she had been carried out of the reach of danger; and the thought of her being in such a strait was so sudden a shock, that my powers of speech and thought seemed half benumbed.

#### 49. PENWIPER IN THE SHAPE OF A JOCKEY'S CAP.

##### 49. PENWIPER IN THE SHAPE OF A JOCKEY'S CAP.

**MATERIALS:**—Black cloth; red and white ditto; black crystal and gold beads.

This little article of fancy-work is pleasant and easy to copy. The jockey's cap is  $2\frac{1}{4}$  inches deep, and 4 inches wide across the bottom part. It is formed of six divisions, three of which are cut out of red, and three of white cloth. A star is worked in black beads over each of the white divisions, and one in crystal beads over each of the red ones.

Trace the outline of the star in pencil over the cloth. Insert a needle threaded with silk in the centre of the star, upwards from under the material; thread seven black (or crystal) beads, and one gold, and insert the needle at the point of one of the rays of the star; draw the needle out again in the centre, and work the seven other rays in the same manner.

The visor is formed of a piece of red cloth, lined with black ditto, with a piece of cardboard placed between the two; join the six divisions of the cap together by a seam sewn with coarse black silk, and

place a black velvet button on the top, then line the inside of the cap with stiff black net. Sew on the visor, and add the edging, formed of three rows of crystal beads; the seam by which the visor is joined on to the cap is covered by one row of the same.

Fasten round pieces of black cloth, pinked out at the edges, inside the cap. These serve to wipe the pens.



#### 51. PATTERN IN DARNED NETTING.

This pattern is to be worked in darning-stitch, with soft cotton, over a netted foundation, for coverlets, etc.



#### 52. ORNAMENTAL FRAME FOR CARD-RACK.

This is a pretty New-Year's gift. The mounting is of quite a new style. The frame is formed all of one piece of carved oak, inlaid with steel. The card-rack in the centre is also of carved oak, and the initial-letter of each day of the week is marked upon each division, also in steel. This ornamentation is of a very

#### 50. ROSETTE FOR LAMBALLE CAPELINE (44—page 73).

place a black velvet button on the top, then line the inside of the cap with stiff black net. Sew on the visor, and add the edging, formed of three rows of crystal beads; the seam by which the visor is joined on to the cap is covered by one row of the same.

get effect. The frame is filled up with fine canvas, which is cross-stitch with bright blue, green, crimson, or violet floss-silk. The carved oak and steel orna-

holes bored in them for that purpose. The frame is stretched upon a piece of stiff cardboard, covered on the outside with glazed calico.

## 52. ORNAMENTAL FRAME FOR CARD-RACK.

cards are fastened upon the canvas with silk of the same colour, the needle being passed through the small

A steel ring is added at the top, to hang it up to the wall.

## LETTERS FROM "DEAR OLD GRANNY."

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### II. ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

"Brilliant talents, graces of person, confirmed intrepidity, and a continual habit of displaying these advantages, seem all that is aimed at in the education of girls. The virtues that make domestic life happy—the sober and useful qualities which render a moderate fortune and retired situation comfortable, are seldom inculcated."—MRS. MONTAGUE.

"The true order of acquisition seems to be, *first*, what is necessary; *second*, what is useful; *third*, what is ornamental."—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"Show us how divine a thing  
A woman may be made."—WORDSWORTH.

**M**Y DEAR CHILD,—When I was a girl—a long while ago, as you know it must be—the accomplishments of young ladies were somewhat different from what they are now. You have often looked at my dingy sampler, with its Scripture texts, ornamental devices, and row of triangular trees; and I daresay you have contrasted it unfavourably with the beautiful and bright wool-works such as your own fair hands have wrought. And yet my sampler was regarded as a triumph of art, and proud enough I was when, framed and glazed, it was suspended for the first time in our breakfast-parlour. But I know that our old-fashioned needlework—always excepting the old, old fashions of tapestry and pillow-lace—are no more to be compared with what you young people now produce, than is the old stage-coach with the express train. I am not going to complain; you have left the old folks far behind; you travel fast, read fast, work fast, play fast—live fast. Well, I suppose it is as it should be; but, believe me, there were several points in our "fogey" ways that might be profitably added to the ways of the new generation.

We had an old rule, that whatever was worth doing was worth doing well. The expression "O, it will do!" was never recognised; we were expected to know thoroughly all we professed to know; and while there was in our mode of life very little showy accomplishment, there was a fair proportion of solid understanding.

I assure you, my dear child, I was shocked the other day by the ridiculous assumption of a young lady fresh from a finishing school. I was not so much shocked by the girl herself as by the educational gloss that had been put upon her, and the preposterous exhibition made of it by those whom she regarded as friends. There was a portfolio of her drawings ostentatiously displayed on the drawing-room table, besides two chalk heads and a couple of blue-and-yellow landscapes hung on the wall. The visitors were expected to praise these poor daubs as genuine works of art, and the silly girl received these compliments as if they were her due. We all, I suppose, knew that, if there were anything to commend in the drawings, it was the "touching up" given to them by the drawing master, and even his knowledge of art seemed scarcely superior to his sense of integrity. The young lady had also been taught to garnish her conversation with a number of French expressions, and some of the slang words of art. She was "a brilliant player," as was shown in a rattling execution of one or two popular fantasias, and the singing of two songs, one supposed to be in the language of Italy, and the other politely accepted as that of Germany. The girl was simply showy, with a showiness, however, which could deceive none but very dull people.

Spending a quiet afternoon with me, the superficiality of all the young lady's accom-

ishments came out. She could neither play nor sing any but her own stock pieces ; she could not draw the simplest object from nature ; she could not translate an ordinary letter which I had just received from Paris ; and I am afraid, when she found the difficulties in which she was involved, she was rather cross with me, very cross with herself, but not at all cross with the veneering system of education of which she was an example.

Now I do not wish you to understand from these remarks that I am condemning wholesale young-ladies' schools, seminaries, or by whatever name these scholastic institutions may be called. Many of them are conducted in a sensible and judicious manner by women of education, refinement, probity, and affection. But it is the fault of the age to be in too much haste, and to be content with a semblance, rather than by painstaking and slow labour to gain a reality. In some of the card-board dwelling-houses run up in the suburbs dancing is strictly forbidden. The houses look very well so long as you do not shake them, but they will not stand a shock. Just so it is too often with modern education. We get up a pretty *façade*, but there is no stability, and a critical shaking turns the charming structure to a heap of rubbish.

Now what do you say to accomplishments like these ? What do they amount to ? My opinion is that they are really worse than none at all. Many men are attracted by them, no doubt of that ; but in this case they serve only as a bait which the matrimonial fish finds out to his cost. I cannot imagine you, my dear child, employing them for any such purpose ; but it is done by others, as you and I both know. Multitudes of married people have their lives made miserable by the wife's "accomplishments." In the sober every-day life the extent of them is soon apparent ; all the wife's showy qualities, her tunes, her efforts at art, her Anglo-gallic patois, are exhausted ; there is nothing left but insipidity.

Let me entreat of you to become perfect mistress of whatever you undertake. I am not speaking of professional proficiency, but learn the principles, whatever they be, so thoroughly as to be able to make progress by "your own self."

Reading aloud is an accomplishment in which comparatively few young ladies—or older ones either—attempt to excel. There appears to be an impression that it is a departure from feminine delicacy for a lady to read aloud in a social circle. It is a thousand pities this idea should be encouraged. Those who do not hesitate to display their musical ability shrink from the reading aloud of a poem of Tennyson. They will sing from the Idyls of the King, but not read them. Depend upon it, the real secret of this is not shamefacedness, but that they do not know how to read ! Hannah More has said—and *you*, I know, will accept so old-fashioned an authority—that "to read so as not to be understood, and to write so as not to be read, are among the minor immoralities." Unfortunately these immoralities prevail extensively. The three R's that we used to jest about are the three consonants least cared for in a woman's education. It is very foolish and very unjust ; as to be accomplished in these is most useful, and may be rendered in home-life the most agreeable.

To converse well is also a matter of great consequence. The wits and witlings have shot their arrows at talkative women, and with some show of reason ; though I verily believe the men are as talkative as the women. But when we speak of conversation, we mean the intelligent communication of ideas, and not the rattle of the chatterbox. Wisely it has been said, "Converse always with your female friends as if a gentleman were of the party ; and with young men as if your female companions were present." Learn—first by the art of listening, and then by careful practice—to express yourself clearly ; and take care, however deep your knowledge of any subject introduced, that you do not usurp more than your own share of time. How much better to be able to converse well, to be able to read well, to be able to correspond intelligently,

than to be nothing more than a mere singing-doll or dancing-doll—very pretty to look at, it may be, for a wee while—but quite ill-adapted to share in those accomplishments which belong to the fireside and the homely round table!

I am not decrying *other* accomplishments. Dancing, for instance, gives graceful carriage to the figure, that is rarely gained by any other process. Dance! To be sure, my dancing days are over now; yet I never hear the sound of dance-music, and see the whirl of broadcloth and crinoline, without thinking very pleasantly of the old stately dances we used to have in my time. Think of grandmamma stepping out to dance a minuet at a county ball, and going through its really graceful measure with no less a person than an earl's son! Grandmamma has had that honour, and enjoyed it; ay, she has made top couple with grandpapa at old Sir Roger many and many a time. No, I have not a word to say against dancing—though I do complain of hot rooms and late hours,—and I never was of Mr. Addison's opinion, that a lady was taught merely that she might sit still gracefully.

And now a word about singing. You have a sweet voice; cultivate it. It is best to sing well and play well. If you cannot do both, learn to sing well; sing much and often; improve your knowledge of part-singing; it is a delightful social exercise, and really is not so difficult to acquire as many persons suppose. I used to sing when I was young; but it was only simple ballads. One of these simple songs won me a husband, my dear, though I did not know it for a good seven years after the golden hoop was over my finger.

Now I think I have written enough about accomplishments. You are an excellent needlewoman, I know; you have a better knowledge of French and German than most girls of your age. Do not, however, be satisfied with your present attainments. That is the whole gist of my letter. Try to perfect yourself in all you profess to know. Everything may be ill or well done, from the making of a pudding upwards. Always resolve to do what you have to do *well*, making glad the hearts of all about you, and none more so than that of

DEAR OLD GRANNY.



## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

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**I**T would be easy to write a long dissertation on the origin of the events which gave rise to, and which have culminated in, our yearly celebration of St. Valentine's day.

To go into the subject archæologically; to make long extracts from classical dictionaries concerning the "Lupercalia" of the Romans; to once more (for the thousandth time) give the full and particular account of the martyrdom of that worthy saint who has so obligingly given his name to the day; and to trace the gradual rise of the custom of valentine-sending, would, as we said, be not a difficult task. But such a task will not be ours. We leave our readers to "coach up" the subject for themselves, while to us it remains to indulge in a few words anent St. Valentine's day as it now exists.

Of course everyone has heard the standard gossip about valentines,—that incipient poets write the lines, and decayed ladies and gentlemen paint the romantic scenes that embellish them. Everyone too has read of the process of valentine-making; the embossing, the colouring, and the many steps which have to be taken ere the elaborate valentine is fit for sale. And we suppose everyone has looked and wondered at those wondrous specimens of rhyme, those startling examples of colour, the penny



valentines. Since we have a reform which has been a new subject for satire, a free penny comic valentine is no colouring, still the outspoke (to use an unauthorised word) it is his object to imply that forwardly to work. And the examples of common most glaring colours with it.

When we come to the and vulgar rhyming to see Really the taste displayed pretty. A curious fact is to find on the very elaborate cap-borders—only a couple ally to the point. 'I love to suggestive. And here we very heretical notion about very well to send one for a one is 'spoons' on a girl who valentine shop be closely and upwards will be discovery. If you are in love glomeration of lace and send a valentine by all means, what dear garrulous Mr. pair of gloves and a pair consisted of. Well done, Mr swains—at any rate as to

Must we confess that pleasing? It has been our recipient of blank sheets of unqualified disrespect for a pair of green-and-yellow jokes we have most willingly duped and lovers comfort hope will long be kept up. What a pretty idea then for birthday! May all so on the postman be more loaded may the youth of our country for how should they know they innocently suppose under the mistletoe, or villainously at the Twelfth happy surprises; may true supercilious be taken down heavily upon; in short, the Lupercalia, or a rest happy day to each and all

54. FROCK FOR A LITTLE GIRL, FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.

Both the frock and jacket are made of blue rep. The bodice is cut square at the top, and trimmed with a strip of the same material, forming small vandykes, edged with tiny chalk white beads, and

inner-dre

The skirt, which are of the same material, is completely tied with a strip of the same material, forming a small vandyke, edged with tiny chalk white beads, and

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## THE FASHIONS.

cars have not by any means obtained the full success predicted to them for my. They are only worn as demi-toilette for walking, morning-calls, and whiresses.

dan dress for visiting or receiving visits at home, for dinner, evening, or ball min with a sweeping train, much longer than any that were ever seen before, at peration.

per dinner and evening parties are made either with a plain gored skirt without she or with two skirts, either trimmed or scalloped out round the bottom.

I h et, called in France English velvet, is much employed for the short costume, hou leaders know, is composed of the short dress, under-skirt, and paletot. It is she, cotton velvet with a silk lining, otherwise it soon becomes limp and hope-

. The prettiest trimming for a costume of cotton velvet is a fur border. to employed in narrow strips for borders is Astrachan or *petit gris*.

oft velvet is not a material at all suitable for mourning. Short dresses may be reahg, but the material should be black cloth, paramatta, rep, or cashmere, and young, poplin or gros grains silk.

ban describe some of the prettiest toilets of the month.

was ss of bright green satin with a gored skirt forming a sweeping train at the t is trimmed round the bottom with five satin rouleaux of a darker green, nee puffs of white satin. The bodice is high at the back, low, and cut square in moe pleted by a round basque, also trimmed with dark green satin rouleaux and The sleeves are ornamented to correspond.

The dress is made with a double skirt. The upper skirt, of pearl gray satin, is Eve be of a long Grecian peplum, it is trimmed with long silk fringes and tassels; res of white satin with a sweeping train is embroidered with seed pearls round non the low gray satin bodice is ornamented in front with a plastron of white ed with pearls. Epaulettes of white satin and loose sleeves of tulle floating the shoulders.

of white crape with an under-skirt of cerise-coloured tulle over white satin. nmed round the bottom with five bouillons of crape divided by plaits of ribbon and silver braid. A sash of cerise-coloured satin, ornamented with red white crape, is tied on one side half way up the skirt. The bodice is illons of crape, and ornamented in the same style as the skirt. Necklace of atin embroidered with pearls, with long ends fringed with silver.

I dress of buttercup-coloured satin, looped up in front over a skirt of black with gold. The satin skirt is ornamented with bows of black velvet fringed over part of the low bodice is of black velvet, the upper part is formed of trips of yellow satin and black velvet. Coiffure of yellow jessamine, with arid ge.

giving-dress is of plain white moire antique, forming a sweeping train, with a obli of white satin, trimmed with a deep silver fringe. Coiffure and bouquet of val.

our coloured velvet dress, open in front and train-shaped at the back, is entirely rembe; the under-skirt is of white satin, it is covered in front with Honiton

elvet bodice is open in front, showing a plastron of white satin and lace. poe velvet sleeves trimmed with grebe, and under-sleeves of white satin and lace.

emkf white satin is trimmed round the bottom with a flounce fifteen inches bos with a cross strip of lilac satin; three similar cross-strips of lilac satin are valop of the flounce. Upper skirt of white tulle, spangled and fringed with tho lice of white satin and white tulle, studded with amber beads.

The most elegant indoor dresses, for receiving visits, called in French *robes de reception*, are of fine silk velvet, or of rich satin, trimmed with rouleaux of velvet of the same colour. The front widths are often rounded at the bottom, and left apart one from the other some way up the skirt, showing a handsome satin skirt covered with lace between the openings; the back widths are lengthened into a sweeping train.

Morning gowns are also made in the most tasteful style. We have noticed one made by a fashionable Parisian couturière for a young countess; it is fanciful but elegant. The material is blue cashmere, covered with oriental embroidery in silks of various bright colours. The dress is made in the princess shape, but long and ample; it is open in front, and fastened round the waist by a silk gimp cord of all the colours of the oriental pattern. The sleeves, cut in the Chinese style, are very ample, and lined with orange-coloured satin.

We have also several new bonnets to describe. The small rounded shape called Dubarry, and the bonnet with a crown in the shape of a toquet, appear to be the most in favour just now.

A Dubarry bonnet, of light golden brown velvet, is trimmed with a plait of the same material, lengthened on either side so as to form the strings. Besides these plaited strings, there are others of black lace. A bunch of golden grapes, with brown tinted leaves, is placed half over half under the front border, and its foliage comes down a little on one side. Bandeau of brown velvet inside. Black lace voilette.

A *Fanchon émigré* bonnet of white tulle is crossed by a quilling of light-green velvet, and a fringe of green marabout feathers if placed at the back. Inside, coronet of wild berries formed of seed pearls, and green velvet leaves; strings of green velvet.

A young lady's bonnet is made of blue satin; a voilette of blue tulle is fastened over it with a bunch of pink rose-buds. Blue satin strings.

A bonnet of gray velvet, with a toquet crown, is trimmed with a border of partridge's feathers. A bandeau of bright blue velvet is placed inside, and rather narrow strings of the same are tied at the back under the chignon. Other strings, of wide gray ribbon, are tied in front. Toilette of gray spotted tulle, fringed with chenille.

Another bonnet of the same shape as the preceding is made of black velvet; it is trimmed round the crown with a border of curled black feathers, and round the front border with a double rouleau of rose-coloured satin. A beautiful moss-rose, with buds and foliage, is placed on one side upon the black velvet. Narrow strings of black velvet ribbon are tied at the back, and wide ones of rose-coloured satin ribbon in front.

Velvet flowers are now so beautifully made and so softly shaded that they are employed not only for trimming bonnets, but for ball coiffures.

These coiffures are composed of delicate garlands often mixed with or joined together by loops of crystal beads. Grape flowers, delicately coloured, are also a favourite ornament for evening toilets, and are placed both in the hair and upon the dress. They look particularly well upon tulle or gauze dresses.

Coiffures entirely formed of ibis or marabout feathers, either white or coloured, are also very fashionable.

But beads are employed more than anything both as ornaments for the hair and trimmings for the dress. If the dress is coloured, the crystal beads are chosen of the same colour.

With white, amber beads look remarkably well. Necklaces with double or treble rows of scallops finished off by long pendant ornaments, are made of garnet or amber beads, and also of pearls or of cut jet.

Very few ornaments are required in the hair, which is arranged in very elaborate fashion, with a profusion of plaits, rouleaux, and curls. Sometimes there are none besides a very pretty comb, with a top enriched with gold and precious stones or pearls, finished off with long chains falling at the back. The earrings should be in the same style as the ornamental comb.

Very large jewelled lockets or crosses are considered almost indispensable to complete an elegant evening toilet when no necklace is worn. It is more fashionable to fasten them to a necklace of velvet studded with pearls or precious stones than to a gold chain.

## DESCRIPTION OF OUR FASHION-PLATE.

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VISITING TOILET FOR A YOUNG MARRIED LADY.—A pink velvet bonnet of a round shape, with narrow brim raised up in front; it is edged all round with black jet balls; a white feather is laid on the right side. A black velvet tight-fitting peplum, forming a long point back and front, edged with martin sable; there is a short plain point on each side. The coat-sleeve has a fur epaulette. A dress of coloured *gros de Lyon*, with a long train behind and rather short in front.

WALKING TOILET FOR A YOUNG LADY.—A velvet toquet trimmed all round with jay's feathers. A gray velvet dress with a high bodice fastened down with five silk buttons; the bottom of the skirt is cut in square tabs edged with gimp and black jet. The tight under-sleeve is worn with another long Venetian sleeve, lined and quilted with green silk. There is an aumonière pocket on the right side. A green cashmere petticoat terminated by a plaited flounce. Gray velvet muff, trimmed with jet and gimp to correspond with the toilet, fastened with a silk cordelière.



## LOVELIEST WORDS.

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### RUTH AND I.

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It was not day, and was not night;  
The eve had just begun to light,  
    Along the lovely west,  
His golden candles, one by one;  
And girded up with clouds, the sun  
    Was sunken to his rest.

Between the furrows, brown and dry,  
We walked in silence—Ruth and I;  
    We two had been, since morn  
Began her tender tunes to beat  
Upon the May-leaves young and sweet,  
    Together, planting corn.

Homeward the evening cattle went  
In patient, slow, full-fed content,  
    Led by a rough strong steer;  
His forehead all with burs thick set,  
His horns of silver tipt with jet,  
    And shapeless shadow near.

With timid, half-reluctant grace,  
Like lovers in some favoured place,  
    The light and darkness met;  
And the air trembled, near and far,  
With many a little tuneful jar  
    Of milk-pans being set.

We heard the housemaids at their cares,  
Pouring their hearts out unawares  
    In some sad poet's ditty;  
And heard the fluttering echoes round  
Reply like souls all softly drowned  
    In heavenly love and pity.

All sights, all sounds in earth and air  
Were of the sweetest; everywhere  
    Ear, eye, and heart were fed;  
The grass with one small burning flower  
Blushed bright, as if the elves that hour  
    Their coats thereon had spread.

One moment, where we crossed the brook,  
Two little sunburnt hands I took—  
    Why did I let them go?  
I've been since then in many a land,  
Touched, held, kissed many a fairer  
    But none that thrilled me so. [hand,

Why, when the bliss Heaven for us made  
Is in our very bosoms laid,  
    Should we be all unmoved,  
And walk, as now do Ruth and I,  
'Twixt th' world's furrows, brown and  
    Unloving and unloved? [dry,

THE LONDONER'S A. 1867

At the end of the year 2

THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHION

Modelled for

The Young Englishwoman

FEBRUARY 1867



AN OLD PORTRAIT.

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THIS time-worn canvas bears a pictured face  
Which, once beheld, comes back to thought again,—  
Passionate, proud, yet touched with tender grace,  
And marked with lines which tell of hidden pain.

O, noble face! in whose compelling eyes  
There lurks a power which stays me on my way,  
Which thrills me always with a new surprise,  
And holds me gazing all the livelong day,—

Strange eyes, whose earthly task of smiles and tears  
Was finished long ago, and sealed in night;  
Eyes which were told in death a hundred years  
Before mine own had opened to the light,—

Why do you haunt me so? Some bitter days,  
When all the rose-tints vanish from my sky,  
And I go stumbling down life's darkest ways,  
I can but think perhaps the reason why

My life has been so barren and forlorn,  
So full of tears and losses, is that Fate  
Made some unkind mistake, and I was born  
An age too early, or an age too late.

And when I read in these strange wistful eyes  
The yearning lack of something which I know  
They never found in life, I think with sighs,  
A century too late,—ah, more's the woe!

Perhaps I am the one for whom he sought,  
Walking the earth's dry places o'er and o'er,  
Calling for her, alas! who answered not,  
And, never finding, lacked for evermore.

Perhaps I might have lived a nobler life,  
If but these marvellous eyes had held me dear;  
Perhaps I might have soothed the proud soul's strife,  
Outlooking from their darkness deep and clear;—

Perhaps—who knows? O, sad and tender eyes,  
Look not upon me so reproachfully;  
Since bitterly my soul for ever cries,  
“O, cruel Love, that did not wait for me!”

## 58. BASKET FOR HOLDING A LADY'S CAP.

**MATERIALS:**—17 yards of straw plait, about half an inch wide; 1 yard of brown cashmere; 10 yards of brown worsted cord; a strip of steel 1 yard 28 inches long; 2 wooden buttons; brown worsted braid; card-board.

This basket, in the shape of a large bowl, the cap becomes the top of a certain off her bonnet or takes the table at a

The basket is two halves out of worsted wool forming branches brown as

worsted cord, form a circle with a flat strip of steel 32 inches long, and fasten the points of the branches at regular distances upon this circle. This forms one half of the basket. The lining of the basket is composed, for each half, of a round piece of brown cashmere, measuring 18 inches across. It is fastened on the steel circle, and under the outline of each branch of the star. Both halves of the

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## 58. BASKET FOR HOLDING A LADY'S CAP.

out in bouillons between the branches. The point of each branch is fastened upon a circle of steel, which is covered by the cashmere. Silk or worsted braid may be used instead of straw-plait, and silk instead of cashmere, to make the basket lighter and more elegant.

Begin by cutting out the stars in card-board; then sew the straw-plait upon them, forming each branch separately. Begin by the outer edge of the branch, and fasten the plait from the top to the bottom of it, first on one side, then on the other. Proceed in the same manner for the inner rows, always hiding the end of one plait with that of the next. When the branch is completed, edge it all round with brown-

## 59. CROCHET STARS, IN IMITATION OF CLUNY GUIPURE.

This pattern is suitable for working jackets, collars, and cuffs, in imitation of Cluny guipure. With thicker cotton it will form pretty coverlets and quilts. Each star is worked separately, and begun in the centre by a circle of 6 chain.

1st round.—2 double in each of the 6 chain.

2nd round.—1 double in each stitch.

3rd round.—2 double in each stitch.

4th round.—\*12 chain; turn, miss the last chain and over the 11 others work 2 double, 4 treble, 1 short treble, 2 double; then work 1 double in each of the





## A TALE OF AULD IRELAND.

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**T**HE following story is founded on fact, and at the time of the occurrence, now many years ago, created much interest ; so much so indeed that perhaps some may recall the circumstances of the case to their recollection in the perusal of the narrative.

We omit giving the true names of the parties concerned ; for as, on the one hand, to certain people the doing so would only open afresh a wound which poignant grief inflicted and time alone can heal, so, on the other, to those not interested in the persons of the story the names can form a matter of little or no importance.

It chanced that the —th regiment of foot was quartered at C——, a small town in one of the most beautiful parts of Ireland. A lovely spot was C——, situated on the banks of a river which flowed through a valley of some extent and picturesque beauty. The scenery was romantic in the extreme ; high beetling rocks in some places formed the boundary on either side to the flowing stream, whilst in others verdant glades would fringe its sides, and blooming woods would lave their branches in the passing waters.

In one place, however, Nature had seemed determined to mingle together the beautiful with the sublime, and this was where the banks of the river were high and precipitous ; a walk extended along these banks for a considerable distance, and the traveller had on one side of him the towering cliffs, on the other, many feet below, the deep river. Yet, notwithstanding the superstitions regarding this lonely path, which the Irish are ever so fond of associating with places of such a character, the “Walk,” as it was called, was not unfrequented ; and many a troth had been plighted and vows of love and constancy uttered by those whose hearts were otherwise engaged than being terrified by some old crone’s tale of weird or sprite.

It was along this path on an evening in the month of August 18—, that a pair might have been seen walking. It needed not a second glance to be assured that they were lovers, and a comely pair of lovers too. The lady was strikingly beautiful ; her figure, above the average height of women, though not so much so as to appear too tall, was graceful in the extreme, whilst her features, without possessing that regularity which belongs to the highest order of beauty, were moulded so as to charm the most punctilious critic. Her eyes were of a soft gray ; and hair of dark brown, gathered up in luxuriant tresses behind each tiny ear, flowed down on the lovely shoulders, in pleasing contrast with their snowy whiteness. This was Alice Byrne, the pride of the valley of Doon. No less worthy of admiration was her lover. Tall as he was, his attractions did not consist so much in elegance of form as beauty of countenance. His hair was of light brown, eyes of deepest blue, the mouth and well-cut nostril plainly denoting one of gentle birth. Well born in fact he was, being the son of an ancient family, and an officer in the —th regiment, now quartered at C——. A universal favourite with brother officers and men was Harry Leslie. Possessing boldness of heart and strength of limb, many were the feats of daring for which he was renowned ; particularly was he noted for being an excellent swimmer, and on account of what is to be recounted, it may be as well to mark this fact. His age was about twenty-five, whilst his companion was a few years younger.

"And I must leave you the day after to-morrow! What shall I do without being able to have a glance from the bright eye of my pretty Alice?" said the lover breaking the silence that had lasted for some little time.

"Nay, Harry dearest, ask rather what will become of me when thou art gone. Man has the world and its gaieties to live on; woman has only love to cheer her when the loved one has gone. Man may forget, but—"

He stopped her with a kiss, and replied,

"The day is far distant when I shall forget thee, love. But cheer up, Alice; in a few short months I shall be back to claim thee as my bride; till then we must wait; and when the time is passed, *then*—why that sigh, love? do you not share my anticipations of the future?"

"Would I could feel as sure as you as to their realisation, Harry. You know I am not given to superstitious fancies," said she, smiling through the tears that dimmed her eyes; "but to-night I feel an inexpressible sort of dread that some woe is impending over us both."

"You are tired, darling," said her lover, as he drew her towards him. "The loneliness of this place oppresses you. It is late, too; so let us turn home."

He rose as he spoke, and, as he did so, fancied he saw a movement in the trees close to where they had been sitting. Thinking it, however, the offspring of his own imagination, he did not mention the circumstance; but placing Alice's arm within his own, slowly traversed the path that led to the town.

"Remember, Alice," said he as he wished her good-night, "to-morrow evening, at the old seat by the river; I shall be punctual."

As the lovers separated, a man wrapped in a large cloak, but whom they saw not, hurried with hasty steps to one of the arches of the old bridge, and unfastening a boat that had been moored to the bank, jumped into it, and pulled silently and swiftly down stream till he was lost in the surrounding gloom of approaching night.

It was late when Leslie reached his rooms, and later still when he closed his eyes for the night.

"Are you going to join the Colonel's party this evening, Leslie?" asked a young lieutenant, catching hold of Henry's arm as he was passing through the barrack-gates at about six o'clock the next evening.

"I shall not be able to be there before nine; but I'll look in, my boy, to keep you all from drinking too much of the Colonel's champagne; till then I'm engaged."

"O! ah, to be sure. I forgot—hem! Hope you'll find her well, I'm sure."

Harry laughingly held up his fist, and strode through the gates; and little did his gay friend think as he gazed on his retreating figure that he saw him alive for the last time. But we are anticipating.

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"Half-past eleven, and Leslie not here yet! I declare it's too bad!" exclaimed Lieutenant Townly, holding his watch in his hand. "Leslie is generally punctual, certainly. I will send his servant to see if he is in his rooms."

"O, it's all right, Colonel," said another. "He's *spooning* a girl up in the town; and men in love, you know, are never punctual."

The next morning—ah! that next morning, how many bright dreams and golden expectations are beheld to vanish away like a summer cloud in the dawning of another day! When next morning comes, death may have come too,—death, as improbable to many, as the advent of another day was probable to all. The next morning a low tap was heard at the colonel's door; and on the intruder entering, the pale and somewhat troubled face of Henry's servant appeared.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the man, giving the military salute, "but I came to say how that master has not been in his rooms all night."

"Well, there's nothing very dreadful in that, is there, Jock, and nothing particularly unusual either, I think?"

"No, sir, not exactly; but I've heard say how master is making-up to a young lady in the town, and there is a someone I knows of that don't like it too; and maybe harm may come of it. Besides, sir," continued Jock, "master has always been home afore this time of morning; and that and that put together makes me uneasy-like, and that's all about it," and Jock brought his right hand down on his left emphatically.

The few words of the faithful servant roused the colonel to consider the matter. Fear is infectious, and he began to share a little in Jock's anxiety.

"Make inquiries when he was last seen, and where then going, and bring me word;" and Jock went on his errand.

The colonel had a thorough knowledge of Irish character, and the impulsiveness of its nature. In those times, also, deeds of violence and bloodshed were not uncommon, instigated too often by malice and a desire of revenge for fancied or real injuries. As yet, however, he felt no very great apprehension for the safety of the young officer; and it was not until later in the day, when nothing had been heard of Henry Leslie, that he really felt alarm and anxiety.

Inquiries were then more rigorously instituted and a search was made.

The evening was closing in fast, still no tidings; the searchers were now investigating the banks of the river—and had proceeded as far as the seat where Henry and Alice had sat the evening before, and still no result. Here, however, the quick eye of one of the men employed on the search noticed that the grass and soil near the spot were much torn and trampled on, and that the bushes growing on the side of the steep bank had been rudely pulled and broken, as if some one had caught at them to save a fall into the river below. Suspicion, strong suspicion, was aroused. Did the cold dark river below know the tale? had it some dreadful secret to divulge?

It was at last determined to drag the river, and by the time the requisite preparations had been completed a large crowd had collected on the spot. Among the number it may be well to mention that the father and mother of the girl were present; for *she* also had been missing since last night—a coincidence that favoured the opinion of the majority that they had eloped; but this was shown to be absurd, as there was no possible motive for such an act.

Meanwhile the river was being dragged. For a long time their efforts were fruitless, and they were about to give up the task, when a cry was raised that the drags were raising some heavy substance to the surface.

Slowly and steadily, inch by inch, on they pull. Soon the burden would be seen; each breath is held in expectation, and a still and awful silence pervades the whole crowd. On they pull; one more effort—there, there *it* comes, a confused mass floating through the dark-blue waters, nearer and nearer—a moment more—horror of horrors!—locked in each other's arms, the loving and the loved, the lost and the found, roll at the feet of the terror-stricken multitude.

There was a groan of anguish as the pale yet still beautiful faces of Henry Leslie and his bride were exposed to view. Doubt was for ever at an end. There lay two mute but terrible witnesses of the stern and fearful truth. All was over.

How the sad calamity occurred never was and never, in all probability, will be known. It was the universal conviction at the time that they had been murdered; but by whom, has never been discovered. The opinion was suggested that they had committed suicide; but that was speedily dismissed; for, as in the case of an elopement, there was no possible motive for such a deed. Suicide, therefore, was out of the question;

murdered no doubt they were. At the inquest, evidence was given that a man wrapped in a large cloak had been seen hurriedly departing on the night the lovers had parted at the bridge ; and to this day it is thought that the cloaked man had something to do with the mysterious murder.

Then again, *how* they were murdered is another difficulty. If merely pushed into the river, Henry's known power of swimming could easily have saved both ; and there was no wound of any kind on either of the bodies to induce the supposition that they had been stabbed or shot.

The murderer may have been now called to his last account ; he may still be living to publish on his deathbed his awful secret, and then, and not till then, to give to the world the record of his crime. Be that as it may, the deepest mystery pervaded the whole affair—a mystery which probably in this world will never be cleared.



## A SINGING DITTY.

SOME sing for love ; some sing for gain ;  
Some sing to lull another's pain.  
I've sung because you asked me to,  
But surely that's not "something new."

Some sing for grief, and some for joy ;  
Some sing to please, some to annoy ;  
Some of you sing because you ought to  
Practise the scales your teacher taught you.

The young lady at the piano-forte  
Sings till her listening lover's caught ;  
And gentlemen with "light guitars"  
Sing late at night beneath the stars.

Some sing to stop uneasy thinking ;  
Some only sing when they've been drinking,  
And then to give the neighbours warning  
They're up and "won't go home till morning."

Some sing to please a haughty lady,  
And some to ease a naughty baby ;  
Some sing for spite ; some sing, like boys,  
For mere delight of making noise.

Some idle people sing because  
They've nothing else on earth to do ;  
And some folks make an awful noise,  
And think that they are singing too !

62-67. NEWEST PATTERNS FOR CAPS, HEADDRESS,  
AND MURLIN BODICE.

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62. MORNING CAP.

between two bands  
fastened in front with  
trefail. The sleeve is  
elbow, and trimmed to  
band is of coloured  
on the right side by a

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64. "FANCHON" CAP.

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64. "FANCHON" CAP.

This cap is made of mullin, with applique  
lace flowers on the crown and strings. It is  
entirely trimmed with wide lace, headed by  
coloured ribbon. Bows of the same ribbon  
ornament the left side.

63. MURLIN BODICE.

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65. A DINKER CAP.

## NEW CAPS AND COLIFURIA.

66. " KATHLEEN" CAP.

## THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN'S RECIPE-BOOK.

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**PLAIN PLUM-PUDDING.**—One pound of suet shred fine, ten ounces stoned raisins, four spoonful flour, three do. loaf-sugar, a little salt and nutmeg, and four eggs. Mix all together, tie in a cloth, and boil seven hours.

**GERMAN PUFFS.**—Six eggs, one pint of milk, three spoonful of flour, four ounces of butter melted, and a spoonful of beer ; mix, and fill cups half full ; bake fifteen minutes ; wine sauce.

**STRENGTHENING JELLY.**—One pint port wine, two ounces white sugar-candy, two ounces isinglass, one and a half ounce of gum-arabic ; let it stand covered fifteen hours, then simmer half an hour ; when cold, it will jelly.

**LEMON FLUMMEY.**—Squeeze four lemons into a basin, throwing in the rinds, but not the seeds ; add half a pint of water, half pound loaf sugar, and cover close for an hour ; take out the lemon-rinds, and again cover, and let it stand all night. Then strain through a cloth, and add one ounce of isinglass, and put in a saucepan with six eggs well beaten, set over the fire, and keep stirring one way, till it is as thick as cream. When milk-warm, put into moulds, previously dipped in cold water.

**SIBERIAN CRAB JELLY.**—Three pounds of Siberian crabs ; wash and take off the stalks, put them into the oven with a quart of water, let them boil gently until they burst, but not to pulp ; pour the whole into a jelly-bag, and when the juice is quite clear, put it into a preserving pan. Boil quickly for ten minutes, take it from the fire, and stir in until dissolved one pound and a quarter of roughly powdered loaf-sugar ; boil again fifteen minutes, and pour into moulds. It is beautiful for desserts.

**A GOOD AND INEXPENSIVE SPONGE-CAKE.** Three quarters pound of lump-sugar, not quite half a gill of boiling water, poured over the sugar ; when dissolved, whisk it and seven eggs (leaving out the whites of three) together for half an hour ; then stir in with a spoon a little essence of lemon, two ounces and a half of bitter almonds beaten fine ; add by degrees half a pound of dried flour. Bake an hour in rather a quick oven. Observe not to whisk after any flour is in.

**ORANGE CAKES.**—Take equal weights of Seville oranges and loaf-sugar, pound the latter small, quarter the oranges, taking out the pulp-strings, &c., shred the peels small, and beat them to a paste in a marble mortar, then add the sugar by degrees, and also the pulp (free from seeds and strings), and to every pound put two large spoonfuls of lemon-juice. Drop the size of a crown-piece upon dishes, and dry in a stove.

**DUTCH CAKE.**—Six ounces of butter and lard mixed, four eggs, half pound of flour, half pound of sugar ; beat the butter and lard to a cream, mix with the eggs well beaten, then add the flour and sugar, both warmed, and a little nutmeg and cinnamon ; when well beaten, add a spoonful of brandy, and bake a full hour, in a buttered mould, in a quick oven.

**SCOTCH CAKE.**—One pound of flour, half pound of butter, half pound of sugar, and a little almond flavouring ; rub all well together, and put into a buttered tin in crumbs. Bake an hour in a slow oven.

**SHORT BREAD.**—Two pounds of flour, one pound of butter, half pound of sugar ; melt the butter in a pan, mix the flour and sugar, pour in the butter, knead it up ; roll out half an inch thick, flour the tins, and bake in a slow oven ; sift sugar over.

**BIRTHDAY PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS.**—One pound of suet shred fine, quarter pound of treacle, one pound of currants, one pound of flour ; to be mixed with boiling milk ; add candied lemon, sultana raisins, nutmeg and bitter almonds to taste ; tie in a cloth, and boil five hours.

**ROUGH BISCUITS.**—One pound of flour, five eggs, leaving out two of the whites, one pound of sugar; beat the eggs and sugar together half an hour; mix with the flour one ounce of ground ginger and one ounce of carraways; then mix all together; drop upon tins, so as to look rough when baked.

**STOVED CREAM.**—Boil a pint of cream with a stick of cinnamon, quarter ounce of isinglass, and sugar to taste; when nearly cold, pour over sweetmeats arranged in a glass dish.

**SOLID SYLLABUBS.**—To a quart of rich cream put a pint of white wine, the juice of four lemons, and sugar to taste; whisk very well, and take off the froth as it rises; put it upon a hair sieve, let it stand some hours in a cool place; fill the glasses rather more than half, then put on the froth as high as you can; the bottom will look clear, and keep several days.

**YELLOW FLUMMERY.**—Dissolve half ounce of isinglass in half pint of water, add the juice of one lemon, the yolks of four eggs, half pint of white wine, the rind of the lemon grated, and sugar to taste; boil, and strain through a lawn sieve; put into glasses.

**AN EXCELLENT PUDDING.**—A teacupful of cream, the same of oiled butter, and a little salt, made into a stiff batter with flour, so that it will just pour out; tie in cloth, and boil two hours.

**A BAKED APPLE-PUDDING.**—Four large apples boiled, a small roll grated, four ounces of butter, four yolks and two whites of eggs well beaten, sugar to taste; edge a dish with puff-paste, and bake half an hour.

**NEW COLLEGE PUDDING.**—Grate the crumb of a penny roll, mince half pound of suet fine, half pound of currants, quarter pound of sugar, a little nutmeg, and a small glass of white wine; mix with two eggs, roll the shape of an egg, and fry in butter; a light-brown wine sauce.

**MACDONALD PUDDING.**—One pint of new milk, boiled with a little cinnamon; strain, and let it stand till cold; add three well-beaten eggs and a little white sugar; butter a mould well, and put in a stewpan twenty minutes; let it stand five minutes before turning out.

**MUFFIN PUDDING.**—A layer of sweetmeats first and last in a mould or basin; between them layers of ratafias cakes; roll sweetmeats, and custards; put a clean bag over the mould before the pudding-cloth, boil an hour, turn out and serve with wine sauce.

**ITALIAN CREAM.**—One pint of cream, two spoonsful of brandy, two do. white wine, the peel and juice of two lemons, sugar to taste; whisk all together till very thick, then wet a thin cloth, and lay on a sieve to drain for twenty-four hours; garnish with dry sweetmeats when sent to table.

**SHREWSBURY CAKES.**—One pound of flour, half pound of butter, six ounces of sugar, some carraway seeds; make into a paste with an egg or a large spoonful of cream, roll out thin, cut with a wine-glass; a few minutes bakes them.

**GINGER CAKES.**—One pound of flour, ten ounces of sugar, half pound of butter, one ounce of ginger; mix into a stiff paste with a little cold water, roll thin, and bake in a slow oven.

**AN EXCELLENT DISH FOR LUNCHEON.**—Take a quantity of apples, pears, and plums; boil them separately, and bruise them small; rub the plums through a colander, then boil all together till quite stiff, and will cut in slices; add one pound of sugar to three pounds of fruit before the second boiling. Serve with snow-balls of boiled rice and cream.

**CHEAP CAKE.**—One pound of flour, one pound of currants, washed, picked, and dried, half pound of sugar, quarter pound of treacle, three ounces of candied lemon sliced, quarter pound of butter, two eggs, one gill of new milk; warm the milk and butter together, mix all the dry ingredients with four teaspoonsful of baking-powder, beat the eggs, and add them to the butter and milk; mix all together, and put into a quick oven as soon as possible, in a buttered mould.

**PLAIN CAKE.**—Rub quarter pound of butter into one pound of patent flour, grate in the rind of a lemon, half pound of loaf-sugar powdered; beat up four eggs with a pint of cream or new milk, add half pound of currants, washed and picked, to the dry ingredients; mix all together, and bake immediately, in a buttered mould, in a brisk oven for an hour or an hour and a half.



## OUR DRAWING-ROOM.

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**B**ELLE BESS challenges us on the question of drawing-room furniture; and at sight thereof we turned pale—or ought to have done—lest B. B. should be cynical on *our* Drawing-room. No, B. B. is in earnest; and she wants to know whether we don't think a "nice parlour" is quite as good as a drawing-room "that looks shabby." We should say decidedly better. Comfort in furnishing is the primary article, the initial of happy domestic life. Next to comfort comes elegance; and it is possible to combine both, making up one of the happiest marriages on earth. Elegance without comfort is detestable. As to furniture, if you have the means at your disposal, the best way is to have the latest fashions, plenty of space, plenty of good things to fill it, plenty of rich drapery, plenty of soft couches, plenty of glass, plenty of light: all these, whatever be the *môde*, are at all times in fashion. Plenty of light means a sufficiency of windows in the day, and an ample allowance of chandeliers at night. And plenty of light means more than this,—it implies that you have nothing in the room that you do object to be seen.

Following BELLE BESS is LITTLE HOUSEWIFE, who asks us whether "gray-goose feathers" are not "quite as good as white." Tenacious in temperament, we look twice at the word "goose," and wonder whether LITTLE HOUSEWIFE is a quiz. No, she means what she says; she is talking of

Bed, bed, delicious bed,  
A heaven on earth to the weary head!

Now our conviction is that we should be all plucked of our feathers,—that is to say that we should give up our feather-beds. We do not want them; they do not agree with us; they cost a lot of money; and (see Jane Tayler's maxim) we can do without them. May we venture to quote the old rhyme, "sung or said" in nurseries?—

We'll sell my father's feather-bed,  
Mother, mother!  
We'll sell my father's feather-bed,  
Gentle sweet mother of mine!

But, to quote another rhyme, shall we

"sell our bed  
And lie upon straw."

Not at all; we will lie on a comfortable spring mattress. In fact feather-beds with the higher classes have gone out, with the middling classes are going out, and only hold their own in that lower class where the feather-bed early in married life migrates to the pawnbroker. A capital article on the subject of beds appears in *All the Year Round* for the week ending January 5th: "Beds!"

BLOSSOM has quarrelled with the old folks at home, which is very wrong on her part, has gone out governessing, and does not like it. Well, "as she makes her bed so must she lie on it." Her bed seems not to be stuffed with the down of the stubble-goose, but

"with only the stubble."

Who is to blame, BLOSSOM. BLOSSOM, count twenty before you speak once! Suppose they were testy, exacting, "positively despotic," as you say, they meant well by you; and, as we once heard a clergyman say—rather oddly *we* thought—in a sermon to children, you will

have the opportunity of doing the same yourself some day. Now the best thing to be done is to stand by your choice, for evidently you are not penitent: go on where you are. Some people would tell you to go home and be sorry; we do not. You are simply sorry because you have made yourself uncomfortable. Bear it; we think you did foolishly in leaving a good home; we think it would be simply—pardon the vulgarism—"sneakish" to run back to it. *But* we think you are very wrong indeed in not keeping up a correspondence with them at home; and if you are sorry say so; but bear your self-imposed penance like a woman.

Our poetical friends are liberal in their offerings, and we are correspondingly grateful. But we cannot avail ourselves of them all. A FRIEND FROM FRANKFORT is moved by poetic afflatus to sing of a stocking:

Ye swear, ye fools, and swear I'm joking,  
Or else the gentle muse's mocking,  
To see this song about a stocking  
So soft and woolly.  
Yet though it seems to you so shocking,  
'Tis very *holy*.

He does not say whether it is a blue stocking, and we have not time to ascertain. CECILE favours us with some lines on a brunette, which we have pleasure in quoting at length:

Let others sing of laughing eyes,  
Sunny and blue as summer skies;  
I turn from such without regret  
To thy brown orbs, my own brunette.  
  
Let others sing of auburn hair,  
And golden tresses, rich and fair;  
Such charms could ne'er make me forget  
Thy raven locks, my own brunette.  
  
Sweet are blue eyes, I do confess,  
And beautiful the golden tress;  
Yet from such charms without regret  
I turn to thine, my own brunette.  
  
So much thy dark eye doth express,  
None can dispute its loveliness  
Who once its tender glance have met,  
My dark-eyed one, my own brunette!  
  
Then here's success to all the fair,  
The lovely blondes with golden hair;  
With all their charms, I'll never let  
Them rival thee, my own brunette.

JACQUES, who seems almost as melancholy without being as philosophical as his nameake of the Ardennes, tells us, in one or two pages of suggestive foolscap, that he was

born to despair, o'er the dark earth to wander;  
Night and morning alike on deep sorrow to ponder;  
To love and be unloved, to labour and fail,  
To find none responsive to his dismal tale.

No, we should think not; it is evidently "a horrible tale," and no one cares to hear it. LITTLE DOT is joyous; but by a singular coincidence we have seen her lines a long while ago, with a familiar name attached to them. How curious!—two ideas occurring to the same people, in exactly the same phrases and the same measure! L. F. B. in mournful strain assures us that

Life has lost its charm  
Since he departed,  
I loved him so.  
He to me was dear as I to he,  
And yet we parted.

Is this rhyme? There is a good deal more in the same style; but we have not the least idea

where he has gone to, why he went, or whether he is likely to come back. Probably he has written a farewell letter to L. F. B. after the manner of the youngest gentleman at Todgers' to Miss Pecksniff: "Farewell! may the furniture be some amends! Be the proud bride of a ducal coronet, and forget me. Long may it be before you know the anguish with which I now subscribe myself, unalterably, never your Augustus." JENNY sends a scrap of poetry about a singing-bird, which would look very pretty in an album, but is not strong enough for print.

Etiquette is a very delicate and dubious matter in its minute details. Broad principles of politeness are easily understood, but small formalities must be humoured. It is possible—and indeed this is proper—to act in the spirit, but not according to the letter, of strict etiquette. MAGGIE ALICE must try to act in this way. Strictly speaking, a lady ought not to recognise a gentleman of her own standing to whom she has not been formally introduced; but as the gentleman in question acted with so much courtesy, and was really of so much use, to take no notice of him and treat him as a stranger would be barbarous. The prettiest course would be for a male friend of the lady's to thank the gentleman, and bring him and the lady formally together. The best manners are, in the main, the easiest and most natural. Studied politeness is vexatious, and generally springs from an uncultivated or half-cultivated mind.

A YOUNG FRIEND puts her hand in ours, and asks can we tell her whether St. Valentine was a married man. Certainly not; how could he have been? celibacy of the clergy, you know. YOUNG FRIEND, persistent: But why not? How can we answer, except that the Roman Church forbids to marry? But YOUNG FRIEND, more persistent than ever: Was not St. Peter the first pope? Well, perhaps. Well, he was a married man, and his wife's mother lived with him. We decline to argue the question; but we do not think Valentine was married. The YOUNG FRIEND goes on to ask what do we think about confession; and our answer is: Much: we think a confession of love very proper, we think a confession of a fault very just, but do we think that the practice of confession to a clergyman is consistent with the doctrine of the Church of England? Flatly we answer, no. But YOUNG FRIEND says she "doatingly" fond of a curate,—“such a clever man!”—and wants to make a little confession to him. Confess by all means, child; the blush confesses. That he will give you absolution have no doubt at all:

“You must do penance for this, Sister Joan.”

“What must I do, Father Francis?”

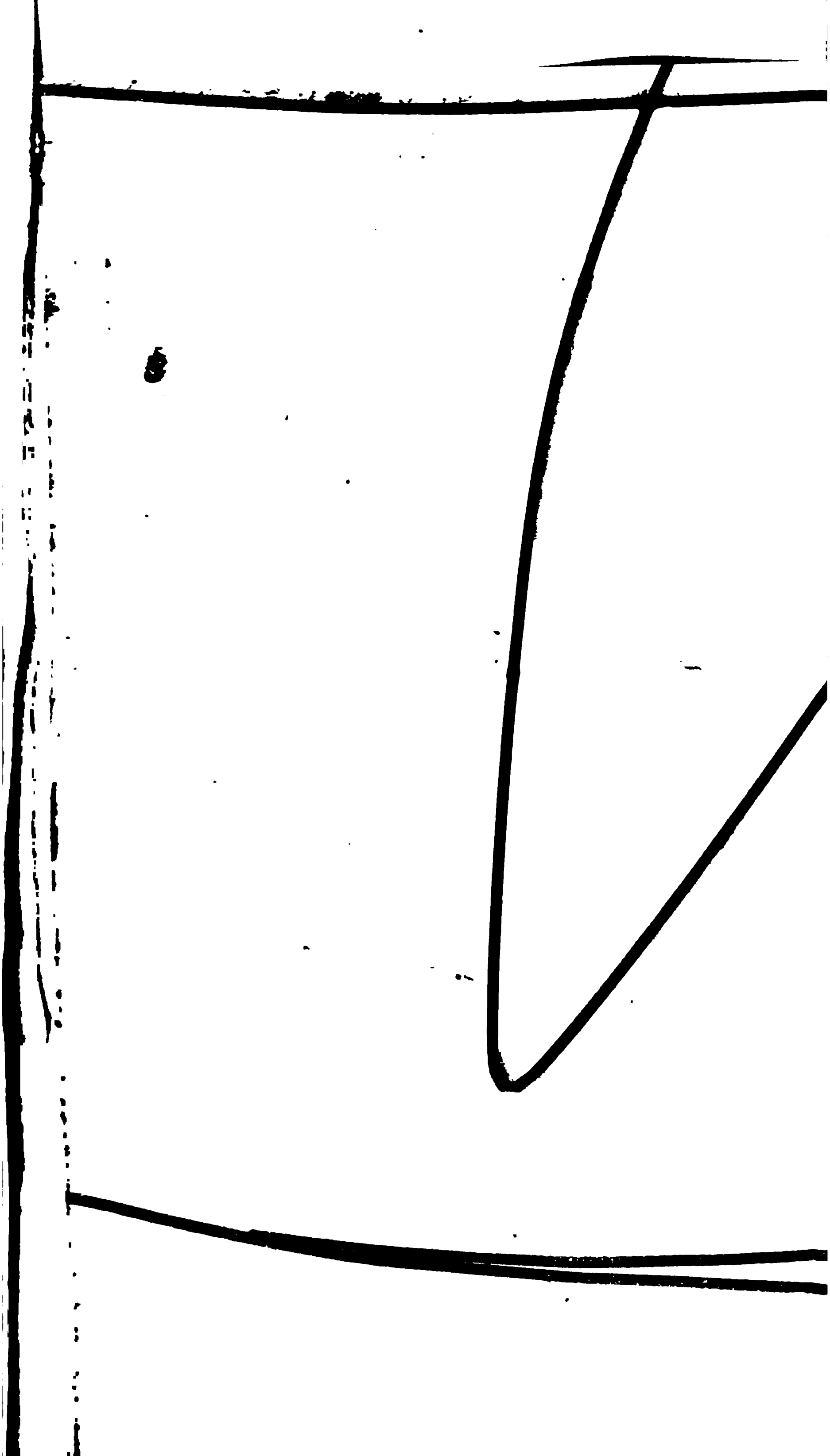
“Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me!”

L. N. G.—Go to Cremer's,—Cremer Junior, in Regent-street. Do you remember Kingsley rhymes?—

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,  
The prettiest doll in the world;  
Her cheeks were so red and white, dears,  
And her hair so charmingly curled.  
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,  
As I played on the heath one day;  
And I cried for more than a week, dears,  
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,  
As I played on the heath one day:  
Folks say that she's terribly changed, dears,  
For her paint is all washed away,  
And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,  
And her hair not the least bit curled.  
Yet for old sake's sake she is still, dears,  
The prettiest doll in the world.

There is an impression generally abroad that children are partial to broken toys. We think they would much sooner have them mended; so we recommend you to this doll's hospital in Regent-street, and we are quite sure that the little girl will be comforted by the skill of the doll surgeon.



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# THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN.

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## THE HYMN OF LOVE.

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### CHAPTER VI.

HOW MATTERS WENT ON IN THE HOUSE OF THE HERR NOTARIUS.

**A**LL Bertha's reasoning, strange to say, was lost upon Minna, mean-spirited girl that she was. It was absolutely impossible to convince her that Otto was immeasurably her inferior.

"Well," thought Bertha, "all I can now do for the silly creature is to show her *how* this precious Otto of hers should be treated. He needs a few lessons, which I may as well amuse myself by giving him. I shall show him he is not of such infinite importance as he and that goose Minna imagine. Yes, truly will she find occasion to say with our sage Klopstock, 'She makes him wiser by vexing him.' And it will be quite amusing to see how the dear youth will like it."

That was not at all: it would have been hard for a humbler-minded person than Otto Müller to relish the mode of tuition adopted by the self-elected instructress. It was hardly pleasant to him to see, as he presently did, how entirely he was looked down upon by this brilliant creature; for it was quite evident that in her eyes he who was looked up to by all the young men in Bergheim—and by old ones too—for his sense, his many acquirements, his talents, was no better than a mere country clown, without pretensions of any kind. True, he had found her agreeable enough on the evening of her arrival; but since she had subjected him to so many mortifications, that it was no wonder he should change his mind regarding her. Why, the very next evening, while he was singing his finest song—what, in fact, he considered his show song—he had heard the Fräulein remark to Minna that "the Herr Müller had a naturally fine voice, which only required cultivation to become pleasing; it was really a pity he did not know what to do with it." Small comfort was it to hear Minna's indignant refutation of this criticism, and her warm though whispered praises of his taste and skill. Minna, of course, thought all he did perfection (that was quite natural); but she, dear child, was no judge; whereas the Fräulein Bertha was undeniably a most accomplished and admirable musician. After this it may be believed that Otto never cared to exhibit his musical acquirements before such a critic.

Of course he resented it, as well as other slights ; and they were not few. He and Bertha were eternally at variance ; never could they agree upon any one subject. So endless were their dissensions, that Minna fully believed her mischievous cousin must spend half her time in planning quarrels for the other half. Certainly she never relaxed in her warfare ; she displayed wonderful ingenuity in discovering the weak points of the enemy, and in availing herself of them. Sadly did she harass and annoy him.

Once Herr Müller seemed to have made up his mind not again to enter the house of the Herr Notarius while the wicked Bertha remained there, for during three whole days he was absent without any leave-taking.

"Well," cried Bertha, with a toss of her head, "what does this mean ? It seems to me that the Herr Otto has become downright rude, in addition to his other virtues. What does he mean by keeping aloof from us in this way ?"

"You need hardly ask, Bertha," her cousin replied coldly. "You are ever seeking to annoy and tease him, and you really carry your jests too far. I wonder your fine Parisian education has not taught you a little more—more consideration for others."

"Thou silly child ! I was only jesting the whole time. Cease crying now, and I promise to tell thy Otto so quite meekly, next time I see him."

She kept her promise. Otto came in next evening, and finding the Fräulein Bertha alone in the Saal, would have retired with a very ceremonious bow. But to his surprise, in place of the defiantly saucy face he expected to meet, he saw one bearing a very oddly-blended expression, made up of embarrassment, amusement, penitence, and—mildness. More—the voice that greeted him was downright timid, and hesitating, and ill-assured. He could hardly credit his senses. Was this indeed the Fräulein Bertha ?

"Herr Müller," quoth the lady, "don't go away, please. Minna and the uncle Wilhelm are only taking a little stroll, and will be in immediately. And—and I want to speak to you, if I may."

Otto bowed, more bewildered than ever, and sank into a seat. Bertha went on :

"Yes, I fear I have been rude to you, though I thought you would be by this time too much used to my jests to mind them. They are no more, I assure you ; and so you must please forgive me, if I hurt you. I believe I ought to make some atonement, but I don't quite know how. You see—"

She was positively bewitching when she looked up half-shyly into the young man's face ; and the unwonted softness of tone gave new charm to her most musical voice. Otto was bewildered, delighted, amazed, and the young lady was nowise slow to comprehend the effect she produced. He stammered out some disclaimer of any need for apology or explanation ; but Bertha, gently still, cut him short, and said,

"You see I am not quite used to submission, but I *am* really sorry for having pained you. Will you forgive me ?" Then, in a lighter tone, she added, drawing away the hand which he had taken. "And to prove that I am forgiven, will you sing for me ?"

Otto shrank back as he remembered her criticism. Bertha, quick as lightning, understood him.

"Surely," she said, with a charming smile, "you do not mind any of the saucy things I have said from time to time ? Well, since I am making confessions to-night, I may own that any such remarks were mischievously adapted for your hearing, and were merely uttered to tease you. Am I not wicked ?—Now, Minnchen," turning to her cousin, who now entered, "I have made my apologies in all due form ; am I not a good child ?"

Minna's bright smile was a satisfactory reply.

After this there was a suspension of hostilities, and Minna was delighted to see

how pleasantly and smoothly the two got on. But one unfortunate day an unlucky speech of Otto's made the breach anew—wider this time than ever.

A box had arrived for the Fräulein Bertha ; and thence she produced, amongst other things, Madame de Stael's *Corinne* and *Delphine*, which she had procured as presents for Minna. Just then Otto walked in, greeting the cousins in his usual friendly fashion.

"And what, then, are these finely-bound books?" he asked, bending over Minna's chair to glance at the volumes she was so eagerly examining. But no sooner had he seen them than, lo! he unceremoniously—rudely even—took them from her hands, and broke out into a vehement denunciation of the false sentiment and ill-concealed immorality they displayed. Unmindful of the signs of Minna, or of the heightened colour and curling lips of the Fräulein Bertha, he ran on with his strictures, and wound up by saying that the woman who could find pleasure in the perusal of such books could be neither innocent nor pure-minded.

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when the indignant Fräulein Bertha, with crimsoned cheeks and anger-flashing eyes, started up and swept out of the room. Detaining Minna, who was hastening after her offended cousin, he anxiously demanded the cause of that lady's anger ; and this a few words sufficed to convey to him. Had Bertha seen his look of horror and dismay, even she would have been appeased.

"My love!" he cried, "what shall I ever say to excuse myself? How can she forgive such rudeness, involuntary though it was? Ah, Minna, dearest child, go thou at once and beg of her to come back and listen to my apology. Tell her that whatever she may think of me, not for worlds would I offend her. Go, thou best child—go!"

He paced the room impatiently while she was away, with heightened colour and agitated face. Now and again he burst forth into self-reproachful exclamations and accusations.

But Minna came back to tell him that Bertha was seriously offended, turned a deaf ear to all apologies or explanations, and positively refused to return while the offender remained. To-morrow, Minna said, Bertha would be calm ; and her own good sense would tell her that Otto could not possibly have meant to offend her. To-morrow he could doubtless come and make peace with her. So Otto had to go away, much disturbed and mortified by what had happened.

Really and truly was Bertha offended—to an extent that surprised even herself not a little. She could never have believed that anyone had it in his power to rouse her sore and angry feelings as this rude Otto had done. But had she been sufficiently cool to reflect, she must have owned, doubtless with great satisfaction, that by no amount of ingenuity or tact could *she* have so completely humbled this young villager as this incident had done for her.

Who will wonder that Minna, perplexed and troubled by all these unwonted scenes, began heartily to wish the clever beautiful cousin safe at home in Aachen? What were Bertha's beauty and Bertha's accomplishments in comparison with the sunshine of love and peace that her presence seemed to have driven from the house? And ah! it must be confessed that there had been but little happiness or comfort for her since Bertha's arrival. The very first night, as we have seen, left her bleeding from the pricks of the sharp rose-thorns. It was the first time—thanks, perhaps, to her humble, loving nature—but it was by no means the last. Many a little act or speech that before would have cost her no pang had keenly wounded now that Bertha—the gay, mocking Bertha—was by to see and hear, and often, far worse, to comment on it. Then these miserable quarrels and wordy encounters, that seemed, somehow, to separate Otto from his poor little Minna!



Now, Minna marvelled exceedingly to find her cousin take Otto's words so much to heart. She had found her crouched on the floor, with her face hidden in her hands, sobbing as if her heart would break.

## CHAPTER VII.

### HOW THE QUARREL ENDED.

VASTLY was Minna mistaken in believing that upon reflection her cousin must acquit Otto of anything save an innocent *gaucherie*; Bertha laughed bitterly at all attempts at explanation. No, no; she was not such a baby as to believe these lame excuses; she understood the whole thing perfectly. She knew well she had incurred the everlasting enmity of the conceited and insufferably rude Herr Müller by her great candour. The Herr Müller was one of those men who never forgive the slightest prick administered to their egregious self-love; men to whom candour and plain-speaking are as hateful poisons; men who expect the world to shut its eyes and take them exactly on their own showing. Now she, Bertha, had never scrupled to let him see she was not one to be imposed on by his ridiculous assumption of superiority, by his long faces, by his world-worn axioms.

The two girls were seated under the trees in the orchard, when they saw the delinquent coming slowly towards them. Minna had at length, after infinite trouble, got Bertha to promise that when Otto came she would at least consent to receive his apology. Now divining that to one of his proud and sensitive nature even her presence might prove unwelcome at the moment, she sprang hastily up, and, heedless of Bertha's entreaties, hastened away, and disappeared amongst the trees.

Never had the Fräulein Bertha looked so lovely; and so Otto could not help thinking, spite of his perturbation. She sat quietly under the old leaf-laden trees; only her heightened colour and proudly compressed lips denoting emotion at his approach. The lustrous eyes had a new lustre, the small head was even more gracefully erect than usual. More and more keenly did poor Otto feel what it was to have incurred the anger of the radiant being. Bit by bit his pride and self-possession oozed away, until he stood before her, even as a courtier before his sovereign. With difficulty he spoke.

"I am here, Fräulein Bertha," he began; and then abruptly ceased.

A slight inclination of the head was the only notice taken of this rather superfluous announcement.

"The Fräulein Bertha knows why I am here," Otto went on, beginning in some degree to recover from his confusion. "She knows that I am here earnestly and truthfully to disavow any save an involuntary offence, an unlucky blunder, no sooner discovered than deeply repented."

"You make little of the offence, Herr Müller," Bertha cried with indignant abruptness.

"Pardon me, Fräulein; I say rather how deep is my repentance—"

"Repentance, sir! you do well to talk of that, after having let fly the poisoned shaft, to wound, and rankle in the wound. What is it to me that you did not aim directly at me? though, for that matter, it would not be the first time, no, nor the hundredth time, you had done so."

"I, Fräulein Bertha! I!"

"You, you yourself, Herr Otto. Often and often have you, assuming to yourself a right that no mortal can possess—that of judging others by a narrow code of your own—often, I say, have you spoken cruel cutting words that you must have known would wound me keenly. You thought I never noticed; but I did. I am a woman, and as sensitive as another to rudeness or unkindness."

Otto was so astounded by the vehemence of these charges, that at first he knew not how to answer. But he began to feel piqued, and even resentful of the lady's scornful, imperious tone; so he summoned back his courage, and replied proudly as herself:

"You are unjust now, Fräulein, in this accusation. I cannot accuse myself of anything even approaching to the unmanly rudeness which you would attribute to me. No; I am incapable of such conduct."

"I know well your mighty opinion of your own merits, Herr Müller," Bertha retorted with contempt. "But allow me to say that others do not see with your eyes—except, indeed, that silly baby-cousin of mine."

Otto was crimson with anger.

"If the Fräulein Bertha," he cried, "were not proud beyond belief, she would not be so ready to take offence where none was ever intended."

"The woman must be a fool or a mope," retorted Bertha, "who could bear unmoved the sarcasms of the Herr Müller."

"Sarcasms! *My* sarcasms!"

"Or who could tamely submit to his intolerable assumptions."

"Assumptions!"

"Or who could be blind to his ridiculous self-conceit."

"Self-conceit! self-conceit!"

Otto seemed to echo these accusations mechanically. Bertha became each moment more excited.

"Yes, Herr Müller, I repeat it; your sarcasms, your ridiculous assumptions, your intolerable self-conceit. All these, your faults, sir, are salient, most offensive. But of course, being a man, you are blind to your own failings, while you view those of your neighbours with a powerful microscopic lens."

"Which the Fräulein would seem to have borrowed to review mine," murmured Otto, now pallid with anger and mortification.

"It was nowise necessary—they are sufficiently enormous viewed with the naked eye."

"I have long known that the Fräulein Bertha hated and despised me," said Otto; "but even admitting that I possess all these faults, is it womanly or charitable in her to cast them at me thus?"

"I am not charitable, nor do I wish to be," cried the lady; "and it is womanly to resent offence."

"Which was never meant, however you may have misunderstood my words." His anger was being fast absorbed in mortification of the most painful kind. His colour changed rapidly; his lips quivered as he spoke. Bertha, seeing this, began to feel ashamed of her passion, and would even have repaired the mischief if she could. There was a brief pause. Each moment of silence added to the gentleman's soreness of feeling and to the lady's penitence. She stole a couple of half-shy glances at him: she blamed herself more after each glance. After all, what right had she to upbraid him? It was quite clear she had been playing a very silly part. What was to come next?

Meanwhile Otto was incasing himself in an armour of cold stateliness that became him vastly, as the lady acknowledged, spite of her love of independence. After a little he spoke, proudly—and the pride became him too.

"I have yet, Fräulein," he said, "to say what I had purposed saying in coming hither. Let us forget, for the moment, my so salient faults; I but ask of you to look on me as possessed of common manliness of feeling. You will accord me so much?"

Bertha bowed, with another shy penitent glance. How handsome he looked! How sorry she felt!

"Then you cannot doubt my assurance that not for worlds would I knowingly have been guilty of the rudeness it has pleased you to impute to me."

"I do believe you, Herr Müller," Bertha replied frankly, and for her softly; "but I must repeat that your words pained me more than I can say. Of this, did you know me well, my very anger would be sufficient proof. But you—you were wrong in thinking that I despised you, or thought meanly of you, or—or disliked you. Were such the case, your words would not have pained me. Still must I say, Herr Otto, that you are inclined, greatly inclined, to judge hardly of others."

"And you, Fräulein?" Otto could not help saying, soothed and flattered though he felt by the last speech. Bertha's smile was of a most enigmatical nature.

"I am a woman," she replied, with enchanting softness; "and allow me to tell you that of women you are utterly incapable of understanding the true inner character or of understanding their words in their true sense. These are enigmas that older and wiser heads than yours have tried in vain to solve. I, a woman, tell you, that no man that ever lived was able to probe the depths of a woman's nature. In this way woman is the sphinx that puzzles philosophers and fools alike. Hence, when men judge us, in nine cases out of ten are they unjust, and in the tenth, blind."

Perhaps Otto was not quite so blind as she thought him; perhaps she herself had within the last few seconds plucked the scales from his eyes. To judge from his countenance, at once eager, animated, and thoughtful, and from his looks, which scanned keenly, earnestly his companion's now smiling face, a new and most grateful light seemed to have burst upon his brain. Even her proud bright eyes sank before his flashing scrutiny. Somehow, it made her feel uncomfortable.

"To sum up," said Otto after a little; "first, I am forgiven?"

There was a ring in his voice that made Bertha look up. She looked away, more uncomfortable than before; yet with a tolerable assumption of unconcern she replied,

"Yes, all offences inclusive."

"And the Fräulein's last speech—what may it in plain words imply?"

"That you are to discover, Herr Müller, if you can."

"Then I take it to mean that a woman's words are to be interpreted rather from a knowledge of the feeling that prompted them than from their literal sense?"

Again Bertha started, and glanced up at her companion. He smiled, with a certain triumphant meaning. She, after a moment's indecision, smiled in return.

"That is rather a free rendering," she said, "but, on the whole, not discreditable to your sagacity. Now let us be serious. Be assured that your sweeping denunciation of last evening was unjust. There are many women, high-minded and good, who could, and do, read the works you condemned, enjoy the vivid word-painting, the gorgeous descriptions of scenes and places, the exquisite appreciation of the beautiful which they display and pass over without stain or hurt the mistaken views, the false reasoning, the over-exalted sentiments that also are to be found there. And in future, Herr Müller, unless you wish to make enemies through life, be more lenient in your judgments, especially on our sex. I tell you candidly that women seldom forgive such things."

"But you have forgiven me, dear Fräulein?"

"Have I not said so?"

"You are goodness itself, Fräulein Bertha; and the lesson you have given me shall never be forgotten. But I know you can make allowances for me. As you truly say, my knowledge of your sex is small indeed. Until I knew you, I had no idea of the glorious being a woman might be; until I knew you, I had no true knowledge even of myself. But, believe me, dear Fräulein," he added in a lighter tone, "I do not rank in my own estimation so highly as your words would seem to imply."

"Have I not said that a woman's words should not be literally interpreted?"

"Then you do *not* think me intolerably self-conceited?"

"That I do, Herr Otto Müller."

Otto's eyes sparkled, his lips smiled; he drew a step nearer.

"Nor very sarcastic?"

"To a detestable degree."

"Nor ridiculously assuming?"

"Unbearably so, mein Herr."

"In that case," said Otto, who, strange to say, seemed like one intoxicated with happiness at her words and manner, "we are still just where we were a quarter of an hour ago."

"Just so," Bertha whispered. She tried to laugh, but her laughter died away in blushing consciousness. She looked steadfastly upon the ground; her small foot beat nervously against the grass; she trembled even.

Her embarrassment made Otto bolder. He drew nearer, closer to her. His colour came and went, but his eager flashing eyes were full of glad triumph. He took her hand between his.

"Bertha!"

She looked up; her beautiful eyes met his with tenderness—at least without anger.

"Otto!"

"Dear Bertha! dearest Bertha! until this moment I was blind not to know why it was that your lightest word had such power to move me. Even now, at the risk of losing you for ever, I must tell you that I love thee, O my Bertha, with a deep and passionate love."

A moment he waited; then bending down, he fervently kissed her fair forehead. At that instant a cry escaped his lips; he hastily dropped the hand he held, and retreated, his face deathly pale, as for the first time he recalled his engagement to Minna. At the same moment Bertha, divining the cause of his sudden emotion, recoiled, filled with shame and remorse. She was, however, the first to speak.

"Herr Müller," she said in a low voice, "there can be no more of this—this folly, this madness. You are bound—O, how *could* I forget it?—in honour bound, in justice bound, to your betrothed Minna."

They gazed on each other in mournful silence, pale and disturbed. Little more than a year ago, in this very spot, as Otto now remembered, had he told Minna that he loved her—even as to-day he had said so to her beautiful cousin. How had he so soon forgotten? But ah, how different was his calm tranquil affection for the former from the deep intense devotion inspired by the latter! Miserably had he been mistaken in supposing that it was love he felt for Minna Reinick!

With a groan of agony he covered his face with his hands, and leaned for support against a tree. When, after a little, he looked up, Bertha had fled; and he saw her dress gleaming through the trees as she sped towards the house. Without an attempt to follow her, he turned to leave the place.

He went through the trees with bowed head and eyes gloomily fixed on the ground. Suddenly he came to a spot where the long grass was freshly trodden down, and a little work-bag with an unfinished piece of work lay under his feet.

He knew it well; it was a purse he had himself asked Minna to make. A new fear was confirmed. Minna, he doubted not, had been a spectator of the scene just narrated!

## 81, 82. TWO EVENING TOILETS.

No. 81. Low bodice of white tulle, arranged in bouillons, trimmed upon the shoulders with large rosettes of narrow black velvet ribbon, ornamented with pearl beads, and edged round with leaves of white lace. Very low corselet of black velvet, cut out in deep vandykes round the top, bound with

## 81. LOW BODICE WITH VELVET CORSELET.

white satin, and studded with pearl beads. Skirt of white or light-coloured silk. Algerian striped opera-cloak. Coiffure, with bandelettes of coloured velvet, ornamented with pearl beads.

No. 82. Low bodice of white muslin, arranged in cross pleats, trimmed with guipure lace, and accented with narrow ribbon velvet, bows of ribbon velvet upon the shoulders, waistband of black vel-

82. LOW WHITE MUSLIN BODICE.

vet. Skirt of striped coloured silk. Pearl necklace; coiffure ornamented with loops and lappets of black ribbon, and a bunch of roses.

## POCAHONTAS.

A PAGE FROM INDIAN HISTORY.

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**T**HE Bollands and the Randolphs are names distinguished in Virginia, and both families trace their descents from an Indian girl named Pocahontas. She was the daughter of Powhatan, of old a redoubtable chief in the Virginian state. Her portrait is still preserved. It represents her in the costume which was worn by the higher class of English in the time of Elizabeth ; but the stiff Indian plaits of hair which hang down her cheeks from beneath her head-dress sufficiently indicate her Indian birth. About the face there is a singular beauty, and withal a childlike innocence and grace. The fully-arched eyebrows overshadow eyes of a melancholy charm, and the firm lips mark a decision of character which was well borne out in the woman's story.

The discovery of America gave a new impetus to commerce, science, and discovery. When Columbus added a new world to Leon and Castille, he kindled a flame which roused the enterprise and daring of all surrounding nations. The wild stories of inexhaustible wealth, of countries where the river sands were gold, and jewels were as common as pebbles ; a land where everything was made of the precious metal, as if alchemy, that had so baffled the eastern and northern philosophers, had spread out her strength in the west,—stories such as these set all men thirsting for gold ; and adventurers went forth—some of them to grow rich, many of them to leave their bleached bones in the wilderness, but all to testify one way or another to the desirableness of possessing the new land.

Then settlements began to be planted. England took her full share in this work of colonisation ; New England was to spring out of old England. Among the colonists there were many doubtless who contemplated nothing more than their own comfortable settlement ; but some there were who saw the distant consequences of their undertaking, and who, by an intuitive glance into futurity, saw something of the grandeur and the greatness to which America was to attain. Among these we may safely include Captain John Smith, who was closely associated with the seminal establishment founded by the London Company in 1606.

Captain John Smith was a young man skilled in all the manly arts ; a man of great experience and undoubted courage. He had gone forth as a boy to seek adventures ; had fought gallantly in defence of the Dutch republic ; had travelled through France ; had visited Egypt, returning through Italy. On the borders of Hungary he had fought against the Turks ; and great was his reputation both among Moslems and Christians for courage and clemency. He had won the special favour of Sigismund Batheri, Prince of Transylvania. At length, being overcome in a sudden skirmish among the wild valleys of Wallachia, he was deserted on the field of battle severely wounded. By the Turks he was taken prisoner, and, his wounds being healed, was sold as a slave in Constantinople. A lady—it was ever his good fortune to enlist the sympathies of the women—pitying the humiliation of the Christian prisoner, had compassion on him, bought him, and sent him to the Crimea. There, unfortunately, he fell into the hands of a vindictive and brutal master, who by his savage treatment at last so exasperated



his slave that John Smith killed him, and seizing a horse, fled in all haste to the confines of Russia. Here, completely exhausted, and knowing not how to act, a woman became his friend. She assisted him to cross the country, and there rejoin his old companions in arms. But Smith had resolved on returning to England—a resolution he would probably have kept, had not new scenes of excitement opened to him in Morocco. Hastening thither, he took his full share in the civil war in Northern Africa. At last reaching England, he heard of the proposed colonisation of North America, and entered upon it at once with energy and enthusiasm.

The London Company, under the patronage, and indeed under the direction, of the “high and mighty Prince James,” was about to send forth three ships bearing a company of emigrants to the New World. There were only twelve labourers amongst them, the rest being gentlemen of fortune who had served the queen, and had perhaps no particular affection for her successor. Captain John Smith joined them; and on the 19th of December 1606 they set sail. King James had commanded that the names of the future councillors, governor, and other official persons should be sealed up in a tin box, not to be opened until after their arrival; consequently during the voyage there was no one in authority, and a considerable amount of heart-burning and jealousy as to who should be greatest. The voyage was long and tedious by the Canaries and West India Islands, and there was ample time to get up many a “pretty quarrel.” But the headlands of Chesapeake Bay were sighted at last, which “put the emigrants into great comfort.” The river, in their loyalty, they called after King James, and the headlands of the bay they christened after his two sons, Henry and James.

Effecting a landing without much difficulty, the emigrants spent fifteen days in exploring the banks before selecting a site for their future settlement. In their wandering they encountered a hostile tribe of red men, Indians who foresaw evil to their race in the intrusion of the pale-faces; a skirmish was the result, in which two of the English were killed. Meeting with a friendly tribe of Indians, they were encouraged to select a spot about fifty miles from the mouth of the river as the locality of their new home; there they smoked, after Indian fashion, the calumet of peace, and laid the foundation of their city—calling it Jamestown, in honour of the English king. These preliminaries arranged, the sealed box was opened, and seven names were found as those of the councillors nominated. Amongst these names was that of Bartholomew Gosnold, a brave and excellent man; Newport, a seafaring man, and commander during the voyage; Captain John Smith; and Edward Maria Wingfield, a west-country merchant, who was appointed president. Besides these there was one Robert Hunt, a clergyman of character and influence.

No sooner was it known who were the councillors than dissensions, which had begun during the voyage, were recommenced. Captain John Smith, who possessed every qualification necessary to the success of an explorer, was regarded with peculiar jealousy. It may be that he lacked discretion in the matter of speaking his mind, and that he saw plainly enough that many of those who had emigrated, as is invariably the case, had much better have remained at home. His brother councillors, envious, there can be no doubt, of his rare ability, accused him of a design of making himself king of Virginia, and thereupon excluded him from the Council. Smith was not the man to submit patiently; he demanded trial by jury; the Rev. Robert Hunt stood his friend. It was agreed that the trial should take place; and it ended not only in Smith's acquittal, but in his reinstatement as a councillor.

While the settlers busied themselves in the felling of timber, the erection of log huts, and other necessary works, Captain John Smith with a few hardy adventurers ascended the James River, and in an Indian village very near the site of Richmond made the acquaintance of Powhatan, styled the emperor of the country, and of Poca-



hontas, a young girl of some beauty and of great intelligence. From the twelve wigwams which formed the chief city of Powhatan the squaws peered curiously as the pale-faces approached. The Indians, with their arms ready, were at first ill-disposed to receive them, and would quickly have ended the story of their adventures ; but Powhatan interfered. "These strangers," he said, "did no injury to the red man by taking possession of a little waste land." He could not foresee the long and bloody struggle that would ensue between the races, the wrongs that would on both sides be committed, keeping them at variance, and consequently ignorant of the noble virtues which each of them possessed. Powhatan, "a tall, sour, and athletic man, about sixty years old," welcomed the strangers ; and Pocahontas was fascinated by the gallant Englishman.

Matters being thus amicably arranged with the Indians, the vessels which had brought over the emigrants were freighted with timber, and—Newport resuming the command—returned to England.

Trouble soon fell upon the settlers. The splendour of the country, which had at the first so enchanted them, lost its charm ; they had felled the grand old trees, but the soil needed careful tillage before it would yield profitable harvests. Their provisions were running short, the water was bad, and disease was making rapid inroads. Within a few days of the ships' sailing for England there were not ten men in the settlement fit for labour. The fortification could scarcely be completed, and the ground remained untilled. Before the close of the autumn nearly half the number of the settlers were in their graves,—amongst this number the original projector of the enterprise, Bartholomew Gosnold. Not long after this Wingfield, the president, was detected in taking the best of the scanty stores for his own use. On this discovery he attempted to escape to the West Indies, but was captured and degraded, being expelled from the Council. The next president officially appointed was totally unfitted for that office, so that the practical government of the colony fell into the hands of Captain John Smith ; and it could not have been intrusted to a better man.

Smith felt, and had felt from the first, that the only chance of permanently establishing the colony lay in conciliating the Indians. The friendly relations which he had established with Powhatan were now of particular advantage. He admitted to the red-skins the difficulties of his position, and the sore necessity his people were in for provisions. The Indians cheerfully brought in supplies ; and the colonists, thus encouraged, renewed their labours with spirit, so that before the winter set in they had completed their fortification.

The affairs of the colony being so far improved, Captain John Smith, accompanied by two Englishmen and two Indian guides, set out on an exploring expedition. The avowed object of establishing the colony, it should be remembered, was that of discovering a new passage to the South Sea. There was a notion that the continent of America was narrow, and that a river might be found connecting the two seas. It is most probable that Smith was aware of the fallacy of this idea ; but it being one of the strictly-enjoined purposes of the Company, it was his business to carry out the plan so far as he was able ; besides this, Captain Smith loved adventure, and was not satisfied with drearily debating in the Council with his diplomatic coat on. Proceeding up the James River to the mouth of the Chickahominy, the exploring party ascended the stream for a considerable distance. When boating was no longer practicable, Smith left the skiff in the charge of the two Englishmen and one Indian. With the other Indian for a guide, he struck into the interior.

Scarcely had Smith departed before a number of Indians appeared in sight of the Englishmen he had left behind. They, either through ignorance or temerity, acted in a way to provoke the red-skins. A battle was the consequence, in which the two Eng-

lishmen were killed, the boat taken, and pursuit made after Captain Smith. The Indians soon came up with him, and he saw at once that he was to die. Resolved not to die without a struggle, he bound his Indian guide to him and used him as a shield ; in this way he preserved his life, while he took the lives of three of his assailants. At last he was taken prisoner, and, disdaining to beg for his life, submitted good-humouredly to be marched as a prisoner through the deep forest, not knowing whither he was being taken, and apparently regardless concerning his fate. He had acquired so much of the Indian dialect as to be able to converse freely with his captors. He showed them his pocket compass and explained to them its use. On reaching their encampment he begged permission to write to his friends, and astounding the Indians by his "talking paper," they began to regard him as a magician, and he was at once an object of curiosity and interest. A solemn council was held, and the "wise men" of the tribe were enjoined to use such incantations as should lead to the discovery of the real character of the pale-face. One of their modes of doing so was to threaten in hideous pantomime the most cruel death they could devise. He saw it all unmoved. The tribe assembled were astounded at his coolness and bravery. Astonishment changed to admiration ; and from that time he was treated with hospitality.

The Indians, however, felt that their white prisoner was a dangerous man. He had slain three of their number ; he had brought into their country two countrymen of his who had provoked a battle. He seemed a stranger to fear, and acquainted with things higher than were known to the wisest of their wise ones : better he should die. But they referred the decision of his fate to the great chief Powhatan.

It was with a heavy heart, however well he might disguise it, that Captain John Smith saw the old chief in his war-paint one of a number of grim warriors assembled to do judgment on him. He knew enough of the inflexibility of the savage—the stern sense of duty—to feel sure that no previous friendliness on the part of Powhatan would save him should the Council agree to his death. Death : it was their judgment ; and old Powhatan pronounced it, but delayed its infliction for some days. During these few days Smith was treated with kindness and consideration. He betrayed no emotion of fear, and the Indians respected him on that account. Strange to say, with death so immediately before him, he found his chief solace and spent his leisure in amusing a child. Pocahontas, "the nonpareil of the country," not more than ten or twelve years old, was his constant companion. He walked and talked with her, made hatchets and gave them to her, strung beads and put them round her neck, initiated her into many little arts which were all new to her, taught her some words of English, and filled her mind with strange visions of a country over the wide sea, where the pale-faces had their home. Let us hope, for the credit of Captain Smith, that he was ignorant of what he was doing. The Indian girl learned to love him, and he treated her as a child, played with her as a child, and only saw death before him.

On the day appointed for his execution the tribe assembled—the chiefs with feather and war-paint sitting in the front rank, Powhatan in the midst. Then Smith, bound, was led into their circle ; and the manner of his death was to be thus : he was to lay his head on a stone, and every grim warrior was to strike him with his hatchet. Offering no entreaty, saying no word, Smith knelt down and laid his head on the fatal stone. Then Powhatan arose—it was his by right of his high office to strike the first blow—and advancing to the altar, for we may well so call it, lifted his hatchet. There was a wild cry ; Pocahontas, leaping forward, threw herself on the body of the captive—her head upon his head, her arms fast round his neck. This instance of signal devotion saved Smith's life. The Indians unbound him, welcomed him amongst them : and he, how could he thank enough the *child* who had saved him !

*Child !* And she loved him with all her heart, her guileless nature won by the

brave pale-face who was so gentle, so wise, so courageous ; and she could not tell him her love ; and he, never suspecting it let us hope, was again her chosen friend. The Indians—Powhatan especially, who, maybe, had suspicions of his daughter's love—endeavoured to persuade Smith to become as one of them. Why return to these ill-conditioned colonists ? Why subject himself again to contumely from those base spirits who in the hour of necessity could do naught but revile the Moses who had led them forth ? Why not enjoy life in the free wilderness, a wigwam home, a squaw whose heart was his own, and an authority in the tribe second only to Powhatan's ?

Smith turned a deaf ear to all these arguments. He dwelt for a long while with the red-skins ; and when they gave him permission, if he were so willed, to go from them he went away, and there was darkness for Pocahontas. He met with disaffection. The colony was not thriving. The folks at home were virulent because the ships came back with cargoes of timber instead of gold. There was no welcome for the Captain. He left them, and on his own account explored the country ; but for his sake Powhatan was liberal to the pale-faces. So long as Smith was with them Pocahontas sometimes saw him. She would bring little presents from the Indians, and linger, loth to go, in the English colony ; and Captain Smith was kind to her as a man may be to a child.

After a while Smith was made governor of the colony ; and then it began to revive. He obliged every man to work six hours a day ; and the place soon wore a more habitable appearance. But this did not last long. The first charter expiring, a new charter was granted under a new *régime*, and a number of new emigrants came out—officials with a long tirade of high-sounding titles, and a very host of dissolute gallants, broken traders, rakes and libertines, packed off to escape worst destinies at home. To quiet the turbulent elements thus suddenly let loose into the midst of the colony was no easy matter. Some of the new-comers—the *authorities* had not yet arrived—fell to fighting with the Indians. This, so unexpected and so unnecessary, roused the anger of old Powhatan. He lost his faith in Smith, and resolved to destroy *him*, and then sweep the pale-faces into the sea. Pocahontas—who never lost faith in her love—knew what was to be done ; and she hastened through the woods afoot at midnight and told him all ; *and he offered her trinkets*, and talked to her as one may talk to a good and generous child ! She would take no trinkets nor food either from him ; and she hastened back, and saw him not again for a long time—for a day or two afterwards a bag of powder exploded, and he was so injured as to be glad to return to England.

In the absence of Captain John Smith—pending the arrival of Lord de la Ware, governor, and the lieutenant-governor, and the deputy lieutenant-governor, and all their chief clerks, and the high admiral and the vice-admiral, and the rest, including perhaps a chafe-wax and a deputy chafe-wax, and a board of circumlocution for certain,—Jamestown Colony went, so to speak, to the dogs. The Indians would have nothing to do with the emigrants ; and thus came on the “starving time,”—so known in American history.

While things were at this pass, one Captain Argall, an English adventurer, went up the Potomac trading for corn. There he met with Pocahontas. Loving the whites for the sake of the white-face she loved, Pocahontas had brought upon herself the displeasure of her father. He had sent her away—partly in anger, perhaps, and partly in love, that she might have a diversion to her thoughts. He had sent her to Jopazans, chief of Potomac Indians, a trusty friend ; and while she was in this safe custody Captain Argall saw her. Now Argall was exceedingly desirous that the Indian girl should come on board his ship. Jopazans, her custodian, was in love with a brass kettle. The captain presents him with the kettle, and unsuspecting Pocahontas goes on board ship. The ship left her moorings that same afternoon, and the

Indian girl was a prisoner. She suffered no dishonour from the captain: she could be a tigress at the right time. The indignation of her father was extreme, but he was forced to conciliate. He offered to ransom his child; Argall refused. The Indians rose as one man.

In this critical state of affairs news reached Pocahontas that Captain John Smith was dead; and her head was bowed and her heart heavy. Then, when war to the death was impending, there came a reconciler and mediator in the person of a discreet young Englishman, John Rolfe by name. Rolfe was an amiable enthusiast, who had emigrated to the forests of Virginia, daily, hourly, and as it were in his very sleep, hearing a voice crying in his ears that he should try and make Pocahontas a Christian. With the solicitude of a troubled soul he reflected on the true end of his being. "The Holy Ghost"—such are his own expressions—"demanded of me why I was created; and conscience whispered that, rising above the censures of the low-minded, I should lead the blind in the right path." After a great struggle of mind, and daily and believing prayers, he resolved to labour for the conversion of the "unregenerated maiden;" and winning the favour of Pocahontas herself he desired her in marriage. Quick of comprehension, the Indian girl received instruction readily; and soon in the little church of Jamestown—which rested on rough pine columns fresh from the forest, and was in a style of rugged architecture as wild if not as frail as an Indian wigwam—she stood before the font, which had been hollowed from the trunk of a tree, and, renouncing her country's idolatry, professed the faith of Jesus Christ, and was baptised. And not long after this she was married to Mr. Thomas Rolfe, with the approbation of her father, and in the presence of her uncle—who gave her away—and two brothers.

In 1616 Pocahontas accompanied her husband to England, where she was presented at court—her title of princess causing her to receive much attention. During her visit to England, she was waited upon by Captain John Smith, whom she had been taught to regard as dead. When she first beheld him, she was overcome with emotion, and turning from him hid her face in her hands.

Pocahontas survived little more than a year after her arrival in England. She died in 1617, at Gravesend, when about to embark for her native land, at the age of twenty-two. She left one son, who was educated in England by his uncle, and afterwards returned to Virginia, where he became a wealthy and distinguished character; and his descendants are still well known in that state.



## FOR EVER AND EVER.

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O WINDS, ye are too rough, too rough;  
 O Spring, thou art not long enough  
 For sweetness; and for thee,  
 O Love! thou still must overpass  
 Time's dark and low and narrow glass,  
 And fill eternity.

## 88. KNITTED BOOT FOR LADIES.

MATERIALS FOR ONE PAIR:—1½ ounce black, 1½ ounce white fleecy, some black Berlin-wool; th needles.

The pattern is mon *bricks* kn one row with bla wool. Put the each row, faster with another c boot at the top cast on 38 stitch

1st row of the Slip the 1st stit 1, throw the wool forward, slip 1, taking it on the needle as if you were going to purl it. 2nd row, with white wool.—Knit together the stitch that was slipped,

and that which was made, by throwing the wool forward in the preceding row, and slip the knitted stitch after you have thrown the wool forward. Knit all the other rows like the 2nd one, but change the colours. Knit 32 rows without increasing. Increase once at the beginning of the next 44 rows, so that the 76th row has 82 stitches; then knit 14 rows without increasing; then 14 rows in plain black Berlin-wool for the sole of the boot (knit in the first of these rows, as one stitch, the stitch and the wool thrown forward in the preceding row). Knit twice two together in the middle of each row.

## 89. KNITTED BOOT FOR LADIES.

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of pinked-out black cloth to wipe the pens. Fasten these different parts of the pen-wiper together in the centre, and add a gilt button or ornamental handle on the top.

#### 85. SHADE FOR A NIGHT-LAMP IN MOSAIC BEADS.

**MATERIALS** :—Middle-sized beads ; bamboo cane, measuring  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch across ; glacé silk ribbon,  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch wide ; purple silk ; white cotton.

We recommend this shade for a night-lamp as a very easy piece of fancy-work. The stand in the pattern is made of bamboo cane, held together with ribbons. Each compartment contains a bead-mosaic pattern. Cut for the stand six canes  $5\frac{1}{4}$  inches long, and six canes 8 inches long (this is the height of the shade). To unite the canes, cut out of each, at a distance of  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch from the end, a piece  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch long and  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch deep, so that when two canes thus cut out are laid one above the other, they may be no thicker than a single cane. Make in each of these places a hole with a red hot needle, and join four canes, two long ones and two short ones together, so as to form a frame. Place them above each other, as seen in illustration. Insert the needle through both holes, and fasten them together with green silk. The mosaic bead-patterns represent : The first, a bunch of violets, in shades of gray and bronze, on a green centre. The two side patterns have the same centre, and have geometrical figures worked in chalk, crystal, and black beads. These figures are easily worked with the aid of the illustration. No. 86 shows the working of the bead-mosaic design. It is worked in rows backwards and forwards. Take for the beginning as many beads as there are in the width (on our pattern, 72 beads). Work on these back again the first row, by taking one bead on the needle ; miss the last of the beads, and drawing the cotton through the bead before the last one, thread another bead, miss the next bead, draw the cotton through the second next one, and so on. In the pattern the height of each compartment is 140 bead-rows. The figures in the side compartments begin with the seventeenth bead-row. They are 46 rows high, and they measure across 28 beads. When these bead-mosaics are finished, they are fastened with green purple-silk into the frames. Then join the three frames together with glacé silk ribbon, which is wound the cross way round the bamboo canes, and tied in bows.



## KISSES.

THE kiss of friendship, kind and calm,  
May fall upon the brow like balm ;  
A deeper tenderness may speak  
In precious pledges on the cheek ;  
Those dear may be, when young lips meet  
Love's dewy pressure, close and sweet ;  
But more than all the rest I prize  
The faithful lips that kiss my eyes.

Smile, lady, smile, when courtly lips  
Touch reverently your finger-tips ;  
Blush, happy maiden, when you feel  
The lips which press love's glowing seal ;  
But as the slow years darklier roll,  
Grown wiser, the experienced soul  
Will own as dearer far than they  
The lips which kiss the tears away.



## MY BROTHER'S FRIEND.

IN TWO PARTS.

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### II.

**W**HEN I returned to our little parlour, I found Raleigh eagerly desirous to join us, but Walter resolute in his decision that it would be better for him to keep his energies for the morrow ; and he eventually prevailed, although my poor brother felt like a deserter from the field of battle. Walter and I set out. It was about nine o'clock ; the twilight of a summer's night was still abroad, and the air felt fresh and pleasant ; but we had no time for lingering. The house to which we were bound lay at so short a distance that we did not think it necessary to take a conveyance, and in a very few minutes we had reached the door. It was ajar, and as we hastened up the steps, opened hurriedly, and a servant, pale and terrified, gestured to us to enter ; and whispering, as though the Angel of Death were indeed already on the threshold, she begged us to come with her at once upstairs ; but before we could follow, the dining-room opened, and Mr. Hollis came out. O, what a change a few short days of anguish had wrought in him ! When last I had seen him his robust frame and cheerful face had seemed to set care at defiance ; now he was haggard and worn and aged, and as he grasped Walter's hand and tried to speak, hoarse murmurs alone came from his lips ; he strove to thank us for coming, and to tell us somewhat of his little daughter's state ; but he could scarcely gasp out that three doctors, the best in our neighbourhood, had left her, saying that they could do nothing more. She had been ill for several days, and at first hopes had been given that all would end well ; but now that was over, and he could not bear to see his darling die ; he groaned as he said that word, and tears, such as only strong men weep, ran down his cheeks ; but would we take pity on them and help them in this agony ? We promised to do all in our power ; and as we followed the trembling servant up the stairs, the wretched father strode back into the room whence he had come, and shut the door, as though he would have barred out the great woe that he so dreaded.

Up those stately stairs and along the corridor we passed with our conductor, until she paused, and turning a door-handle noiselessly, admitted us to the sick chamber. Pomp and riches and luxury—what can they do when the King of Terrors is at hand ? Everything that wealth could buy or love devise was gathered in that one apartment, as though its baby possessor could find pleasure in such things : soft carpets under foot, heavy velvet curtains drooping round the bed and before the windows, every appliance of a downy couch,—all were there ; but little did these varieties minister to the fevered frame of the sufferer. Just as we entered, Mrs. Hollis, who had watched incessantly by the side of the child through its illness, had started up at some change in the panting breath, and placed the lamp so as to cast a faint light on its features ; and truly it was a fearful sight that met our gaze : the seal of death seemed indeed impressed on that little brow, and both Walter and I at that moment despaired of the issue. A dying child ! I had seen death again and again through all



these past weeks ; but never had its aspect sent such a thrill to my heart as now. But all these ideas passed through my mind in an instant ; the next I was sickeningly conscious of a terrible weight in the air, an almost perceptible feeling of pestilence, such as many who have seen much illness can well realise. It almost deprived me of consciousness, coming, as I had just done, from the pure air outside ; and I could scarcely command myself sufficiently to take hold of the bed-post and steady myself by its aid. Walter felt it too ; for without speaking he went hastily over, and drawing aside the folds of the drapery, opened both windows without hesitation. How thankful I was when the first waft of clear fresh air entered that stifling room ! Even Mrs. Hollis, accustomed gradually as she had been to it, and therefore unable to judge of its intensity, and besides startled and terrified by such a sudden change from plans to which she had all her life been taught to adhere, must have enjoyed the blessed relief.

The soft sweet night breeze gently swayed the bed-curtains, and stole in between them ; and when Walter drew them also apart, and its coolness reached the brow of the sick child, all doubt that he had brought her the best boon in his power vanished. The change seemed electrical ; she pushed the heavy clothes aside, and spreading out her little arms, appeared unconsciously to welcome the healing balm. We watched by her side for many an hour ; there was small room for medical aid—nature was all too exhausted by the struggle of the past days—and we could only give grateful draughts and fresh air, and leave the issue prayerfully in the hands of her Heavenly Father. And He saw meet to send hope with the dawning day : sleep—not the heavy stupor that had heralded death, but slumber, such as to a child is a messenger of life—stilled the restlessness of disease ; and in the gray of the morning, leaving such directions as were needed, Walter and I returned through the silent streets to our own home, bringing back with us the joyful tidings that little Bertha might still be counted amongst the living, and followed by the thanks and blessings of the whole household.

It was no unusual thing with any of us to spend the night as we have just done ; an unbroken rest was scarcely ever enjoyed. Our plan was, therefore, for those who had been out to snatch a few hours of repose before entering on the business of the day ; so, briefly detailing to Raleigh the case we had just quitted, and making a few needed domestic arrangements, I lay down and tried to sleep off my fatigue and alarm ; but the events of the past night were too vivid. Strive as I might to banish them, they would return ; and I rose at last, feeling far from comfortable, but hoping that before Walter and my brother should come in my strength and spirits would have rallied. The event answered my wish ; by the time our evening circle had gathered, cheered as it was by the news of Bertha's approach to convalescence, almost all my unpleasant sensations had worn off, and I was able to greet the comers without difficulty.

Once more we drew together for an evening of happy social converse, and this season was unbroken ; no summons from without came to disturb us, and the hours glided peacefully away. We did not talk—we never did at these moments—of our outside cares and anxieties ; they were sufficient for our busy day ; and it seemed understood amongst us that other and brighter topics were to occupy our thoughts in the intervals of relaxation ; but I remember one incident, so slight at the instant as scarcely to arrest any attention, but vividly present to my after recollection. Something—I cannot recall what—reminded me of the scene of the previous evening, and I alluded to the stifling closeness that I had observed on entering the sick-room. Walter shuddered and turned pale, and hastily passing by the subject, precluded all further dwelling on it : for a moment I felt surprised, for he, of our trio, had always hitherto appeared least to dread any allusion to the scenes of danger through which we had gone ; but I quickly explained it to myself, for did not a thrill pass through

me at the recollection? No wonder, then, that he too should turn away from the thought.

Our conversation that night was, strangely enough, of our homes. A letter had arrived that morning from ours—that is, from Raleigh's and mine—earnestly urging an oft-repeated entreaty that we would consult our own safety, and hasten into the country away from the peril that surrounded us; but no motive that it could bring forward could have induced us, I believe, to alter our plans. It had seemed so necessary for us to remain at our posts, that from the first we had separately decided on so doing, and then strengthened each other in the determination; and the event had so proved the correctness of our belief, that the constantly-recurring admonitions of our anxious friends did not make us waver for an instant: hence it was not from any thought of this kind that the morning's letter was discussed; but the pleasant home-pictures it brought up, and the welcome glimpses it afforded of the quiet and peace of the country were too grateful to be disregarded, and we indulged ourselves with gazing down vistas of autumn excursions into the cool green glades and pure healthful air of our native county.

Walter joined us in all our schemes; we could not separate him from our future. His home was more one of the past than of the present. His father and mother had died, and no brothers or sisters remained to greet him; all lay at rest in the little churchyard in Cumberland, which he had so often described to me that I half fancied that I had seen it in reality, or, it may be, in a dream, and I have seen it since, and stood beside the quiet graves, and thought heavily of one far away which ought to have been numbered amongst them. But lovingly still he looked back to the old homestead, and often and often had he recurred to it, and spoken of his hope of one day welcoming us to the familiar scenes; and we had discussed plans in reference to it, and made it a kind of holiday scheme that was some time to be carried out; but this evening he dwelt on it more earnestly than ever, and painted its beauties in all their fairest colours, as though some long-sealed book had been opened before the eye of his memory, making the past as vivid and actual as the present.

Have I said that Walter had never spoken to me of love? Our lives had been too busy hitherto—first during his and Raleigh's student days, and since then while they had been both striving to gain vantage-ground amongst their fellows, for us to have much time for such things; and besides, we were neither of us in a position to sanction such ideas; but it maybe the thought, unwhispered even to our own hearts, was there, nevertheless, and many months before this the secret of his silent long-pent-up affections had come to me. It boots not to tell how the knowledge first dawned on me—I scarce know myself; it is enough that I learned that I was beloved, and the cup, which I had fancied was so filled to the very brim with passionate brotherly devotion that no other earthly attachment could find place therein, received a wealth of priceless affection besides, and sparkled to my lips as surely none ever did to those of feeble mortal before. But this evening words were said, and glances met, that told yet more than words, and sweet strange visions of coming bliss were summoned forth. O young, trusting hearts, with sorrow and death around in every shape of horror, how could we speak of love? How could we touch each other's hand and not feel the chilly finger of the angel severing our warm clasp?

And we parted, as so many have parted, undreaming of what was before us, seeing alone the future that we pictured for ourselves on the dark background, which, alas, alas, was the sole reality there. We laid our plans for the morrow, much less arduous ones than they had been for many preceding weeks; for the sickness was most undoubtedly on the decrease; and we knelt once more together to seek for mercy and aid—for aid to bear humbly and trustfully our different lots, whatever they might be—and then we

bade each other farewell in the light of that radiant hope that was shining so brightly upon our paths,—on Raleigh's as on ours, for the desire had long been a cherished one with him.

The next morning broke peacefully on the great city, rejoicing in the sheathing of the destroyer's sword ; and we, my brother and I, laboured in our respective works, and thanked God—O, how fervently !—that the long-prayed-for boon of healing was indeed being poured out on the awe-stricken multitude ; and through the day, amidst the narrow streets and amongst the toils and cares of our ways—for as yet these were many—the angel Hope walked with us both, and pointed to glad hours to come. But evening arrived, and brought no Walter. Where could he be ? My brother had seen him in the morning, and he had appeared well, but rather fatigued ; perhaps he was resting, and would be with us presently ; but as the minutes went on, I could not bear the suspense, and Raleigh went to seek him. He returned with the tidings that he had been so weary all day that he had decided on sending a messenger to excuse him to us for this one evening ; one real night's rest would perfectly restore him ; and my brother had himself seen him, and been the bearer of the note which he had written to beg my forgiveness for his unwilling absence. Here it is, all yellow with age, with its dim, faded ink traced in those familiar characters, telling me not to be surprised or uneasy ; he was quite well, only tired out, and in no state to be an amusing companion ; “ but to-morrow, dearest Janet, I trust all will be right. Rest yourself well, darling, and then I shall less regret my own privation ; for you know that you never will confess to being weary when Raleigh or I am taxing all your powers to entertain our selfish selves.” Well, we had to be content, and Raleigh assured me there was nothing to be alarmed about. Walter himself said so too, and I strove to be calm and hopeful.

That night ! O, how shall I tell the rest ! I had fallen asleep late ; for I could not help a vague feeling of anxiety, despite of all my brother's soothing prophecies, and I had lain long awake, wishing for the morning to come and bring us tidings ; but at last I had closed my eyes, and exchanged realities for troubled dreams, when a ring at the night-bell struck on my ear and roused me in a moment. I scarcely knew whether it was fact or fancy, and I sat up to listen, when another and more decided peal fell cold on my very heart ; and I sprang up, scarce knowing what I was doing, and opening my bed-room door, heard the servant in muffled colloquy with some messenger. I recognised the voice,—I had heard it often before ; the son of Walter's landlady had come, and what was his errand ? I knew it well ; I knew what it must be : our friend was down with the fever, and we must hasten to him immediately.

And we did hasten, but what availed it ? What availed it for us, with our love all turned to agony now, to stand beside that silent couch and feel how powerless any human aid was to bring relief to the beloved one—to watch and pray through heavy days and nights, and note no change, no lightening of the stupor that seemed so like death ? Disease was paralysing the overwrought frame ; those kind hands, that ready brain, which had so untiringly laboured on even beyond their powers in the behalf of others, were soon to be “ ashes to ashes, dust to dust,” and as yet the unvarying repose, which was not rest, had been broken by no word or sign to tell us that the sufferer knew who ministered to him. Gradually the flame of life grew fainter and fainter ; there was no strength left for fever ; a failing of all the vital powers was the herald of the grave ; and as the silver cord was loosened and the golden bowl gently broken, all hope that the brightness of the mind would return seemed taken away ; and when at last we knelt to crave a peaceful parting from earth for our friend and brother, we mingled with our petitions no longer the entreaty that a sign of recognition might be permitted,—rather that strength and grace might be vouchsafed to us to bear our bereavement without a murmur.

But the last bitterness was not to be added to our cup. As the end drew nigh a change was perceptible ; not a change for hope—that had long faded into nothing—but that latest flicker of the parting mind which so often precedes death broke through the heavy clouds of stupor ; and I thank God that its faint rays fell on us to brighten for ever that dim and lonely path which stretched before us in the future.

I cannot tell how long we had watched, in suspense first, then in despair, beside that bed. All reckoning of the days was over with me ; Raleigh alone counted the tides of disease, and knew the hours of their ebb and flow ; but in mercy he kept silence, for well he knew that they but told of successive stages towards the end of the journey. And now that journey was well-nigh finished, and, unspoken by each to the other, the knowledge struck its dumb horror on us both ; for there is a clinging to hope in the inmost soul which never wholly ceases, unknowing as we imagine ourselves to be of it, until the fearful seal is set which bids it flee away for ever.

Raleigh and I sat together beside our unconscious friend, lying there voiceless and motionless, as he had been from the first moment of our presence in that room ; but as the evening drew on a slight tremor in the pallid face sent the blood faintly rushing to my heart. What did it betide ? I started to my feet, and Raleigh was at my side in an instant. A few minutes passed, and the lips moved with an indistinct sound, and then more clearly came words and names grown familiar to us in many a long past hour. Walter fancied himself in his distant home, and the loved of old times were round him ; the present was hidden from his view ; and as we hung over him, thanking God even for the blessing of listening to that voice, which we had believed was hushed for ever, we heard him recalling many vanished scenes, and speaking tenderly to those who had once mingled their love with his. But ere long later memories returned also. "Mother, dear mother, where is Janet ? Is she not coming ? O, mother, call her ; call her quickly ! Or is she ill ? Has *she* got the fever ? Let me go to her ; I must go to her and Raleigh." And then I spoke to him, and told him that I was by him ; that we both were there, and besought him to speak to us, to look at us again. And the clouds rolled away gradually from his poor brain, and he knew us—knew us both, and blessed and thanked us for our watchfulness and care.

How can I tell what words were said, what farewells spoken, in that last holy hour of love and friendship ! Peace, such as the world may not give, hovered round that dying bed, and our chastened hearts in all their agony were stilled and strengthened. How often through my long life has the memory of that time come back to me with cheering power ! and that feeble voice, so feeble at first that it scarce seemed able to convey the words it uttered, but gradually rising, until in its clearness and sweetness days of health and vigour were brought to mind, has sounded upon my listening ear and taught its lesson of faith and submission again and again to my rebellious soul, again and again thrilled my whole being with the earnestness of its passionate love. And in the dreams of night, when things of the past come back upon the human soul in all their vivid colouring, how often have I knelt again beside that bed and watched the light fade out of those beloved eyes, seen the shadow of death pass over that noble brow and draw the curtain for ever between it and life, and felt the last faint pressure of that cold hand, as when—O, friend ! O, husband !—I parted from you in that hour so long ago, so far divided from me now by many a weary year !

What remains for me to tell ? Raleigh and I are yet one, as in our childish days ; we have clung together all through our lives, and the memories of the past are alike to us both in joy and grief. And ever present to both, whether spoken of or living but in thought, there walks one remembered form, which hallows and glorifies our united lives, and beckons us ever on to the mansions of rest and peace.

## 87, 88. WHITE BODICE.

All the lower part of this bodice, the shoulder-pieces, and narrow strips round the neck and wrists, are made of thick cambric, the remainder of both the bodice and sleeves of clear mull muslin. The difference between these two materials is clearly seen in our illustrations. The parts where they are joined together are hidden by borders of leaves

cut out of white cambric, embroidered all round in black silk, and worked in appliqué over the bodice.

—o—

## 89. THE "STUART" BONNET.

This bonnet is made purposely for ladies who wear their hair à l'Écossaise. It is of white terry velvet, ornamented with fringes of pearl beads,

and a bunch of white wheat-ears,

NO. THE "STUDENT" MOMENT.

DO. KENNEDY CAP.

## A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GAYWORTHYS," "FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD," ETC.

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### III.

THE road left the flat farming country now, and turned northward up the beautiful river valley. There was plenty to enjoy outside ; and it was growing more and more lovely with almost every mile. They left the great towns gradually behind, each succeeding one seeming more simply rural. Young girls were gathered on the platforms at the little stations where they stopped sometimes ; it was the grand excitement of the place,—the coming of the train,—and to these village lasses was what the piazzas or the springs are to gay dwellers at Saratoga.

By dinner-time they steamed up to the stately back staircase of the "Pemigewasset." In the little parlour where they smoothed their hair and rested a moment before going to the dining-hall, they met again the lady of the grass-grown bonnet. She took this off, making herself comfortable, in her primitive fashion, for dinner ; and then Leslie noticed how little it was from any poverty of nature that the fair and abundant hair, at least, had not been made use of to take down the severe primness of her outward style. It did take it down, in spite of all, the moment the gray straw was removed. The great round coil behind was all real, and *solid*, though it was wound about with no thought save of security, and fastened with a buffalo-horn comb. Hair was a matter of course ; the thing was, to keep it out of the way ; that was what the fashion of this head expressed, and nothing more. Where it was tucked over the small ears,—and native refinement or the other thing shows very plainly in the ears,—it lay full and shaped into a soft curve. She was only plain, not ugly, after all ; and they are very different things,—there being a beauty of plainness in men and women, as there is in a rich fabric sometimes.

Elinor Hadden stood by a window with her back to the others, while Leslie was noticing these things. She did not complain at first ; one does not like to allow, at once, that the toothache, or a mischance like this that had happened to her, is an established fact,—one is in for it the moment one does that. But she had got a cinder in her eye ; and though she had winked, and stared, and rolled her eyelid under, and tried all the approved and instinctive means, it seemed persistent ; and she was forced at last, just as her party was going in to dinner, to acknowledge that this traveller's misery had befallen her, and to make up her mind to the pain and wretchedness and ugliness of it for hours, if not even for days. Her face was quite disfigured already ; the afflicted eye was bloodshot, and the whole cheek was red with tears and rubbing ; she could only follow blindly along, her handkerchief up, and, half groping into the seat offered her, begin comfortlessly to help herself to some soup with her left hand. There was leaning across to inquire and pity ; there were half a dozen things suggested to which she could only reply, forlornly and impatiently, "I've tried it." None of them could eat much, or with any satisfaction ; this atom in the wrong place set everything wrong all at once with four people who, till now, had been so cheery.

The spinster lady was seated at some little distance down, on the opposite side.



She began to send quick, interested glances over at them ; to make little half starts toward them as if she would speak ; and at last, leaving her own dinner unfinished, she suddenly pushed back her chair, got up, and came round. She touched Elinor Hadden on the shoulder, without the least ado of ceremony.

"Come out here with me," she said. "I can set you right in half a minute ;"—and, confident of being followed, moved off briskly out of the long hall.

Elinor gave a one-sided, questioning glance at her sisters before she complied, reminding Leslie comically of the poor one-eyed man in the cars ; and presently, with a little hesitation, Mrs. Linceford and Jeannie compromised the matter by rising themselves and accompanying Elinor from the room. Leslie, of course, went also.

The lady had her gray bonnet on when they got back to the little parlour ; there is no time to lose in mere waiting for anything at a railway dining-place ; and she had her bag—a veritable old-fashioned, home-made carpet thing—open on a chair before her, and in her hand a long knit purse with steel beads and rings. Out of this she took a twisted bit of paper, and from the paper a minute something which she popped between her lips as she replaced the other things. Then she just beckoned hastily to Elinor.

"It's only an eyestone ; did you ever have one in ? Well, you needn't be afraid of it ; I've had 'em in hundreds of times. You wouldn't know 'twas there, and it'll just ease all the worry ; and by and by it'll drop out of itself, cinder and all. They're terribly teasing things, cinders ; and somebody's always sure to get one. I always keep three eyestones in my purse. You needn't mind my not having it back ; I've got a little glass bottle full at home, and it's wonderful the sight of comfort they've been to folks."

Elinor shrunk ; Mrs. Linceford showed a little high-bred demur about accepting the offered aid of their unknown travelling companion ; but the good woman comprehended nothing of this, and went on insisting.

"You'd better let me put it in right off ; it's only just to drop it under the eyelid, and it'll work round till it finds the speck. But you can take it and put it in yourself when you've made up your mind, if you'd rather."

With which she darted her head quickly from side to side, looking about the room, and, spying a scrap of paper on a table, had the eyestone twisted in it in an instant and pressed it into Elinor's hand.

"You'll be glad enough of it yet," said she, and then took up her bag, and moved quickly off among the other passengers descending to the train.

"What a funny woman, to be always carrying eyestones about, and putting them in people's eyes !" said Jeannie.

"It was quite kind of her, I'm sure," said Mrs. Linceford, with a mingling in her tone of acknowledgment and of polite tolerance for a great liberty. When elegant people break their necks or their limbs, common ones may approach and assist ; as when a house takes fire persons get in who never did before ; and perhaps a suffering eye may come into the catalogue of misfortunes sufficient to equalise differences for the time being. But it is queer for a woman to make free to go without her own dinner, to offer help to a stranger in pain. Not many people, in any sense of the word, go about provided with eyestones against the chance cinders that may worry others. Something in this touched Leslie Goldthwaite with a curious sense of a beauty in living that was not external.

If it had not been for Elinor's mishap and inability to enjoy, it would have been pure delight from the very beginning, this afternoon's ride. They had their seats upon the "mountain side," where the view of the thronging hills was like an ever-moving panorama ; as, winding their way farther and farther up into the heart of the



wild and beautiful region, the horizon seemed continually to fill with always vaster shapes, that lifted themselves, or emerged over and from behind each other, like mustering clans of giants, bestirred and curious because of the invasion among their fastnesses of this sprite of steam.

"Where you can come down, I can go up," it seemed to fizz, in its strong exulting whisper, to the river; passing it always, yet never getting by; tracking, step by step, the great stream backward toward its small beginnings.

"See, there are real blue peaks!" cried Leslie joyously, pointing away to the north and east, where the outlines lay faint and lovely in the far distance.

"O, I wish I could see! I'm losing it all!" said Elinor plaintively, and blindfold.

"Why don't you try the eyestone?" said Jeannie.

But Elinor shrunk even yet from deliberately putting that great thing in her eye, agonised already by the presence of a mote.

There came a touch on her shoulder, as before. The good woman of the gray bonnet had come forward from her seat farther down the car.

"I'm going to stop presently," she said, "at East Haverhill; and I *should* feel more satisfied in my mind if you'd just let me see you easy before I go. Besides, if you don't do something quick, the cinder will get so bedded in, and make such an inflammation, that a dozen eyestones wouldn't draw it out."

At this terror poor Elinor yielded, in a negative sort of way. She ceased to make resistance when her unknown friend, taking the little twist of paper from the hand still fast closed over it with the half-conscious grasp of pain, dexterously unrolled it, and produced the wonderful chalky morsel.

"Now, 'let's see, says the blind man;'" and she drew down hand and handkerchief with determined yet gentle touch. "Wet it in your own mouth;" and the eyestone was between Elinor's lips before she could refuse or be aware. Then one thumb and finger was held to take it again, while the other made a sudden pinch at the lower eyelid, and, drawing it at the outer corner before it could so much as quiver away again, the little white stone was slid safely under.

"Now 'wink as much as you please,' as the man said that took an awful-looking daguerreotype of me once. Good-bye. Here's where I get out. And there they all are to meet me." And then, the cars stopping, she made her way, with her carpet-bag and parasol and a great newspaper bundle, gathered up hurriedly from goodness knows where, along the passage, and out upon the platform.

"Why, it's the strangest thing! I don't feel it in the least! Do you suppose it ever *will* come out again, Augusta?" cried Elinor, in a tone greatly altered from any in which she had spoken for two hours.

"Of course it will," cried "Gray-bonnet" from beneath the window. "Don't be under the least mite of concern about anything but looking out for it when it does, to keep it against next time."

Leslie saw the plain, kindly woman surrounded in a minute by half a dozen young eager welcomers and claimants, and a whole history came out in the unreserved exclamations of the few instants for which the train delayed.

"O, it's *such* a blessing you've come! I don't know as Emma Jane would have been married at all if you hadn't!"

"We warn't sure you'd get the letter."

"Or as Aunt 'Nisby would spare you."

"'Life wanted to come over on his crutches. He's just got his new ones, and he gets about first-rate. But we wouldn't let him beat himself out for to-morrow."

"How is 'Life?"

"Hearty as would any way be consistent—with one-leggedness. He'd never a'

got back, we all know, if you had'n't gone after him." It was a young man's voice that spoke these last sentences, and it grew tender at the end.

"You're to trim the cake," began one of the young girls again, crowding up. "She says nobody else can. Nobody else *ever* can. And"—with a little more mystery—"there's the veil to fix. She says you're used to wedd'n's, and know about veils; and you was down to Lawrence at Lorany's. And she wants things in *real style*. She's dreadful *pudjicky*, Emma Jane is; she won't have anything without it's exactly right."

The plain face was full of beaming sympathy and readiness, the stiff-looking spinster-woman, with the "grass in the eaves of her bonnet,"—grass grown also over many an old hope in her own life, maybe,—was here in the midst of young joy and busy interests, making them all her own; had come on purpose, looked for and hailed as the one without whom nothing could ever be done,—more tenderly yet, as one but for whom some brave life and brother love would have gone down. In the midst of it all she had had ear and answer, to the very last, for the stranger she had comforted on her way. What difference did it make whether she wore an old bonnet with green grass in it, or a round hat with a gay feather?—whether she were fifteen or forty-five, but for the good she had had time to do?—whether Lorany's wedding down at Lawrence had been really a stylish festival or no? There was a beauty here which verily shone out through all; and such a life should have no time to be tempted.

The engine panted, and the train sped on. She never met her fellow-traveller again; but these things Leslie Goldthwaite had learned from her,—these things she laid by silently in her heart. And the woman in the gray bonnet never knew the half that she had done.

After taking one through wildernesses of beauty, after whirling one past nooks where one could gladly linger whole summers, it is strange at what commonplace and graceless termini these railroads contrive to land one. Lovely Wells River, where the road makes its sharp angle, and runs back again until it strikes out eastward through the valley of the Ammonoosuc,—where the waters leap to each other, and the hills bend round in majestic greeting,—where our young party cried out, in an ignorance at once blessed and pathetic, "O, if Littleton should only be like this, or if we could stop here!"—yet where one cannot stop, because here there is no regular stage connection, and nothing else to be found, very probably, that travellers might want, save the outdoor glory,—Wells River and Woodville were left behind, lying in the evening stillness of June,—in the grand and beautiful disregard of things greater than the world is rushing by to seek,—and for an hour more they threaded through fair valley sweeps and reaches, past solitary hillside clearings, and detached farms, and the most primitive of mountain hamlets, where the limit and sparseness of neighbourhood drew forth from a gentleman sitting behind them—come, doubtless, from some suburban home where numberless household wants kept horse and wagon perpetually on the way for city or village—the suggestive query, "I wonder what they do here when they're out of saleratus?" This brought them up, as against a dead wall of dreariness and disappointment, at the Littleton station. It had been managed as it always is; the train had turned most ingeniously into a corner, whence there was scarcely an outlook upon anything of all the magnificence that must yet be lying close about them; and here was only a tolerably well-populated country town, filled up to just the point that excludes the picturesque and does not attain to the highly civilised. And into the heart of this they were to be borne, and to be shut up there this summer night, with the full moon flooding mountain and river, and the woods whispering up their peace to heaven.

It was bad enough, but worse came. The hotel coach was waiting, and they has-

tened to secure their seats, giving their checks to the driver, who disappeared with a handful of these and others, leaving his horses with the reins tied to the dash-board, and a boy ten years old upon the box.

There were heads out anxiously at either side, between concern for safety of body and of property. Mrs. Linceford looked uneasily toward the confused group upon the platform, from among whom luggage began to be drawn out in a fashion regardless of covers and corners. The large russet trunk with the black H,—the two linen-cased ones with "Hadden" in full,—the two square bonnet-boxes,—these, one by one, were dragged and whirled toward the vehicle and jerked upon the rack; but the "ark," as they called Mrs. Linceford's huge light French box, and the one precious receptacle that held all Leslie's pretty outfit, where were these?

"Those are not all, driver! There is a high black French trunk, and a russet-leather one."

"Got all you give me checks for,—seb'm pieces;" and he pointed to two strange articles of luggage waiting their turn to be lifted up,—a long, old-fashioned gray hair trunk, with letters in brass nails upon the lid, and as antiquated a carpet-bag, strapped and padlocked across the mouth, suggestive in size and fashion of the United States mail.

"Never saw them before in my life! There's some dreadful mistake! What can have become of ours?"

"Can't say, ma'am, I'm sure. Don't often happen. But them was your checks."

Mrs. Linceford leaned back for an instant in a breathless despair.

"I must get out and see."

"If you please, ma'am. But 'tain't no use. The things is all cleared off." Then stooping to examine the trunk, and turning over the bag. "Queer, too. These things is chalked all right for Littleton. Must ha' been a mistake with the checks, and somebody changed their minds on the way,—Plymouth, most likely,—and stopped with the wrong baggage. Wouldn't worry, ma'am; it's as bad for one as for t'other, anyhow, and they'll be along to-morrow, no kind o' doubt. Strays allers turns up on this here road. No danger about that. I'll see to havin' these 'ere stowed away in the baggage-room."

And shouldering the bag, he seized the trunk by the handle, and hauled it along over the rough embankment, and up the steps, flaying one side as he went.

"But, dear me! what am I to do?" said Mrs. Linceford piteously. "Everything in it that I want to-night,—my dressing-box, and my wrappers, and my air-cushion; they'll be sure not to have any bolsters on the beds, and only one feather in each corner of the pillows!"

But this was only the first surprise of annoyance. She recollected herself on the instant, and leaned back again, saying nothing more. She had no idea of amusing her unknown stage-companions at any length with her fine-lady miseries. Only, just before they reached the hotel, she added low to Jeannie, out of the unbroken train of her own private lamentation,

"And my rose-glycerine! After all this dust and heat! I feel parched to a mummy, and I shall be an object to behold!"

Leslie sat upon her right hand. She leaned closer, and said quickly, glad of the little power to comfort, "I have some rose-glycerine here in my bag."

Mrs. Linceford looked round at her; her face was really bright. As if she had not lost her one trunk also! "You are a Phoenix of a travelling-companion, you young thing!" the lady thought, and felt suddenly ashamed of her own unwonted discomfiture.

Half an hour afterward Leslie Goldthwaite fitted across the passage between the

two rooms they had secured for their party, with a bottle in her hand, and a pair of pillows over her arm.

"Ours is a double-bedded room too, Mrs. Linceford, and neither Elinor nor I care for more than one pillow. And here is the rose-glycerine."

These essential comforts, and the instinct of good-breeding, brought the grace and the smile back fully to Mrs. Linceford's face. More than that, she felt a gratefulness, and the contagion and emulation of cheerful patience under a common misfortune. She bent over and kissed Leslie, as she took the bottle from her hand.

"You're a dear little sunbeam," she said. "We'll send an imperative message down the line, and have all our own traps again to-morrow."

The collar that Elinor Hadden had lent Leslie was not very becoming; the sleeves had enormous wristbands, and were made for double sleeve-buttons, while her own were single; moreover, the brown-silk net, which she had supposed thoroughly trustworthy, had given way all at once into a great hole under the waterfall, and the soft hair would fret itself through and threaten to stray untidily. She had two such pretty nets in reserve in her missing trunk, and she did hate so to be in any way coming to pieces! Yet there was somehow a feeling that repaid it all, and even quieted the real anxiety as to the final "turning up" of their fugitive property,—not a mere self-complacence, hardly a self-complacence at all, but a half-surprised gladness, that had something thankful in it. If she might not be all leaves, perhaps, after all! If she really could, even in some slight thing, care most for the life and spirit underneath, to keep this sweet and pleasant, and the fruit of it a daily good, and not a bitterness,—if she could begin by holding herself undisturbed, though obliged to wear a collar that stood up behind and turned over in front with those lappet corners she had always thought so ugly,—yes, even though the waterfall should leak out and ripple over stubbornly,—though these things must go on for twenty-four hours at least, and these twenty-four hours be spent unwillingly in a dull country tavern, where the windows looked out from one side into a village street, and from the other into stable and clothes yards! There would be something for her to do, to keep bright and help to keep the others bright. There was a hope in it; the life was more than raiment. It was better worth while than to have only got on the nice round collar and dainty cuffs that fitted and suited her, or even the little bead net that came over in a Marie Stuart point so prettily between the small crimped puffs of her hair.

A little matter, nothing to be self-applauding about,—only a straw; but, if it showed the possible way of the wind, the motive power that might be courted to set through her life, taking her out of the trade-currents of vanity? Might she have it in her, after all? Might she even be able to come, if need be, to the strength of mind for wearing an old gray straw bonnet, and bearing to be forty years old, and helping to adorn the young and beautiful for looks that never—just so—should be bent again on her?

Leslie Goldthwaite had read of martyr and hero sufferance all her life, as she had looked upon her poor one-eyed fellow-traveller to-day; the pang of sympathy had always been: "These things have been borne, are being borne in the world; how much of the least of them could I endure—I, looking for even the little things of life to be made smooth?" It depended, she began faintly and afar off to see, upon where the true life lay,—how far behind the mere outer covering vitality withdrew itself.

## 91. FOOTSTOOL COVERED WITH FEATHERS.

## 91. FOOTSTOOL COVERED WITH FEATHERS.

**MATERIALS:** A wooden stand 18 inches long, 14 inches wide; long and short cock's feathers.

Place a cushion well stuffed with feathers, and covered with gray glazed calico, upon a wooden stand raised upon four small feet. Then cover the cushion with feathers. The centre is ornamented with a large rosette formed of short curled feathers; the remainder of the cushion is covered with drooping feathers which are laid downwards in rounds, over-lapping one another. These rounds are begun at the outer edge of the cushion and continued upwards; the last round is fastened close to the outer edge of the centre rosette. This footstool is very beautiful when neatly finished.

width of the border may entirely cover the centre of the basket. The outside of the basket is ornamented with patterns worked in appliqué, and a narrow border ornamented in the same way; long tassels fastened on as seen in the illustration complete the trimming.

## 92. ROSETTE IN BEADS.

**MATERIALS:** Fine wire; black beads.

This rosette, which is suitable for waistbands or shoes, measures 3 inches across. Thread the beads on a piece of wire of a suitable length, and arrange it as in the illustration, in loops, which are twisted one into the other. Sew this trimming in coils over a circle of card-board covered with black glazed silk, measuring 1½ inches across, and fix some larger black beads in the middle of the rosette.

## 92. WORK BASKET WITH STAND.

The stand consists of bamboo canes which are ornamented with red worsted braid. The basket is placed upon it: its centre is covered with Berlin-wool work. Take the pattern seen on the sheet at No. 119. The canvas must be so chosen that the

## 94. PATTERN FOR A BASKET COVER IN CROCHET &amp; TRICOT.

This basket cover is worked in strips of up-

## 92. WORK BASKET WITH STAND.

equal widths. Our pattern was worked in white and red, with black outlines. Use 4-head fleece, but for a bed-quilt thread fleece will be preferable.

Work one pair 10 stitches wide, 8 stitches in length, with blue wool; then 4 stitches with black, 4 with white, and 4 more with black; we work a second square like the first, but with red wool; after that another black-and-white pair, and so on

until the strip is sufficiently long. Work a second strip in the same manner, but changing the arrangement of the white and red squares; between these larger strips place very narrow ones, composed of one black, one white, and one more black row, worked the long way. Sew all the strips together neatly. Work the pattern over the white squares in common cross-stitch with red wool.

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#### 93. ROSETTE IN BEADS.

## LETTERS FROM "DEAR OLD GRANNY."

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### III. LETTER-WRITING.

"Let us take our leave—  
At Milan let me hear from thee by letters  
Of thy success in life, and what news else  
Betideth here in absence of thy friend ;  
And I likewise will visit thee with mine."—SHAKESPEARE.

"A letter timely writ is a rivet to the chain of affection."—TUPPER.

"The first thing necessary in writing letters of business is extreme perspicuity. Every paragraph should be so clear and unambiguous that the dullest fellow in the world may not be able to mistake it, nor be obliged to read it twice in order to understand it."—CHESTER-FIELD.

**D**EAR GRAND-DAUGHTER,—I am about to write you a letter on letter-writing. I fancy I can see you with the least possible smile on your face at Granny's *ego*. Well, perhaps 'tis a conceit on my part ; but to guard against your falling into the error of supposing that I regard my own letters as models, I hereby protest that I hold no such opinion ; still, like the guide-post at the end of our lane, I may point the right way without travelling it.

To put seven I's in one paragraph, and finish with a feeble it, is not a specimen of good writing. I am guilty of this ; but I won't alter it. No ; you must take Granny's letter just as it is—her very own self talking on paper.

And to me this seems the proper way of writing letters,—friendly letters be it understood,—to put down what is uppermost in the most genial way, avoiding, without the effort to avoid, all straining after a polished style. Style, indeed ! I am not so nimble as I was, but I would sooner get over a wooden stile and back again than read a page of the stilted nonsense that is sometimes put forth as a sample of elegant epistolary writing. Write as you would talk ; keep your own individuality : the best letters, the dearest, the most cherished by the receiver, are the most natural ones,—letters that were written in the mood of the hour. Books published ostensibly to teach the art of letter-writing—one of those little volumes, by the way, I caught sight of on your desk t'other day—are mainly filled with models that can be of no possible use. They give us a collection of admirable letters—written by statesmen, lawyers, poets, wits, novelists—full of profound thought, sparkling pleasantry, biting sarcasm, or tender sympathy ; all of them characteristic of those who wrote them. Now for you or I to imitate the style in which these letters are written is simply preposterous. At the best we could only attain to the adoption of a mannerism which would be ridiculous in the eyes of sensible people. When I was young Lord Byron was the rage of the town ; and a great many dandies, who thought they could write blank verse, and be as wicked, melancholy, and immoral as his lordship, turned down their shirt-collars, bared their throats, and some of them wore cloaks and halted on one leg, just because the poet adopted that style of dress, and was unfortunately lame ! How



absurd all this was you may well imagine ; and to my way of thinking it is just as foolish when a person sits down to write a letter after the manner of Lord Jeffrey, Cowper, Chesterfield, Madame Sevigne, etc. All these great clever folks expressed themselves like themselves ; and the proper lesson to be got out of studying their letters is to do as they did. This is the only sort of imitation which is of the least possible practical use.

In my young days, before I saw your grandpa, I had a suitor who vowed that he was desperately in love with me, and wrote me quires of the most beautiful love-letters ; and every one of them was copied out of a book, and I had the book in my drawer. Well, my dear, he was very troublesome ; so I looked up the book, copied out a sample letter of "a proposal of marriage declined," and sent it to him, in a postscript quoting my authority and *his*. It was very naughty, of course ; but I was young then, and thought it served him right.

Now, taking it for granted that you mean in all your letters—and mind you become a more regular correspondent than you have been of late—to be your own self, there are a few things which you should always bear in mind. It is quite possible to make dreadful blunders. I have seen letter-notes, if the phrase may be allowed, which were quite startling in their rapid changes from the first person to the third, from the third to the first, positively startling by their duplicity. "*Miss Jones* presents her compliments to *Miss Smith*, and *I* hope soon to see you, as *Miss Jones* will be in *Miss Smith's* neighbourhood before the end of the week (D.V.) when *I* shall be sure to look in." From young ladies whose parents or guardian had paid handsomely to have them educated I have seen these mongrel epistles times out of mind. For my part I have more patience with the old country formula, "This comes *hopping* to find you well, as it leaves me at present." A pedantic young lady—of the deepest indigo dye—used to write to me : "Cecilia to Katharine, greeting," and finish up with "Farewell." She wrote in the style of the younger Pliny ; called the hall—passage *I* called it ; it was not five feet wide—*vestibulum* ; a gravel walk and two flower beds, *xystus* ; the kitchen became *culina*, the bedrooms *cubicula*, the back-door *porta postiga*, the dining-room *triclinum*, the drawing-room *ratlinum*, and the little portico before the front-door—supported by two columns of the builder's own order—the *peristyle*. Poor dear Meggy, who used to write me long letters—they are tied up now—all yellow and crisp like autumn leaves, but carefully stowed away—was what I call a pattern correspondent.

She wrote so that her letter was read as plain as print.

She put the date to her letters quite fully, and a distinct statement as to the place it came from. [Postage was very dear in my time, and correspondence cost money.]

She attached her signature in her own firm strong way.

She put the name and address of the person to whom she was writing in the corner of the letter. In fact, she left out nothing that ought to be there, and put in nothing that ought not to be there.

Why, my dear child, how often have I received letters without a date to them ! Once I had one from Australia with the vague chronology of Tuesday morning on it. How frequently *do* I receive letters without the proper address of the writer being given ! I had a letter—a very affectionate letter too—which ought never to have reached me. It was that of a young lady to her mother ; but by some accident the envelope had been misdirected—so I suppose ; and here was this letter, designed to allay maternal anxiety, on my table, without a clue as to the residence of the person who wrote it, or the person to whom it should be sent. There are thousands of letters now in the Dead Letter Office that will never reach the hands they were designed for, just because



their writers have been careless, and in their foolish hurry have omitted what it was most essential should be put in.

You will say, very likely, that all this is dry and commonplace. Amen, so be it ; I am about to be drier still : I am going to say something of what a young lady's letter should not be. First, it should not be written on any but very nice paper, otherwise it is disrespectful to the person to whom it is sent. Second, it should not be written in ink so colourless as to make the deciphering of it a matter of difficulty ; that is very annoying to the reader. Third, it should never be crossed : this often causes a good deal of trouble ; and it is a sorry trick, you know, my dear, to give trouble when you mean to confer pleasure. Fourth, the letter should never be clumsily folded. In my young days we had more difficulty with our letters than you, spoiled children of a latter age. It was all letter-paper with us, and we had to make our own envelopes out of the fly-sheet, and to smooth it here, press in the corners there, and make it look as neat as we could. Then it had to be sealed ; and that, I daresay you know very well, is not an easy matter, if it has to be done properly. Nowadays you write your epistle on pretty note-paper, put it into an adhesive envelope, and seal it with wax only on special occasions.

With regard to modern writing-materials, let me say that on the note-paper you employ there is nothing I like better than the family crest. If you do not care about this, the monogram is very pretty. The address is useful when you write from home, but it is very troublesome when you are not at home ; so I advise you either to have the crest or the monogram on your paper. Have the same on your envelopes, have the same on your signet ; but it is not requisite that you should seal with wax all the letters you may have to send away.

Now, a few words on the topics on which general friendly letters should touch. Do not fill them with unimportant trifles, unless you have good reason for supposing that they will be gratifying to the receiver. Some people indulge the habit of gossiping about themselves, and themselves only, in their letters. They have had a slight cold—we are, of course, "vastly" sorry ; but they have entirely recovered—of course we are "immensely" glad. Please to observe that I put these two words with inverted commas. They are young ladies' words—young ladies who, regardless of economy in their language and literature, use the strongest terms on the slightest occasion, and are consequently bankrupt in appropriate expressions on important occasions. Small matters should never be exaggerated. If we describe a mole-hill with grandeur fit for the Alps, what shall we say of the Himalayas ?

Need I say—not to you, my dear, but to any young Englishwoman—be careful of the *truth* of all you put in your letters ? We women get the credit—discredit more properly—of being scandal-mongers ; and I fear too many of us are given to the repeating of what we hear to the disadvantage of one another. We do not mean to injure the object of our scandal ; 'tis "evil wrought for the want of thought ;" it is but the relish for telling a new bit of gossip. Ah, me ! it is a dangerous temptation ; let us *all* guard against it very watchfully.

As to the length of letters, that depends entirely on what has to be said. Think what you have to say ; say it in your way as plainly as you can ; and stop when you have said it. Brevity is sometimes, but not always, the soul of wit. I daresay you have read of the two Irish chiefs whose brief correspondence is a curiosity. One wrote, "Send me tribute, or else—" and the other responded, "I will send you no tribute, and if—." A neater example is in my memory. One lady wrote to another simply with the note of interrogation "?," thereby signifying, What news ? Back comes the answer in a simple cipher, "0," No news. There are some correspondents who fill several pages with nothing, and put the something in the postscript. A fine lady once

upon a time wrote several let-  
time was as short as his patie  
Meeting this gentleman on a  
length of her epistles, protest  
a busy man, madam," was the  
have never read your letters—

And here my own hint of  
wearying you if I say more ;  
I shall send you another budget

EVER smiling, ever merry—

Little Flo

Hazel eyes and cheeks of che

Little Flo

Full of love and sweet affect

Open, candid, 'bove deceptio

Brow ne'er shadowed by dej

Little Flo

Like a sunbeam ever playing

Little Flo

O'er our hearts for ever stray

Little Flo

Cheered us in our days of sad

Brighter made our hours of

Made us better in our badne

Little Flo

Quick of thought, a wondrous

Little Flo

Full of fun—at times a rattle

Little Flo

How we watched her every

Her first essay on life's ocean

Watched with farvid, deep d

Little Flo

95. VIOLET POPLIN-DE-LA  
DRESS (FRONT).

Nos. 95, 96. —  
The material of  
the dress is violet-  
coloured poplin-  
de-laine, the trim-  
ming, arranged as  
seen in illustra-  
tions, over the  
bodice and sleeves,  
is cut out of vio-  
let-coloured gros  
grains silk, piped  
with black satin,  
and studded with  
small chalk beads.

Nos. 97, 98. —

The dress is made  
of gray poplin, or  
rep, and the bo-  
dice is trimmed  
with strips of blue  
cashmere, covered  
with a pattern in  
white braid work.  
Three of these  
strips are placed  
down the front,  
three round the

f the dress.

Another

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## THE FASHIONS.

and that a little observation will show that there are a few general rules to which toilets are subject.

All dresses are *double* ; there is the long skirt and the short skirt, or tunic, or peplum, under-skirt of silk or satin, which is quite indispensable when the dress is made *ape*, or *tarlatan*. It can be dispensed with only when the dress is itself of silk, satin, and the upper-skirt or tunic only of some light material.

The *lower* dress is always trimmed, over the lower part at least, with ruches, bouillons,

The upper skirt or tunic is mostly ornamented with trimmings put on plain. Trimmings are generally *satin rouleaux* edged with bead or silk fringe, or strips of lace the pattern of which is entirely formed of pearl beads and bugles.

These are the general rules ; but of course there are exceptions. Thus some tulle dresses are entirely with bouillons or ruches arranged lengthwise over the front and back of the skirt and the cross way over the sides, or the reverse.

A beautiful ball-dress of white tulle over white satin is made thus : the tulle is trimmed with bouillons, placed across the front in the shape of an apron. On either side of this is a border of oval medallions, made of cerise-coloured satin over stiff net, edged with pearls, and further trimmed round with a delicate border of the *te marabout* feathers. These medallions do not, without the feather fringe, exceed two inches in length ; and they are placed close one above the other in a border across the front, and in four curved rows across the front. Besides this, there is a border in the middle of both sides of the dress, when the bouillons are placed across, and one on either side of the back part, which is arranged in the same way as the bouillons across, only there are five curved rows of medallions instead of four, being longer at the back than in front. The low bodice is trimmed to correspond. The *tout ensemble* of this toilet is light and brilliant in the extreme. The bright pearls with the pearls sparkle like jewels among the cloudy folds of the tulle bouillon. The *te marabout* fringes add much grace and lightness to the general ornamentation.

A ball-toilet consists of a dress of silver-gray satin. The gored skirt forms a sweep over the back. It is trimmed round the bottom with thick bouillons of white tulle, in the shape of rounded fans, and edged with a coral pattern of the brightest red, continuing in curves from one set of bouillons to the other, forms a sort of waved border round the skirt. Tunic of white tulle formed of narrow bouillons disposed lengthwise in deep vandykes round the bottom, and bordered with a deep waved silk fringe.

Bodice of silver-gray satin, under chemisette and short sleeves of tulle. A branch of tulle is pinned upon the right shoulder, crossed over the bodice, and finished off in two unequal lengths, falling over the tunic under the left arm. Coiffure of coral and white tulle to match.

Ladies very frequently wear low white muslin bodices with their evening toilets, or, with tulle, crape, and tarlatan dresses ; with these the bodice or under-chemisette is of the same clear material.

A white muslin bodice is especially suitable with a skirt of silk or foulard, leno or crape, or silk grenadine. It is generally trimmed with velvet, moire, or satin ribbon round the bottom of the skirt.

Plaques, bracelets, and bandolieres for the hair are made of the same ribbon, and studded with pearls or crystal beads, or spangled with tiny dots, stars, or miniature birds, or butterflies in gold or silver.

And the flower-jewels of which we have already spoken are the most fashionable ornaments for a young lady's evening toilet.

Ladies wear large artistic jewels in profusion, and also a quantity of bead ornaments. Large beads of cut crystal should be either white or amber, or of a colour to correspond with either the trimming or the material of the dress.

It is not yet doomed to wear our waistbands just under the armpits ; but bodices are all very short-waisted, and with the *fourreau* dress a lady appears to have no waist.



*Fig. 1. 1867. 1867.*

# THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS

Modelled for

**The Young Englishwoman**

MARCH 1867

In the matter of corsets, fashion is happily in these days on the side of health and good sense. The long, straight, tight-laced, and unbending corset is now a thing of the past. The modern corset is short and supple, just affording the necessary support to the female figure without compressing it in any way. It is hooked in front, and has no shoulder-straps.

A very small waist is not now considered the ideal of feminine beauty ; a rounded, supple figure with ease and grace of motion are far more appreciated.

And what of crinolines ? Are they completely left off ? Not so. Under-skirts have become quite a study. Let us explain.

With the short dress a round petticoat with two or three steel circles at the bottom is required. The petticoat is very much narrower than crinolines were formerly ; but still it helps to make the dress stand out nicely round the bottom. This out-of-door jupon is generally made of coloured woollen material. A gored coloured under-skirt is worn over it, and shows under the short dress.

The jupon intended to be worn under a train-shaped dress must, like it, be train-shaped ; nor is it much shorter than the dress. It also has about three steel circles round the bottom.

With ball toilets the jupon is made of a light elastic horse-hair material, with only two or three very supple steel circles round the bottom. These under-skirts are extremely long ; a gored white petticoat, quite as long, is worn over them ; then a muslin skirt only about one inch shorter than the dress, trimmed all round with a very deep pleated flounce.

The under bodice should not form part of the under-skirt. It should merely have basques which make it keep down nicely.

The short dress is, as we have already hinted, very far from being universally adopted, even walking dresses are made very long, and the fashion now is to loop them up gracefully with an ornamental porte-jupe, formed of a clasp and brooch fastened together by delicate chains.

We have nothing new to notice this month in the way of out-of-door garments or bonnets. We must wait until next month to be able to speak with any certainty of spring fashions. Some very dressy bonnets are made of tulle or crape ; but for the most part they are still of plain or terry velvet.



## DESCRIPTION OF OUR FASHION-PLATE.

**BALL TOILET.**—Fancy coiffure adorned with roses. Upper dress of pink glacé silk cut in the Princess shape, with a long train behind and open in front, over a tulle skirt studded with roses. The upper dress is ornamented with long sprays of foliage with roses, and trimmed all round with deep white lace.

**WALKING OR VISITING TOILET.**—A dress of plain green silk, also in the Princess shape. The ornamentation consists of light-black gimp trimmings and silk buttons, the latter being placed all the way down the skirt. Velvet bonnet with a round crown. The brim is very narrow at the back and front, but gets gradually wider at the side. It is adorned with long pearls and jet pendants. Wide ribbon strings.

**COSTUME FOR A LITTLE GIRL THREE YEARS OLD.**—A tulle dress looped up with blue silk straps over a pleated blue silk skirt. White pleated chemisette. Blue silk corslet with small ribbon bows on the shoulders.

## LOVELIEST WORDS.

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### ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

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BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, in your flight ;  
Make me a child again just for to-night ;  
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,  
Take me again to your heart, as of yore ;  
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,  
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair ;  
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep ;  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep !

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years ;  
I am so weary of toil and of tears,—  
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,—  
Take them, and give me my childhood again !  
I have grown weary of dust and decay,  
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away ;  
Weary of sowing for others to reap ;  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep !

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,  
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you !  
Many a summer the grass has grown green,  
Blossomed and faded, our faces between :  
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,  
Long I to-night for your presence again.  
Come from the silence so long and so deep ;  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep !

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,  
No love like mother-love ever has shone ;  
No other worship abides and endures,  
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours.  
None like a mother can charm away pain  
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.  
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep ;  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep !

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,  
Fall on your shoulders again as of old ;  
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,  
Shading my faint eyes away from the light ;  
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more  
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore ;  
Lovingly, softly its bright billows sweep ;  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep !

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long  
 Since I last listened your lullaby song :  
 Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem  
 Womanhood's years have been only a dream.  
 Clapsed to your heart in a loving embrace,  
 With your light lashes just sweeping my face,  
 Never hereafter to wake or to weep,  
 Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep !

[Good music has been wedded to this, and the song is deservedly a favourite ; but the poem is not printed whole, some verses being omitted, in the music-sheet.]



### BLESSED DREAMS.



THE sunset's smile had left the sky,  
 The moon rose calm and fair,  
 As low a little maiden knelt  
 To breathe her nightly prayer ;  
 And thus her brief petition rose,  
 In simple words and few :  
 "Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,  
 And let them all come true."

O, I have stood in temples grand,  
 Where in the rainbowed gloom  
 Rose pompous prayers from priestly lips  
 Through clouds of dense perfume ;  
 But never one has seemed to me  
 So guileless, pure, and new :  
 "Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,  
 And let them all come true."

Ah ! little maiden kneeling there  
 Beneath the sunset skies,  
 What need have we of other prayer  
 Than yours, so sweet and wise ?  
 Henceforth I breathe no studied plea,  
 But bow and pray with you :  
 "Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,  
 And let them all come true."



# 100, 101. FEATHER FAN OR SCREEN.

**MATERIALS:** Small white and black pigeon feathers; pretty strong wire covered with white, stiff white net; some pink glacé silk; small and large crystal beads.

This fan, consisting of white and black feathers sewn over a shape formed with wire and net, is very suitable for the theatre, concerts, &c. Cut first for the shape one side in the shape of illustration 101, 9 inches long, 7 inches broad, measured in the middle. Hem in a piece of wire round the outside; the wire must be 5 inches longer at the lower end than the fan; then sew eight pieces of wire, as section 101, which must all longer than the fan. The wire form the handle; at the lower end bent into a circle, nine inches in diameter. The circle and the handle covered regularly and closely first with cotton; then the ring with glass beads, the handle with pink silk. Now begin to sew the feather foundation on the

the pieces of wire. Begin at the edge and sew on the feathers in close rows, reverse the order in each row, so that there be no empty place and that one feather may cover the beginning of the next. The first row is black. Half the length of the feathers must be outside the edge. Illustration 101 shows the working of the first and second row (the latter is white), and shows how the feathers are fastened. Continue to work in the same way, but leave in the middle a circle measuring 2 inches across; fill up the circle with black feathers, and in the middle sew on

To work this flower of leaves with a blue stem; form the middle with a black bead, through the net on the top, and cover it with pink silk which is turned down inside, and sewed over the net stitches.

—C—

## 102. FEATHER FAN.

# 103. COUVRETE KNOT IN CORN AND BRAID DARNINGWORK.

**MATERIALS**  
Lather thick  
red, red worsted  
cord, small nails,  
a bag (packing)  
needle and wooden  
frame.

This simple  
frame is made  
with four pieces  
of wood and some  
small nails; on  
this frame this  
very useful cov-  
rette is worked.  
The size of the  
frame depends on  
the size of the cov-  
rette. The origi-  
nal pattern was 17  
inches long and  
11 inches broad.  
The two long sides  
are regularly at a dis-  
tance of an inch from  
each other; they must be ex-  
actly the same, as shown  
in 103. This is a  
small frame, and  
it is one half of the

size of the  
one shown in the  
next illustration.  
The cord is fast-  
ened to the nail at the  
upper right-  
hand corner  
of the frame;  
stretch it  
across the  
frame, and  
knit alter-  
nately one  
end on one  
side and one  
on the other.  
The cord  
must not be  
drawn too  
tight; the  
end of the  
cord is fast-  
ened on the  
nail at the  
upper left-  
hand corner.  
Now begin  
the darning.  
Draw a long  
end of braid  
through a  
large needle  
in the shape  
of the needle;  
see illustration  
103, fas-  
ten it also on

the upper right-  
hand side nail,  
and draw the braid  
through the rows  
of cord in common  
darning stitch.  
The rows go back-  
wards and for-  
wards. For the first  
row, take up every  
other piece of  
cord. For the fol-  
lowing rows follow  
the pattern care-  
fully, and avoid  
the slightest mis-  
take. Illustration  
103 shows distinct-  
ly which piece of  
cord must come  
above, and which  
below the braid.  
The rows of braid  
must be as close  
together as pos-  
sible; the first  
row of braid must  
be fastened with  
nails. When  
your braid, join it  
to the row. When you  
do darning work  
be careful,  
off the frame,  
with braid one  
end trim it with a  
ruche of worsted  
braid.

For the bor-  
der, cast on  
two stitches  
with cord on  
two thick  
steel needles,  
and knit in  
rows back-  
wards and  
forwards,  
till the bor-  
der is long  
enough. 1st  
row, throw  
the cord for-  
ward, knit  
2 together.  
For the other  
rows, knit  
together the  
2 stitches  
that were  
knitted to-  
gether, and  
the stitch  
that was  
made by  
throwing the  
thread for-  
ward in pre-  
ceding row.

## FURS.

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"The fur that warms a monarch, warmed a bear."—POPE.

**F**ROM remote times man has made use of the skins of animals as clothing. At first, no doubt, from necessity, but afterwards for ornament.

The skins used in the early ages of the world must have been very rough as compared with the delicately prepared furs of the present day; although the art of dressing them undoubtedly reached a high state of perfection among the Assyrians and ancient Persians. The Assyrians used the soft skins of animals to cover the couches and ground in their tents; and the heroes of Greece and Rome are represented as being clothed in skins—Æneas wearing the skin of a lion as an outer garment, and Alcestis that of a Libyan bear.

Propertius designates the earlier senators as *peltati*; but the Romans of later periods regarded the use of skins as fitted only for barbarous times and people, associating it with the savage tribes on their frontiers.\*

Furs proper may be described as being those skins which have, under the hair which gives the colour, a woolly feltable fluff, as may be observed on blowing aside the outer hairs of ermine, sable, hare, or rabbit; while the hair which is not fur will be found on the skin of the lion, dog, monkey, ox, or leopard.

It is probable that the art of dressing furs, as distinguished from skins, was carried on with great skill about the second and third centuries, as at that time fur dresses became very popular among the Romans; and Ælianus, writing in the third century, speaks of the skins of the Pontic mouse (most probably the ermine, so named from Armenia, to which country it was introduced from northern regions at an earlier period) having been sent to Persia to be sewn together to form warm dresses.

The fur of the beaver, then known as the Pontic dog, was in use, either in the skin or for manufacturing fabrics, in the fourth century; but the sable was not known until many ages later, it having been brought by the Russians from Siberia.

In early periods furs and skins appear to have formed the chief riches of the northern European countries; they were nearly the sole exports; taxes were paid with them, and they were the medium of exchange. The same was the case in the western districts of America in the latter part of the last century; and the practice still continues among the Indians.

Furs were very generally used in the eleventh century, and in the twelfth it became the fashion to dye them, chiefly of a red colour.

During the Crusades the beauty and extravagance of the furs worn by the princes of Western Europe, while at the court of Constantinople, had become notorious; and Richard I. of England, and Philip II. of France, in order to check this growing extravagance, at the end of the twelfth century resolved that in the crusade they were then undertaking neither should wear ermine, sable, or other costly furs.

Although the use of furs had become so general with the higher classes, it is probable the use of skins was still common among them as well as among the lower classes. Shakespeare in *King John* mentions the lion's skin as a robe of honour.

The use of the most costly furs was in the thirteenth century restricted to the

\* Herodotus mentions the use of seal-skins by those living near the Caspian Sea; and Cæsar speaks of the Germans being partly clothed in the skins of reindeer.

royal families and the nobility, and they thus became distinctive marks and badges of rank, and so were introduced into armorial bearings. To such an extravagance had the use of fur arrived in this century, that 746 ermine skins were required for lining one of Louis IX.'s surcoats. He, however, afterwards followed the example of Richard and Philip, and abstained from the use of expensive furs. In the same century (1252) Marco Polo found ermine and other rich skins used to line the tents of the Khan of Tartary, which had been brought from countries far north, "the land of darkness."

It is probable they were worn generally in England during the next century, as in 1337 their use was prohibited by Edward III. to all persons unable to expend 100*l.* a-year.

In the sixteenth century a direct trade in fur was opened between England and Russia, the fur trade of Western Europe having before that time been almost entirely in the hands of the Hanseatic merchants. The Czar sent presents of fur to Queens Mary and Elizabeth; but the latter prohibited the wearing of any but native furs, and the trade consequently soon languished and died out. Many choice furs were brought into Europe from Siberia, which was conquered by Russia in the middle of the seventeenth century, and its tribute was paid in furs; but one of the great sources of the supply of modern furs was now being opened by the discovery and colonisation of North America.

The fur trade was begun by the French settlers at Quebec and Montreal, and consisted in bartering fire-arms, ammunition, cloth, spirits, and other articles in demand among the Indians, for beaver and other skins.

The other settlers soon learned the value of the pelts of the various animals found inhabiting the wild forests and the lakes and rivers of that vast continent, and collected large quantities of skins, finding an increased demand for them on every arrival from the mother country. The importance of this trade attracted the attention of the English merchants; and after a successful experimental expedition, Prince Rupert, the Duke of Albemarle, Lord Craven, and others, obtained a charter from Charles II. in 1670, granting them the exclusive right of trade over an enormous territory in the northern part of North America. This was the origin of the famous Hudson's Bay Company.

Furs, being entirely the produce of nature, cannot be cultivated or increased, consequently their value depends not only on fashion, but on the supplies received. The weather has great influence on the quantity and quality of furs obtained, consequently the fur trade is both difficult and uncertain, the value of the different articles sometimes rising and falling as much as 100, 200, or 300 per cent in a year, and even in some instances in as short a period as one month only.

The great sources of our supply of furs are North America, Russia, and Siberia, although many other countries produce very useful and elegant pelts.

It is probable that the productiveness of Siberia in valuable furs was in the first instance one great inducement to the Russians to desire the possession of that region. The animals producing the finest furs abound in the northern and arctic regions, and are in the finest condition at the approach of winter, and before the animal has reached mature age; so that the hunters necessarily undergo very great privations in the pursuit of their prey, and frequently lose their lives in their venturesome and toilsome occupation.

It is a noticeable fact that almost every country which produces and exports furs imports for its own consumption those of some other place. It is seldom that a fur is used in the country where it is found, though great quantities generally may be required for that country's consumption.

As skins are sent to market, they are usually merely dried in the sun or by a fire

though some of the small skins are sometimes first steeped in a solution of alum, the object being to render the pelt perfectly dry, so that when packed it will not be liable to decay. In large stores great care is required to preserve the skins from damp and from the ravages of moth; and for this purpose they are strewn with camphor, and turned over every few weeks, and each beaten with a stick, so as to cause the worms of the moths to fall out, when they are at once crushed. Linnæus mentions no less than five species of moth which prey upon cloth and fur. No sooner is the worm hatched than it eats through the fur, and continues increasingly destructive until it arrives at its full growth, when it passes into the chrysalis state, and then emerges a perfect moth.

Damp is also a great source of decay; the delicate structure of the fine fur being utterly destroyed by damp in a very few days. This fact is well known, and made use of by the leather manufacturers, who having wetted the skins allow them to remain for about a week in a damp cellar, when the hair can be pulled out with the greatest ease.

It is evident from these observations that in order to preserve furs they must be kept dry and free from moth. After being used in moist or rainy weather, they should be at once dried at a moderate distance from the fire, and when put away during the summer should be combed and beaten with a small cane and very carefully wrapped in dry brown paper; or, better, sewn up in a linen bag, as none of the moths preying upon wool or fur will penetrate linen. During the summer they should be taken out, beaten, and aired about once a month; and with these precautions the most delicate furs may be preserved for many years.

In preparing or dressing furs the skins are subjected to various processes by different manufacturers; but the course usually adopted with the fine ornamental kinds is to place them in tubs with rancid butter, where they are trampled and turned about for several hours; the felt thus becomes soft and pliable as if partially tanned: in the next process they are scraped over a blunt iron, which removes loose pieces of integument, and reduces the thickness of the pelt; after which, in order to remove all traces of grease, they are trampled with a mixture of sawdust (that of mahogany being preferred), occasionally heated, and the fur combed; by this process the grease is entirely removed, and they are ready for the cutter, who shapes them for the various purposes for which they are to be used.

The cutting requires considerable skill to avoid waste; the same shades of colour have to be selected by a good workman, and so worked together that each muff, collar, or other article, is made to possess the same shade of colour throughout. The various joinings of the furs are concealed by the linings when the articles are finished.

The inferior furs are frequently dyed to imitate the superior specimens. Some difficulty has attended this, as from the nature of the skins the dye can only be used in a cold state; but the practice has been so far successful, that the dyed colour in sable has frequently been found as durable as that of skins in their natural state.

Rabbit and other inferior furs are also dyed with considerable success in such colours as are suitable to the prevailing taste.

As evidence of the extent of the fur trade, it may be mentioned that there are nearly six million fur skins imported into England annually.

At an early day, we shall write of particular furs and skins, and the animals which bear them.

## THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN'S RECIPE-BOOK.

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**GINGERBREAD LOAF.**—Three pounds and a quarter of flour, two pounds of treacle, half pound of moist sugar, nine ounces of butter, half ounce of ginger, one ounce of carraways, half ounce of allspice, six drachms of potash, one egg, and three and a half wineglassfuls of water; put the sugar, water, butter, and potash, in a pan, and dissolve it over the fire, mix with the treacle; when cool, add the other ingredients, butter the moulds, and proceed as for bread loaves; bake in rather a slow oven.

**IMPERIAL GINGERBREAD.**—Half pound of butter beaten to a cream, one pound of raw sugar, one pound of fine flour, one ounce of ground ginger, one ounce of candied peel shred fine; mix with the whites of three eggs. Drop in small pieces on tins, bake in a slow oven. Put in the flour last.

**PUFF-PASTE.**—Half pound of flour, six ounces of butter, two ounces of lard. Roll the butter and lard with plenty of flour; rub about one ounce of butter with the flour, and make into a paste with a little cold water; roll it out, and lay the rolled butter and lard upon it; roll it all together two or three times.

**CUSTARD.**—Mix two ounces of ground rice with a pint of new milk quite smooth, add one pint of cream, quarter gill of brandy, and six eggs; sweeten to taste, and boil gently over a slow fire, stirring all the time to a proper thickness. Put into cups or glasses.

**LEMON CREAM WITHOUT CREAM.**—One pint of spring water, the juice of four lemons, the whites of four eggs beaten very well. Pare the lemons very thin, and let the peel lie two hours in the water; then strain it off, add the juice and the whites of the eggs, sweeten to your taste; boil till it is rather thick, stirring all the time; then put into cups or glasses.

**LITTLE CAKES.**—Half pound of butter beaten to a cream, half pound of sugar sifted, five eggs—leaving out one white—well beaten, half pound of currants, a little orange-peel, citron, and ratafia, quarter pound of flour; mix and bake on tins.

**GOFERS.**—One pound of flour, one pint of milk, two eggs, a teacupful of cream, and a spoonful of yeast; set it before the fire to rise, fill the irons with the batter, and bake on a girdle over the fire.

**HULL CHEESECAKES.**—Beat six ounces of butter to a cream, add to it two eggs frothed and six ounces of moist sugar, three ounces of currants, eight drops of essence of lemon, and six ounces of ground rice, creed, and well mixed with a little brandy; line patty-pans with puff-paste, fill, and bake.

**RICE BLANC-MANGE.**—Mix two tablespoonsful of ground rice to a stiff paste with a little cold milk, stir it well till smooth into a pint of boiling milk, then boil ten minutes, stirring all the time; flavour with almond or lemon essence, and sweeten to taste; pour directly into a mould previously dipped in cold water.

**WINE BISCUITS.**—Rub into one pound of flour four ounces of butter, four ounces of powdered sugar; make into a thin paste, with one egg and a spoonful (or more if required) of thick cream; put currants to one half, and carraways to the other; cut in shapes, and bake on tins.

# NEW REVIEWS OF THE MONTH

106. TIGHT-FITTING IN-DOOR JACKET

shaped jet beads; the stream and of the

# NEW DRESSES.

107. WALKING DRESS FOR A YOUNG LADY.



## OUR DRAWING-ROOM.

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**I**T is pretty generally admitted that we are most of us more ready to point out the duties and responsibilities of other people than we are to study and discharge our own. The following hints, from the pen of a boy writer, which have come into our hands, may possibly be interesting to young Englishwomen, seeing they were written for young Englishmen. It is good to know what is the duty of the opposite sex—of course we know all about our own.

"It is my intention in this paper to give a little friendly counsel to such readers as may be patronising this, unfortunately, too much abused fashion. I will suppose I am addressing a youth of sixteen. I will commence by asking him if he knows the obligations it incurs. When a youth (say an apprentice) falls in love at this age, he is not expected to marry until after he is out of his time; and during the period from sixteen to twenty-one he has little chance of saving towards making a home. In this case he has to shorten himself considerably to get a decent home in a reasonable period—particularly if he is only a common workman with thirty shillings a week, and she a workman's daughter. An honourable young man might be able to get a home in twelve months sufficient to begin with, and rely upon adding to it afterwards, which is a very foolish idea, for it is very likely he will have a fast-increasing family, and thus, instead of saving for a home, spend all in food and clothing. Thus he will remain in the same position in which he started. This is too often one of the results of juvenile courtship. I will now consider it in another light. Young persons are fond of company, and courtship takes away some of its charms. The young lady will not, unless she is a flirt (flirts, I hope, are not very plentiful), go out without her beau, and *vice versa*. Now if from any cause one is prevented from going, the other feels it is his or her duty not to go; thus depriving themselves of one of the most essential delights of youth. It is a very great sin on the part of a youth to trifle with a girl. Girls have very impressible natures, and feel any little attention offered them, oftentimes in a very different sense to what it is intended. When in the company of a girl, unless you wish to engage her affections, you should be very careful what you say to her; for I am sure no right-minded boy would wish to wound a girl's feelings. It may happen that a girl falls in love, but her modesty prevents her acknowledging it. In such a case it is very dangerous for the youth she idols to utter one sentence that implies he is partial to her; for it is likely to kindle a fire in her heart not easily quenched. A girl's love is a priceless gem, and should be held sacred. I will conclude by appending a few rules for young courtiers to work from: Don't think of courtship till you have attained twenty-two, and then not unless you have made a provision for a home. Do not marry a girl for her beauty *only*, but for her virtues; these are, industry, cleanliness, and temperance (*not teetotalism*). And above all have a wife of the same temper and qualities as yourself. ALCESTES."

J. B. F.—The Queen opened parliament in person with the semi-state observed last year. "In state," means the gilded coach drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, with two footmen at each door, and a yeoman of the guard at each wheel, escorted by a squadron of the Life Guards. "Semi-state" means all but the state coach.

THOS. J. B.'s lines on Jack Tar are respectfully declined.

LADY LISLE.—We cannot undertake to state when the end of the world will be, but it may be interesting to L. L. to know what people have said about it. We quote from a correspondent of the *Carlisle Examiner*:

1. The Jews had an ancient doctrine, that the world will last 6000 years—2000 before the Law, 2000 under the Law, and 2000 under the Gospel.

2. There was a time when the duration of the world was thought to be bound up with that of the Roman Empire, and every comet, every earthquake, was regarded as a portent of doom.

3. On being asked by the Bishop of Salome whether the end of the earth was near, St. Augustine replied that in all probability a few years' respite would be given to it.

4. From year to year, however, the date of the crash was put back, and finally the end of the ninth century was fixed upon, when there was a special expectation and dread, lasting till the year 1000, which had been definitely fixed upon as the wind-up of all things. During that century many grants of estates were made to the churches and monasteries, under the formula, *Termino mundi appropinquante*—"Whereas the end of the world being nigh!"

5. In 1179, astrologers sent letters all over the world announcing that the world would surely end in September 1186, amidst storms and thunder.

6. In 1524, there was great terror, as John Stoffer, a German seer, had foretold an universal deluge for the following February. In England, France, Spain, and Italy, thousands fled to the hills, and a Professor of Divinity at Alcala built himself a boat raised on four pillars. When rain began to fall in February, people said, "Now it beginneth!" The four weeks passing over well, the astrologer, says an old writer, "for his excuse, said that in his computation he had mistaken and miscounted in their number an hundred years."

7. In 1586, the Sieur Andreas announced that in two years the world would come to an end, and that "immediately afterward" all power would be given into the hands of the Turks.

8. Whiston predicted the crisis in the middle of the last century.

9. A Frenchman, M. Turien, taught that "Anti-Christianism was born about the year 1450; it shall die about the year 1710. This may happen sooner; but I do not see that it can go much further than 1714." He fixed the millennium for 1785.

10. Richard Brothers, an oracle in 1790, proclaimed, "that the very loud and unusual kind of thunder heard in January last was the voice of the angel mentioned in the 18th of Revelation;" and fixed the 15th of August 1793 for the destruction of London.

11. "Write, write, the Spirit says, Write," prophesied an old woman in Suffolk 94 years ago, "the High Priest shall never have another Christmas dinner!"

12. Dr. Cumming says it will come during the present year; and Mr. Spurgeon says he don't think so, "because the twopenny-ha'penny prophets say it will."

A Correspondent who asks for some lines of poetry appropriate for a specific object will, we think, find these lines of Kirke White suited to the purpose:

"It is not that my lot is low  
That bids this silent tear to flow;  
It is not grief that makes me moan—  
It is that I am all alone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet in my dreams a form I view  
That thinks on me, and loves me too;  
I start, and when the vision's flown,  
I weep that I am all alone!"

Does the hair grow after death? is the grim question submitted to us by a young lady, who has chosen for herself the infelicitous name of IGNORAMUS.—Yes, in some instances it does; but the instances are uncommon. Who is the best singer of the present day? Nay, we decline to throw the apple of discord: this we may say, that, for the present, Grisi deserves all the crowns she won in her youth and in maturity; we suppose none of her gifted daughters will complain of this. IGNORAMUS naïvely adds, "What an inexhaustible amount of patience you must have to answer the number of foolish questions that are put to you!" Patience: Patience—it is an editorial virtue, and we trust we are not deficient in it; but sometimes is sorely tried. Hyde Park: Ignoramus wants to know the size of it.—It comprises over 888 acres. It was formed and enclosed by Henry VIII. three hundred years ago. The site was part of the ancient manor of Hyde, held by the Abbot and monks of Westminster. The deer were hunted in Hyde Park in the days of Queen Elizabeth; there were horse and foot races

there in the time of Charles I. The second Charles enclosed it with a brick wall; Caroline, wife of George II., formed the Serpentine out of the pools and swamps which then covered the low grounds. The drive along the Serpentine is called the "Lady's Mile," and during the season exhibits, between five and seven, a brilliant array of carriages. Rotten Row—a corruption of Route du Roi, the King's Road, is devoted to equestrianism; no carriage but the sovereign's being allowed to enter it. The Park is entered by several gates,—Albert Gate, Cumberland Gate, Hyde-Park Corner, Marble Arch, etc., which *etc.* includes the Park railings which "fell" in the recent demonstration, and over which the people passed as by a new entrance to the Park. Kensington Gardens adjoin the Park, and cover an extent of 358 acres.

A TROUBLED ONE may find plenty of opportunities of doing good and being very useful, if she will but seek for them. In a book recently published by Bentley, written by Lady Herbert, and called *Three Phases of Christian Love*, there is a memoir of Mdlle. Victorine de Galard Terraube. The writer prefaces it with these remarks: "In this nineteenth century, when to be brilliant, to be 'fast,' and to be admired, seem to be the main object of English girls, when the style of conversation among themselves is such as to lower instead of raising their moral tone, and the indiscriminate reading of doubtful popular novels still further vitiates their natural purity and good taste, it has been thought advisable to give a short English version of the life of a young French lady lately dead—a girl of high birth and station, leading outwardly the common life of other girls in a similar position; hoping that some of our young readers may be induced to follow so bright an example." The example of this young lady consists in her steady resolve to live for others and not to please herself. She was religious, but she did not set up for being a monitor and exemplar to her parents and friends. She was practical enough to see that aspiration was not action, and therefore without any show, any indulgence in religious enthusiasm, she filled with simplicity and diligence the common duties she was called on to discharge,—a light in the home, a blessing to all; earning the name of friend amongst the poor, but carefully avoiding any ostentatious display.

M. H. H.—Tatting Patterns and some excellent instructions, with illustrative engravings, have been in hand some time, and will duly appear. See *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER may rely on our best attention. The pattern will be given in due course.

C. C.—We are obliged to you for your very kind letter. By all means we excuse what you mention, and have no doubt it will be better next time; it is only when arrogance and presumption appear at the point of the pen that we fall to and expose shortcomings. You are evidently a very good girl.

EXCELSIOR.—We do not know the picture to which you allude.

CURLYHEAD.—You are very young to think of wearing false—O, we beg pardon, additional—hair; but if you *will* wear it, you can procure the curls you mention at Mr. Stacey's, Cranbourn-street, W.C. Curls of the length you require are 6s. each; the curl chignons are 10s. 6d., and the tight coils the same price.

MINNIE.—The "Bon Clasp" can only be obtained of the inventors, Stacey and Co., Cranbourn-street, W.C. It is sent post-free, 1s. 8d., with full directions for use.

ONE UNINITIATED.—No; the practice is convenient, and strictly in accordance with etiquette.

ELISE.—The bow should be returned; the fact of the gentleman being with a friend of your own is a guarantee of his respectability.

X. Y. Z.—There is an illustrated edition of the poems of Jean Ingelow, published by Longmans.

LIZZLE.—Names, whatever Juliet, who, by the way, was only a love-sick girl, may say to the contrary, are really of importance. It is well to have a good name, a name of good significance, and "then to answer to our names."

A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE BEGINNING is thanked for her kind letter ; and we assure her that she need be under no apprehension that there will be any falling off in the literary merit of our Magazine. Our correspondent says the "size is more convenient, and the type is improved ; the only things that had to be found fault with in its former state." Exactly so ; these had to be remedied, and we are right glad that our alterations meet the approbation of our friends.

A DISAPPOINTED SUBSCRIBER is assured that she stands alone ; her letter is the only one that has reached us complaining of the changes made in the Magazine. We regret much that she is dissatisfied, and is still inclined to say, "The old is better." This, we trust, will not be long her opinion. We believe the old friend with the new face will gain upon acquaintance.

IDA.—The tale of "Love and Duty" was completed in the last number of the old series of THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN. Your suggestion with regard to the cooking-recipes shall have our best attention.

NELLIE.—The symbols were chosen on account of their being the best known in the countries they symbolise—the rose for England, the thistle for Scotland, the shamrock for Ireland, and the leek for Wales. When the rose was first chosen as the symbol of England is with certainty unknown. The houses of York and Lancaster, united in Henry VII., were each distinguished by a rose ; hence the Wars of the Roses. The trefoil of Ireland is said to have been adopted as a sign of honour on the conversion of the Irish to Christianity by St. Patrick, about 433. The thistle of Scotland with its motto is said to have been borrowed by James V. from the Bourbons about 1540. The adoption of the Welsh leek is uncertain ; it is known to have been assumed at the battle of Bosworth by the body-guard of Henry VII.

Another NELLY wishes to dispose of a quantity of used English postage-stamps. Can any one of our fair sisterhood, or those belonging to them, assist the sale, or state whether to obtain a sale be probable ?

#### FAR AWAY.

Far away her thoughts are wandering, as she gazes silently  
Through the dreary winter twilight out upon the distant sea.

Standing where the shadowy firelight trembles in her golden hair,  
See her face, so sweet and mournful, sweet and sad, but O how fair !

She is thinking of her lover,—longing for the happy day  
When once more they meet together, far away, O far away !

Far away in other climates, under gorgeous tropic skies  
Ringing with a thousand voices, low her soldier-lover lies.

Where the perfume-laden breezes through the long, long summer hours  
Pause about his grave, and, whispering, melt away among the flowers ;

Or perchance, when glowing noontide deepens into later day,  
Fill the orange-groves with fragrance far away, O far away !

J. HULLETT.

A SUFFERER.—The ear-trumpet is used with considerable benefit by persons unfortunately afflicted with deafness. It very much resembles the instrument you suggest.

We cannot, in justice to our other Correspondents, occupy our space with the words of a song so well known as "The Whistling Thief." Apply to a music-seller. The colour of your hair is dark-brown inclining to auburn. With regard to worsted work you may apply to Madame Goubaud, 33 Rathbone-place, W. The address of Miss Emily Faithfull is Victoria Press, 83A Farringdon-street, E.C.

M. W. has our thanks for the following recipes : *Winter Pudding*.—Two raw potatoes grated ; juice, and rind of two lemons grated ; two teacupfuls of water ; two teacupfuls of sugar ; line the dish with puff-paste ; bake one and a half hours. *Another Winter Pudding*.—8 oz. bread grated ; 5 oz. suet cut fine ; 5 oz. sugar ; rind and juice of a small lemon. Put into a shape, and boiled or steamed not less than three hours.

BETA.—Your patterns are received ; be good enough to send more. Your descriptions, however, are not sufficiently clear. When you next write, send name and address.

M. W. B. challenges us as to our opinion on short or long courtship. The object to, our mind having been long ago impressed by the story of one who, after for ten or twelve years, and being pressed to settle, declared that he really did not care to be married at all ; for wherever should he spend his evenings ! A short courtship is the objection of marrying in haste, with penitence on the heels of Hymen. A medium is the best. One of the shortest courtships we ever heard of is the following, from an Australian paper : A buxom damsel of some twenty-three summers was a passenger to Maldon, her maternal home, by one of the Maldon coaches ; and a stalwart miner, from Cornwall ("near England"), took a seat by her side. They were total strangers to each other, the man being from Bendigo, on the look-out for his brother, and never having been in Maldon before. However, on the journey they enjoyed a pleasant chat, and, presumed, became mutually enamoured of each other. At all events, it is a fact that on reaching Maldon a whispered conversation took place, and the damsel, instead of going home, took the arm of the swain, and proceeded at once to the residence of a minister, who, satisfying himself that both were sane and of mature age, agreed to tie them up. He then called upon for their names for the "marriage-lines," the question had to be mutually asked and replied to. The lady then went for the ring, while her lover of an hour gave the necessary information. The ring was got ; and in something less than four hours after meeting for the first time the two were "no longer twain, but of one flesh." The happy pair then departed for Bendigo.

L. H.—We are indebted to you for your suggestion, but the plan is already being practically carried out.

SNOWDROP wishes to know (1) whether gentlemen admire tall or short ladies the most ; the impression is that gentlemen, and ladies too, usually go by the rule of contraries. Certainly some gentlemen do not object to *petite* wives, if they be of the *placens-uxor* order ; on the other hand, some gentlemen sometimes *do* object to literally looking up to their wives, while their wives look down on them. (2) What do we think of a girl who is always anxious to see a certain individual, not that she knows anything of him, but for the simple reason that she likes to look at him ? Well, we should call it silly, as it might, perhaps, make her unhappy, and from being "Pat on the monument," she might come to need a monument of her own. (3) What kind of boots make the neatest feet ? Boots don't make the feet at all ; no boot looks well on an ugly foot. A neat well-fitting boot, not tight enough to contract the foot, always looks well on a pretty foot. Some have a preference for boots with elastic sides. Now, SNOWDROP, you have such questions as we can give you. Keep your promise : do not ask any more silly questions.

MAY.—A series of papers on Phantom Bouquets, which will most likely be re-issued in complete form, are now appearing in the columns of the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*.

M. M.—The alphabet given in your sheet will be very useful.

LEONORA.—Declined with thanks.

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### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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*It is impossible for us to be responsible for the return of rejected Essays, Tales, Poems, Puzzles, Patterns, Models, Specimens, or any Articles or Communications of any kind. At the same time we promise to give our best attention to all that may come to us, and gratify, as far as possible the wishes expressed by Correspondents. We beg also to note that we cannot undertake, except in special cases, to answer by post letters connected with the Editor's Department.*

1

# Under-Linen.

Chemise . . . . .	2	6
Ditto, with shaped front and perfectly plain back . . . . .	2	0
Nightdress . . . . .	2	0
Drawers . . . . .	2	0
Ladies' Knickerbockers, for scarlet dresses . . . . .	2	0
Petticoat Body . . . . .	1	6
Nightcap, with strings . . . . .	1	0
Summer ditto, without strings . . . . .	1	0
Petticoat Band . . . . .	1	1
Set of Under-Linen, including the above-named articles . . . . .	8	0
Train-gored Crinoline . . . . .	2	6
Nightdress, with Revers . . . . .	2	0
Frisled gored Petticoat . . . . .	2	6
Ditto, with band complete . . . . .	3	6
The new-shaped Collars and Cuffs, including Habitshirt and Sleeve . . . . . the set	1	0
Bathing Dress, complete . . . . .	3	0

# CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

Little Girl's Improved Garibaldi Costume (high)	2	0
Ditto ditto ditto (low)	2	0
Ditto Chemise Russe . . . . .	2	0
Ditto Peplum . . . . .	1	6
Ditto Mantles . . . . . each	2	6
Ditto Pinafores . . . . . each	1	6
Ditto Aprons . . . . . each	1	6
Boy's Knickerbocker Suit . . . . .	2	0
Jacket and Waistcoat for out-door wear . . . . .	1	6
Tunics, high and low . . . . . each	2	0
Boy's Pinafores . . . . . each	1	6
Little Boy's out-door Paletôt, with peg-top sleeve (from two to eight years of age) . . . . .	2	6
Little Boy's Inverness Cape . . . . .	2	6
Child's Gipsy Cloak . . . . .	2	6
Children's Pelisses, including cape, body, and skirt . . . . .	2	6
Children's Nightgowns, Chemises, Drawers, each . . . . .	1	0
Little Girl's Fancy Knickerbockers . . . . .	1	6

# INFANT'S CLOTHING.

A complete set of things for a Baby's Layette, including eight articles . . . . .	8	6
Or with Cloak . . . . .	10	6
Baby's Cloak, separately . . . . .	2	6

\* \* A flat pattern is given when necessary with each article.

B

D

# THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN.



## THE HYMN OF LOVE.

### Part II.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### THREE YEARS LATER.

**M**ORE than three years later. For when we last saw the old house of the Herr Notarius clusters of white roses and star-sprinkled branches of jessamine embowered the diamond-paned casements, and garlanded the porch over the front door.

Now, roses and jessamine are faded, and as we peep into the orchard beyond we see how the boughs bend down to the very ground under the loads of fruit they bear. Rosy apples, golden and russet pears, richly tinted plums gleam out from amongst the leaves. We catch a glimpse at the same time of the ever-sparkling, ever-dancing little river; and our ears are gladdened by the blithesome voices of the Nixies, who as of old sport in its waters, and pelt each other with the spray.

But what signify three years, more or less, to the old house? Nothing at all. The red-tiled roof gleams as brightly amid the trees, the diamond-paned windows twinkle quite as merrily, as when we last beheld them; the hall, seen through the open doorway, is as neatly bright and quaint as ever. So in we go, making ourselves quite at home as formerly.

Stay!—who is this we find seated by one of the open windows of the oak-wainscoted saal? This old lady, dressed in deep mourning, but looking not one bit mournful, quite the contrary. Cheeks rosy as the apples without has this sunny-faced old dame, and eyes so blue that it seems quite a sin to put spectacles over them, and silver hair smoothly put back under the neat cap. And see, just see, how merrily the nice old lady knits away, humming to herself the while, and wagging her head and tapping her feet in time to the tune.

Well, but *who* is this old lady we find knitting and singing in the oak-wainscoted saal? Has the Herr Notarius, like all the widowed kings in the fairy tales, married



again, and brought home a stepdame to rule over Minna? Because if so, neither the rosy face, nor the blue eyes, nor the cheerful smile, nor the blithe voice can reconcile us to such a thing—they must be all deceptive. For stepmothers—

Easy, easy! This is no stepmother, but simply the good aunt Trina; who being a widow and childless has come to live with her orphan niece, and to take good care of her. For, alas, the Herr Notarius took his place a year ago beside his dead wife; from whom Death had parted him, to whom Death reunited him. And but for the coming of the kind-hearted aunt Trina, how lonely and sad would poor Minna's life now be!

Now the old lady, glancing out of the window, lays by her knitting, and begins to kiss her hand gaily, to nod and smile most cordially to someone in the garden without. This someone entering proves to be an old friend, Minna.

How goes it, little Minna? Right well, to all appearance. Though, yes! about the mouth lurks a saddened expression we were not wont to see there. Ay, and the hazel eyes are full of thoughtful, at times of regretful, shadows. But these last are fleeting, as such shadows should be; something must lately have occurred to bring them there, and to call that troubled look into the peaceful face.

Aunt Trina wants to hear the news. Has Minna heard any at her friend's house? The old dame is a great gossip, and of all things loves to hear news.

Yes, Minna says, there were several other girls at Mathilde Hutius's, and all had some news to tell. First, all the talk was about this White Lady, who, they say, has so often appeared to the dear princess since her marriage. For lately, very lately, the Baronin von —, Mathilde's aunt's cousin, had herself seen the mysterious White Lady. The Frau Baronin, with several other court ladies, was standing in an ante-chamber of the palace, when lo, the White Lady herself in her transparent widow's coif glided in at one door, and, passing the group with a stately curtesy went out by another and was seen no more; and while some feared that the visits of the phantom boded no happiness or good, most were of opinion that she was there to watch over the sweet, kindly princess, and the dear little Prinachen Friedrich. At which story the aunt Trina looked serious, shook her head, hoped the visits of the White Lady might be for good; but, alas, the experience of ages told the contrary. However, it was assuredly a good omen to have the phantom salute the ladies when passing them, that it was.

There were yet other things to be discussed. Minna had heard that Genoveva Zweifalter, one of the beauties of Cologne, had broken her troth to her affianced, the poor but worthy young student Max Lindahl, and was about to marry the ugly but vastly-wealthy son of a Jew. Clara von Eberbach, who was to be bridesmaid, told them all about it; and, incredible as it seemed, assured them that instead of regretting her former lover, who was quite heart-broken at her desertion, the heartless girl could only think of the wealth of the contemptible little bridegroom, and of the splendid presents he made her.

Having fully discussed the question, and blamed the heartless Genoveva, and pitied the poor student Max, there came a triumph for the aunt Trina. Yes, for she without once going out of the house had heard a piece of news her niece, it seemed, had missed. A piece of news that perhaps would interest Minna—ah, sly little Minna!—more than all the White Ladies in the world, or even more than the sad story of the student Max. Ah, did not the aunt Trina this morning tell Minna the first thing how she had dreamt two strange dreams last night? One about her backbone, and another about a messenger dressed in white and gold, and coming there with a black silk dress and black veil for Minna? Well, had she not also said that dreaming of her backbone was a sign she was soon to see a stranger; and that the messenger in white and gold meant good tidings, and the black silk dress and the black veil were for a bridal in which Minna

was to have some share? Ah, ha! let Minna never again laugh at her dreams. For here her dream, the first one, had come true, or the same thing. Before long she would indeed see a stranger. A stranger to her, that is to say, but not, some little bird had told her, by any means a stranger to Minna. Could Minna guess *who* was coming home?

Minna was looking out of the open casement, idly plucking at the clematis blossoms, and scattering their sweet leaves in a shower. She answered, not quite at once, but after a second's hesitation:

"Yes, Aunt Trina, I think I can guess. Rosa Müller told me to-day that her cousin Otto's three years of military service had expired, and that he was expected home immediately."

"Ay!" cried the old lady, a little disappointed at having her information forestalled. "And why not have told that amongst the other news?"

"Why, indeed, dear aunt—simply because I did not think it could interest thee, Otto being a stranger to thee."

"Ah, well!" said good Aunt Trina, recovering her spirits; "never say again that dreams are not true. 'There's a meaning in dreams,' as the old proverb says. It was not without meaning I dreamt of my backbone, Minna. Behold the stranger! Neither was it without meaning I dreamt of the messenger in white and gold, bearing the black dress and veil for thee. We shall see yet!"

The good old dame pondered for a few minutes in silence, then began again, after a few doubtful glances at what she could see of her niece's face,

"Minna, my child!"

"Well, Aunt Trina?"

"What is this about thee and this Otto Müller?"

"He and I are old friends," was the low-toned answer, "and shall, I trust, remain so."

"But it is not quite that, my heart. Some hints did my informant, the Frau Doctorin, give me; but I could not get her to explain herself. What did she mean by saying that my little niece, at least, would be glad of Otto Müller's return, if only for old times' sake? What has the little Minna to say to this Otto Müller?"

Aunt Trina would not have cross-questioned the little niece so closely had she guessed what a white, pained look was in the averted face. When, after a moment's pause, she turned round, it was sufficiently composed to deceive the not very observant old lady.

"The Frau Doctorin spoke but truth," she replied. "For old times' sake shall I be right glad to see Otto Müller home again."

"Is that all? Why, Minna, my child, from the manner of the Frau Doctorin, I fancied there was something more than mere friendship between thee and this young soldier. I am sure she hinted as much."

And the Aunt Trina sighed to see all the fine castles she had been building on these hints, joined to the dream of the black dress brought by the messenger in white and gold, overthrown. Minna said, as quietly as before:

"I know well to what the Frau Doctorin referred. To an old song long since sung to an end. Some years ago, when Otto and I were silly children, he an inexperienced boy, I a dreaming girl, we fancied we were in love with each other. Luckily, we found out the mistake in time to remedy it; and when Otto Müller was called away to Berlin to serve as a soldier, he and I parted as old friends, nothing more. But that I trust we shall ever, ever be!" she added earnestly, yet so softly that the words were like a whisper.

"Ah!" cried the old lady, who had listened most eagerly to this explanation;

"Ah! but, Minna my child, how do you know but that you two may really fall in

love this time? An inexperienced boy is vastly different from a gallant youth,—a fine, manly soldier!—and a silly girl was very different from my sensible, thoughtful, clever little niece here present. Yes, yes! I see how it will be!” rubbing her hands, and nodding gleefully. “It was not for nothing I had such a dream. And what does the proverb say? ‘First love is never forgotten.’”

“Ay, when *has* been really love in the question,” her niece said, smiling; “but have I not told thee it was but a foolish, childish dream. Thou dear Aunt Trina! it is really a pity to spoil thy pretty romance, *but—*”

“Ah! thou mischievous *but!*” quoth the old lady gaily.

“Truly is there ‘a but herein,’ for I must prove your beautiful dream good for nothing, so far as I am concerned. Otto Müller is, and has been for some years past, the betrothed of my cousin Bertha Alken of Aachen. I tell thee that thou mayest know the truth, though as yet it is quite a secret. But I am sure I can trust thee, dear Aunt Trina.”

“I believe so, dear child,” the old lady responded in a tone of exceeding dignity. Then she heaved a sigh. “So, indeed, it is hopeless!” she murmured. “Well, well, all in good time, Minnchen; all in good time. ‘Time has roses for all,’ as the old proverb says.”

## CHAPTER II.

### AUNT TRINA'S DREAM OF HER BACKBONE COMES PERFECTLY TRUE.

“LOOK, Minna child, look! who is this coming in at the garden wicket?” cried the Aunt Trina, a few evenings later. Minna jumped up; but the glare of the setting sun streaming full upon her, and shedding its red-light over her face, rendered her position quite untenable, and she resumed her seat as hastily as she had quitted it.

“It is Otto Müller,” she replied in a low tone, and not quite as steadily as usual. Even as she spoke a manly tread resounded in the hall without, and a well-known knock was at the door of the saal. Minna cried “Come in!” but so softly as to be almost inaudible; so the Aunt Trina, all curiosity to see the stranger foretold by her backbone face to face, repeated the words right lustily. So the door opened, and the young soldier walked in.

It was wonderful to see how gravely and yet smilingly, with what calm friendliness Minna welcomed him and presented him to her aunt—all that was past and gone considered. But women even to their own hearts are riddles, and ever will be so. Indeed, so calm was her demeanour, so composed her tone and words, that it was with a certain feeling of mortification that the new-comer turned to listen to the eager and multitudinous queries of the old lady, who had a hundred things to ask about Berlin and the soldier's life there, and the court, and the Prince Regent, and the poor dear King, and the Prince and Princess Friedrich Wilhelm, and the dear, blessed, little Prinachen. It was as much as he could do to bring his thoughts to the consideration of these weighty matters, and to answer all these queries, while, all the time, he could not help thinking how strange it was to meet Minna after so long an absence, and to be received as if she had just parted from him the evening before.

Minna had resumed her work, and very calm and quiet she looked sitting there, though the beads she was threading would fall about the floor or back into the little box, instead of slipping quietly on to the thread. After a time, finding that Otto had quite enough to do to attend to the Aunt Trina, Minna ventured now and again to steal a glance at him, to see what changes had been wrought in him since their last meeting. She spilled plenty of beads, but took a good many looks at Otto.

He was wonderfully changed and improved. Not exactly handsomer, Minna thought, but more manly in appearance. His brown hair had darkened almost to black, his skin was bronzed, his mouth quite hidden under the great dark drooping moustache that gave him such a soldierly look. Altogether a finer-looking fellow than Otto Müller no one could possibly hope to see.

There were other changes too, that Minna could not but admit were improvements. There was a gentle kindliness in his manner to the Aunt Trina that assuredly he would not have shown her three years ago. Minna knew quite well how foreign to his inclination it was to sit down to such gossiping discussion of trifles as that carried on by the good old lady; she fully recognised the difference between the man Otto who did so with a kindly sacrifice of self, and the boy Otto who would have cut the queries as short as possible, and the answers still shorter. Ah, decidedly Otto was improved. Minna unconsciously smiled with pleasure as she listened and looked on.

But at length the young man seemed to think that he had devoted enough of his time exclusively to the old lady, for with a sudden movement he turned and bent towards the young one. He found her quietly busy with her work; as for the colour in her cheeks, why it might quite as possibly be the reflection of the setting sun as any blush *he* had power to call there. Nevertheless, it was no easy matter to maintain that calm exterior with Otto's eyes bent keenly upon her face, as she felt them to be. Yet Otto was deceived; he felt more mortified than ever, and said bitterly to himself:

"Ah yes! One would think she had seen me only an hour ago. Out of sight, out of mind; the old proverb says true. How speedily one is forgotten by everyone—how speedily!"

Well, Herr Otto? and what then wouldst thou have? Is not the heart of the radiant Bertha enough for thee, or wouldst thou have this poor child also thinking of thee and loving thee as of old? This Otto, as ever, is unreasonable! When he spoke, his words betrayed something of his thoughts.

"Only three short years!" he said sorrowfully; "only three short years have I been away, and I find no one thing, no being, as they were three years ago. Old friends have half-forgotten me—some entirely. Familiar faces altered, and more than one loved one gone for ever."

Minna, raising her eyes to his, guessed a portion of his reflections, and her grateful look thanked him for his affectionate remembrance of her dear father.

"Right joyfully would the dear father have welcomed thy return had he been spared to see it," she said. "He loved thee even as a son. But it was God's will to call him away, and now thou must rest content with the greetings of thy old friend Minna, and of the good aunt, who, truly, has been most heartily longing to see thee."

"Yes!" the old lady cordially assented, "I longed to see how far folks were right in what they told me of the Herr Müller. It is seldom that one likes a person of whom so much is said."

"Thou seest, Otto, how thy name is celebrated," Minna said.

"That is right pleasant, if it be for good, Minna. But was it only the Aunt Trina, who longed to see me?" he added earnestly. "Hadst *thou* no desire to see an old friend after so long an absence?"

"I do not so readily forget old friends, Otto."

"Nor old times?" Otto persisted in a low voice, and looking keenly at the quiet face, over which there passed an expression of pain at his question. But in a moment that was gone again.

"Nor yet old times," she replied. "Why should I?"

"Ah, why indeed? Why, indeed? There is nothing in thy past that thou needst

shrink from ; no trifling with happiness, no weak wavering of purpose, no stinging sense of former folly and heedlessness and blindness. No, thy mind must be a calm, a happy mind, Minna !”

She did not reply, so amazed was she at Otto's strange words—cruel words they seemed to her, in their insensibility to her feelings. Yet, was it not better so? Did she want Otto to know how mournfully she still looked back at the old times, gone for ever? Surely, surely not! But what could his words mean? Why did he thus deliberately recall things that he must know could not be pleasant to her? *He* must have indeed forgotten the past when he could speak thus. She felt through all that she ought to speak, to say something. Without reflection, so troubled was her mind, she gave utterance to the question that had already so often presented itself to her mind.

“When didst thou last see Bertha Alken?” she asked. Then, becoming aware of her indiscretion, she crimsoned deeply, not daring to look up. Thus she lost the somewhat enigmatical expression of Otto's face as he replied:

“Only yesterday. I went direct from Berlin to Aachen before coming here. I had a purpose in going thither at once and unexpectedly.”

“Of course! that was only natural,” assented the good Aunt Trina, nodding, and looking very sly. Otto started, and looked towards her; so she added apologetically, “Yes, yes! I know that it is a secret. But, as the Herr Müller doubtless knows, the dear little niece could not well keep it a secret from her aunt; though, I must say, she never mentioned it at all to me until thy expected return set all tongues going, and Minna found it advisable to tell me how matters really stood between you and Bertha Alken.”

Otto listened to this explanation in silence, and without once removing his eyes from the embarrassed face of the Fräulein Minna. As the old lady afterwards told her niece, it had the satisfactory result of making him look quite reconciled to the partial disclosure of his secret. He thought a minute, then, with a glance that had in it a gleam of merriment, he said:

“Minna, I am sure, had satisfactory reasons for what she said, and I, at least, have no wish or no right to blame her. And the Aunt Trina, I am certain, is worthy of every confidence.”

“Your secret is safe with me, my dear Herr Müller,” said the old lady, much flattered. “And I can only say that, even from what I have seen of you, I could not wish any girl a better husband. Which is more than I would say of most young men of the present day.”

The Herr Müller bowed, and glanced laughingly at Minna, whose downcast eyes gave no response.

“Minna,” he said, after watching her awhile without speaking, “wilt thou sing for me? It is so long since I last heard thee.”

“Thou first, I after,” said Minna, smiling. “I want to finish this piece of work while daylight lasts, and meantime I can listen to thee quite pleasantly.”

Otto at once walked over to the piano, no fear of criticism rendering him chary of his accomplishments. First he played. And, by chance it must have been,—how could he have remembered such a trifle?—his first choice was one that Minna used to love to hear him play in the old times of which he had so heedlessly reminded her. Listening to the well-remembered music, Minna forgot her work, and leaning back in her chair, with closed eyes, could hardly believe that years had indeed passed—years so eventful!—since last she had heard Otto play that dear, simple “*Maria's Bild*.” Ah! And there now was Mendelssohn's “*Wedding March*,” another of her favourites. How Otto used to laugh at her long ago, because he never sat down to the piano that



she did not beg for the "Wedding March." That ended, Minna looked over to the piano with a pleased smile, and a "Thanks, Otto!" more frankly uttered, more like her old self, than all her previous speeches. As for the Aunt Trina, she nodded and knitted, and knitted and nodded, her feet beat time, and her needles clicked an accompaniment. Each moment added to her secret chagrin that this handsome soldier, this courteous youth, this admirable musician, could not possibly become in good earnest the lover of her little niece. Truly, it was provoking.

"Yes," smiled Otto, "that was ~~ever thy~~ grand favourite, Minna; I have never heard it since without thinking of thee. Yes, Frau Reinick," he added, gaily addressing the old lady; "she used to be crazy about that Wedding March. Sometimes I used to tease her by pretending that I hated it, that it was a clap-trap thing, that she showed very bad taste in liking it. But still it was ever the same old song when she caught me near the piano, 'Now, Otto, the lovely Wedding March, please!' Thou hast not forgotten, Minna?"

She shook her head. Ah! how lightly Otto returned to these thoughts of old times; why could not she do the same? Truly she ought to have more pride than to sit there sighing, instead of treating old stories as he did with that easy indifference. Well, and so she would do, she would!—with the utmost indifference.

"I remember," she said; "yes, I remember, now that thou recallest that old story" (little hypocrite). "But now sing, Otto. The Aunt Trina has not heard thee sing."

He obeyed at once. Whether from choice or by chance, it was still one of Minna's old favourites that he sang—better, with deeper feeling than he had ever sung it before. Minna began to feel it impossible to keep down the tide of recollections that it brought; so no sooner was it ended than she quietly asked for a song that had more than once called forth Bertha's warm eulogiums.

"Sing Schubert's 'Wanderer,' Otto," she said. He glanced at her sharply, looking not quite pleased, then complied without remark. But the moment the song was over he rose.

"Now, Minna, it is thy turn," he said; "there is no longer light to work or to serve as an excuse," and he pointed to the neglected work on the floor at Minna's feet.

No wonder that she manifested so little of her old nervous hesitation; for it was no longer what Otto used indulgently to call his little bird-voice that he heard. Sweet and clear as ever, but full, round, and rich in quality were the notes that filled the spacious old saal, and highly cultivated too was the lovely heart-thrilling voice.

"Why, Minna, how is this?"

Minna coloured a little. "I have been learning for more than two years from the Herr Chapelmaster Keller of Cologne," she replied; "once when the dear papa fancied I might require some amusement he proposed I should take lessons in singing."

"Will Minna think it too much to sing for me again?"

There was certainly not a trace remaining of Otto's old air of condescending patronage. This Minna felt, and, if truth must be told, without any great appreciation of the improvement. So absorbed was she after his departure in comparisons between the old informal times and the present, that she scarce heard a word of Aunt Trina's warm eulogiums of the visitor whose advent had been heralded by so singular a dream. So when the Aunt Trina came to a full stop, she could only repeat aloud what she had been saying to herself over and over again during the evening,

"Ah, yes! he is changed, greatly changed."

"For the better then it must be," said the old lady as she went off to bed; "he is truly a fascinating young man."

## 120. THE "BOLEERO" JACKET.

Our pattern is made of red cashmere, lined with thin white silk. It is trimmed with two rows of black silk braid, ornamented with jet bugles, and edged with a fringe of jet beads. The light

## 120. "BOLEERO" JACKET.

sleeves have puffed epaulettes. This jacket looks well to wear with a black silk skirt, a white muslin under-bodice, and a black waistband with an ornamental clasp.

## 121. EVENING DRESS.

This dress is made in the *foursome* shape; that is, with the bodice and skirt all in one. The low bodice is edged round the top with a fringe of jet beads; a similar fringe is placed round the waist. A low chemise of pleated tulle, edged round the top with a ruche of ribbon; the short sleeves are

## 121. EVENING DRESS.

also trimmed with a ruche. The material of the original dress was white and blue striped glacé silk, and the ruches are formed of blue ribbon to match. For the coiffure, see the description of the bandeau of watered silk ribbon, No. 146-147.



## THE FOUR SEASONS, AND A LITTLE ABOUT THEIR FLORA.

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### BUDS AND THE FIRST FLOWERS.

**W**HAT are the Four Seasons? Can you tell me how you would describe them? When we begin to tell over their names according to the months, we who live in England (always excepting the far West, Cornwall, and Devon,) shudder a little. Is it fair to call March a month of spring? On the contrary, we know it as a time for storms and winds, and have to content ourselves with a few days of promise scattered here and there among the snows and east winds of March and April. Our spring, however doubtful a maiden, is not so short-lived, capricious a damsel, charming in her sudden surprises, as our cousins in America find her. There she stays but a few days, and then suddenly gives the people over to her sister summer, who is ready to visit them as soon as in May, but who is somewhat unreliable too. In England it is seldom that we can speak of three months of summer. There is a richness of life from June through August among the plants and trees, but not often a continuance of warm summer days.

Neither can we say with strictness that spring is the time for buds and blossoms, summer for flowers; that autumn is the season of fruits, and winter of death. For as to fruits I will pick with you on the first spring day, berries full and red, that winter has been storing up, near where the primrose opened full under the melting snow. In midsummer we gather the rich fruits of the strawberry and the raspberry; but we may sometimes see the fall of the leaf in the hasty horse-chestnut. And autumn prepares the buds upon the trees that began to form in the summer, and which you may see in the winter days of March, before we are occupied with the rich succession of summer flowers. Yes, we have buds and blossoms in the winter.

All winter long see how a light snow will gather around little knobs on the tree branches. These little knobs are the tender buds. Spring opens them, but winter fosters them under the soft snow. Bring into the house some of these naked-looking branches, taken from different trees, and see how varied they are in growth, and how you can already study the differences of the trees. Find specimens of the beech, the oak, the elm, the lime, and the willow. You will see there are differences in the position of their buds with regard to each other, in the way that they are set upon the branch, and also in the kind of scales of which they are composed. All these examples have terminal buds, that is, buds at the end of the branches.

There are certain herbs, shrubs, and trees that do not branch out, but carry up a single leafy stem, that develops joint by joint, as you may see in Indian corn. These form a large class by themselves. These plants grow always from a terminal bud only. This bud shows itself in the horse-chestnut, which will serve as a fine specimen even early in winter. Break off a branch of it. You will see that, besides this large terminal bud, it has buds upon the side, an admirable example for studying their position. These lateral buds are placed just over broad places, which are scars left where the leaf-stalk fell the autumn before. They stand, therefore, in the angle which the leaf

formed with the branch, and which is known as its *axil*; they are thence called axillary buds.

These leaf-scars you can see plainly on the horse-chestnut shoot. You can see it, too, on the other specimens—not only the scar, but the little dots that show where the vessels that carried the sap to the leaf were broken off. So every leaf in falling has behind it a bud to take its place, and this bud contains within itself the power to grow into a branch, which is to develop new leaves. These axillary buds, that we see so plainly on these specimens, are sometimes carefully hidden. In some trees the leaf-stalk is hollowed out into a little cup where it joins the branch, with which it covers the bud, like an extinguisher, until it is ready to fall.

The specimens will show you that these axillary buds are either opposite or alternate. They are opposite when two are borne on the same joint of the stem, on exactly opposite sides of the stem, as in the horse-chestnut. They are alternate when there is only one from each joint of the stem, as in the oak, beech, elm, linden, &c. The leaves that fell to make room for them were alternate, and so are the branches that take their place. Only they do not always maintain the perfect symmetry that this would seem to suggest, for all the buds do not grow. Those that have the advantage in nourishment or sunshine begin to grow first, and starve out their weaker brethren.

Sometimes it is the terminal bud that takes the advantage. This is the case with the horse-chestnut. Its terminal and upper axillary buds are the strongest. In the lilac the terminal bud rarely appears at all; the uppermost pair of axillary buds takes its place, so each stem branches every year into two. If you watch this different growth, you will see how it helps to produce all our charming variety of foliage. Yet, with all their variety, these buds in their position follow a *mathematical law*.

Mathematics! O, horror! you say. Yes. Sums explain the law by which these buds take their places on the branches, as well as that by which the stars find their courses. But sums not dull and tiresome after all.

Observation close and frequent will do as much as the best mathematical instruction. An old gardener spoke to us the other day on the subject of buds. "No scholar," he said he was, and often he was brought buds for him to tell the trees they came from. For he was connected with a long line of railway, and had to do with the shrubs and plants thereon, and the clerks would often ask questions of him, and test his powers. "But I knows all the buds; and you see I've been bred up to it from the cradle, so they can bring me as many as they like, and if I've seen one o' the sort before, I knows it again; they can't do me, although some on 'em tries hard."

No bud is on the same side of the stem as the one next above or next below it. They are seldom placed one above the other on exactly opposite points of the stem; but the second rises a little to the right or left of the opposite point, and the third a little on one side of the perpendicular to the first. In the apple and the pear tree it is only when we reach the sixth leaf that we find one placed exactly under the third, and so on. They are thus placed in series of fives, so that if you were to trace a line from point to point, you would form a spiral, making two turns for each series, along which the buds are regularly placed. This method of series of fives prevails in most of the twigs we are looking at. But in the lime the buds are on *exactly* opposite sides of the stem, so that the third leaf is placed over the first, completing the first spire and beginning the second. This spiral arrangement extends to other parts of the plant, and is very apparent in the scales of pines and firs.

In our latitude the buds of all plants that endure the winter are usually sheltered with scales to protect them from sudden changes from cold to warm, or warm to cold. In warmer regions naked buds are frequent. We have a few specimens of these.

The position of the scales and their form correspond to that of the bud on the stem. In the elm, they are alternate ; with the horse-chestnut, opposite.

The buds of the birch (*betula*) are alternate. They are spindle-shaped, a little bent towards the stem, pressing closely against it, and rise perpendicularly above the leaf-scar. Their many scales are imbricated, that is, set over each other, as bricks are in building, and are covered with fine hairs. Those of the beech (*fagus ferruginea*) are of similar form, spindle-shaped, but more stiff, standing below an angle of the stem, that bends like a knee.

The buds of the lime and elm on a small twig look much alike. But the lime bud has but two scales ; in the elm the scales are numerous, but plainly alternate in two rows placed closely together. In both the leaf-scar is plainly seen, with the marks left by the three sap-vessels when they fell away.

The oak has a little cluster of buds raised on a projection of the bark, so that each bud seems sitting on a little cushion, which has a semicircular leaf-scar. The oak, too, can be recognised by cutting through a small piece of its stem, for it has a star-shaped pith.

The willow buds are easily found out. They are covered with a single pointed scale.

The horse-chestnut I have already described. It can afford to put out its shoots boldly, for over its scales it has a warm covering of varnish, which you can see shining in the sun as early as November.

The buds I have described hold the germs of blossom, leaf, and branch. Cut open the large terminal bud of the horse-chestnut, you find packed away there pairs of leaves ready formed, even the blossoms of the coming season plainly visible as small buds. The name of bud, then, is not limited to the bud of the flower, such as we speak of in the words rose-bud and orange-bud, but is used for the first germ of growth. Each bud upon a tree sends down through the trunk the little fibres that attach it, just as the roots of the tree plunge into the earth. It is these fibres that, with each year's growth, form the fresh wood of the tree beneath its bark. Each tree is like a little city, which enlarges itself each year by new houses that form new streets.

Besides this growth from the branches come the flower-buds, and each flower develops its seeds that burst away from their birthplace, scatter themselves, and go into the world to create new tree-growths. These seeds are like emigrants, that, leaving the tree to increase by its buds the families left at home, go forth to plant new colonies. It is these blossoms that produce the seed that we associate with spring and summer, the flower-blossoms that are to produce the fruit. But winter can show these ; there are tree-blossoms in the winter.

See the branches of two trees—the alder and the birch—thirsty souls, for they stand along the streams and rivers impatient ; they cannot wait for the spring to bring out their blossoms. They are of the sort that carry their pistils and stamens in separate flowers ; their blossoms both weather the winter. The staminate *aments* of the alder (as the long bunches, like catkins, are called) began to appear towards the end of the summer, and were perfectly formed before the end of autumn, and have hung naked all winter, expanding with the first warmth of March and April. The staminate aments are the longer ones hanging downwards, while the pistillate aments are shorter, on a bent foot-stalk.

Its sister the birch (*betula alba*) sent out its sterile aments last July, and they hung unprotected all winter, to open into golden flowers in the spring. The fertile catkins come out later with the leaves.

An American lady, known in this country, writes :—

“There ought to be a special holiday in all the schools to celebrate the appearance

and opening of the first spring flower. But these flowers are so very shy that nobody ever knows when they are to appear. They open stealthily in the warm sun, under the snow, and only the very adventurous will be the first discoverers. Some of these have found the Mayflower even in March, and in favourable seasons it can be gathered early in April. How early do you suppose the Pilgrim Fathers found it? How glad they must have been to welcome it, the very first flower in their new home! They were so grateful to it that they gave it the name of Mayflower, from the ship that had been the ship of their hopes, and that had brought them to the New World."

The botanists call the Mayflower *epigæa repens*, a name which means that it creeps closely to the earth, and which you will see describes it exactly. It has been called ground-laurel, trailing arbutus, and wild lilac, as well as Mayflower. It smelled as sweetly and looked as freshly under either name.

We must hasten out while the sun is high, for winter still disputes for these early spring days, and there is a cold blast that may bring up a storm before the day is over. There may be still, in some parts of our island, banks of snow along the edges of the fields, and there are garden borders where the snow yet lingers. Here are a few delicate snowdrops, that claim to be the first flowers of the season; brave to force their way through the frozen earth, with their tender white buds. And we have seen the purple and yellow and white crocuses in the sunny borders sheltered by the blocks of brick houses in town. But now real wild flowers are our quest; some experienced eye must guide, or it is hard to find them.

Away through by-roads, over the fences along which the winter's wind has piled up heaps of leaves, by the snow-banks, into the woods we go. Not in the thickest part, but here where there is a little opening, and where among the nut-trees and the oaks and birches a high fir rises we will stop. The moss offers a pleasant seat, a good place to rest, but a month or two later will do for that. The busy ones of the party fumble among the dry stalks and rubbish and moss, and seize a bunch of large, brown, dead-looking leaves. Pushing away the sticks and dry rustling weeds, they pull up a long, trailing stem, and already you can begin to smell a sweet fragrance, and presently there hang before your eyes the bunches of rich pink flowers, fresh and delicate and warm, as if they had in them all the luxuriousness of the summer, and all the grace of spring. They are not unlike the splendid daphne that is cultivated in the greenhouse, with their almost bell-shaped flowers and rich smell. The daphne has had all winter the constant fire in the furnace to give it warmth, and the hot rays of the sun, collected on the glass roof, pouring down upon it to paint it with colour. And all winter long it has been living with luxurious tropical plants, the very finest society of rare foreign flowers, dainty exclusives that could not bear a winter's air, and must be shut out from frost and ice.

Our little flower has been sheltering its buds, formed last August, and has kept them all winter under snow and earth, waiting for the spring, without being coaxed or caressed by any hot-house frame or gardener. Where did it get its soft pink colour? Underground fairies may have brought it all these treasures from a mine of rubies, or pixies have stolen for it colour and smell from the greenhouse. Yet it wanted no aid from these, either, for its own little servants, its roots, went digging into the earth that shut it in so warmly, and brought it drink and food out of all her secret cells. You can trace how its fragrance, besides the rich odour of the greenhouse flowers, has a fresh, healthy earth smell, that tells of growing things, and of all the wild-flowers summer is about to bring.

In your pocket or basket a stubbed, round-pointed pair of scissors may be carried, so that you can cut off the sprays of flower. Don't try to break off the flowers, for you will pull off the long, trailing creepers, stem, roots, flowers and all.

The epigæa belongs to the heath family, and its cousins are our beautiful summer laurel, the rhododendron, and the azalias, and many others. The trailing Mayflower is not a shrub, as these are, but it shares some of their brilliant colouring, and is a choice specimen to represent this handsome family. It belongs to this family because its tube-shaped corolla is of one piece, or has one petal, which gives it the name monopetalous. This little tube, spreading out into five scallops, white or rose-coloured, is the *corolla*. It is held in a little green dish, which is the *calyx*. This calyx is cut into five parts about as long as the tube of the corolla. If these parts of the calyx were quite separate, they would be called its sepals; but here it is but one sepal, deeply cut, just as the corolla is one petal formed into a tube cut at the margin. Each leaf or separate part of a corolla is called a petal; each leaf of a calyx is called a sepal. These protect the stamens and pistils. Of stamens it has ten, twice as many as there are parts to the border of the corolla, and you see the yellow anthers that crown the stamens in the throat of the tube, which is a little hairy within. It has one pistil; you can see its top, the *stigma*, with its fine points.

What else can be added to its description? It has rounded, heart-shaped leaves placed alternately on the stem, with hairy foot-stalks, or *petioles*, sometimes half as long as the leaves. The flowers grow in crowded clusters, and beneath each foot-stalk is a *whorl* of scaly, pointed *bracts*; these are leaves that are not quite leaves, but look as if they were trying to be. Ah, how much pleasanter to pick them than to buy them from the shops, where they have been tied with upright plants into pyramidal bunches—a singularly inappropriate way of arranging trailing plants, which must feel an inward shudder at finding themselves bound up together in a fashion so contrary to their natural tastes.

As we lean against the straight grown oak arranging our flowers, the sun sends down through the lightly covered branches a heating ray, and a warm smell comes from the woods. Down by the pool there is an edge of green grass; a few little blades venture up among the dead leaves; one or two have pierced their way through a hole in a dead oak-leaf that some insect made there last summer. In the midst of these spring sights there are the lovely sounds of singing birds. And you may hear another spring sound. Hark! it is the song of the frogs. There is a rush of our boys to the pond; who will find it is not really a frog. It is the *hylas*, a sort of toad, that sings so.

You know the old Greek fable of Hylas? A young man of that name was a companion of Hercules, going with him on all his wanderings. One day, passing a fountain, he heard the sweet voices of some Naiads calling to him, and inviting him to come to them. He could not resist their song, and plunged down, deep down in the stream. Now Hercules was getting ready to go after the Golden Fleece, but had to wait to look for his favourite Hylas. He wandered up and down, and lost his chance of going on the voyage, and never found him; only at last he heard his complaining voice down at the very bottom of the fountain, wanting to come out. For by this time he had grown very tired of the Naiads, and would much rather be going to the wars with Hercules. It is supposed that he gave his name to these small water-lizards, because of their plaintive voice. Perhaps they too want to come out of their marsh, or would rather be frogs.

They say that whatever you are doing when you first hear the frogs—that is, the Hylas—sing, you will be doing all summer long. Is this true? you ask. I only know that, one spring, I was shutting the piano as I heard the sharp song of the Hylas, and that piano was shut the summer long!

But there are, in England, east, west, north, south, many flowers in these spring days. Hidden shyly under its last summer's leaves, we may find the hepatica. Such



a soft, tender, delicate flower ! We should hardly expect it to be the first to venture out. It has not had the warm shelter of the earth, as the creeping epigæa did, but it ventured to send its delicate hairy stem up into the spring air.

There are the pine-flowers which have only stamens and pistils. They have no corolla or calyx, whose duty it is to shield these delicate parts of the flower. The petals of the corollas usually stay till the seed is ready to form, to protect the stamens and pistils, while the sepals of the calyx generally linger till it, the seed, is quite ripened. You often see it holding the fruit, as in the strawberry, where indeed it seems like a green dish, carrying the red, ripe berry. The corolla and the calyx, therefore, are the folds of the dress that Flora wraps round her flower-seeds to protect and shelter them. The hepatica has both, it seems,—deep-purple petals and a green calyx. But the botanist will tell you no. These three downy green leaves are not the calyx ; they are the stem leaves growing close to the flower, and are called the *involucre*. They surround the calyx, which here is not green, and forms the flower, purple or blue, sometimes pink more or less pale. Within are its many stamens and its pistils. It is sometimes called liverleaf, or liverwort, from the shape of its leaves, supposed to resemble that of the liver. These large dusky-green, heart-shaped leaves last through the winter, and the new ones do not usually appear till after the flowers.

Next "season" we may know what all the parts of the flower are in flowers that have all the parts, and how these help to find their names. We have seen already how they vary, and that, just as it is not safe to say that spring has all the blossoms, and autumn all the fruits, so the painted part of the flower is not always the corolla, or the calyx always green. Indeed, the painted cup, whose brilliant scarlet delights us, belongs neither to its flower nor calyx, but to its stem-leaves.

The flowers all follow a law, but each in its own way ; and we have to discover the general law, and the particular way.



## APRIL.

THE strange, sweet days are here again—

The happy-mournful days ;

The songs which tremble on our lips

Are half complaint, half praise.

A sadness in the soften'd air,

And in the tenderer sky ;

A touch of heart-ache everywhere :

We weep, yet know not why.

The wind is full of memories ;

It whispers low and clear

The sacred echoes of the past,

And brings the dead more near.

The breath of budded hyacinths

Is heavy on the breeze ;

The peach-tree twigs are hung with pink,

And murmurous with bees.

Swing, robin, on the budded sprays,

And sing your blithest tune ;

Help us across these home-sick days

Into the joy of June.

## 122, 126. BAMBOO WHAT-NOT.

No. 122 shows one of the divisions of this what-not in full size. A bouquet of flowers is embroidered over it in satin-stitch upon fine canvas. The flowers are worked in five shades of pink, the four first shades in wool, the fifth in floss-silk; the leaves in five shades of green wool. For each division, stretch the canvas upon a small frame. Trace the out-

flowers are worked in dark-red silk. The grounding is filled up in cross-stitch with white floss-silk. Five divisions are worked in this manner; initials are embroidered on the sixth in tent-stitch with shaded yellow silk. The six divisions are joined together by seams, which are hidden under green chenille. The mounting of the what-not is of light-coloured bamboo. The lining is of quilted green satin, edged round the top with a narrow quilting of the same.

line of the flowers, and raise them with soft white cotton. Then work lengthwise with the wool and silk over each petal, shading them nicely, taking care to place the lighter tints in those parts which are marked white in our illustration. For the leaves which are *not* raised, the stitches are longer, and worked from the centre to the outer edge. The veinings are worked over the wool in fine silk of a dark shade of green. Those on the petals of the

123, 124.

NEW STITCH FOR  
BERLIN WORK.

This stitch is pretty and effective for cushions, work or travelling-bags, slippers, &c. It is worked with single Berlin-wool. In our pattern the strips which cross each other are of two shades of violet wool; the patterns filling up the spaces between the strips are white; they are worked in straight

stitches of unequal lengths. The strips are formed of four rows of long cross-stitches, the first half of which covers four squares of the canvas, the second half only two.

In No. 124 is shown part of the pattern in an unfinished state, and in a very large size, which will render it exceedingly easy to imitate.

—o—

#### 123. NEW STITCH IN BERLIN WORK.

stitches, and once at the back beneath this row. Cast off the stitches in the same way as in crochet à tricoter.

By working each of the double rows with different colours, you obtain a very beautiful effect; and by this arrangement the peculiar beauty of this stitch is seen.

—o—

124. FINISHED STATE OF THE

8

#### 125. CROCHET-STITCH TASPE.

This stitch is worked, like crochet à tricoter, entirely in double rows. Work the first double row as in crochet à tricoter. In each of the following double rows take up alternately once the front loop of the straight stitch, and once the back loop; that is to say, once above the cross-row of

#### 125. CROCHET-STITCH "TASPE."

#### 126. BAMBOO WHAT-NOT.



## A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GAYWORTHYS," "FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD," ETC.

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### IV.

**U**P—up—up,—from glory to glory!

This was what it seemed to Leslie Goldthwaite, riding, that golden June morning, over the road that threaded along, always climbing, the chain of hills that *could* be climbed, into the nearer and nearer presence of those mountain majesties, penetrating farther and farther into the grand solitudes sentinelled for ever by their inaccessible pride.

Mrs. Linceford had grown impatient; she had declared it impossible, when the splendid sunshine of that next day challenged them forth out of their dull sojourn, to remain there twenty-four hours longer, waiting for anything. Trunks or none, she would go on, and wait at Jefferson, at least, where there was something to console one. All possible precaution was taken; all possible promises were made; the luggage should be sent on next day,—perhaps that very night; wagons were going and returning often now; there would be no further trouble, they might rest assured. The hotel-keeper had a "capital team,"—his very best,—at their instant service, if they chose to go on this morning; it could be at the door in twenty minutes. So it was chartered, and ordered round,—an open mountain wagon, with four horses; their remaining luggage was secured upon it, and they themselves took their seats gaily.

"Who cares for trunks or boxes now?" Leslie cried out in joyousness, catching the first preparatory glimpse of grandeur when their road, that wound for a time through the low, wet valley-lands, began to ascend a rugged hillside, whence opened vistas that hinted something of the glory that was to come. All the morning long these wheeled about them, and smiled out in the sunshine, or changed to grave, grand reticence under the cloud-shadows, those shapes of might and beauty that filled up earth and heaven.

Leslie grew silent, with the hours of over-full delight. Thoughts thronged in upon her. All that had been deepest and strongest in the little of life that she had lived wakened and lived again in such transcendent presence. Only the high places of spirit can answer to these high places of God in His creation.

Now and then Jeannie and Elinor fell into their chatter, about their summer plans, and pleasures, and dress; about New York, and the new house Mrs. Linceford had taken in West Twenty-ninth Street, where they were to visit her next winter, and participate for the first time, under her matronising, in city gaieties. Leslie wondered how they could; she only answered when appealed to; she felt as if people were jogging her elbow, and whispering distractions, in the midst of some noble eloquence.

The woods had a word for her; a question, and their own sweet answer of help. The fair June leafage was out in its young glory of vivid green; it reminded her of her talk with Cousin Delight.

"We *do* love leaves for their own sake; trees, and vines, and the very green grass even." So she said to herself, asking still for the perfect parable that should solve and teach all.

It came, with the breath of wild grape-vines, hidden somewhere in the wayside thickets. "Under the leaf lies our tiny green blossom," it said; "and its perfume is out on the air. Folded in the grass-blade is a feathery bloom, of seed or grain; and by and by the fields will be all waving with it. Be sure that the blossom is under the leaf."

Elinor Hadden's sweet child-face, always gentle and good-humoured, though visited little yet with the deep touch of earnest thought,—smiling upon life as life smiled upon her,—looked lovelier to Leslie as this whisper made itself heard in her heart; and it was with a sweeter patience and a more believing kindness that she answered, and tried to enter into, her next merry words.

There was something different about Jeannie. She was older; there was a kind of hard determination sometimes with her, in turning from suggestions of graver things; the child-unconsciousness was no longer there; something restless, now and then defiant, had taken its place; she had caught a sound of the deeper voices, but her soul would not yet turn to listen. She felt the blossom of life yearning under the leaf; but she bent the green beauty heedfully above it, and made believe it was not there.

Looking into herself and about her with asking eyes, Leslie had learned something already by which she apprehended these things of others. Heretofore, her two friends had seemed to her alike,—able, both of them, to take life innocently and carelessly as it came; she began now to feel a difference.

Her eyes were bent away off toward the Franconia hills, when Mrs. Linceford leaned round to look in them, and spoke, in the tone her voice had begun to take toward her. She felt one of her strong likings—her immense fancies, as she called them, which were really warm sympathies of the best of her with the best she found in the world—for Leslie Goldthwaite.

"It seems to me you are a *stray* sunbeam this morning," she said, in her winning way. "What kind of thoughts are going out so far? What is it all about?"

A verse of the Psalms was ringing itself in Leslie's mind; had been there under all the other vague musings and chance suggestions for many minutes of her silence. But she would not have spoken it—she *could* not—for all the world. She gave the lady one of the chance suggestions instead. "I have been looking down into that lovely hollow; it seems like a children's party, with all the grave grown folks looking on."

"Childhood and grown-up-hood; not a bad simile."

It was not indeed. It was a wild basin, within a group of the lesser hills close by; full of little feathery birches, that twinkled and played in the light breeze and gorgeous sunshine slanting in upon them between the slopes that lay in shadow above,—slopes clothed with ranks of dark pines and cedars and hemlocks, looking down seriously, yet with a sort of protecting tenderness, upon the shimmer and frolic they seemed to have climbed up out of. Those which stood in the half-way shadow were gravest. Hoar old stems upon the very tops were touched with the selfsame glory that lavished itself below. This also was no less a true similitude.

"Know ye not this parable?" the Master said. "How then shall ye know all parables?" Verily, they lie about us by the wayside, and the whole earth is vocal with the wisdom of the Lord.

I cannot go with our party step by step; I have a summer to spend with them. They came to Jefferson at noon, and sat themselves down in the solemn high court and council of the mountain kings. First they must have rooms. In the very face of majesty they must settle their traps.

"You are lucky in coming in for one vacancy, made to-day," the proprietor said, throwing open a door that showed them a commodious second-floor corner-room, looking each way with broad windows upon the circle of glory, from Adams to Lafayette

A wide balcony ran along the southern side, against the window which gave that aspect. There were two beds here, and two at least of the party must be content to occupy. Mrs. Linceford, of course ; and it was settled that Jeannie should share it with her.

Upstairs, again, was choice of two rooms,—one flight or two. But the first looked out westward, where was comparatively little of what they had come for. Higher up, they could have the same outlook that the others had ; a slanting ceiling opened with dormer window full upon the grandeur of Washington, and a second faced southward to where beautiful blue, dreamy Lafayette lay soft against the tender heaven.

"O, let us have this!" said Leslie eagerly. "We don't mind stairs." And so it was settled.

"Only two days here?" they began to say, when they gathered in Mrs. Linceford's room at nearly tea-time, after a rest and a freshening of their toilets.

"We might stay longer," Mrs. Linceford answered. "But the rooms are taken for us at Outledge, and one can't settle and unpack when it's only a lingering from day to day. All there is here one sees from the windows. A great deal, to be sure ; but it's all there at the first glance. We'll see how we feel on Friday."

"The Thoresbys are here, Augusta. I saw Ginevra on the balcony just now. They seem to have a large party with them. And I'm sure I heard them talk of a hop to-night. If your trunks would only come!"

"They could not, in time. They can only come in the train that reaches Littleton at six."

"But you'll go in, won't you? 'Tisn't likely they dress much here,—though Ginevra Thoresby always dresses. Elinor and I could just put on our blue grenadines, and you've got plenty of things in your other boxes. One of your shawls is all you want, and we can lend Leslie something."

"I've only my thick travelling-boots," said Leslie ; "and I shouldn't feel fit without a thorough dressing. It won't matter the first night, will it?"

"Leslie Goldthwaite, you're getting slow! Augusta!"

"As true as I live, there is old Marmaduke Wharne!"

"Let Augusta alone for not noticing a question till she chooses to answer it," said Jeannie Hadden, laughing. "And who, pray, is Marmaduke Wharne? With a name like that, if you didn't say 'old,' I should make up my mind to a real hero, right out of a book."

"He's an original. And—yes—he is a hero,—out of a book, too, in his way. I met him at Catskill last summer. He stayed there the whole season, till they shut the house up and drove him down the mountain. Other people came and went, took a look, and ran away ; but he was a fixture. He says he always does so,—goes off somewhere and 'finds an Ararat,' and there drifts up and sticks fast. In the winter he's in New York ; but that's a needle in a haystack. I never heard of him till I found him at Catskill. He's an Englishman, and they say had more to his name once. It was *Wharnecliffe*, or *Wharneleigh*, or something, and there's a baronetcy in the family. I don't doubt, myself, that it's his, and that a part of his oddity has been to drop it. He was a poor preacher, years ago ; and then, of a sudden, he went out to England, and came back with plenty of money, and since then he's been an apostle and missionary among the poor. That's his winter work ; the summers, as I said, he spends in the hills. Most people are half afraid of him ; for he's one you'll get the blunt truth from, if you never got it before. But come, there's the gong,—ugh! how they batter it!—and we must get through tea, and out upon the balcony, to see the sunset and the 'purple light.' There's no time now, girls, for blue grenadines ; and it's always vulgar to come out in a hurry with dress in a strange place." And Mrs. Linceford gave a last

touch to her hair, straightened the things on her dressing-table, shut down the lid of a box, and led the way from the room.

Out upon the balcony they watched the long, golden going-down of the sun, and the creeping shadows, and the purple half-light, and the after-smile upon the crests. And then the heaven gathered itself in its night stillness, and the mountains were grand in the soft gloom, until the full moon came up over Washington.

There had been a few words of recognition with the Thoresby party, and then our little group had betaken itself to the eastern end of the piazza. After a while, one by one, the others strayed away, and they were left almost alone. There was a gathering and a sound of voices about the drawing-room, and presently came the tones of the piano, struck merrily. They jarred, somehow, too; for the ringing, thrilling notes of a horn, blown below, had just gone down the diminishing echoes from cliff to cliff, and died into a listening silence, away over, one could not tell where, beyond the mysterious ramparts.

"It's getting cold," said Jeannie impatiently. "I think we've stayed here long enough. Augusta, *don't* you mean to get a proper shawl, and put some sort of lace thing on your head, and come in with us for a look, at least, at the hop? Come, Nell; come, Leslie; you might as well be at home as in a place like this, if you're only going to mope."

"It seems to me," said Leslie, more to herself than to Jeannie, looking over upon the curves and ridges and ravines of Mount Washington, showing vast and solemn under the climbing moon, "as if we had got into a cathedral!"

"And the 'great nerve' was being touched! Well—that don't make *me* shiver. Besides, I didn't come here to shiver. I've come to have a right good time; and to look at the mountains—as much as is reasonable."

It was a pretty good definition of what Jeannie Hadden thought she had come into the world for. There was subtle indication in it, also, that the shadow of some doubt had not failed to touch her either, and that this with her was less a careless instinct than a resolved conclusion.

Elinor, in her happy good-humour, was ready for either thing: to stay in the night-splendour longer, or to go in. It ended in their going in. Outside, the moon wheeled on in her long southerly circuit, the stars trembled in their infinite depths, and the mountains abided in awful might. Within was a piano-tinkle of gay music, and demi-toilet, and demi-festival,—the poor, abridged reproduction of city revelry in the inadequate parlour of an unpretending mountain-house, on a three-ply carpet.

Marmaduke Wharne came and looked in at the doorway. Mrs. Linceford rose from her seat upon the sofa close by, and gave him courteous greeting. "The season has begun early, and you seem likely to have a pleasant summer here," she said, with the half-considered meaning of a common fashion of speech.

"No, madam!" answered Marmaduke Wharne, out of his real thought, with a blunt emphasis.

"You think not?" said Mrs. Linceford, suavely, in a quiet amusement. "It looks rather like it to night."

"*This?*—It's no use for people to bring their bodies to the mountains, if they can't bring souls in them!"

And Marmaduke Wharne turned on his heel, and, without further courtesy, strode away.

"What an old Grimgriffinhoof!" cried Jeannie under her breath; and Elinor laughed her little musical laugh of fun.

Mrs. Linceford drew up her shawl, and sat down again, the remnant of a well-bred smile upon her face. Leslie Goldthwaite rather wished old Marmaduke Wharne

would come back again and say more. But this first glimpse of him was all they got to-night.

"Blown crystal clear by Freedom's northern wind."

Leslie said the last line of Whittier's glorious mountain sonnet, low, to herself standing on the balcony again that next morning, in the cold, clear breeze; the magnificent lines of the great earth-masses rearing themselves before her sharply against a cloudless morning sky, defining and revealing themselves anew.

"Freedom's northern wind will take all the wave out of your hair, and give you a red nose!" said Jeannie, coming round from her room, and upon Leslie unaware.

Well, Jeannie *was* a pretty thing to look at, in her delicate blue cambric morning dress, gracefully braided with white, with the fresh rose of recent sleep in her young cheeks, and the gladness of young life in her dark eyes. One might look away from the mountains to look at her; for, after all, the human beauty is the highest. Only, it must express high things, or at last one turns aside.

"And there comes Marmaduke; he's worse than the north wind. I can't stay to be 'blown clear' by him." And Jeannie, in high, merry good-humour, flitted off. It is easy to be merry and good-humoured when one's new dress fits exquisitely, and one's hair hasn't been fractious in the doing up.

Leslie had never, apparently to herself, cared less, somehow, for self and little vanities; it seemed as if it were going to be quite easy for her, now and henceforth, to care most for the nobler things of life. The great mountain-enthusiasm had seized her for the first time, and swept away before it all meaner thought; and besides, her trunk had been left behind, and she had nothing to put herself into but her plain brown travelling-dress.

She let the wind play with the puffs of her hair, and send some little light locks astray about her forehead. She wrapped her shawl around her, and went and sat where she had sat the night before, at the eastern end of the balcony, her face toward the morning hills, as it had been toward the evening radiance and purple shade. Marmaduke Wharne was moving up and down, stopping a little short of her when he turned, keeping his own solitude as she kept hers. Faces and figures glanced out at the hall-door for an instant each, and the keen salute of the north wind sent them invariably in again. Nobody wanted to go with a red nose or tossed hair to the breakfast-table; and breakfast was almost ready. But presently Mrs. Linceford came, and, seeing Mr. Wharne, who always interested and amused her, she ventured forth, bidding him good-morning.

"Good-morning, madam. It is a good morning."

"A little sharp, isn't it?" she said, shrugging her shoulders together, irresolute about further lingering. "Ah, Leslie! Let me introduce you to the Reverend Mr. Wharne. My young friend and travelling companion, Miss Leslie Goldthwaite, Mr. Wharne. Have you two driven everybody else off, or is it the nipping air?"

"I think it is either that they have not said their prayers this morning, or that they don't know their daily bread when they see it. They think it is only saleratus cakes and maple molasses."

"As cross this morning as last night?" the lady questioned playfully.

"Not cross at all, Mrs. Linceford. Only jarred upon continually by these people we have here just now. It was different two years ago. But Jefferson is getting to be too well known. The mountain places are being spoiled, one after another."

"People will come. You can't help that."

"Yes, they will come, and frivel about the gates, without ever once entering in. 'Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? And who shall stand in his holy place?'

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart ; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity.' "

Leslie Goldthwaite's face quickened and glowed ; they were the psalm-lines that had haunted her thought yesterday, among the opening visions of the hill-country. Marmaduke Wharne bent his keen eyes upon her, from under their gray brows, noting her narrowly. She wist not that she was noted, or that her face shone.

"One soul here, at least !" was what the stern old man said to himself in that moment.

He was cynical and intolerant here among the mountains, where he felt the holy places desecrated, and the gift of God unheeded. In the haunts of city misery and vice,—misery and vice shut in upon itself, with no broad outlook to the heavens,—he was tender, with the love of Christ Himself.

"My house shall be called the house of prayer ; but these have made it a den of thieves.' It is true not alone of the temples built with hands."

"Is that fair ? How do you *know*, Mr. Wharne ?" The sudden, impetuous questions came from Leslie Goldthwaite.

"I see what I see."

"The whole !" said Leslie, more restrainedly. She remembered her respect for age and office. Yet she felt sorely tempted, shy, proud girl as she was, to take up cudgels for her friends, at least. Mr. Wharne liked her the better for that.

"They turn away from this with five words—the toll of custom—or half a look, when the wind is north ; and they go into what you saw last night."

"After all, isn't it just *enjoyment*, either way ? Mayn't one be as selfish as the other ? People were kind, and bright, and pleasant with each other last night. Is that a bad thing ?"

"No, little girl, it is not." And Marmaduke Wharne came nearer to Leslie, and looked at her with a gentle look that was wonderfully beautiful upon his stern gray face. "Only, I would have a kindness that should go deep—coming from a depth. There are two things for live men and women to do. To receive from God ; and to give out to their fellows. One cannot be done without the other. No fruit without the drinking of the sunshine. No true tasting of the sunshine that is not gathering itself toward the ripening of fruit."

Here it was again ; more teaching to the selfsame point—as we always do get it, with a seeming strangeness, whether it be for mind only, or for soul. You never heard of a new name, or fact in history, that did not come out again presently in some fresh or further mention or allusion. It is the tender training of Him before whom our life is of so great value.

At this moment the gong sounded again ; saleratus cakes and maple molasses were ready ; and they all went in.

Leslie saw Imogen Thoresby change seats with her mother, because the draught from the door was less in her place ; and take the pale top-cake from the plate, leaving a brown one for the mother. Everybody likes brown cakes best ; and it was very unbecoming to sit opposite a great, unshaded window, to say nothing of the draught. Surely a little blossom peeped out here from under the leaf. Leslie thought Imogen Thoresby might be forgiven for having done her curls so elaborately, and put on such an elegant wrapper ; even for having ventured only a half-look out at the balcony door, when she found the wind was north. The parable was already teaching her both ways.



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## THE LAIRD'S DAUGHTER.

### A PAGE OF PERSECUTION.

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**O**N the 25th of December in the year of the great plague, 1665, Grizel Hume was born at Redbraes Castle, Berwickshire. Her father was Sir Patrick Hume, of Polwarth, and her mother Grizel Ker, daughter of Sir Thomas Ker of Cavers. Both parents were zealously attached to the Presbyterian forms of worship and church-government, in which all their children were educated.

Of her early childhood but little is known, except that she manifested the utmost piety and prudence. It was a melancholy period of Scottish history—a time that called for a constitutional resistance to the arbitrary measures of the monarch. But they who resisted placed themselves in a very dangerous position. To love the country better than the king, and law better than loyalty, was likely to end in imprisonment and death. The scaffold and the field had streamed with noble blood, and covenanting worshippers had been scattered by the king's dragoons.

All England had been shaken. The king had been executed. The parliament had ruled instead of the prince. Oliver Cromwell had beaten down old structures and built up new edifices. But Oliver was dead. New edifices had been levelled, and old structures reërected; the good old laws, the good old sports, the good old customs, the good old morality, had come back, and unhappy Scotland felt the change.

As the tyrannical measures of the Court and the unconstitutional conduct of the monarch became more and more apparent, a faithful band of patriots, under the Duke of Hamilton, began to offer some resistance. Resistance brought down the penalties of law. An arbitrary imprisonment of two years, so far from repressing, seemed only to lend new ardour to the spirits of Sir Patrick Hume, and he became more and more deeply connected with the secret councils by which efforts were being made to exclude the Duke of York from the succession. These doings brought him into jeopardy, and it was then that the heroism and devotedness of his daughter was first evinced.

In the summer of 1684 Sir Patrick was warned by the fate of several of his associates that he could no longer safely appear in public; and he accordingly left his house of Redbraes, and, while most of the family supposed him to have gone upon a distant journey, took up his residence in the sepulchral vault of his family, underneath the neighbouring parish-church of Polwarth. His wife, his eldest daughter, and one James Winter, a carpenter, alone knew of his retreat; to which the last-mentioned individual was employed to convey by night a bed and bed-clothes, while Grizel, now in her nineteenth year, undertook the duty of supplying him every night with food and other necessaries. The only light which he enjoyed in this dismal abode was by a slit in the wall, through which no one from without could see anything within. Grizel, though at first full of those fears for the places and objects of mortality which are usually inspired into children, soon so far mastered her ordinary sensations as to be able to stumble through the churchyard at darkest midnight, afraid of nothing but the possibility of leading to the discovery of her father. The minister's house was, as usual, near the church: at her first visit his dogs kept up such a barking as put her in the utmost fear of a discovery. This difficulty was immediately set aside by the in-

genuity of Lady Hume, who, under the pretence of a rabid animal having been seen in the neighbourhood, prevailed on the minister next day to hang every dog he had. There was another difficulty, in secreting victuals without exciting suspicions among the domestics and younger children. The unfortunate gentleman was fond of sheep's-head, and Grizel one day took an opportunity, without being observed by her brothers and sisters, to turn one nearly entire into her lap, with the design of carrying it that night to her father. When her brother Sandy (afterwards second Earl of Marchmont) again looked on the dish, and saw that it was empty, he exclaimed, "Mother, will ye look at Grizel? While we have been supping our broth she has eaten up the whole sheep's-head!" The incident only served that night as an amusing story for Sir Patrick, who good-naturedly requested that Sandy might have a share of the dish on the next occasion. It was Grizel's custom every night to remain as long with her father as she supposed to be prudent, in order to enliven him by her company; and it would appear that more cheerfulness generally prevailed at these meetings than is sometimes to be found amid the greatest security and comfort. During the day his chief amusement consisted in reading Buchanan's version of the Psalms, which he thus impressed so thoroughly on his memory, that forty years after, when considerably above eighty years of age, he could repeat any one at bidding, without omitting a word.

During the time he spent in the vault, Lady Hume and Jamie Winter had been contriving a more agreeable place of concealment in his own house. In one of the rooms on the ground-floor, underneath a place usually occupied by a bed, Grizel and Winter dug a hole in the earth, using their fingers alone, to prevent noise, and carrying out the earth in sheets to the garden. The severity of this task may be judged of from the fact that, at its conclusion, the young lady had not a nail upon her fingers. In the hole thus excavated Winter placed a box large enough to contain a bed, boring the boards above it with holes for the admission of air. Sir Patrick seems to have occupied the room, of which his daughter kept the key, the box being esteemed as a place to which he could resort in the event of any government party coming to search the house.

This heroic service required no small amount of courage. In danger every hour of discovery, and the consequent penalties for treason, this devoted lady must have led a strange and fearful life. But she knew no fear; she braved all things; and thus in every age, and under every circumstance, has the female character shone out with peculiar brilliancy. Man may grow weary; more impetuous but less enduring, he may give way,

"But she, of gentler nature, softer, dearer,  
Of daily life the active, kindly cheerer;  
With gen'rous bosom, age or childhood shielding,  
And in the storms of life, though mov'd, unyielding;  
Strength in her gentleness, hope in her sorrow,  
Whose darkest hours some ray of brightness borrow.  
From better days to come, whose meek devotion  
Calms every wayward passion's wild commotion;  
In want and suffering, soothing, useful, sprightly,  
Bearing the press of evil hap so lightly,  
Till evil's self seems its stronghold betraying,  
In the sweet witching of such winsome playing:  
Bold from affection, if from nature fearful;  
With varying brow, sad, tender, anxious, cheerful—  
This is meet partner for the loftiest mind,  
With crown or helmet graced; yea, this is womankind!"

Another of the heroic services of Grizel Hume at this period of her life was the

carrying of a letter from her father to his friend Robert Baillie of Jerviswood, then imprisoned on a charge of treason in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. Baillie had been an associate of Sir Patrick in the designs which terminated so unfortunately for the Whig party, and it was of the utmost importance to both that an interchange of intelligence should take place between them. The heroic girl readily undertook this difficult and dangerous business, and managed it with great dexterity and perfect success. The son of Mr. Baillie, a youth about her own age, had been recalled from his education in Holland to attend his father's trial. In the gloom of a jail these two young persons met, and formed an attachment destined to lead to a happy union. But all contemplation of such an event was for the present clouded. On the 24th of December in the year just mentioned, Baillie suffered the award of an unrighteous sentence upon the scaffold; and Sir Patrick Hume, too much alarmed to remain any longer in Scotland, proceeded in disguise to London, and finally, by France, into Holland, where a number of other patriots had found refuge. In the ensuing year he acted as one of the two seconds in command in the unfortunate expedition of the Earl of Argyle, and once more with great difficulty made an escape to Holland, while his property was forfeited by the Government. He now established himself at Utrecht with his family, and commenced a life of penury, forming a remarkable contrast to his former circumstances. One child, named Juliana, had been left in Scotland on account of bad health. Some months after settling in Holland it was thought necessary that this girl should be sent for, and Grizel was commissioned to return in order to bring her away. She was intrusted at the same time with the management of some business of her father's, and directed to collect what she could of the money that was due to them. All this she performed with her usual discretion and success, though not without encountering adventures that would have completely overwhelmed the greater part of her sex. After enduring a storm at sea, the terrors of which were aggravated by the barbarity of a brutal shipmaster, the two girls were landed at Brill; and from thence they set out the same night for Rotterdam, in company with a Scotch gentleman whom they accidentally met with. It was a cold wet night, and Juliana Hume, who was hardly able to walk, soon lost her shoes in the mud. Grizel then took the ailing child on her back, and carried her all the way to Rotterdam, while the gentleman, a sympathising fellow-exile, bore their small baggage. All these distresses were forgotten when she once more found herself in the bosom of her family.

Holland was the refuge for poor driven-out Englishmen; it was the wanderer's home. Thither went the early Nonconformists in their good ship *Mayflower*; and from thence they sailed to form a little colony in the Far West—a colony which afterwards became one of the mightiest powers in the world. In Holland Sir Patrick spent three years and a half. His income was small; and more than that, it was precarious. A fourth part of it was required for house-rent. He was unable to keep any domestic, except a girl to wash clothes; but nothing daunted by poverty, his heroic daughter performed the greater part of the drudgery. It is an easy matter to play the hero before an admiring world and under the bright sunshine, but not so easy to be heroic in common life; yet there the truest heroism is oftentimes exerted. According to the simple and affecting narrative of her daughter, Lady Murray of Stanhope, this amiable and virtuous woman was often up more than two nights in the week. "She went to the market, went to the mill to have their corn ground,—which, it seems, is the way with good managers there,—dressed the linen, cleansed the house, made ready dinner, mended the children's stockings and other clothes, made what she could for them; and, in short, did everything. Her sister Christian, who was a year or two younger, diverted her father and mother and the rest, who were fond of music. Out of their small income they bought a harpsichord for little money. My aunt

played and sung well, and had a great deal of life and humour, but no turn for business. Though my mother had the same qualifications, and liked it as well as she did, she was forced to drudge ; and many jokes used to pass between the sisters about their different occupations. Every morning before six my mother lighted her father's fire in his study, then waked him, and got what he usually took as soon as he got up—warm small-beer with a spoonful of bitters in it ; then took up the children, and brought them all to his room, where he taught them everything that was fit for their age—some Latin, others French, Dutch, geography, writing, reading, English, &c. ; and my grandmother taught them what was necessary on her part. Thus he employed and diverted himself all the time he was there, not being able to afford putting them to school ; and my mother, when she had a moment, took a lesson with the rest in French and Dutch, and also diverted herself with music. I have now a book of songs of her writing when she was there, many of them interrupted half writ, some broke off in the middle of a sentence. She had no less a turn for mirth and society than any of the family, when she could come at it without neglecting what she thought more necessary."

It is not an easy matter to keep the heart "licht" when poverty and suffering are within the dwelling, when we know the misery of being very poor, and when, united to that poverty, there is the recollection of better and happier times. Her eldest brother Patrick, and her lover Mr. Baillie, who suffered under the consequences of his father's attainder, went together into the guards of the Prince of Orange, till such time as they could be better provided for. "Her constant attention," continues Lady Murray, "was to have her brother appear right in his linen and dress. They wore little point cravats and cuffs, which many a night she sat up to have in as good order for him as any in the place ; and one of their greatest expenses was dressing him as he ought to be. As their house was always full of the unfortunate banished people like themselves, they seldom went to dinner without three or four or five of them to share with them." It used to excite their surprise that, notwithstanding this hospitality, their limited resources were sufficient, except on rare occasions, to supply their wants.

When subsequently invested with title, and the wife of a wealthy gentleman, the subject of our memoir used to declare that these years of privation and drudgery had been the most delightful of her whole life ; a circumstance not surprising, when we consider the gratification which high moral feelings like hers could not fail to derive from exercises of so peculiar a nature. Some of the distresses of the exiled family only served to supply them with amusement. Andrew, a boy, afterwards a judge of the Court of Session, was one day sent down to the cellar for a glass of alabast-beer, the only liquor with which Sir Patrick could entertain his friends. On his returning with the beer, Sir Patrick said, "Andrew, what is that in your other hand ?" It was the spiggot, which the youth had forgotten to replace, and the want of which had already lost them the whole of their stock of alabast. This occasioned much mirth, though they perhaps did not know where to get more. It was the custom at Utrecht to gather money for the poor, by going from house to house with a hand-bell. One night the bell came, and there was nothing in the house but a single orkey, the smallest coin then used in Holland. They were so much ashamed of their poverty, that no one would go out with the money, till Sir Patrick himself at last undertook this troublesome little duty, observing philosophically, "We can give no more than all we have." Their want of money often obliged them to pawn the small quantity of plate which they had brought from Scotland ; but they were ultimately able to take it all back with them, leaving no debt in the country of their exile.

The evident leaning of James II. towards the Roman Catholic faith had filled the

minds of his people with fear and trembling ; at last, his open avowal of attachment to Rome was the sign for open hostility. It was when things had arrived at this crisis, that the Prince of Orange, the son-in-law of James, began to lend an attentive ear to the earnest wish which had been expressed by some of the noblest men in all England, that he would come over and help them in establishing their Protestant faith, and in asserting the rights and liberties of the people.

When the Prince of Orange formed the resolution of invading England, Sir Patrick Hume entered warmly into his views, and by a letter which he addressed to the Scottish Presbyterians, in which he passed a warm encomium on the personal character of the prince, was in no small degree instrumental in gaining for him the friendship of that party. He accompanied the expedition, shared in its difficulties, and never left the prince's side till he was established in London. High honours, proportioned to his services and venerated character, now opened upon Sir Patrick. His attainder was reversed, his lands restored, and himself soon after created a peer, by the title of Lord Polwarth, and invested with the chief state office of his native country, that of Lord Chancellor. When the new system of things was settled, the younger part of the family were sent home under the care of a friend, and Lady Hume and Grizel came over with the Princess of Orange. The princess, now to become queen, wished to retain Grizel near her person, as one of her maids of honour ; but though well qualified for that envied situation, this simple-hearted girl had the magnanimity to decline the appointment, and preferred returning with her friends to Scotland—to the scenes and innocent affections of her childhood. Ever since her meeting with Mr. Baillie in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, she had cherished an affection for him, which was warmly returned by him, though, in the days of their exile, it had been concealed from her parents. It was now declared ; and Mr. Baillie having also regained possession of his estates, there was no longer any obstacle to their union. They were married about two years after the Revolution ; and their felicity during forty-eight years of wedded life seems to have been not disproportioned to their uncommon virtues and endowments. Lady Grizel—for to this designation she became entitled on the elevation of her father in 1697 to the rank of Earl of Marchmont—amidst all the glare and grandeur of high life retained the same disinterested singleness of heart and simplicity of manners which in youth had gained her universal regard, and graced her in every station. Her husband seems to have been worthy of her and of his name. He filled with great honour several important offices under government, and was not more distinguished for his eminent abilities than for his high-toned integrity. They had two children—Grizel, married to Sir Alexander Murray of Stanhope, and the author of the narrative to which we are indebted for the materials of this memoir ; and Rachel, the common ancestress of the present Earl of Haddington and the present Mr. Baillie of Jerviswood. Lady Grizel is thus described by her daughter : “ Her actions showed what her mind was, and her outward appearance was no less singular. She was middle-sized, clever, in her person very handsome, with a life and sweetness in her eyes very uncommon, and great delicacy in all her features : her hair was chestnut ; and to the last she had the finest complexion, with the clearest red in her cheeks and lips, that could be seen in one of fifteen, which, added to her natural constitution, might be owing to the great moderation she observed in her diet throughout her whole life. Porridge and milk was her greatest feast, and she by choice preferred them to everything, though nothing came wrong to her that others could eat : water she preferred to any liquor ; though often obliged to take a glass of wine, she always did it unwillingly, thinking it hurt her, and did not like it.”

Lady Grizel Baillie died on the 6th of December 1746, in the 81st year of her age, having survived her husband about eight years.



## LOVELIEST WORDS.

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### WHERE THE ROSES GREW.

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THIS is where the roses grew  
In the summer that is gone ;  
Fairer bloom or richer hue  
Never summer shone upon.  
O, the glories vanished hence !  
O, the sad imperfect tense !

THIS is where the roses grew  
When the July days were long,  
When the garden all day through  
Echoed with delight and song.  
Hark ! the dead and broken stalks  
Eddying down the windy walks.

Never was a desert waste,  
Where no blossom-life is born,  
Half so dreary and unblest,  
Half so lonesome and forlorn ;  
Since in this we dimly see  
All the bliss that used to be  
Where the roses used to grow.  
And the west wind's wailing words  
Tell in whispers, faint and low,  
Of the famish'd humming-birds,

Of the bees which search in vain  
For the honey-cells again.

THIS is where the roses grew,  
Till the ground was all perfume,  
And whenever zephyrs blew,  
Carpeted with crimson bloom.  
Now the chill and scentless air  
Sweeps the flower-plots brown and  
bare.

Hearts have gardens sad as this,  
Where the roses bloom no more—  
Gardens where no summer-bliss  
Can the summer-bloom restore,  
Where the snow melts not away  
At the warming kiss of May ;—  
Gardens where the vernal morns  
Never shed their sunshine down,  
Where are only stems and thorns,  
Veil'd in dead leaves, curl'd and  
brown,—  
Gardens where we only see  
Where the roses *used to be*.

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### LAST.

FRIEND whose smile has come to be  
Very precious unto me,  
Though I know I drank not first  
Of your love's bright fountain-  
burst,  
Yet I grieve not for the past,  
So you only love me last.  
Other souls may find their joy  
In the blind love of a boy :  
Give me that which years have  
tried—  
Disciplined and purified—  
Such as, braving sun and blast,  
You will bring to me at last.  
There are brows more fair than mine,  
Eyes of more bewitching shine,

Other hearts more fit, in truth,  
For the passion of your youth ;  
But, their transient empire past,  
You will surely love me last.  
Wing away your summer-time,  
Find a love in every clime,  
Roam in liberty and light—  
I shall never stay your flight ;  
For I know, when all is past,  
You will come to me at last.  
Change and flutter as you will,  
I shall smile securely still ;  
Patiently I trust and wait,  
Though you tarry long and late ;  
Prize your spring till it be past,  
Only, only love me last.

## 132. CROCHET LACE.

This lace, worked with coarse cotton, is very suitable for trimming counterpanes, and produces a very good effect. Work first the lower part, forming leaves and branches, in rows, backwards and forwards. Begin with a leaf, and work thus:

*Leaf.*—On a foundation chain of 30 stitches crochet (missing the last five chain of the foundation-chain) 1 double, 2 chain, 1 double, 2 chain; 1 treble, 3 long treble, 2 treble (all these stitches are separated by 2 chain), miss 2 stitches under the chain; finally, 2 chain, 1 double in the 1st chain of the foundation-chain. On this vein of the leaf work, backwards and forwards, in each hole formed by 2 chain, 5 treble; in the hole which forms the point of the leaf, and which is made by 5 chain, work 7 treble in the treble and doubles between the ho

## 132. CROCHET LACE.

double, separated each by 5 chain, then 2 slip-stitches in the two last stitches before the blossom; these form the stem; 13 chain, and repeat from \* three times; then 6 chain for the principal stem; then work the lower blossom in the same manner. After the chain which separates two blossoms, work one slip-stitch; but after six slip-stitches make one blossom, which begins with 7 chain, the two first of which form the stem of the blossom. Each blossom must be joined in the middle by a slip-stitch, as clearly seen in the illustration. After having completed the branch of blossoms, make 8 chain, and begin another leaf. The blossoms and leaves must be fastened together with slip-stitches at different places. Repeat from the leaf for the length required. Continue to work on the chain, which join and branch, the ring border row. — Alter-

always one  
The leaf is com-  
pleted. Work  
piece with a—  
branch of blossoms.  
Begin with a chain  
of 18 stitches. The  
first eight form the joining between leaf and  
branch \*. In the last stitch but five, crochet  
1 double. In the circle thus obtained, crochet 5

## 133. CANDLESTICK-MAT FOR THE CARD-TABLE.

each scollop 2 double, separated by 1 chain.  
3rd row.—1 double in the middle stitch of each  
scollop, 4 chain between.

y 1 double, 9  
missing four  
2d.  
2nd row.—1 double  
in each stitch of the  
preceding row. In  
the middle stitch of

4th row.—Alternately 1 double, 8 chain, miss 1 under the last.

5th row.—\* 2 double, separated by 6 chain, the next scallop 3 chain; miss the next scallop. Repeat from \*

4½ inches. All the circles are pinked out at the edge. Fasten a cardboard circle, measuring four inches across, between the two black circles. Arrange, from the illustrations, the cards on the red cloth circle. Each card is 2 inches long.

figures on the cards are worked partly with black, partly with red purple-silk, in satin-stitch. Cut out first two black cloth circles, and one of red cloth; the first measuring 5½ inches across, the second

#### 184. HAND BANNER SCREEN.

is twelve inches deep, and nine inches wide. The material is green woollen rep, with an oval piece of green moire silk in the centre, over which a bouquet of flowers is worked in satin-stitch, with



black silk. The moire silk must be stretched over a small frame, the pattern traced upon it, and first *raised* with soft cotton, then embroidered with floss silk. The oval medallion is then placed in the centre of the screen, the border round it is cut out of black velvet, edged with yellow silk braid, and ornamented with stars worked in point russe, with yellow silk. The looped pattern is worked round the screen with the same yellow braid. It is placed between two borders, the first formed of a narrow strip of black velvet, edged with black silk braid; the second (outer one) of one row of yellow and one of black silk braid.

The screen is lined with green moire silk, and trimmed with green silk tassels. The mounting consists of an upper cross-bar and straight handle of gilt.



## LETTERS FROM "DEAR OLD GRANNY."

### DINNER-PARTIES.

"Great plenty, much formality, small cheer  
And everybody out of his own sphere."—BYRON.

"And now to dinner, with what appetite you may."—SHAKESPEARE.

**D**EAR GRAND-DAUGHTER,—I can very well understand that you are fluttered at the prospect of going out to dinner for the first time. I remember, as if it were only yesterday, the anxious days and wakeful nights the ordeal cost me when I was just fifty years younger than I am now. You live in easier times than I did, and you have advantages I had not. In 1817, my dear, we were punctiliousness itself. George, Prince Regent, the greatest gentleman in Europe they called him—though, for my part, I should have called him by a very different name—had set us so stiff and starched a pattern that we who tried to follow made ourselves and others very uncomfortable. The ceremonial law of the Regency was a heavy burden; and the way the people made up for it was by indulging in all sorts of liberties and licenses, at which some of us would nowadays stand in awe. One of the charges—not officially, but socially—that George, Prince Regent, preferred against Caroline of Brunswick was that of her being ill-mannered; she said 'oblige' instead of 'obleege,' laughed when she was merry, cried when she was sad; and had absolutely called him 'George' at the State dinner-table! Ah, dear me, how well I recollect the arrival of the official letter summoning me for the first time to the "execution pale" of a real dinner party! If I had been capitally convicted, they would have given me but eight-and-forty hours' notice wherein to make my preparations, but they allowed me three weeks' intimation of this state banquet! Not any too long either. There was the costume to arrange; we had to make pilgrimages, in one of those lofty yellow chariots now so rarely seen, to the high-priestess of Fashion; she was too grand a personage to come to us. I trembled at the first glance of this Pythoness, and I saw that she knew what a poor little novice I was. She haughtily informed my aunt of those articles of the costumier's code which belonged to our question. She consented to clothe me, and returned my aunt's adieu with a curtsy that would have taken the highest honours at our school. There were other priestesses and priests to be consulted, and the yellow chariot rumbled much in western regions; but all this was as nothing to the lessons in deportment which had to be looked up and gone over, and never, to me at least, seem to give the smallest modicum of confidence. I felt sure I should be quizzed. I dreamed of the dinner, and woke in horror at the commission of some unpardonable

sin. I knew I should be detected, and that some wit might—it was consistent with the politeness of the age—deride me with an affectation of courtesy. Had not Lord Byron induced poor Grimaldi to eat soy with his apple-tart? How I longed for the smartness of the school-girl at Bath, who, when Beau Nash said to her, "Excuse me, miss, but since you are recently from school, can you tell me the name of Tobit's dog?" answered, "Nash, sir; and an impudent dog he was." But I had no confidence in myself; I was sure I should be shy and stupid, and make a thousand blunders.

When the day came I felt so bewildered, and really so frightened, that I hoped I should be taken ill. No reprieve came to me in this way. My uncle, in his highest-collared coat,—bright blue, with narrow tails and gilt buttons,—five or six yards of muslin round his throat, and his hair standing, with the help of pomatum, "bolt upright;" my aunt, with a skimp dress and an overwhelming turban; and poor I decked as for a sacrifice, ascended the chariot, and were borne to execution. It was terrible. The reception-room, where it seemed that we had all assembled to assist at the last rites to some dear departed; the solemn and undertaker-like announcement of the servants that dinner was on table; the awful march to the dining-room, two and two, male and female, like the beasts going into Noah's ark; and then the glory and glitter of the table. But I was happier than I expected to be. They were all grand folks there; people who had written books and plays, and painted pictures, and done some fighting, and made speeches in parliament. I was a poor little minnow amongst all these Tritons. Happily for me, a good-natured country gentleman, rather lame, and with a roast-beef sort of face, did me the honour to take me down, and talked so naturally and simply, and called me "lassie"—which made me like him very much indeed—that I did not mind when the gentlemen challenged me with their wine-glasses and requested the honour. My good friend took the best care of me, and often answered for me when I did not know what to say; and, strange to say, he always said just what I meant to say, only much nicer. I heard afterwards—and then I was dreadfully frightened—that my escort was the famous Sir Walter Scott!

Garrulous old grandmamma has talked of herself thus far only to show that she can sympathise with you: may your escort be as good and true and pure as mine, my love! But, ah me, where shall we find such a man as Sir Walter Scott here?

But to return, my dear child, to the subject which perplexes you. Why need you be troubled? The days of ceremonial etiquette are all over, and all you have to do is to be genuinely courteous. Say you, it is easy so to say, but the how is still unanswered. Well, then, to be very practical, let me suggest, first, that you should be careful in the arrangement of your dress. Let it be so much in the fashion as to show that you know what the fashion is, but not so overmuch in the fashion as to serve as a dress-maker's advertisement. Too much display is a sure sign of vulgarity; it is as bad as loud talking, and a noisy assertion of one's presence generally. On the other hand, too little regard to appearances, a morbid dread of attracting attention, is equally objectionable, though not equally vulgar. Study to be quiet in all your ways; in your dress let nothing be absent that should be there, and nothing there that might without affectation be dispensed with. I have seen girls, on their first appearance in society, "overdone," if I may use this expression, in both ways. There was—to call her by this name—little Miss Gaudy, a *petite belle*, standing not quite five feet high, and dressed *à la* the fashion-books to their fullest extent. Poor little missy was quite bewildered with her own finery; she was for all the world like an unprotected female on a railway journey with too much luggage. She was in no enviable sense the cynosure of all eyes. How she managed to eat her dinner I don't know, "Society" with its eye-glass surveying her from fish to fruit. I do know she was dreadfully uncomfortable about it, and cried terribly afterwards, when all the tears of Niobe

could not wash out the blunder. Then there was poor Helen, niece of the two Miss Mystics; she was sent into the world in white muslin, and her hair done up like that of the Grecian Isis. She was as much out of the fashion as mince-meat at Michaelmas; and the eye-glass of Society was in request for her as well as for poor little Miss Gaudy. Now, if you take my advice, you will be very particular not to be particular. Whatever you wear, let it be good. Men think a good deal of effect; women think a good deal of quality. They can, *and do*, appraise another woman's attire pretty closely. Tawdry finery is an abomination, and its wearer is very certain to deceive nobody but herself.

Now, in the second place, as to manners. I have seen you behave very prettily at our own quiet little dinners: you have felt at your ease—have, I believe, enjoyed yourself, and have certainly been the source of some enjoyment to others. Try to look upon your big dinner-party as a little dinner-party on a large scale. The fact is, people often go wrong through trying too hard to go right. None are so tiresomely artificial as those who make a laborious effort to appear at their ease. Be your own natural self. That you should be diffident with strangers is perfectly natural: to be otherwise in your case would be unnatural, or supernatural; and I don't expect my grand-daughter aspires to the last, or could be guilty of the first. You will be fluttered; no doubt of it. Well, this cannot be helped; only do not let the flutter disturb my little lady's sense of the proprieties. Be quiet. I said so of your dress; I say so of your manners. Do not make any effort to be showy; only a few can shine in conversation, and of that limited number only a few exercise their prerogative. Everybody with common sense and decent education may be intelligent and agreeable; they can cultivate the art of listening, and be able to throw in here and there some more pertinent remark than "I see;" "O, to be sure;" "Yes, of course;" and "Just so." My advice to you is, do not attempt the dangerous game of leading a conversation. There was a comical song I heard poor Grimaldi sing when I was a girl:

"Miss in her teens, all in white,  
Says, 'Bless me, have you seen the sight?'"

The song recounts the conduct of this young lady on her introduction to society, in which she entirely takes the initiative in a way which I am very sure would be quite foreign to your nature. No; listen, and say little till you know the calibre of the talker.

I suppose, as a rule, there is no talk more dreary than that of the waiting-room before dinner. Rabelais has written a quaint thing about the last quarter of an hour; what might not be written of the first quarter of an hour in such society! I remember seeing in an etiquette book the subjects enumerated, which must not there be discussed, for fear of giving offence. It includes everything. The etiquette doctor, like the physician of Baratania, swept the table clean; we were to be

"A party in a parlour, all silent,  
And all"—

exceedingly unamiable. Well, you must wait there till dinner is announced. Your hostess will in all probability have introduced you to some of the party, and placed you under the escort of a gentleman. It is that gentleman's business to make you comfortable; and you are by no means to consider yourself under any obligation to him for so doing. He will lead you downstairs; he will find your place at table; he will see that all your wants are supplied. It is not your business but his to see to all this; and the arrangement saves you a world of trouble.

A young woman or a young man unaccustomed to the settled observances of such occasions can hardly pass through a severer trial than that of a formal dinner. Its

terrors, however, are points of etiquette as habits of observation, if not pleasantly thrown

You may entertain are tiresome affairs, as deal more enjoyment, what is, and not what we call "Society" as we ner-parties without as think that neither you them; but occasions forced into dining with if you be ignorant of

Let me now jot down grow garrulous, remember

When you receive of the house; and you and if people don't know they may put themselves there know your decision

A dinner-party must easily defined. She is the exercise of taste, of making.

Be punctual. Neither and the cooks cross responsible not only a commercial traveller enforced, and that to to say, if they have think it a very good

At table the rule nothing before you; cular that you do a score of etiquette will to you. If you are have your plate ready each other is also out

Ah me, how well burden to be borne reform.

Now, my dear quiet self—everywhere not feel; but just who is your escort affair is managed by a champion as much to dinner, and make

a fringe of t lace bonnets ornament is

A bonnet ribbon, and rose, with blue

Cape are tian guipure square crown lappets of cr

A cap of black-blonde beautifully-a

A dinner ribbon, form and the plait

Spring we

135. PEPLUM TRI Here are paletot. The

135, 136. BODICE AND PE much shorter rosettes of blue AND The straight

No. 136.—This bodice is comes up in a which is afterwards covered sleeves. Bod lace, bordered by a narrow guinge. with stripes of coloured ribbon The second of a strip of ribbon edged with The second bow of the same ribbon in fringed with

The peplum No. 135 is made of the same materials as this bodice, and may or may not be worn plaiting of ornaments, around the bottom pointed at the

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LET not our fair readers think we have any great and startling changes to tell them of in the way of fashions. Changes are not thus made suddenly, but gradually steal upon us almost insensibly.

We have seen many new spring

135. PEPLUM TRIMMED WITH GUIPURE.

135, 136. BODICE AND PEPLUM TRIMMED WITH GUIPURE  
AND RIBBON.

No. 136.—This bodice is made of white cambric-muslin, which is afterwards covered alternately with strips of guipure lace, bordered by a narrow guipure edging on either side, and with strips of coloured ribbon. The straight collar is formed of a strip of ribbon edged with lace, and ornamented with a bow of the same ribbon in front. Waist-band to correspond.

The peplum No.  
135 is made of the  
same materials as

136. BODICE TRIMMED WITH GUIPURE.

bonnets, but their shape does not materially differ from that of last winter's bonnets. They are not larger than they were.

The favourite shape appears to be that which is very much rounded off both in front and at the back, without any marked distinction between brim or crown. The trimming is very gene-

138. MODERN GORED SKIRT (FRONT).

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## For trimming Bodices.

## FASHIONS.

ally put on over the bonnet as a wreath or coronet; and besides ribbon strings, there are almost always tulle or lace lappets loosely tied in front, or fastened by a brooch or flower.

A bonnet of lilac crape is trimmed with lilac blossoms—always a favour-

### 187. PATTERN FOR A LADY'S JACKET.

This jacket is made of black velvet, embroidered all over with very small chalk beads. It is lined with black silk, trimmed all round with a braiding design, and edged with a fringe of jet beads.

### 188, 189. MODERN GORED SKIRT

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### ED WITH GUIPURE.

the ornament for a spring bonnet, and edged with a fringe of pearl sequins. Wide lappets of lilac tulle edged with a narrow ruche are tied in front, instead of ribbon strings.

A bonnet of black lace, with a crown and very small turned-up curtain, is entirely covered with a network of amber beads, and edged with

### 189. MODERN GORED SKIRT (BACK).

## THE FASHIONS.

20

be same. Lappets of black lace are fastened by an amber brooch. Many black-cot are worn just now. They are embroidered for the most part with jet beads; the M placed at the side. This ornament is often a crimson flower.

of t of a very rounded shape is composed entirely of narrow loops of white-satin and of a border formed of several rouleaux of the same material; a beautiful moss-Gads and foliage, is placed on one side. The strings are of white satin.

W quite as small as bonnets. A very pretty cap, formed of a square piece of Vene-goe is ornamented with a plait of crimson velvet, by which the front part of the T is raised, and which continues on either side; the plait is finished off by long amon ribbon-velvet, which are tied under the chignon.

but the rounded Lamballe shape, of white blonde, is trimmed with narrow strips of insertion; the border and lappets are of white and black blonde. A bunch of at faded velvet heart's-ease is placed on one side.

yo coiffure is formed of a network of crystal beads, edged with a plaiting of velvet looking a coronet; lappets of ribbon-velvet are tied at the back under the chignon, peded coronet is ornamented with bead grelots.

artalking toilets are for the most part made with short skirts.

na two costumes in the newest style. The first is composed of two skirts and a oth first skirt is of violet silk, trimmed with stitched cross-strips of the same mate-gra antways, not far distant one from the other. The second skirt is of black silk, no in front than at the back, open and cut square at the sides, and trimmed with lad ack ribbon.

ht paletot is trimmed with a stitched cross-strip which goes round the bottom, ma double row in the middle of the back, and is continued round the neck. Tight and n the upper skirt and the paletot are edged round with a narrow crimped silk con

va costume is made entirely of light-brown gros-grains silk. The under-skirt is ren five narrow flounces, pinked out and gathered. The upper-skirt is bound with to silk-gimp cord; it is long at the back, and looped up on either side with gimp a oished off with handsome silk tassels. The straight loose paletot is scolloped out tom, and trimmed with the same plaiting of gimp cord. It has loose sleeves bottom, and trimmed to correspond. Gimp bows and tassels are placed upon

Th ked-out flounces are coming into fashion again, especially for under-skirts. wh are extremely short; they are generally quite straight and loose, but some, on for are tight-fitting, with basques, and a waist-band worn over them.

tallots and short dresses are for the most part scolloped out round the bottom. trimmings are cross-stripes of silk, silk pipings, narrow crimped fringes, and befter plain or studded with beads.

whancy materials are speckled or brocaded, and so are the new silks. A great seeured materials are also worn. Stripes are not seen so much this spring as they for ng the last few seasons.

phy en, the principal features in the present fashions:—gored dresses, either short nd looped up at the sides only, very small bonnets, and very short paletots, e same material as the dress.

esses have longer and more sweeping trains than ever.

exce toilet of moire silk and satin is made thus: a skirt of light green moire silk, hostunce of white satin embroidered with beads, and a short tunic of white tulle, you small bunches of mignonette. The lower part of the bodice is of green moire com th beads; the upper part is of pleated tulle divided by cross-strips of white him aged in the shape of a fan. The waist-band is of pleated white satin, finished will ad lappets of plain satin ribbon.

this in the same toilet in rose-coloured moire antique and white satin, with a deep lace. The bunches of flowers were white and rose-coloured.

ning dress is white and amber-coloured. The under-skirt is of amber-coloured ocean





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THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHION.

Modelled for

The Young Englishwoman

APRIL 1851

glacé silk ; it is trimmed round the bottom with a quilling of plain white gauze, edged on either side with narrow white blonde. Short dress of white gauze, with alternately thick and clear stripes, edged with white jet grelots, and looped up on either side with a large brooch of cut white jet. The low bodice, of amber-coloured glacé silk, is ornamented both in front and at the back with a plastron composed of bouillons of white gauze. Short white under-sleeves, and extremely long ones of amber-coloured glacé silk lined with white, thrown back and loosely tied as the ends of a sash behind. These sleeves are trimmed with grelots of white jet. No ornament in the hair but a comb with an amber top. Amber ear-rings, necklace, and bracelets.

In conclusion, we have two very pretty toilets for little girls to describe.

The first has a double skirt. The under-skirt is of gray *popelinette* ; it is trimmed round the bottom with a strip of the same material covered with a net-work of narrow blue-velvet ribbon, finished off with pearl grelots. The second skirt is of blue silk. It is short, and open on both sides ; the openings are ornamented with blue gimp-cord and tassels. The low bodice is of blue silk.

The second is a frock of cerise-coloured silk, made in the Princess shape. The gored widths are covered upon all the seams with rouleaux of black silk ; the skirt is scalloped out round the bottom, and edged with the same rouleaux. The very low bodice is cut out in smaller scallops, piped round with black. It has no sleeves. An under chemisette of pleated white muslin, with long sleeves, is worn inside. A wide sash of black ribbon is tied round the waist.



## DESCRIPTION OF OUR FASHION-PLATE.

**LEFT-HAND FIGURE : DINNER TOILET.**—A pearl gray *faille* silk dress, with a bodice high on the shoulders, cut low and square, back and front. Short round waist. The bodice is ornamented with two long narrow tabs hanging on the skirt, and trimmed with black braid, jet buttons, and fringe. *Reine Hortense* sleeves trimmed to match. The skirt is gored, and forming a long train behind.

**RIGHT-HAND FIGURE : WALKING TOILET.**—A violet silk bonnet, edged with crystal beads, and ornamented on the left side with a tuft of ears of corn. Green silk dress. The basquine, bodice, and skirt are cut out in scallops, and trimmed on each seam with green braid. Green silk petticoat.

**COSTUME FOR A LITTLE GIRL FIVE YEARS OLD.**—A *marinière* hat. A skirt and short vest of Solferino cashmere, trimmed with a light ornamentation of black silk, the skirt being terminated by a scalloped pleating. Black-silk petticoat and waist-band. A white chemisette is worn under the short vest.



## AN APRIL FOOL.

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**T**O-MORROW is the 1st of April, Bob," said my chum Dick Mylius, as we trudged homewards after a day's sport with the ferrets and terriers among the rats of the home farm ; "let's have some fun ; can't we make someone a regular April fool ?"

"Who is there to make, I should like to know ?" returned I. "Old Pearson has been caught so often that's she's up to everything, and Binks is always such a fool that there's nothing new in his being one on the first of April."

"No, but couldn't we fly at higher game this year ? What do you say to old Chutney, now ?"

Old Chutney was our joint tutor, the respectable vicar of Hadly, and even my irreverent boy's imagination shrank abashed before Dick's suggestion.

"Nonsense," I said ; "we should get into no end of a scrape."

But when did a thought of consequences ever deter Dick from meditated mischief ? He went on as if my reply had breathed nothing but cordial cooperation.

"The worst of it is, that everything is so stale, and you're the slowest fellow, Bob, that a man could well have at his elbow for anything that requires head. I should think, now, that Heathfield would be just the sort to help a fellow in a difficulty of the kind. He's about up to everything, I take it."

"There won't be a greater fool made to-morrow than Captain Heathfield is to-day," said I sulkily, not at all pleased by the slighting estimation of my capacity for fun, otherwise mischief, that was so frankly avowed by my friend.

Dick opened his eyes.

"Why, I thought you were ever so fond of Heathfield ; you were always saying he was the jolliest fellow going, not a week ago."

"Well, perhaps I did not think him a bad sort once, but since he's taken to make such a donkey of himself—"

"As how ?" inquired Dick, wondering.

"Why, by dangling after the womenkind, sir ; by pinning himself to Milly's apron-string. By Jove ! I believe the fellow's spooney upon Milly," and the contemptuous laugh with which I emphasised my opinion of this unheard-of absurdity on the part of Captain Heathfield partly soothed the feelings which Dick had ruffled.

"Pooh ! I don't believe a word of it," said Dick, steadily ; "Philip Heathfield's too jolly a fellow, too sensible to be an idiot about a girl. You're always finding a mare's nest, Bob."

In indignant, and what I fondly hoped was dignified silence too, I marched onward after this, and we had already turned the corner of the fir-plantation nearest the house, when I stopped short, and laying my hand heavily upon Dick's shoulder demanded with a stern triumph befitting my feelings and the occasion,

"Look there ! what do you say now, my lad ?"

"Look there ! look where ? O, ah ! I see," and Dick's round eyes opened their widest as he certainly obeyed my injunction to look.

Of course we had no business to see what we did. No eyes ruder or more curious

than the robin's twittering in the thorn, or the squirrel's swaying himself airily from branch to branch of the bending firs, should have seen the pretty, tender, foolish scene. My sister Milly sitting in the rustic summer-house which it was her especial fancy to have built among the tall fir-trees, because she liked to hear the sough of the wind among their branches in winter, and loved their faint aromatic perfumes in summer. My sister Milly, and close beside her, so close and bending so low towards her that we could only see the back of his dark curly head, Captain Philip Heathfield. But Milly's face was plainly visible, and no winter wind, certainly not the soft rain-laden one of this last day of March, ever brought such a colour into that face as was wavering there now. She was looking down hard at the two little feet which her looped-up skirt revealed very sufficiently, but I don't think she saw or was conscious of them. No, my boy's shrewdness absolved her of that weakness directly, only to convict her surely of the greater.

"The little ninny!" I muttered in my inward wrath; "but then girls are such idiots! As for him,—well, what do you say now?" I asked aloud of Dick.

"Appearances certainly against him," replied Dick with a queer glance of his eyes towards the unconscious couple; "but then I never judge by appearances myself: 'not so bad as we seem' is the motto for me, old boy."

"O, bother you and your mottoes! I'm not going to stand this," I cried out, as Philip Heathfield, after the merest pretence of unwillingness in the world from Milly, got firm hold of one of her hands. "Hullo, Milly!" I shouted loudly; "you'll be getting cold in that damp hole, and it's coming on to rain; if you don't want to be drenched, you had better come at once."

The two started hastily apart, and the next instant came out to meet us.

Now, looking back to that day, through the years that have made it a distant one, I recall and do the justice it deserves to Philip Heathfield's good temper and perfect breeding on that occasion; then, I thought his good nature and unimpaired heartiness of manner, as the two joined us and we all walked homewards together, only a mean attempt to come over me with soft sawdor.

From a combination of feeling, in which a boyish scorn for anything like spooniness, wounded self-love at Dick's remarks, and a lordly desire to show a brother's authority over a sister, albeit that sister was older than myself by several years, all played a part, I made myself as conspicuously disagreeable on that afternoon walk as my opportunities permitted.

I persisted in walking close by Milly. I made her take my arm, though my only motive for such an unheard-of proceeding was the idea that Captain Heathfield might offer his. I could not prevent him walking on her other side if he chose, but he didn't; after the first few minutes dropping quietly behind with Dick, and listening with much apparent interest and appreciation to a history of our day's sport.

As if I was to be bamboozled and thrown off the scent by Mr. Philip Heathfield's absorption in the deeds of my terrier Snap, or Miss Milly's apparent forgetfulness of the gentleman walking behind her! Up to the time of our arrival at our den, I managed easily to prevent or spoil the little sport the two had been engaged upon, and yet wide awake as I was, they managed to shake hands at parting just when my head was turned another way.

Then, with his usual cheery good-bye to us, Heathfield turned away, and Milly, without lingering, ran lightly up the steps and disappeared into the house, while I proceeded more leisurely.

A little slip of paper, folded carelessly longway, lay on the door-mat as I entered, which I picked up and opened, scarcely thinking what I was doing, though the few words scratched hurriedly inside made me open my eyes and catch my breath with an

exclamation. The paper bore no superscription, and the line it contained no signature ; but it needed no wizard to tell that Philip Heathfield had taken the means of finishing the communication we had been the means of interrupting with Miss Milly. While I was still standing with the paper in my hand, behold Milly came flying down stairs, perturbation in her countenance, and looking wildly here and there as she came. She stopped short when she saw me, and then came on more deliberately, but still looking anxiously on the floor and down the steps from the open door. I knew the paper was hers, and that she must have dropped it as she ran in after leaving Heathfield, in all probability without having had time to open it ; and I was almost in the act of tossing it contemptuously towards the silly goose, when a boyish desire to mar this sort of sport as much as possible, made me crumple it up in my hand and walk away whistling instead. I only meant to worry her by withholding the bit of paper at the time, and have some fun by teasing her afterwards ; but, contrary to her usual practice, Milly during this evening showed so much susceptibility to being teased, and was altogether so unlike her cordial happy self, that half in revenge, half because the sport, that had such a delectable spice of torture to flavour it, was too enticing to be given up, I kept the paper to myself. However, in following up the game with more ardour than prudence, I at last managed to awaken my mother's attention to what was going on, and was thereupon dismissed from the drawing-room and the company of the ladies, to find my amusement elsewhere, and in other ways, as my mother observed severely, "than in persecuting and distressing my sister." To the uninterrupted hour or two of my own companionship which ensued on this, is due, I think, the inspiration of which this present day is the record.

Dick Mylius was still in bed the next morning when I marched into his room and sat down on the bed beside him.

"You wanted to make an April fool, yesterday," said I ; "get up, and come along, and you shall see the jolliest performance in that line that ever you split your sides over, master Dick."

Dick was broad awake immediately.

"What are you up to?" said he, sitting upright ; "I'm with you if there is any fun to be had."

"Look here," and I produced the piece of paper I had picked up in the hall the day before.

Dick read it, and then stared at me in broad surprise.

It contained only these words, and of course to Dick they needed explanation : "If 'yes' to what I asked, will you come to the summer-house in the first to-morrow morning at nine o'clock?"

"Of course I'm the worst fellow at anything like fun going," said I, answering the look with a lofty sense of that injurious accusation still rankling in my memory ; "but here's my little plan ;" and leaning down I detailed it as succinctly as possible.

There was a burst of explosive laughter from Dick ; an exclamation of "Jolly !" and an immediate tumble up on the part of that young gentleman to be ready for action.

When Dick was dressed, we stole out of the house, and walked towards the fir-plantation already mentioned, in which it was our object to conceal ourselves, fully to enjoy the sport provided. It was a soft still morning, as I recollect, with the moisture of coming rain in the mild air, and a plaintive sound in the wind as it sighed fitfully among the heavy pines ; beyond this nothing stirred, as we took up our position so as to command at once a view of the summer-house, and conceal ourselves from anyone approaching it. As we did so, the half-seen figure of someone within the summer-house became distinctly visible ; someone who sat in a quiet attitude of rest or

expectation, and the fashion of whose garments was as the fashion of my sister Milly's.

Dick burst into a laugh as he caught sight of it, but I admonished him to silence with an emphatic dig, and we both crouched down among the stumps of some felled trees and waited.

How still it was! Nothing but that hollow sigh of the wind, and the answering shiver of the pines. The quiet figure within the summer-house never stirred, and Dick began to show signs of impatience.

"By George, I should be ashamed to keep a lady waiting if I were Heathfield," he was beginning when I made a gesture of warning; and the next instant came the sound of a light quick footfall among the pine-needles, that carpeted all the ground so thickly hereabouts. I knew the sound of that step almost as well as Milly herself could have done; and had just time to drag Dick into cover as Philip Heathfield passed us, his handsome face all aglow with colour that something beside the sweet morning air had brought into it, his handsome eyes brightening with something only dimly fathomed by my boy's intelligence, as he caught sight of that waiting figure in the little alcove. He sprang lightly up the steps and entered. There was an instant's pause, an instant's dead silence, then an exclamation; the figure fell with a resounding crash to the ground, and Heathfield dashed down the steps again, his face white and livid with passion. Now was our time; now we should, and had agreed that we would have sprang from our hiding-place to confront the "April Fool;" instead of which we looked at one another in scared silence, as Heathfield strode past us once more, awed by the white anguish of passion in his face.

He was far out of the plantation before we slunk out likewise, first stripping the old lay figure, a relic of my father's fancy for art-studies while he lived, of the garments I had coaxed Milly's maid into providing me with, hiding the figure for the present, and stowing away the clothes for convenient removal. After all, the jest had hung fire, and I don't think either of us felt very comfortable about it; though Dick, with his characteristic inability to contemplate consequences, had forgotten all about the matter in an hour.

Captain Heathfield did not put in his accustomed appearance at our house that day. The next and the next came and went, but never brought him. My mother remarked on the subject; and Milly, what did Milly think of it? She said nothing, she made no sign, except the piteous and involuntary one of starting and colouring nervously at every ring at the door-bell, or any sudden footstep on the gravel without, and being paler and more silent than her cheerful wont at other times. A sore feeling gathered about my heart almost in spite of me, as I watched these signs of disturbance; and to relieve myself I cherished into life an indignant scorn of Captain Heathfield's continued signs of resentment at the joke played upon him.

"His lordship is in the sulks, and is doing dignity, I suppose," thought I, glancing sideways at Milly's wistful face beside the window. "By Jove! Milly's too good for—"

My conscience sprang into life as it were, with the words "too good." Ah, a thousand little acts of sisterly kindness and gentleness came thronging upon me; repaid how? I went up to where she stood, put my arm about her neck, roughly enough I daresay, and said:

"Milly. I want to tell you something—something about Heathfield; he's a worse-tempered fellow than I thought; he can't take a joke," I went on, becoming more dogged as Milly turned her frightened face towards me.

"A joke, Bob? what can you mean?"

Her great brown eyes looked at me full of pitiful fear and pain. I had seen some-

thing like that look now and then in some snared creature of the woods ; and softening again, I drew her on my knee, and began, as I said, to tell her all about it.

The great brown eyes watched me as I floundered through the recital of what had seemed to me, only a day or two ago, such a capital joke ; and when I stumbled to the conclusion, were hidden in Milly's hands, as she cried :

"O, Bob ! how could you ? how could you ? what must he think of me ?"

"Now, Milly, why should he think you had played off the joke ? O, ah ! I see ; the letter, of course. Very well then," said I, rising and putting her off my knee ; "very well then, there's only one thing to be done."

"What, Bob dear ?"

"Of course I'm not going to let you bear the blame of my deeds ; of course I shall tell Heathfield all about it," said I, loftily.

"But wait, Bob," said poor Milly anxiously, and yet with something like light coming back into her face ; "will not that be almost as if I—but yet, O," she cried, clasping her hands, "I cannot bear he should think that I could trifle with him so."

"Very well, Milly ; there's no occasion he should think so longer than to-morrow morning. Look here, I'll go up to the Dale to-morrow as soon as ever I get away from old Chutney, and make it all straight. So now, my dear, don't look so woe-begone ; I'll make everything as right as possible to-morrow."

Up to the Dale, then, I wended my way the next morning about noon, and as I came in sight of the house, I saw that the windows of the rooms Philip Heathfield occupied were wide open ; and that from one Mrs. Mitchell herself was vigorously shaking a hearthrug or some such article of furniture.

"Hullo, Mrs. Mitchell ! Captain Heathfield's not in, I suppose," I called out.

"Not in, no, sir. The captain went away for good the morning afore yesterday. Lor, Master Bob, didn't you know ?"

"Gone away for good ?" I repeated incredulously.

"Leastways, sir, didn't give me no reason to think he was coming back. He went away all in a hurry like ; and it did come into my mind, and so I was saying to my master, that he had heard bad news p'r'aps, being as he was not quite like hisself. But anyhow, he's gone, sir ; and we've let his rooms to a gentleman as is coming from London for his health."

"Did Captain Heathfield go to London ?"

"Don't know indeed, sir ; our Jem drove him over to the railway station, sir ; but I don't know where he was a-going ; and yet, yes, now I come to think on it, I do mind that I saw some direction in London writ on his luggage, but I never noticed what it were. Lor, and to think the captain shouldn't never have told any of you up at the house, and you so intimate ! Ah, take my word for it, Master Bob, he had heard bad news, poor dear gentleman."

And that was the news I was to carry to poor little Milly ! As I walked dismally away on my road home again, I protest I didn't dare think of the pain I was doomed to give the innocent creature. She was sitting over her work when I went in. She did not run to meet me nor show any sign of impatience ; but ah, could I not see how the tender heart was fluttering under her light dress ? could I not read the anguish of hope and fear with which her great brown eyes looked up into mine ?

"Milly," and the great falter in my own voice as I spoke seemed to scare away all my efforts at steadiness, "O, Milly dear !" and I fairly broke down and hid my face, with the hot tears running over it.

There was a minute's pause. I did not dare look up, and then my sister's arms stole round my neck.



"Don't, Bob ; don't, my dear. You did not mean any harm ; and if it cannot be helped—somehow, I felt it would not be set right—it must be borne, dear," she repeated trembling ; " don't cry, Bob."

And this was all she said of her own trouble, though she soothed mine by every loving and tender word she knew. Later on, when I could speak, I told her how I had found Heathfield gone, and professed over and over again my intention of tracing him in London, if that were possible.

"It is not possible, dear," Milly said patiently ; " and, Bob, don't talk to me any more about it, please, nor of him."

"But, Milly, you forgive me ; you don't believe I would have done it if I had thought there was anything but girl's rubbish, you know, between you and—"

"Hush," said Milly, kissing me, " dear Bob ; I know you never meant to hurt me ; don't speak of it any more."

She glided away from me ; and, save that from that time she was gentler with me than she had ever been before—and Heaven knows she was always the tenderest of human creatures—nothing in her manner ever led me to suppose that she remembered my part in that unlucky first of April.

O the passive courage and endurance of these tender women ! O the height and depth, the length and breadth of their power to dissemble ! How, with horrible anguish, longing despair tearing at their hearts, they will hide the cruel wound, and go smiling on their way with courage that no man can match. Here was my sister Milly, for instance, to all appearance one of the softest and most yielding of God's creatures, baffling and defying my boy's penetration—after the first day of suspense was over—to understand the cost of my jest, and how much or how little its unforeseen result had really affected her. My mother spoke often of Philip Heathfield, wondering and speculating over the cause of his sudden and unexplained departure. Milly listened, and replied, if need were, with an indifference and composure that seemed to me perfect ; and if she never started the subject herself, never seemed to shirk it either.

And one morning, perhaps a fortnight after Heathfield disappeared, a letter in his handwriting lay on the breakfast-table addressed to Mrs. Lennox. My mother was long of opening it, turning it over and over to look at the post-marks and wondering at the contents. For my part, I could scarcely restrain my desire to snatch at the letter and put all conjecture to rest, and know that I fidgeted in my chair, and stifled exclamations of impatience in my bread and butter. But Milly sat perfectly quiet ; her dress may have fluttered a little at the bosom, the colour have wavered in her face, but I could not be sure. I know that my own face was burning, and that my hands shook.

And when the letter was opened, it was found to contain only a few lines. The writer briefly apologised for omitting the civility of a farewell in his hurried departure, and explained that his apparent neglect in allowing so much time to elapse without writing to supply that omission had been occasioned by the hasty arrangements consequent on his immediate departure for India, from whence the news, as Mrs. Lennox was doubtless aware, was so alarming as to make it incumbent on all officers absent on leave to return to their regiments at once. The letter concluded with grateful remembrances of Mrs. Lennox's kindness and hospitality, and kind regards to her family. A postscript merely contained a request that she would hand an enclosure to Miss Lennox, which contained a dried flower Miss Lennox had once expressed some curiosity to see, and which Captain Heathfield had much pleasure in presenting to her.

Who could have guessed that the withered flower Milly took and laid quietly away bore a thorn among its shrivelled leaves that inflicted a cruel stab ? She bore it in



silence, and only drew closer the covering beneath which she hid the poor little heart it pierced.

Down with fever, in a climate where the thermometer stood at 86° in the shade. O the misery of those long bright days, when the sun was never hidden for a moment! the torture of those nights, when the mist steamed in through every crevice in the curtains of the palkee in which I was carried through that weary march! O how the uneasy motion of that horrible conveyance jarred my throbbing temples and nauseated me with a sensation every bit as bad as sea-sickness!—so that the unconsciousness which soon came, to render me indifferent to all things, came in the light of a blessing and a boon.

A grateful sense of cool air, the gentle sound of punkahs in motion, greeted my recovery from that trance of pain and weariness unutterable. Too weak to do anything but lie still in calm enjoyment, I made no effort to raise or even turn my head, till a sound of steps and voices entering roused me partly, and two figures came up and looked down silently at me. They were both tall men, both bronzed darkly by the fierce Indian sun, but the face of one of them set my feeble intellect struggling with memory.

"Where am I?" I inquired waveringly, finding myself presently quite unequal to the task, and staring, I daresay, with hollow, ghostly eyes at the face I thought I knew.

"Never mind," answered the owner of it, with a kind smile; "it's all right; but I see you don't remember me."

"Yes, yes, O yes," I cried out, for the smile lighted up the dark face into the likeness of one I remembered so well: "Philip Heathfield; O how long I have waited and wanted to see you again!"

"Have you?" he said kindly, and took my feeble fever-stricken hand into his friendly grasp; "I did not think you would remember me."

And one night, when he came into my room as usual to lighten the weary hours by his cordial companionship, I told him about it.

"But I can never say how heavily that schoolboy trick has lain on my conscience," I concluded; "or how sorry I am that poor little Milly should have lain under the imputation of having perpetrated it so many years."

He had heard me in perfect silence, his dark face growing darker and sterner, till I scarce knew the frank kindly visage that I had grown to love so.

He did not utter a word for minutes; then with a hard deep sigh—

"So many years! Well, well, Bob," he added presently, "if I had not been a hasty fool as well as an April one, perhaps it would not have ended as it has; but you see, it drove me wild to think that the girl I had asked to be my wife could play such a trick upon me when she knew I came to meet her that morning to hear her answer. I was a besotted idiot not to have known she would not have done it."

"Asked to be your wife! O, Heathfield, I never knew, never guessed that it had gone so far," I cried aghast; "O, poor little Milly! poor little Milly!"

"Ah! what of Milly?" he asked very eagerly and softly: "I was counting the cost of your ingenious jest to myself, Master Bob; I hadn't thought of Milly."

But I bowed my head in solemn silence before his eager questioning eyes and softened voice. Not easily or speedily had Milly forgotten her early love, I knew; for had I not—O God bless thee, Milly, and women like thee!—in spite of the wrong I had done, the greatest share of thy tender heart, save one, and more of thy confidence than any other living being? But I knew also that my next letters from home would bring me the tidings of her marriage with an old friend and neighbour, whose cause all our relations had vigorously aided for years.

"Milly was very much distressed that you should have gone away, thinking her capable of a very heartless trick, as she said; she was very unhappy at first," I answered faltering, and stopping awkwardly, as I saw his face change.

"At first," he repeated; "ah! I understand, Bob; I daresay she married long ago."

"No, no, not long ago; but I expect to hear of her marriage by next mail."

He got up, and walked backwards and forwards once or twice without speaking. Then, with that softened tone which seemed involuntary when he spoke of Milly:

"Well, so be it; God bless her, and make her happy! She is the only woman I ever cared about; and thank heaven I can think of her again now, as she always seemed to me in those dear old days, truest, kindest, best—"

He stopped; for, weakened by long illness, moved by many memories, inexpressibly pained and touched by his tender regretful voice, I dropped my head into my hands, and sobbed aloud.

He put his kind hand on my bowed head as gently as a woman.

"My dear lad, there is no need for these tears. Milly is happy, and I—well, I was the most to blame, after all."

Heathfield and I were together—nay, were we ever apart?—when the mail-bags were brought in, and the letters, papers, and books distributed, and we went off in company with our mutual possessions. Half an hour of silence and absorption.

"Well, Bob, plenty of good news and no bad from the dear old country, I hope?"

"No, more bad—that is—"

"Some doubtful? well, your sister's marriage is not that, I suppose?"

His face had flushed; I saw he wanted to get speaking and hearing of it over; and I got up, went over to him, and put an open letter in his hand.

He clutched it eagerly; and then seeming half ashamed to betray even that emotion, leisurely changed his seat, and settled himself comfortably before he read.

I never looked once towards him till I felt his hand suddenly on my shoulder. I looked up, there were tears in his dark eyes, and his deep voice shook.

"God bless her, Bob! God bless my little Milly!"

He held out the letter to me; but I said:

"You keep it, Phil;" and he folded it up reverently, and put it away.

I cannot give it to the reader: since that day I have not seen it; but parts of it so went to my heart that they will never be forgotten. It was from Milly herself, and told me, in simple words, that she had decided on breaking off her marriage with Sir Gilbert Hawthorn, in right and justice to himself. "I wished very much to have pleased mama in marrying him; and I tried very hard to return his generous affection by giving him what I could in return," she wrote; "but it was all of no use, and every day I felt more like the poor girl in the dear old ballad you love so much, that 'went like a ghaist, and cared na' to spin;' and though Robin Gray was more than 'gude' to me, I knew that I could only care for one man, though I should never see him again. Dear Bob, you will have an old maid for your sister; but you won't love her the less, that she has few to do so; and in that belief she will be more than content. Dear Bob, dear brother, you will not see, will not feel any reproach in what I have said; it carries none indeed; only in your eyes I longed to stand free of the charge of caprice and want of feeling that will attach to me in all others' from my conduct to Sir Gilbert."

Is the story told? Did not urgent private affairs necessitate the return of that "distinguished officer," Major Heathfield, very speedily after this to Europe? And did I not to his eldest son, on a recent first of April, read a lesson on the subject of practical jokes, in the shape of this story?

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## 143. DRESS FOR A YOUNG LADY FROM 14 TO 16 YEARS OLD.

Short dress of light brown Irish poplin made in the empire shape, and cut out in vandykes round the bottom; the vandykes are bordered with three rows of small jet bugles, and edged with jet beads. The trimming on the upper part of the dress consists of two rows of silk

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## 143. DRESS FOR A YOUNG LADY.

braid studded with jet bugles, finished off with black gimp tassels. The dress is fastened all the way down with black gimp buttons. Under skirt of bright blue cashmere, trimmed round the bottom with a pleated flounce.

## THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN'S RECIPE-BOOK.

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**SWEET BISCUITS.**—Three pounds of flour, half pound of butter, half pound of lump sugar, and an ounce of volatile salts pounded; make into a paste with a little cold water; cut out, and bake on tins.

**ALMOND CHEESECAKES.**—Six ounces of sweet almonds blanched and beaten in brandy to a paste, half ounce of bitter almonds sliced thin, six ounces of butter beaten to a cream, half pound of sugar, six eggs well beaten; mix all together, line small tins with puff-paste, fill, and bake.

**ROUT DROPS.**—Mix two pounds of flour, one pound of butter, one pound of sugar, and one pound of currants, into a stiff paste with two eggs, a large spoonful of orange-flower water, and the same of rose-water, sweet wine, and brandy; drop on floured tins; they will quickly bake.

**ORANGE MARMALADE.**—One dozen of Seville oranges and four sweet ones; take out the pulp, and boil the rinds in three waters till tender, then cut them into strips, take the pulp, and to every pint add a pound and a half of sugar, put in the peel, and boil twenty minutes till clear.

**FLUMMERY.**—One ounce of isinglass put into a quart of milk, with a few lumps of sugar, two spoonful of white wine, some lemon-peel, and two blades of mace; boil, and strain through a fine cloth, dip cups in cold water, and pour the flummery into them; when turned out, stick with blanched almonds.

**LEMON BISCUITS.**—Froth the whites of three eggs, add half-pound sifted sugar, six ounces fine flour, and the rind and juice of a lemon; mix well, and drop on buttered tins. Bake a light brown.

**A VERY GOOD RICE CAKE.**—Seven eggs, one pound loaf sugar, one pound ground rice, and twenty drops essence of lemon. Beat the eggs—yolks and whites separate—then add the sugar and rice, then the lemon; beat all forty minutes, and bake one hour.

**DONCASTER BUTTER SCOTCH.**—One pound treacle, one pound sugar, three quarters pound of butter, the chopped rind of a lemon, and a little of the juice; boil till it will crisp on a plate, and then pour upon a buttered dish to harden.

**A LIQUEUR.**—To two quarts of black-currant juice add two pounds of loaf sugar, two ounces of bruised bitter almonds, a little cinnamon, and a quart of brandy; put the whole into a stone bottle, let it stand four months, then bottle for use.

**ANOTHER LIQUEUR.**—One pint currant juice, one pound loaf sugar pounded, one bottle of rum; put the sugar to the juice the night before, next day add the rum, and strain through a jelly-bag; half pound bitter almonds, blanched, should be steeped in the rum for some weeks previously.

**BEST QUEEN CAKES.**—One pound butter, beaten to a cream, one pound loaf-sugar, half pound currants, half pound of flour, nine eggs, six ounces candied lemon-peel shred fine, quarter ounce volatile salts; beat the eggs and mix with the butter, then add the dry ingredients, the salts last; beat well, and bake in patty-pans.

**PLUM CAKE.**—One and a quarter pounds of flour, one and a half pounds of currants, three quarters of a pound of butter, five eggs, half a nutmeg, half pound of sugar, half a pint of cream, and a glass of sweet wine, a spoonful of good yeast.

**GREEN APPLE JELLY.**—Cut the apples in pieces with the rind on, boil to the consistency of apple sauce, rub through a fine sieve, and to every pound put one pound of sifted sugar; boil twelve to twenty minutes, stirring all the time; add a little grated lemon, and pour into moulds.

**PORTER JELLY.**—Half ounce of isinglass to a quart of porter ; put into the oven till dissolved ; strain, and sweeten to your taste. When cold it will jelly.

**A RAISIN PUDDING.**—One pound of raisins stoned, one pound of beef-suet shred fine, eight eggs, quarter pound of flour, two spoonsful of milk, a little ginger and salt ; brandy to your taste ; mix all well together, tie up in a cloth, and boil four hours.

**FLOUR PUDDING.**—Four spoonsful of flour, six eggs, two pints of milk ; line a basin with buttered paper, and boil an hour.

**LEMON PUDDING.**—To a pint of new milk boiled add two spoonsful of flour, and boil till smooth ; then stir in a quarter pound of butter and four well-beaten eggs, add the peel of a lemon shred very fine, and sweeten to your taste ; line a dish with very light puff paste, pour in the mixture, and bake half an hour. *Another, richer.*—Nine well-beaten eggs, three quarters pound of sugar, the rind and juice of three lemons, and six ounces butter melted ; mix, line your dish with fine puff paste, and bake three quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

**GOOSEBERRY BISCUITS.**—Gather the fruit full-grown but not ripe, coddle them till they are soft, then rub through a fine sieve, and to a pound of pulp add one pound of powdered sugar and the well-beaten white of an egg ; drop on paper, and dry gently.

**RATAFIAS.**—Two ounces bitter almonds, two ounces Jordan do., half pound of loaf-sugar sifted, the white of one egg. Beat all together, and drop on writing-paper the size of a shilling ; bake in a quick oven.

**MILK PUNCH.**—Take four quarts of rum, and steep in it the rinds of eighteen lemons for forty-eight hours ; the latter to be pared thin ; cover closely in a stone jug. Then pour off into a large earthen pan, and add six quarts of water and three and a half pounds loaf-sugar ; halve the lemons, squeeze well, and mix all together ; then add two quarts of boiling milk, cover close, and let it stand one hour ; then run through a jelly-bag till clear ; half a pint of brandy improves it. Bottle it. N.B. All the ingredients by wine measure.

**CURACOA.**—Put half ounce of fresh and thinly-pared Seville orange-peel into a bottle of brandy, cork well, and let it stand three months ; then add ten ounces of white sugar-candy.

**VALENTIA.**—Steep the rinds of twenty lemons in a quart of brandy for two days, then add the juice of the lemons, three pounds white sugar, five quarts of water, three quarts more brandy, and two nutmegs grated. Pour into the whole when mixed three quarts of boiling milk. Strain through a jelly-bag ; and when cold, bottle and cork well.

**A FRIAR'S OMELETTE.**—Boil a dozen apples as for sauce, stir in a quarter pound of butter, and the same of white sugar ; when cold, add four well-beaten eggs ; put it into a baking-dish strewn thickly with crumbs of bread, so as to stick to the bottom and sides ; strew crumbs of bread plentifully over the apple mixture when in the baking-dish ; bake, turn out, and grate sugar over it.

**EXCELLENT TEA-CAKES.**—Four pounds of flour, four ounces of butter or lard, four ounces of sugar, if liked, twopennyworth of German yeast ; mix into paste, as for bread, and roll into round cakes directly ; set them to rise on tins before the fire, and bake, when risen, in a quick oven.

**POTATO CHEESECAKES.**—Four ounces each of mashed potatoes, butter, flour, and sugar, two eggs ; mix all together with a fork, and bake in tins lined with puff paste.

**A PEPPER-CAKE.**—Quarter stone of flour, two pounds of treacle, two ounces of pearl-ash, infused in a pint of old ale or porter, three quarters ounce of carraways, the same of corianders and Jamaica pepper, one ounce of ground ginger, four ounces of butter, half pound of sugar, two glasses of brandy ; beat the seasoning a little, and mix the cake the night before baking.

**BUNS.**—One pound of flour, quarter pound of sugar, quarter pound of butter, quarter pound of currants, a teaspoonful of volatile salts, six eggs ; the salts to be dissolved in a little cold milk, and put in last ; drop on tins, and bake.

**BATH BUNS.**—Half pound of flour, six ounces of butter, two eggs, and a little white sugar and yeast ; mix, and bake in small tins, rub over with white of egg.

**SCOTCH BREAD.**—Two pounds of flour, one pound of butter, six ounces of sugar ; rub all together, roll out half inch thick, lay a strip of candied peel on each cake.

## OUR DRAWING-ROOM.

**A**N Academy of Music, in connection with the Bayswater Institution, has been established in the south of London, under the superintendence of M. Benedict. The meetings are held at the Horns Tavern, Kennington. The list of professors includes the names of G. B. Allen, Dr. Rimbault, Otto Booth, Herr Eisoldt, Signor and Madame Ferrari, Madame Maycock Perren, Mr. Frank Elmore, Mr. George Perren, Mr. Frederick Chatterton. Assistant masters are employed in various branches, and there is a lady-superintendent. There are three terms in the year, of twelve weeks each, and the fees for each term are—for the course of lessons in the upper school, five guineas; lower school, three guineas; each class, one guinea; examination and entrance fee, five shillings. Pupils in the upper school receive every week private lessons in singing, or pianoforte, or any other instrument, besides class-lessons in theory and singing. Those who make the piano their principal study receive a lesson each month from M. Benedict. Similar advantages, with the exception of the lesson by M. Benedict, are extended to pupils in the lower school.

**W. E. LEEK.**—An article on the derivation and meaning of names was given in the *English-woman's Domestic Magazine* some months ago; and a further paper founded on new experiences is being prepared.

**SNOWDROP** would feel much obliged if any of our correspondents could inform her from what the following lines are taken :

“Tell her that hearts for hearts are made,  
And love with love is only paid.”

**COMMON SENSE.**—If you have a modicum of that which you have selected as your signature, pay no attention and, above all, pay no money in the direction you name. The crafty grow rich on fools' pence. A man advertised lately to forward, on receipt of three postage stamps, “sound practical advice that would be applicable at any time, and to all persons and conditions of life.” On the receipt of the stamps he sent his victim the following: “Never give a boy a penny to watch your shadow while you climb a tree to look into the middle of next week.”

**MAY-BUD.**—The ancients delighted to idolise and to symbolise objects. They placed gods and goddesses in the cups of flowers; and we may trace in our own sympathies toward certain plants the still lingering remains of heathen mythology. The fig-tree was in the early ages dedicated to Saturn; the oak to Jupiter; the ebony to Neptune; the Daphne laurel to Apollo; thyme to Mercury; the vine to Bacchus; the poplar to Hercules; reeds to Pan; the lotus to Harpocrates, the God of Silence; poppies to Morpheus, whence the active principle of poppies, or opium, is now called morphia; the lily was dedicated to Juno; the olive to Minerva; the myrtle to Venus; corn to Ceres; garlands of flowers and nosegays to Flora; orchards and fruit-trees to Pomona; the white rose to the Nymphs; sea-weed to the Nereides; separate trees and trunks of trees to the Hamadryads and Dryads; the lilac to Hebe; the crocus or saffron to sickness; the laurel and palm to glory and courage. The violet, the forget-me-not, and many other flowers, have still their symbols.

**LESBLA.**—The cure might possibly be worse than the disease. A country paper states that “a very scientific physician” recently had a difficult case of brain disease, which he treated “in a novel and highly scientific manner, originated by himself.” The patient died; but on dissecting his skull and brain, “it was found that the treatment had been eminently successful, and that the patient had, in fact, died cured.”

### THE TEACHING OF LIFE.

Oft in the days gone by, in hopeless mood  
Perchance, our spirits have recoiled from death;  
We have believed him like a fiend, and stood  
Aghast when feeling the accursed breath.  
But life, more potent than the grave, and pure  
Beyond the weak conception of our souls,  
Aiding the gloomy terror to endure,  
Has answered to our fear, “Whate'er controls,  
The poor nonentity that mortals dread  
Is everlasting; it is surely thine,  
Most thine in death; and if thy soul be dead,  
Then death, and death alone, can be divine.”  
Life may depart; it is a ship at sea;  
But whither speeds it? To eternity. R. B.



M. C. feels it her duty to answer the question of "A Country Girl" as to the best and safest governess agency in London. Doubtless many others have written; but if *all* thought so, *no one* would write. M. C. has had twelve years' experience, and has tried most of the *superior* agencies (of many of which she has occasion to speak highly for various reasons); but for a young lady *without powerful connections in London*, the "Soho-Bazaar Registry" is beyond all question the *best and safest, as well as the cheapest*, being instituted and maintained—not with a view to profit, but solely to the aid and protection of governesses—by that excellent man Captain Trotter. The class of families who apply there is also better than those which frequent any private agency.

LILY SWAN.—Yes; watches and chains are as fashionable as they ever have been.

AN ADMIRER AND SUBSCRIBER says: "Can you, or any of your correspondents, inform me where the words 'Not lost, but gone before,' can be found? Mrs. Norton, in one of her sacred songs, writes thus:

'O, what could heal the grief we feel  
For hopes that come no more,  
Had we ne'er heard the Scripture word,  
'Not lost, but gone before'?"

I have searched the Bible from beginning to end, but in vain. Perhaps some one else may be more successful. Myself I do not believe them to be in the Bible, yet how else can they be called *Scripture* words?"—The idea, but not the exact words, is derived from Scripture. David, mourning for his child, says: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me" (2 Sam. xii. 23).

#### TOO RIPE.

Two golden pears on one tree grew,  
For beauty none was first;  
Till one, more forward of the two,  
Fell to the earth, and burst.

A fair-haired swain came past the tree,  
And plucked the *hanging* prize;  
"But fallen fruit's *too* ripe," said he;  
"I'll leave it where it lies."

Ye maidens all, the moral see,  
Nor hold yourselves too cheap;  
The fruit which *tumbles* from the tree  
We seldom care to keep.

SENA shall have our best attention; as soon as we can, we shall have pleasure in obliging her.

ELLEN.—If the proposal is objectionable to you, say so plainly. Do not leave the suitor in suspense; it is not fair.

J. L. F.—We confess that we are not deep in the mysteries of the Amatory Telegraph, but we understand that such signals as the following are used: If a gentleman wants a wife, he wears a ring on the first finger of his left hand; if he is engaged, he wears it on the second finger; if married, on the third; and on the fourth if he never intends to be married. When a lady is not engaged, she wears a hoop or diamond-ring on her first finger; if engaged, on the second; if married, on the third; and on the fourth if she intends to remain single. About the *engaged* finger there is a warm opposition, and we should be glad of the opinion of young Englishwomen about it. Which is the engaged finger? When a gentleman presents a fan, or flower, or trinket to a lady with his left hand, this on his part is an overture of regard; when she receives it with the left hand, it is considered as an acceptance of her esteem; but if with her right hand, it is a refusal of the offer.

EXPECTANT.—If you have not the least idea about cooking, and are going to begin house-keeping in June, the sooner you begin to learn the better.

"All human history attests  
That happiness for man—the hungry sinner—  
Since Eve ate apples must depend on dinner."  
You should procure, and study diligently, Mrs. Beeton's *Book of Household Management*.

TWO SISTERS.—From your own account, both sisters are very good-looking; as to our preference for brunette or blonde, it is not to the point. May we offer the old caution, "Handsome is as handsome does"? very commonplace, but very true. The prettiest face may be associated with the ugliest temper, and Hebe would lose all her charms if she got into a pet. You say you cannot help being cross. Try! There is often enough to make the best humoured of us "cross;" but it is much better to keep down the bad temper, and not, as you say, "give vent to it." Try!

PUZZLED.—The answer to the enigma you send is the letter H:

"'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell."

It is old, and is attributed to Lord Byron.

PENELOPE.—You will find a charming pattern for a banner screen in the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* for March. You can procure the materials for making it of Madame Goubaud, 33 Rathbone-place, Oxford-street. They will cost about 8s.

TINA.—We are glad you like the netting patterns. Your wishes respecting the caps shall be attended to.



A GOOD hack, in one sense, is worth possessing; but such a good hack as that to which our Correspondent alludes is anything but desirable. Our Correspondent sends us a recipe for the cure of a cough; we insert it in our pages, and leave it to our readers troubled with coughs whether or not they will insert it in themselves: "Take 3 pints of water, 1 lb. of treacle (2d.), two pennyworth of Spanish juice; boil till reduced to a quart. When cold, add one pennyworth of oil of peppermint, one pennyworth of oil of aniseed, one pennyworth of laudanum; put into a large beer-bottle, and use. The mixture, if taken before going to bed, will prevent coughing in the night; or if taken when the cough commences, it will at once stop it. When I myself am troubled with a cough, I carry a little bottle always with me, and find it very convenient in large assemblies,—whether church, concert, or meeting,—where anyone coughing disturbs the rest, feels conspicuously uncomfortable, and yet cannot avoid it."

FRILLING.—To those ladies who have a lively remembrance of the labour and time bestowed on "frilling," Messrs. Arnold's patent ruffles will be welcome as a "perfect treasure." No trimming is so useful and durable as frilling; and for underclothing it is certainly the most ladylike as well as the most economical. The ruffles we speak of are hemmed and whipped, so our fair readers have only to sew them on to the garments. Crosby's Patent Double and Tucked Ruffle is exceedingly pretty and elegant in effect, but requires more care in washing than Arnold's, on account of the crimping being so exquisitely fine, thus involving a little more delicate manipulation by our laundresses.

If CHIGNONETTE refers to our Numbers from time to time, both those which have appeared and will appear, she will find that coiffures, head-dresses, and the manner of arranging the hair, form a very special and considerable portion of our Fashion pages.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We shall be glad to attend to your request, but think a child of eighteen months is too young for a jacket half-fitting to the figure; a pelisse and cape is much more suitable.

A LONG AND CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—Tatting patterns will be given from time to time. There are some pretty designs in this Number. Our sheet is scarcely large enough to admit the full-sized pattern of the Princess Robe, but we will see what can be done. We regret that our alterations and—as we are informed in almost every letter we receive—our improvements do not meet with your approval. We hope to hear that you are pleased with April fashions, needle-work, and literature.

B. S., EXMOUTH.—Your civil note was duly received. The omission lies entirely with your newsvendor. By the announcement in the January Part and elsewhere, you will see that with No. 1 of the New Series the pictures you desire will all be available for subscribers to receive.

#### BAGATELLE.

Billiards and chess you may admire,  
And croquet think entrancing,  
Of whist and cribbage never tire,  
And stay up all night dancing.

But all these sports—I love them well,  
Since Jane was my preceptor—  
To one still better, bagatelle,  
Must really yield the sceptre.

She played so well,—indeed 'tis true,—  
A perfect queen I thought her;  
The very way she held her cue,  
'Twas surely Cupid taught her.

And when, as straight as archer's dart,  
She sent each ball up spinning,  
Though she the game might lose, my heart  
She certainly was winning.

I learnt the knacky strokes to make  
From her beloved tuition;  
And fagged up "cannons" for her sake  
With all a youth's ambition.

I loved to hear her praise my play,  
And gain her approbation;  
Or when I was not quite *au fait*,  
To bear her indignation.

I learnt the game, and, better still,  
I learnt to woo and win her;  
In both I think I showed my skill,—  
I was a young beginner.

We played as partners in that day,  
Bound by a loving tether;  
And now as life-long partners play  
The game of life together. A. D.

HOUSEKEEPER wants to know, is there any cheap work published stating the duties and responsibilities of trustees to the fortune of a married woman? Also, where can information be obtained as to the method on which taxes are apportioned? HOUSEKEEPER is rated at 18*l.*, and pays 28*l.* per annum. The tax-gatherer demands the rate—6*d.* or 9*d.*, as it may be—on the whole 18*l.* every quarter. According to this way of reckoning, HOUSEKEEPER considers she is rated at 72*l.* a-year instead of 18*l.*

4

be addressed to Miss. Adeline Bonham, 55 Tottenham  
place, Oxford-street, London, W.]

Souave Jacket	each	2
Quilts Jacket		2
Bertina Vest		1
Vests Knives, for wearing under Souave Jacket		1
Chemise Knives, a kind of tightly-fitting Garibaldi Shirt		2
Short loose Jacket for the house		2
Princess Breakfast Dress		2
The Princess Dress		2
Ditto, to fasten across from left to right		2
Senorita Bodice and Sleeve		2
Full Bodice, for Muslin dresses		2
Louis XIII. Bodice and Sleeve		2
Plain Bodice		2
Low Bodice for evening wear, including a pretty berthe and sleeve complete		2
Fashionably cut and trimmed Open or Closed Sleeves	each	2
Less Peterines	each	2
Flohn Marie Antoinette, with ends to open be- hind		2
Berlina Fichu		2
Gazelle ditto		2
Loreley Capeline		2
Plain Gored Skirt		2
New Gored Skirt, without pleats in front		2
Fashionably-trimmed gored Skirt		2
Lady's Peplum		2
Cloaks for evening wear	each	2
Lady's Sack Dressing-gown		2
Gentleman's Dressing-gown		2
New Cloaks and Mantles, tacked together and trimmed		2
2s. 6d. each, including a flat pattern to cut from.		2
Children's Mantles, 2s. 6d. each, with a flat pattern.		2

# THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN.



## THE HYMN OF LOVE.

### Part II.

#### CHAPTER III.

THE LETTER FORETOLD TO THE WISE AUNT TRINA—MINNA'S GUARDIAN, THE HERR  
STAATSANWALT ZABEL.

**A**S days passed on, Minna began at times to think it odd that Otto's engagement to Bertha Alken so long remained a secret. Now that he had returned home for good, what could be the motive for such concealment? But be this as it might, except in answer to some chance question, Otto never mentioned even the name of the Fräulein Bertha, and but for Minna's haphazard query on the night of his first visit, she would never even have known he had already been to visit her.

For Minna, as was perhaps inevitable in her case, had quite lost sight of Bertha. The Fräulein Bertha had left Minna's last letter quite unanswered; so the little cousin, to her secret relief, no longer found it necessary to keep up an intercourse with one she could not help regarding as the cause of her own troubles. So there it ended.

Otto Müller, since his return, had resumed his old friendly intercourse with the family of the late Notary. He came in a quiet kindly way, and the two ladies always made him quietly and kindly welcome.

It happened one day, just as Otto entered the little garden-wicket, that the old postman, Hans, came up. Otto stopped to inquire if there were any letters for him. No, nothing for the Herr Müller, but here was a Cologne letter for the Fräulein Minna—would the Herr Müller kindly hand it to her, as he was going in? So the Herr Müller took the letter, and brought it in to Minna, who was in the saal, busy filling the vases with fresh flowers.

Going in, he involuntarily glanced at the letter in his hand, and that glance showed him it was directed in a fine manly hand, with a finely-cut seal, impressed with the initials B. Z. Why do folks talk so much of female curiosity? No female that ever breathed could possibly have felt so curious about this letter and its writer as did Herr Otto Müller. And women jump at conclusions too! But did not Otto jump at a

conclusion when, from merely glancing at the outside of a letter, he decided that there was something disagreeably forward in the writer?—the character of the initials even was objectionable!

Of course he said nothing of this to Minna, who nodded her friendly greeting without suspending her occupation.

"From out the street a post-horn sounds," quoted Otto gaily, as he held the letter towards her. Minna, uttering a glad exclamation, dropped her flowers, seized it, and with brightened, smiling face, opened it, and in less than a minute was deep in its contents. Otto looked on in silent scrutiny, with an odd expression on his face.

"So, so!" said he mentally; "so, so, Fräulein Minna!" Then, catching her eye, as she looked up from her letter, he quoted again from the song which was plainly running in his mind:

"Ah, yes; the post comes from the town  
Where I a darling sweetheart have, my heart!"

But Minnie did not seem to hear him; she had turned eagerly to the Aunt Trina, who was just entering the room.

"Only think, dear aunt!" she cried joyfully; "I have just had a letter from Rudolph Zabel, and he promises to be here to-morrow at latest—to-day even he may come. Art thou not glad, dear Aunt Trina?"

"Right glad indeed," responded the old lady. "The Herr Zabel is a man truly estimable; and right gladly do I see him here! Ah, did I not tell thee to expect a letter, and a pleasant letter, to-day? Three times did my scissors fall yesterday, and stick in the floor point downwards! And the letter in the candle last night was so large and brilliant!—Was I not right, little niece? But to-day he may be here, sayest thou? In that case the Herr Müller will excuse me, for I must see that our guest's usual room is ready for him."

"Who, then, may this so-welcome guest be?" inquired Otto, turning round suddenly from the window, out of which he had been gazing in silence since the departure of the old lady.

"Didst thou not know?" asked Minna, who was still smiling over her letter, not a little to Herr Müller's secret displeasure. "He is my guardian, Rudolph Zabel of Cologne; thou mayest have heard of him—he is attorney-general. And to his kindness, since I became an orphan, I owe more than I can ever repay. But thou shalt see and judge for thyself when he comes."

"O!" cried Otto—"thy guardian! Yes, it is quite natural *he* should write to thee."

"O yes!" Minna assented, raising her pretty eyebrows a little at the comment.

"And that thou shouldst be glad to get thy guardian's letter, and to see him at thy house. I too shall be glad to see one who has been so kind to thee, Minna."

"I do not doubt it, my friend," said Minna gently. "But, independent of that, thou couldst not help liking the Herr Attorney-general."

"Doubtless thou art right," replied Otto. In his mind's eye he saw before him the venerable Herr Attorney-general Zabel, benevolent, kindly, sincere, and courteous. "Doubtless we shall become excellent friends, dear Minna."

"Doubtless!" echoed Minna. Then she added, glancing at the time-piece on the mantel: "To-day, however, he cannot come. The last train is long in."

She looked so disappointed as she said this, that Otto mentally exclaimed, "Truly! Were there a lover in question, instead of this good old guardian, she could hardly seem more impatient. How hard it is to read women! Truly was Bertha Alken right in her theory of the Sphinx." And he smiled bitterly.

He came in again next day, to inquire if the Herr Zabel had yet arrived. No; but

Minna expected him by every train, though he usually came by the four-o'clock. Doubtless he would come then.

Otto was at first in a silent mood this afternoon, and he fell into a brown study as he watched the young girl gliding about the room, arranging a chair here, a flower there, a fold of a curtain, a sofa-cushion, and imparting to all—he at least fancied—some touch of grace.

"Minna," he said at last, "thou art vastly changed."

"How? In appearance?"

"Yes, that also. But that not so much as in manner and disposition. Thou hast grown so womanly, Minna."

"I feel so, Otto. But that is only natural."

"So staid."

"Was I not always so?"

"Quiet, gentle,—yes. But not exactly staid. Then thou art so reserved. It seems truly wonderful to speak of reserve and Minna in the same breath."

Minna stopped, colouring, and a wistful, sorrowful look came into her eyes, and crept over her face. Her colour came and went; she seemed on the point of breaking forth into something impulsive and passionate. But next minute she was herself again; she smiled, a little sadly; she spoke calmly and gravely.

"Not so wonderful after all," she said. "Remember that three years have elapsed since we met. Three years work vast changes, especially in young girls. Yes, I am changed; I feel it; I know it; I am glad of it. It is all quite natural, Otto; as well might I say the changes I find in thee are wonderful."

"But was I not always staid and sober, Minna?"

"It is not that I mean."

"What then? In what am I so different from my old self?"

"In the first place, thy manner is changed, greatly changed, Otto."

"For the better then, I trust?"

"I suppose so; everyone says so. Formerly, for instance," she went on, smiling, and in a light tone, "if the Herr Müller desired a thing done, he said simply, 'Do this;' or even, at times, 'This *must* be done.' Now he really expresses his desires quite politely, and seems to feel obliged when they are complied with."

"What a rude fellow I must have been, Minna!"

"No, by no means. It was rather that there was something peculiar in thy way of speaking. It was as if thou wert sure people would like to please and oblige thee,—as, for that matter, they generally did. I think people rather like to be commanded a little now and again."

He smiled; his eyes danced; he seemed greatly pleased.

"Does little Minna like it?"

"I—I used to like it—when I was a child. I should probably prove rebellious now; it is so long since anyone assumed a tone of command with me."

"Shall I?—may I try?"

O, how heedless, how heartless Otto was! so cried out the girl's heart within. Might he not know, if he had one spark of feeling, how galling were the thoughts he was wilfully awakening? Minna was hurt and annoyed. But she was at once too gentle and too proud to show either pain or annoyance. She said gaily:

"Better not. I should prove very wilful."

"The Aunt Trina is spoiling her niece," grumbled heedless Otto, shaking his handsome head.

"Is she? Well, well, if so, she will be chief sufferer. It is pleasant to be spoiled."

"Evidently! Am I changed in other ways, Minna?"

"In twenty other ways." She suffered her manner to show that she was tired of the subject. But Otto persisted.

"And these other ways? I *must* hear them. Is that my old manner?"

"Yes! Well, let me see. Thou art become so, so—*concentré*, as Bertha would say."

"I hate French—more than ever hate it! What does the word mean?"

"Why, as Bertha used it, it meant secret, reserved, silent about oneself, and all that regarded oneself. And much more besides."

"What a comprehensive word, little Minna!"

"Yes; most expressive."

"Then I am reserved, silent, secret, wherever I myself am concerned: is that so?"

"Yes. Never does the Herr Müller talk of things that interest him."

"Men seldom do with little girls like thee," he said, with a touch of his old manner towards her—a manner that somehow had peeped out here and there through this dialogue. A very useless, foolish dialogue Minna thought it. She smiled but said no more. Otto, falling back into his reveries, only emerged thence when he rose to take leave.

"I am a fool not to tell her all about it," said he as he left the house. "A fine tale I shall have to tell, truly! Well, well, sooner or later she must know it, and who can say what the end may yet be? Yes, to-morrow I will tell her all."

Here he came face to face with a stranger who was just entering the garden as he left it. Behind the stranger came an enormous dog. Involuntarily Otto turned, when past, to look after this stranger, in whose appearance there was something singularly attractive. In this way he caught the other's head turned to look after him, and encountered the glance of a pair of dark eyes fixed on him with decided curiosity, and even, Otto fancied, with suspicion. He turned away with a vague feeling of annoyance and resentment. In the first place, what brought this handsome, distinguished stranger to Minna's home? and in the next, what business had he to stare at him in that peculiar, almost insolent manner?

Meeting his good-humoured cousin, Rosa Müller, a little farther on, Otto stopped to ask if she had met a stranger followed by a big white-and-tan dog.

"No: but what kind of man was the stranger? Which way was he going?"

"Going into the house of the Herr Notary—that is, of little Minna Reinick—just as I left it. A tall dark-complexioned man with black hair and eyes."

O, Rosa thought she knew now. Yes, it must indeed be so. "Was not the stranger a very, very, *very* handsome young man, with the most beautiful large eyes, and a charming black moustache, and a singularly fascinating smile?"

Really, Otto had not observed all these wonderful charms. The man *was* dark, and so were his eyes. More he could not tell.

"But that is enough," Rosa said, nodding gaily. "I know quite well who it is. That is the husband chosen for little Minna Reinick by her dear good father—at least so people say. He is distantly related to her; and, curious enough, considering he is so young and handsome,"—here Rosa giggled,—“since the death of the dear Herr Notary he has been Minna's guardian."

"Her guardian! He!" cried Otto, growing very red, and his eyes flashing, so that anyone but heedless Rosa would have been struck by his looks.

"Yes; that is the Herr Attorney-general Zabel of Cologne. They say he is marvellously clever to be Attorney-general so young."

"The devil!" muttered Otto under his thick moustache, as, without once thanking his cousin for her politeness, he strode homewards at a rapid pace.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE YOUNG HERR ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

It was a heavenly evening. The Herr Attorney-general, followed by his big dog, and puffing lazily at his beloved meerschaum, strolled off into the orchard, a favourite haunt of his. Minna declined accompanying him, for a recent shower of rain and hail had left the grass quite wet, and the trees dripping. But in the trim little flower-garden before the house the gravelled walks were already dry, and thither the Fräulein ventured, to repair the damage done by the hail-storm.

The little garden was quite a picture this evening; and so was the dear old house, bathed in a flood of mellow light, with its tiled roof gleaming like fire; its oddly-shaped chimneys and projecting eaves and doorways casting from them bronzed and purple shadows. At evening, the sunbeams always made a point of paying a farewell visit to the pretty place, and this evening it would seem as though they were lovingly bent on making amends for the unruly onslaught of the rain and hail. They peeped into the flowers, where many a rain-drop cunningly nestled, and wherever they found such intruders instantly changed them into jewels of dazzling brilliance; those that quivered on the edges of the leaves they transformed into emeralds and diamonds of the purest water. And the diamond-paned windows of the house were all a-glow, reflecting with increased beauty the changing hues of the sky, at every change more radiant. Like the enchanted garden of Aladdin was the trim flower-garden in the evening sunlight.

Minna was busy there tying up some clusters of sweet-pea, when up on her very shoulders bounded the big dog of the Herr Staatsanwalt. His paws were none of the cleanest after his ramble through the long wet grass of the orchard, and his subsequent transit over the flower-beds, and he soon bestowed on the little laughing lady divers unmistakable marks of his affection, in the prints made by his paws all over her pretty dress. But he looked so absurd, with his great red tongue hanging out, and his bushy tail waving like an enormous feather from side to side, and with such a complacent expression in his old visage, that it was quite impossible to dream of scolding him. So Minna only laughed and cried, "Down, old dog, down!" in a tone which convinced him he was behaving admirably, and further incited him to dab his dirty paw right across the young lady's face. Minna could not repress a little scream at this final caress.

Fortunately for her she was joined by the Herr Zabel, who at once delivered her from her rough admirer.

"Silly child!" he said, laughing, "how could you stand there to be jumped over by the brute? Just look at your pretty dress—though, indeed, I wonder he did not knock you down."

"He was very near it," said Minna, patting the offender's rough head. "He quite staggered me that time when he put his big paw over my face. Have I got all the dirt off now?"

"Yes, all right. You see Leo is not much used to ladies' society; treats you as he does his master. Minna,—I forgot to ask you before,—who was the handsome boy I met to-day? He was leaving the house just as I came in."

"O! Otto Müller—an old friend of mine," Minna responded, inwardly amazed that her guardian should designate Otto a "boy."



"An old friend ; nothing more, little cousin ?"

"Nothing more indeed. I have known him all my life, and I esteem and like him more than any young man I know. Why do you ask ?"

"Mere curiosity. But it really struck me, Minna, that he eyed me fiercely, as one who would gladly have questioned my right to be here at all. Yes, your old friend gave *me* the idea of a lover, jealous of all who approached his mistress fair."

"That was a very false idea then," said Minna, with a quiet smile. "Thou mayest see for thyself that he is nothing more to me than a friend. He promised to pay thee a visit to-night."

"Then he knew I was coming ?"

"O yes ; I told him so. And what to thee seemed a jealous glance was merely one of natural curiosity."

"But, Minna, how comes it I never saw this old friend before ?"

"Because he is only a short time home from Berlin, where he spent the last three years learning to be a soldier."

"Ah !" cried the Herr Zabel, with a start. "Singular !"

"What is singular ?" Minna inquired, in some surprise.

"O ! just a coincidence. Reminds me of something I wished to tell you."

"And what has that to do with Otto Müller ?"

"Nothing at all, child. It was the fact of his being so recently returned from soldiering that reminded me of—something else."

Whatever the "something else" was did not at once become apparent ; for with this the Herr Staatsanwalt fell into a brown study, which lasted until Minna broke in on it.

"You seem to relish my sweet-peas," she remarked, after watching her cousin munching at them absently. He started, stared at the leaves and blossoms in his hand, and with a light laugh flung them from him.

"I was thinking of other things than devouring sweet-pea blossoms. I have something to tell you, Minna."

"So you said twice already."

"Well,—the third time is the charm. Minna—"

"What a time it takes to tell it !" Minna cried, after waiting in vain for the sequel.

"Well, well ! Can you keep a secret ?"

"Only try me with one. I hope it will be worth keeping."

"It seems so to me at least. Fact is, little cousin, I am going to be married—and soon, I hope."

"O !" Minna cried, gaily clapping her hands ; "that is news ! I wish you all happiness, Rudolph ! But—if you are to be married soon," she added, "how can the affair remain a secret ?"

"Only for a while, of course, child. Don't be stupid."

"But tell me at least all about it. How long have you known her ?"

"Nearly three years."

"And how long have you been in love with her ?"

"All that time."

"Though until now you never said a word to me about her ! O, Cousin Rudolph, I thought you had more friendship for me !"

"My dear little girl, I was not free to tell anyone until within the last month."

"Well, now tell me all. Who is she ? Is she pretty ? Is she accomplished ? Is she amiable ? Does she love you very much ?—but that I am sure she does. What is her name ?"

"O! softly, pray. Which question first?"

"The last, of course. What is her name?"

"That, unfortunately, is the one I can *not* answer just yet," the gentleman said in some embarrassment.

"You jest, surely!"

"No indeed. But you have seen her yourself, Minna."

"O! then I can guess. Tell me first something about her, will you not?"

"I will answer all your other questions—in the affirmative of course. I would never marry a woman who was not handsome, accomplished, clever, and amiable. She is all that—and more. She is a peerless woman!" the Herr Staatsanwalt cried with flashing eyes.

"Can it be Adelheid Werter?"

"Bah! A large-boned, loud-voiced, conceited girl, who imagines herself a second Madame de Staël, because she never tires of talking—a beauty, on the strength of her black eyes and coarse red cheeks! Have you no better opinion of my taste, Minna?"

"Why you know she is considered handsome and clever. But perhaps it is Laura Spindler?"

"A dumpy, fat, giggling little girl!"

"Honorä von Dingermann? she is tall and dignified."

"A man in petticoats. No, thank you!"

"Pretty, blue-eyed Mathilde Froebel?"

"A pretty doll, a painted butterfly. Look higher, my little cousin, if you would indeed guess aright."

"But I have named all the prettiest girls of my acquaintance—I know of no other. I cannot have seen your betrothed, Rudolph; you must mistake there."

"Not a bit. Guess again."

"I dare not; you are too fastidious—'*difficile à faire peur*,' as a cousin of mine used to say."

"Ah! *Who* used to say that, Minna?"

"One *you* never saw, so it does not matter. My cousin, Bertha Alken, of Aachen. What makes you smile so?"

"You are such a poor guesser, little cousin."

"Do tell me then; who is the mysterious lady?"

"But, Minna, have I not said I could not tell you that yet?"

"What a mystery about nothing! I call that downright ill-natured. You might as well not have told me at all. Better, for you have only excited my curiosity to disappoint it."

"Nay, Minna, be reasonable," said the Herr Zabel, smiling; and taking his cousin's hands in his he made her stand before him. "I will even explain to you the cause of the apparent mystery. But see! is not this your friend, the Herr Müller, coming up the road?"



## 156. BLACK TULLE FICHU.

This elegant fichu is made of black spotted tulle. The backpiece is pointed at the bottom; the fronts are lengthened into lappets, which are fastened at the back. The fichu is edged all round

## 156. BLACK TULLE FICHU.

with a scalloped-out border of black velvet and guipure lace. The lappets are joined together at the back by two bows of ribbon.

**157. CASHMERE JACKET.**

The material of this jacket is violet cashmere. It is trimmed with black velvet ribbon, edged on either side with a row of chalk beads. It has no sleeves, and the arm-holes are edged round with

**157. CASHMERE JACKET.**

black lace. The waistband is of the same material, and trimmed to correspond. It is fastened in front under a rosette of violet ribbon. This jacket is meant to wear over a white muslin bodice.

## THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF DESMOND.

A SKETCH FROM IRISH HISTORY.

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**W**HILE the shadow of the famine-year, long remembered as the "summer of slight acquaintance," was still upon Ireland, there was born to the house of Drumana, County Waterford, a daughter destined to see the country of her birth rent by contending factions, herself lifted to a lofty pinnacle, to suffer in the dreary winter of age the loss of all things.

Ormond, the only Irishman in whom the English seemed to have confidence, who abolished the "black rent" and introduced many useful measures, was deposed from his office, and was succeeded by Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, better known as Lord Furnival. One of the annalists says, "This Furnival was a man of curses for his venom, and a devil for his evils; and there came not from the time of Herod, by whom Christ was crucified, anyone so wicked in evil deeds." During his rule it was enacted that any man who did not keep his upper lip shaven might be treated as an "Irish enemy." Under the administration of the Duke of York such imbecile tyranny was abandoned; the duke by his affability of manner and benignity of spirit disarmed hostility far more effectually than by an army of ten thousand men. The two most powerful chieftains, the Earls of Ormond and Desmond, who were at open variance with each other, he reconciled by making both sponsors to his third son. As to the common people, they were charmed by his equitable rule; for "no nation in the world," says one who understood their character, "love impartial justice more than the Irish, even though it should make against themselves." In the Wars of the Roses a large number of Irish volunteered into the ranks of the Yorkists, and turned the tide of battle at Northallerton.

No man figured more conspicuously in his friendship for the Yorkists, nor was more willing to render them assistance, than the Earl of Desmond; declared by the chroniclers to be "the most illustrious of his tribe for comeliness of person and stature, for his hospitality and chivalry, charity and humanity, his bounteousness in bestowing gifts," and other good qualities. Young and powerful, he had allied himself closely with the English, and received many tokens of favour. The heiress of Drumana, remarkable for beauty and vivacity, attracted his attention and won his heart. He sought her hand, was accepted, and married her with great pomp. After this he brought her to England (1461), and she was presented at court to the Yorkist king, Edward IV., by whom she was graciously received. At a state ball she had the honour of dancing with the Duke of Gloucester. This honour, a century and more afterwards, she often related; declaring the prince to have been a comely gentleman, "very handsome." This statement does not correspond with the popular impression, and is flatly contradictory of Glover's rhymes:

"The king's own brother,—he I mean  
Who was deformed by nature:  
Crook-backed and ill-conditioned,  
Worse faced,—an ugly creature,  
Yet a great peer; for princes and peers  
Are not always beauteous."

On returning to Ireland with his young wife,—*her* mind full of the splendour of the English Court and the affability of the king's brother, *his* bent on proving his zeal for the reigning family,—Desmond found the country in an uproar. The Earl of Ormond had raised the standard of revolt; thousands of the peasantry had been brought together, and it seemed probable that affairs would end badly for the English Yorkist settlers. Desmond raised a large army, and decided the quarrel in a pitched battle at Gill-town, county Kilkenny, which ended in the entire defeat of the Lancastrian party. After this signal victory, the Earl and Countess of Desmond established themselves in Dublin, with much of the ancient grandeur of Irish royalty. He commanded the respect of the chiefs by his bravery and prudence, skilled alike in the arts of war or peace; and she, with her sparkling beauty, gentle and persuasive manners, won all hearts. Those were the happiest days the countess ever knew. It was a welcome sight to see her ride forth by the side of her lord, attended by a brave retinue, to witness the archery practice of the English settlers. She was proud of her husband, and felt under his protection a consciousness of security, such as in the troubled state of the country she had never before experienced.

Those bright days soon ended. A plot was concerted for the destruction of the popular leader. He was suddenly arrested, accused of treasonable connection with the king's enemies,—this on no better foundation than his well-known attachment to his Irish fellow-subjects. Remonstrance, appeal, were in vain, and the unhappy nobleman, betrayed by those whom he had accounted as his best friends, fell a victim to the jealousy his popularity had aroused. He was beheaded on the 15th of February 1468. But the Desmonds soon regained their position as a ruling family. The young widow was handsomely jointured, and it was not for many years afterwards that an act of attainder reduced the countess to poverty. Retiring to Inchiquin, in Munster, she led an unobtrusive life, watching with interest the rising and falling of the Desmond fortunes,—the shifting of the wheel of fortune, that now made great men of them, and anon outlawed criminals.

When the shock of her bereavement was in some degree over, the Countess of Desmond began occasionally to reappear in public; her beauty and vivacity rendered her an object of attraction even to a very advanced age, and it is said that she had passed her hundredth year before she gave up dancing. She held her jointure as dowager from many successive Earls of Desmond, and was universally respected and beloved. There is nothing of special moment to notice in the life of the countess, but very much of interest in the strange vicissitudes she witnessed in the house of Desmond.

She saw the Simnel troubles, and the appearance of Perkin Warbeck; saw the bravery and the daring of the Geraldines,—and that she was proud of their cavalier bearing, frankness, and courage, cannot be doubted; she saw English rule in Ireland extending over only a small portion of the country, most of the English subjects, within the pale, being native Irish, the English having been driven from their lands; she saw the rest of the country divided between "Irish enemies" and "English rebels," with more than sixty chief captains,—some calling themselves kings, some princes, some dukes and arch-dukes,—all living by the sword, and declaring war or proclaiming peace to suit their own convenience. The army of the largest did not exceed five hundred spearmen, five hundred heavily armed infantry, called *gallowlasses*, and a thousand pikemen, known as *kerns*. They fought against the English, or with the English against each other; there was an internecine warfare perpetually raging, marked by barbarities and cruelties too shocking to relate.

She saw, and followed with her heart, the noble family of the Geraldines split into two factions—the Desmonds and Kildares. She saw an Earl of Desmond in

Harry the Eighth's time plotting and intriguing with foreign foes ; she saw the sword of the lord deputy intrusted to Lord Thomas of Kildare—Silken Thomas, as he was called for his brave apparel ; she saw him unfurl the flag of rebellion, and clothe his men in shirts of steel ; ultimately, to want the common necessities of life and to be hanged at Tyburn. She saw the Desmonds suspected, but still treated with courtesy, and, on the whole, firm in their allegiance to the king. She saw the king declared "supreme head of the Churches of England and Ireland,"—a declaration accompanied by bonfires, salutes, bell-ringing, feasting, and rejoicing of all kinds. She saw the leaders of the people substituting the spiritual supremacy of the king for that of the Pope, without a remonstrance, and Irish chiefs repudiating their ancient titles to accept new ones from the blood-stained hand of the English Bluebeard. She was a witness of all the troubles under Edward and Mary, and saw the long chain of calamity unbroken when the "fair virgin" was "throned in the west." She saw Shane O'Neill's rebellion and what came of it, and then the rebellion of her own house.

James Fitzmaurice raised a revolt, and sent embassies to Philip of Spain, soliciting aid. In the mean time, joined by several of the lesser Irish chieftains, he made a descent on the town of Kilmallock,—once the capital of the Geraldines of Desmond, but now an English garrison,—took it, hanged the mayor, killed or drove away the inhabitants, burnt it, and left nothing standing but charred walls. For a long while he lay concealed with his followers in the woods, finally surrendering himself, and humbly confessing his faults amid the ruins of Kilmallock.

While these things were going on in Ireland, the Earl of Desmond had been arrested, and was in prison in London ; but there being no substantial charge against him, he was liberated. The queen received him at court as graciously as Edward IV. had received his ancestor. Sir Thomas Smith, one of Elizabeth's secretaries of state, wrote to Lord Burghley, saying : "The Earl of Desmond hath been before her majesty, whom her highness liked well for his plainness, and hath good hope of his truth and constancy. Her majesty told me she would give the earl apparel and some gentle remembrance at his going away, which is very honourable and princely to do, and some comfort and amends for his imprisonment." On his departure the queen presented him with some silks and money, and dismissed him with these tokens of goodwill. There seems no reason to doubt that the English government generally was well disposed towards these Desmonds, in fact, to all the Geraldines, and that there was no desire to drive them into rebellion. Elizabeth was inclined to deal leniently with the native lords, and to conciliate them to her government ; but while they professed attachment to her person and loyalty to her throne, they were in reality plotting with her enemies. The fact seems to be that the blame rested not with the queen, nor yet with the Irish chiefs, but with the queen's deputies in Ireland, who by their irritating conduct drove the chiefs into rebellion.

When the Earl of Desmond reached Ireland,—a free man, bearing the royal presents,—he was delayed on his journey, detained—why we know not—in Dublin on parole. Chafing under this restriction, he, under pretence of going to the hunt, mounted a swift horse, and fled to his own province. Aware that by so doing he rendered himself amenable to the law, he surrounded himself with his retainers, seized on those of his castles which were held by the English, and threw the whole country into "one wave of war and commotion."

The countess must have seen with anxiety the growing turbulence of the Desmonds : she seems to have inclined strongly to the court party, and to have been conscious that the evils which came upon Ireland were not fairly chargeable on the monarchs, but rather on the royal deputies. Her fears for the result must have increased when she found the scanty aid that Spain lent to the Irish—about eighty law-



less fellows, more eager for plunder than they were staunch in principle. She heard how Sir John of Desmond's men had surrounded a house where one of his oldest and best friends was lodging, and had cruelly butchered, as "a sweet sacrifice before God," all that were in the dwelling. She heard how Sir William Drury, marching at the head of the English forces, and assisted by several gentlemen of the pale, had summoned the Earl of Desmond to appear before him; and how the earl had obeyed the summons, answered all questions, and explained his conduct—by what means it is impossible to say—satisfactorily. The hopes of her family riding safely through the storm would revive within her, only to be cast down again by the defeat of the Irish at the battle of Smerwick, and the discovery on the dead body of a Jesuit named Allen of papers which implicated the earl. While these papers were fresh in the hands of the English officers came a messenger from Desmond, congratulating them on their victory, and professing ardent loyalty. The English general sent back a severe answer, exhorting him to avert the ruin of his ancient and honourable house by renouncing the cause of treason, and entering honestly into the queen's service. Desmond, lending a deaf ear to these persuasions, was proclaimed a traitor, should he fail in surrendering within twenty days.

The old countess received this sad news with much anxiety; it awakened in her mind old memories deep and tender for an older Earl of Desmond. His wife shared his fortunes with a fidelity that could not be shaken. She was with him everywhere; on the march, in the camp, in trial, in triumph, in defeat and flight, she never left his side. Rendered desperate by the penalty of outlawry, Desmond openly joined his brother in rebellion, plundered Youghal, slaughtered the people, burnt it to the ground. In fierce retaliation, the Earl of Ormond carried fire and sword into the territories of Desmond. Careless of the ruin he was bringing upon himself and his people, Desmond would listen to no remonstrances; the advice of his friends, the tender persuasions of his wife, were altogether disregarded—he frowned down the one, smiled upon and jested with the other, openly declaring himself to the queen's representative as the champion of the Catholic faith, the leader of a league under the protection of the Pope and the King of Spain. The cruelties committed on both sides in the war which followed were unusually atrocious, and the misery brought upon the land was such as had been unknown for many a long year. The old countess was compelled to leave one stronghold after another as the royalist troops overran the estates of Desmond: she saw the wretched people, "like anatomies of death," creeping out of the woods to feed on the scant herbage by the water side; she saw lean dogs devouring the unburied bodies of the dead, and beheld blackened ruins where towns had stood.

She heard that Sir James Desmond had been made prisoner and brought into Cork, where Captain Walter Raleigh had tried him by court-martial, and sent him to a traitor's doom. She heard that the earl and his countess had fled to the woods for refuge, where they were in sore necessity and hourly peril of their lives. Sir John Desmond now conducted, with considerable ability and success, the wild war against the English, burning towns, despoiling property, falling unexpectedly, with all the force of a mountain torrent, on the royalists, sweeping them to destruction. But Sir John, like the earl, had to lead a hard life, sleeping only on heaps of stones and earth, drinking nothing but the water from the stream collected in the hands or dipped with a shoe, roasting such flesh as could be obtained over a hastily-made fire. If this was hard for soldiers, how much more severely it must have been felt by the young countess! Yet her sense of duty and her love to her lord kept her near him throughout all his perils. One night they were surprised by a band of soldiers, and only effected their escape by hiding in a deep stream, with their heads only above the water.



The capture of the Earl of Desmond was the great prize eagerly sought by the English. There was a handsome prize to be won by those who took him, dead or alive. With dismay his wife received this news; her heart sank, for she knew he could not long elude the vigilance of his pursuers. Without a word to him, she hastened to Dublin, threw herself at the feet of the lords justices, and begged for mercy. Mercy! there was none left for the traitor Desmond; no prayers, no promises, no repentance could save him now. The lords justices were courteous, but inflexible; and so, by secret ways and with extreme caution, she came back to her husband.

The contest on both sides was still hotly maintained. Suddenly armies of Irishmen seemed to spring out of the ground, and Desmond, the fugitive earl, put the royalists to the rout; as suddenly whole armies seemed to vanish, like creations of the mist: it was impossible to calculate on the end of the struggle. Gradually, however, as time rolled on, the English gained decided advantages. Sir John Desmond fell into their hands, smitten by a horseman's staff so severely that he spoke but a few words afterwards. His head was set up over Dublin Gate. The earl also was so closely pressed that he could not collect any large number of followers. It was said that he was seen in the wood of Harlow with a few gallowglasses and kernes. One Captain Dowdall ascertained his hiding-place, by the help of spies; and after cautious waiting they fell upon it, killed many of his retainers, but missed the earl. Soon after this a few of Desmond's men "lifted" some cattle from Tralee, and amongst the rest the cows of a woman of Clan Moriarty. Her kinsmen joined in pursuit of the robbers; and the garrison at Castlemaine lent, for their assistance, seven musketeers and a dozen kernes. A fellow named Kelly was their leader.

As they proceeded towards Tralee the twilight was fast deepening; and they were hesitating whether to go on or to return, when they struck upon a winding path which led to the depths of the gloomy valley of Glenakilty. There, as the dark night settled, they determined to rest under the brushwood till dawn. A few minutes later a light shone through the wood. One of their number crept stealthily forward to reconnoitre. He told his companions, on his return, that the light proceeded from a miserable hut, in which four or five people were collected. Suspecting them to be none other than the cattle-lifters, the pursuers approached the hovel, and found it deserted by all but one man. He seemed old, and lay stretched wearily before the fire. Kelly was the first to rush in, and with a blow of his sword nearly cut off the old man's arm; another struck him on the head. The wretched fugitive, whom care and privation had made prematurely old, cried out: "Spare me; I am the Earl of Desmond!" Fearing a rescue, his captors would listen to no terms; they killed him, and cut off his head. This ghastly trophy was sent to Ormond, by him transmitted to England, and set up on London Bridge. The body of the unfortunate nobleman was decently interred by some of his friends in the little chapel of Killanamanagh. So ended the rebellion; and so, also, ended the annals of the house of Desmond.

The fate of the earl's wife does not seem to be known with certainty; but when the whole of the Desmond property was escheated, and the very name attainted with treason, the venerable dowager was reduced to poverty. She had lived to almost twice the allotted span of human life; and to be deprived of not only all her former state, but of even the commonest comforts, was sorely trying. She bore it bravely; and when Queen Bess was dead, and the memory of the Desmond rebellion had in some degree faded from men's memories, the countess came over to England, and once more appeared at court.

How changed must everything have seemed to her since she was welcomed by the fourth Edward, and led out to dance by the Duke of Gloster! She came to petition for the restitution of her jointure. A different sort of monarch this crowned pedant,

with his thickly-quilted doublet and spindle shanks, from the courteous and graceful Edward; the Scottish "lairds" about him differing widely in all points from the group of heroes that gathered round the Yorkist king: but there is something in the stately bearing of the ancient dame, something in her venerable age and in the fact that, notwithstanding their length, her days may be said to have been like those of Jacob, "few and evil," which impresses both king and courtiers in her favour. Her petition is accepted and granted; and with all ceremonial obeisance she retires from the presence, and we see her no more.

The date of the countess's death is not known, but it has been ascertained that she was not alive in 1617. Sir Walter Raleigh was intimately acquainted with her; and Lord Bacon states that she had *three* sets of natural teeth.



## UNDER THE LINDEN.

'Twas in the gloaming, soft and dim,  
Of a lovely summer's day,  
We wander'd down the lonely walk  
And gave our hearts away,—  
We stood beneath a Linden tree,  
And pledged our love for aye!

I held her hand—her eyes she cast  
In silence on the ground;  
And such my grief, my passion'd words  
An utterance hardly found;  
I murmur'd, "You will love me, Maude?"  
But not an answering sound.

I drew her closer to my breast,  
I kiss'd her falling tear;  
I told her that our bliss was short,  
Our separation near:  
She raised her eyes to mine, and said,  
"You know I love you, dear!"

I seal'd her words with many a kiss,  
I bound her to my heart;  
And as beneath the stars we stood,  
Uncheck'd our tears would start;  
We knew our time was very short,—  
That we, next day, must part.

I went and left my dearest one;  
I battled long in pain;  
I labour'd hard, and reap'd the fruit,  
My toil was not in vain;  
And the star of hope that led me on  
Was the thought of home again.

• • • • •

Again 'tis summer, and I stand  
Waiting my love to see;  
And even now the rustling leaves  
Tell me, my Maude, 'tis thee;  
She comes, and once again we stand  
Beneath the Linden tree. A. D.

# No. 158. LACE EDGING IN TATTING.

## MATERIALS:

—Evans' cro-  
chet cotton  
No. 10; tat-  
ting-pin No.  
3; any sized  
shuttle. For a finer edging, Evans' No. 18.

1st Oval.—Fill the shuttle, but do not cut it off from the reel, as a double thread is used, and commence by working 10 double stitches, 1 purl, 10 double; draw up.

Double thread.—Putting the thread at-  
tached to the reel round  
the left hand, work 8  
double, 1 purl, 8 dou-  
ble.

2nd Oval.—10 double,  
join to purl in 1st oval,  
10 double; draw up.

The pattern is now  
complete. Repeat from  
beginning, taking care  
that the next oval be  
close to the last.

Crochet a heading  
with the same cot-  
ton, working 7 chain,  
1 double into the purl  
in double thread. Re-  
peat.



158. LACE EDGING IN TATTING.

Thread a  
piece of cord  
in a wool  
needle, and be-  
gin by tracing  
one straight  
line, always  
missing seven  
threads of the  
canvas, and

taking up the eighth; three threads further trace  
a second straight line; three threads further  
again, a third straight line, taking care not to  
take up the same thread upon the needle in each  
line, but, on the contrary, to take up in one line  
the thread which comes just in the centre of the  
space between two taken  
up in the preceding.  
The three straight lines  
form one strip. These  
in the contrary direction  
are worked in the same  
manner with cord of a  
different colour: the  
cord is passed alter-  
nately over and under  
the straight lines, and  
thus hides the threads  
that were missed. The  
canvas may be entirely  
covered with cord, or  
the spaces between the  
straight and cross lines  
filled in with coloured  
Berlin wool in com-  
mon cross-stitch.  
This style of work is  
suitable for foot-muffs,  
stools, cushions, mats,  
etc.

# No. 159. A PATTERN IN CORD-WORK UPON CANVAS.

## 159. A PATTERN IN CORD ON CANVAS.

This pattern is an imitation of Berlin-work;  
it is done with silk cord of two colours, and thick  
enough to cover the space between two threads  
of the canvas, which should be undivided, not  
Penelope.

## No. 160. BRAIDING DESIGN.

This pattern is very easy, and can be worked  
on any material. For trimming children's

things or counter-  
rettes it  
would look  
very hand-  
some worked  
either with  
couché or  
raid, or with  
coloured silk  
in chain-  
stitch.

#### 161. LACE EDGING IN TATTING.

#### 161. LACE EDGING IN TATTING.

**MATERIALS.**—Evans' crochet cotton No. 10; tatting-pin No. 3; any sized shuttle. For a inner edging, Evans' No. 18.

**1st Oval.**—Fill the shuttle, but do not cut it off from the reel, as a double thread is required, and commence by working 10 double stitches, 1 purl, 10 double stitches, draw up.

**2nd Oval.**—Close to last oval, work 10 double, 1 purl, 10 double; draw up.

**Double thread.**—Putting the thread attached to the reel round the left hand, work 12 double, 1 purl, 4 double; then join the shuttle-thread to the purl in 2nd oval, by drawing it through with the pin. Then do another similar chain of stitches with the double thread, viz. 4 double, 1 purl, 12 double.

**3rd Oval.**—10 double, join to the purl in 2nd

oval—the same as that to which the shuttle-thread has been fastened—10 double; draw up.

**4th Oval.**—Close to last oval, work 10 double, join to purl of 1st

oval, 10 double, draw up.

The pattern is now complete. Repeat from beginning, taking care that the next oval be close to the last.

Crochet a heading with the same cotton, working 4 chain, 1 double into the purl of double thread, 6 chain, 1 double into the next purl. Repeat.

#### 162. CROCHET DIAMOND.

This diamond imitates Irish guipure, and makes a very pretty trimming for bodices, collars, cuffs, etc. Begin the diamond with the 4 inner vandykes, \* make a foundation-chain of 6

#### 162. CROCHET DIAMOND.

stitches, miss the last, and crochet in the 5 following stitches: 1 double, 2 treble, 2 long treble; repeat 3 times more from \*. Join the last vandyke to the first with a slip-stitch, and crochet round the 4 scollops alternately 1 double, 1 purl (that is, 3 chain, 1 slip-stitch in the first of the

#### 163. KNITTING PATTERN SUITABLE FOR COUNTERPANES, ETC.

8), miss 1 stitch with the last. On each scallop there must be 5 purl, the middle purl on the middle stitch of the scallop. Fasten the thread on again, and crochet 1 double in the middle pearl of each scallop, and 1 double long treble (pass the thread three times on the needle), where the two scallops meet, 6 chain-stitch between. In the next last round of the diamond, \* crochet 1 double in each of the 6 chain of the preceding round ; 5 chain, 2 double divided by 5 chain in the following stitch ; repeat 7 times more from \*.



### 163. KNITTING PATTERN.

This pattern is suitable for many purposes. With thick coarse cotton it makes a very handsome counterpane ; worked with fine thread or cotton, it is suitable for borders, insertions, etc. The pattern is worked in rows backwards and forwards. Remember that the number of stitches to be cast on must be able to be divided by 20. Count one other stitch for the beginning and one for the end of the row.

1st row.—Slip 1, \* knit two, knit two together, throw the cotton forward, knit two, purl 2, knit 3, knit 2 together, throw the cotton forward twice, knit 2 together, knit 3, purl 2 ; repeat from \*.

2nd row.—Slip 1, \* knit 2, purl 2, purl 2 together (pay attention to the right and to the wrong side of the pattern), throw the cotton twice forward ; the cotton thrown forward in the preceding row is slipped, and remains on the needle ; purl 2 together, purl 2, knit 2, purl 2, purl 2 together (the cotton thrown forward is to be purled with the following stitch), throw the cotton forward, purl 2 ; repeat from \*.

3rd row.—Slip 1, \* knit 2, knit two together, throw the cotton forward, knit 2, purl 2, knit 1, knit 2 together, throw the cotton forward twice ; the cotton thrown forward in the preceding rows is to be slipped, knit 2 together, knit 1, purl 2, repeat from \*.

4th row.—Slip 1, \* knit 2, purl 2 together, throw the cotton twice forward (the cotton thrown forward in the 3 preceding rows is to be slipped), purl 2 together, knit 2, purl 2, purl 2 together, throw the cotton forward, purl 2, repeat from \*.

5th row.—Slip 1, \* knit 2, knit 2 together, throw the cotton forward, knit 2, purl 2, knit 1, form 8 stitches with the 4 stitches formed by throwing the cotton 4 times forward in the 4 preceding rows ; insert the needle for each of these 8 stitches underneath the loop of each stitch, and knit it off ; knit 1, purl 2 ; repeat from \*.

6th row.—Slip 1, \* knit 2, purl 10, knit 2, purl 2, purl 2 together, throw the cotton forward, purl 2 ; repeat from \*.

7th row.—Slip 1, \* knit 2, knit 2 together, throw the cotton forward, knit 2, purl 2, knit 10, purl 2 ; repeat from \*.

8th row.—Slip 1, \* purl 2, knit 2, purl 10, knit 2, purl 2, throw the cotton forward, purl 2 together, purl 2 ; repeat from \*.

To continue the pattern, repeat these 8 rows as often as necessary.



## EYES OR MOUTH.

AUX DAMES.

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VERY lovely was the Princess Undinette,—lovely? nay, bewitching; with her blue eyes, and golden hair thrown back from her forehead and gathered behind in a net of lustrous sea-pearls; small straight nose—not *retroussé*, no; red lips; and such a merry little dimpled chin. If you were a paterfamilias you must give it a little chuck, and cry, “Bless thee, my darling!” Well, but who is the Princess Undinette? Now attend, dear reader. Everybody who has studied German in the pages of that voracious historian, La Motte Fouqué, will remember in the chronicle of Undine her disagreeable old uncle, the Baron Kuhleborn; a man who was always turning up just when he wasn’t wanted, and ever insisting on a little confidential chat with somebody or other, of course when it wasn’t wished; moreover, being a man of very so-so sort of character, with a penchant for frightening people into fits. The Herr Baron was a decided family bore. It may therefore be a subject of congratulation to learn that in his old age he amended, forsook his solitary life and pranking ways in the haunted forest; and, on his niece’s death, he succeeded to her crystal palace beneath the blue-waved Mediterranean, married, had one child, whom in memory of his beloved niece he named, in diminutive playfulness, Undinette. Kuhleborn, however, had not entirely abandoned his erratic wanderings; and it was said—not that we vouch its truth—that, snatched from the engulfed vessel, many a chest of treasure, many a golden ingot, found its way to his marine palace. But shipwrecks are unhappily so frequent.

“Papa,” said his bright-eyed daughter one day, when he seemed in a particularly good temper, “I do wish—” Here the little beauty paused.

“Well, pet, what is it?”

“I do wish,” she continued, much in the same way as if she had asked for a pet kitten, “that some day if you should find a prince, you’d bring him home, and let me have him.”

But Kuhleborn naturally asked whether she wouldn’t like a pretty workbox or a tiny lap-dog better.

Then Undinette said she had set her heart upon a prince.

“Indeed, papa, we’ve all set our hearts upon having one.” Kuhleborn whistled. “We want to hear about the newest fashions from a pretty man’s pair of lips, as well as from Madame Goubaud’s magazine whether crinoline is still worn. You are too wise and clever to understand such trifles; and if you would get one, we’d take every care of him,—they must live so differently on the green earth above us.” Then she kissed Paterfamilias Marinus, and bade him good-bye.

An affectionate papa was Kuhleborn!

One morning Jasperina, favourite maid of honour to Undinette, flew breathlessly into her boudoir, where she sat reading the latest hideous murder, old K. at times kindly sending them the newspapers.

“It’s come! it’s come!—such a beauty!”

“Where? what? who?” exclaimed Undinette, starting up; “what’s the matter?”

"A prince, a live prince!"

"A prince! alive! are you sure?"

"Yes; your gracious sire has just sent him, together with a box of books for—"

"O, dear Jasper, where, where is he? You're sure he's alive?"

"O yes, Princess, for the Lady Coraline was obliged to scold him well when he was unpacked; he wanted to escape. But he's quiet now; and if you'll never tell," continued Jasper, "I'll take you where you shall have just one little peep at him."

So they stole away together down the stairs of glistening stalactite. In a little room through the transparent walls they saw the Prince,—tall, slim, with pale cameo face (not a bit like her pa; Undinette had had her misgivings), raven hair, and whiskers encircling the whole face as with a frame of ebony. He was surrounded by attendants, and the Lady Coraline was explaining his whereabouts in a sort of lecture. She was Undinette's governess, and a perfect treasury of wisdom and erudition.

Afraid of discovery, they now hurried away. When Undinette reached her chamber, she gazed at herself abstractedly in the mirror.

"What eyes!" she murmured; "large, dark, soft, tender!"

Then throwing herself on the couch. "Bring me my flacon: I feel so unlike myself; what can it be? Where's Amber?"

"Here, madame," was the answer; "but I bring bad news; the Prince has complained of sea-sickness, and the Lady Coraline is compounding an immense pill, infallible in its effects. I would not be a child of earth," continued Amber gravely, "and have to take pills,—no, not for a crown."

"Nor I," cried Jasper.

"Poor thing, poor thing!" sighed the Princess; "how sweet it must be to nurse him!" and she sent them both away for further tidings.

The pill was made, put into an ivory box that just fitted it, and presented on a golden salver; and the Prince said he was convalescent. O, what an encyclopædia of practical knowledge, what a book of household management, was the Lady Coraline! The Princess embraced her with tears of joy, but Jasper sat and pouted in a corner.

Her dear little fishes, fed by her own hand, were found gasping away their lives, and every now and then Jasper murmured to herself, "Pill—poison."

Next morning the Prince and Undinette met *en famille*. 'Twas in the breakfast-room—a pleasant parlour. Its walls were festooned with the deep crimson blossoms of the ocean rose; cushions of the dark green ulva were heaped around; in the centre was a table of madrepore, which glittered like the many-hued opal. The floor was a mosaic-work of small red and black pebbles; the most delicious fruits, ices, and preserves covered the board.

"I am very glad to see you," said the Princess, holding out her hand; "I hope you will not find it dull here with us."

"Dull!" cried the Prince, with a look—such a look, she blushed.

Amber said afterwards Jasper cried fudge; but the latter ever protested it was fish. Coraline whispered to her pupil that it was not etiquette, and so on; but Undinette boldly said he was her own pet, a present from papa, and it didn't matter.

Then they sat down to breakfast; but he scarcely tasted these dainties; his dark eyes were concentrated upon the Princess, whose heart beat with emotion. A presentiment, though she never owned it, whispered she would not be the first naiad whose earthborn lover had wiled her heart away from her quiet ocean home, to live with him a life of unrest and fitful happiness; yet with *him*,—she sighed, the Prince sighed. The wise Coraline looked at them both through her glasses; it was a decided case of lunacy, she would have added, but she thought it might be as well her *pupille* was settled; and if the papa Kuhleborn found his home lonely, why she, Coraline, would



not object "for better for worse." It's so stupid reading for ever,—besides, it weakens the eyes, dims the complexion, and brings on old age and wrinkles, added the governess. Therefore when, after the meal was over, he proposed they should walk in the gardens, the Lady Coraline made no objection.

Arm-in-arm the young lovers rambled on, followed by the attendants. Sometimes they rested in a bower of roses, while Undinette sang and the Prince listened,—and how sweet it was to hearken to his words!—or else in sparry grotto they watched the waves dashing over and over on the sands, while the sea-birds shrieked overhead, and Coraline looked on while Amber and Jasper plucked the purple sea-weed from the rocks.

Thus passed the first day. On the second the Prince was shown the treasure-vaults beneath the palace—their contents greatly increased since Kuhleborn had taken to his sea voyages. Feasting his eyes on enormous piles of gold and silver, the dazzled Prince murmured "Arabian Nights;" and, taking advantage of Coraline's mislaying her spectacles, he proposed upon the spot.

"My Prince, my pet,—papa!" was all Undinette could whisper, but her lover knew she would be his own. The enraptured prince embraced her, but the next moment—the maids of honour spoke of it often afterwards; it was an evil omen—he turned his head away and sneezed!

Undinette was too happy to notice it, though. As they went back to the palace, she began to wonder what her dear papa Kuhleborn would say to all this.

The third day at breakfast the Prince complained of want of sleep, and while he carelessly ate a peach—taking upon himself the airs of a *mari* already—he asked the Princess if they kept fowls.

"My heart's treasure," she said, "have you not seen my doves?"

The Prince explained,—he meant farmyard poultry; he would like a new-laid egg at breakfast, also a broiled chop.

Egg! chop! They all looked at one another. Undinette clasped her hands.

Chop! egg! could he indeed love her? She cast an appealing look at him. The Prince got up, flung down his peach. Undinette flew towards him. "O, dearest! O, dearest! how can you think of such material substances, when *I love you!*" she sobbed.

The Prince stalked away, forbidding even Limpet, his little page, to follow him. Amber and Jasper were petrified. Undinette would have fainted; only she was too angry to attempt it. But the wise Coraline merely shook her head.

"Don't cry, darling."

Now Limpet the little page came forward.

"Dear lady," he said, "forgive me. I overheard the Prince yesterday say something so peculiar; it was: 'He couldn't feed on sweets and kisses; he wants a good substantial dinner!'"

Thereupon Coraline beat him for being wiser than herself; and the page began to sob as well as his mistress.

"I have heard that the Chinese," spoke Coraline, after musing a while, "are so fond of roast pig, that they set fire to their dwellings to feast upon its flesh: now if the Prince is a Chinese, you know—"

"O!" shrieked Amber, "will he set the palace on fire then to roast us?"

"We're not pigs, you goose!" cried Jasper.

"My lady governess," replied the Princess with dignity, "the Chinese have little eyes, and wear a pig-tail; now my Prince—"

"Well, men are men, my dear," cried Coraline.

There was a pause. Presently the Princess wiped her eyes; if the Prince could not subsist upon her love alone, she must humour his weakness; she gave a message to Amber,



who in her turn imparted it to the head cook, he to the purveyor of the kitchen ; and in an instant Wrack and Tang, two sturdy Tritons, were seen scuttling down the palace stairs, carrying a large empty basket between them. One of the housemaids, seeing them with the basket, asked if they were seeking for scarce shells for their mistress's grotto ; but Wrack shook his head.

"They're gone to fetch another prince, I shouldn't wonder !" said the housemaid.

The rest of the day the Prince sulked, the Princess wept. Coraline read the Mermaid's Cookery-book, which was Greek to her. Jasper looked out of window, and Amber kept running every minute to the terrace stairs. At last the tender-hearted Undinette could bear it no longer. She went to him and took his passive hand.

"I'm sorry you're not well, but I've sent for something."

"No, no more physic," interrupted the Prince ; "I will not take it !"

"You mean you'll throw it to the fishes !" said Jasper, aside.

He spoke so crossly that Undinette could only say :

"Sea-born maidens as we are, the food you craved at breakfast would be abhorrent to us but for your sake."

"Madame," said Amber running in, "he's arrived."

"Madame," said the head cook with a lowly bow, "the pig is in the grand saloon."

"Well, then, my heart's treasure," said the happy Undinette,—for *he* smiled upon her once more,—“let us go and visit him.”

She took his arm ; Coraline put on her glasses and followed ; the maids of honour and the cook closed the procession. Limpet ran before to throw open the doors. The pig was quite a little picture, plump and rosy. He was placed on a dish of the rarest porcelain, and covered with a damask cloth. The head cook, the purveyor, and the clerk of the kitchen, threw it gently back and disclosed the porcine beauty. Undinette clapped her hands ; Coraline smiled ; but the Prince didn't look quite so gratified.

"Now, my precious, will you lunch now—this very moment—or shall the beauty be kept till dinner ?"

"What, do you expect me to eat the porker raw ?" shouted the never-to-be-satisfied Prince.

"O, this will be the death of me," sobbed Undinette.

"I knew it," cried Coraline ; "it must be roasted. Leave it to me, young people. You must have some sauce too—pomegranate seeds,—or would you prefer capsicum pods powdered ?"

"Good heavens, madame !" roared the Prince ; "I'm frozen, famished already."

"Frozen ! famished ! and I love you so !"—she was cut to the very heart, and two great pearly drops glittered in her blue eyes and rolled slowly down her cheeks. He should have kissed them off : he didn't. The Princess was forced to pull out her own embroidered *mouchoir* and wipe them away. And was it come to this ? Once he would have done it. Now, how changed he was ! Chop ! egg ! never could she forget or forgive. A moonlight saunter with the Princess on the beach gave him cold and rheumatism—instead of making love, he only thought of sneezing. When she sang he yawned, unless he chanced to fall asleep. But, the pig.

"Well, roast it," said the Prince discontentedly. "I'll take a stroll meanwhile. Don't follow me," he said, looking at Undinette. For once he had overrated his attractions ; she had no intention of doing this.

"How can I love this man !" exclaimed the Princess indignantly. "A man who's always thinking of his *bel*—"

"O, heavens !" shrieked Coraline ; "thinking of his *what* ?"

"Well, never mind. Take away the monster."

Thereupon the innocent pig was carried by the cook and his assistants into the kitchen.

"Let's broil him on the coals," cried the first scullion, tapping the plump carcass; "like chestnuts, you know,—'twill be rare."

But the head cook testily refused either to roast or broil. There was no precedent for such an act. He said he would not run the risk of setting the kitchen chimney on fire, unless the Baron Kuhleborn himself commanded it to be done; then he would sacrifice the chimney and his own life, and do it. The cook held out. Kuhleborn might not return for weeks; meanwhile was the Prince to starve? But the cook calmly went on with the icing of an enormous bride-cake. Coraline went back with the news. Undinette listened, wiped her eyes.

"I said I wanted a prince to pet him, make him happy; but who ever dreamt of his making such a fuss about his dinner! I've changed my dress a dozen times a day; I've worn all my jewels."

"Madame," cried Amber, "if I were you, to save the Prince's life, I'd even fly with him to his own land."

"What! and leave her dear papa to tear out his gray hairs, you wicked girl!" shrieked Coraline.

"Besides, he never hinted such a thought," said Undinette simply.

Limpet suggested that the Princess should give him full authority, and he would undertake the subordinates should lock the cook up in his own closet, while they made an enormous bonfire on the sands; "and surely, madame, between us all we may be able to manage the pig."

"Hum!" cried Coraline.

"O!" said Jasper.

That very moment they all saw from the open window the Prince chatting very familiarly with the pretty housemaid before mentioned.

"I perceive," said Undinette, "neither youth, beauty, love, devotion—"

"Kisses, bonbons, honeyed words," put in Amber.

"Mines of gold and silver," added Jasper.

"Womanly blandishments combined with masculine erudition," from Coraline.

"Devotion, love, beauty, youth," repeated the Princess,— "nothing beneath the green earth and blue sky, can in a man's eyes be equivalent to the lack of his dinner; therefore, let this man go back to his own land."

"Yes, let him sigh and make love to his lamb."

"Yes, let him go and munch his mutton," put in Amber and Jasper together.

"Summon Wrack and Tang."

They came; again they left the palace. This time they carried *two baskets*. They threw the Prince and the pig into the sea.

The pig sank, but the Prince swam safely to the land, and after a few dangers reached his father's palace—luckily in time for dinner.

As for the intractable cook, Undinette revenged herself by ordering him to eat the great bride-cake himself; and Kuhleborn on his return found the cook suffering from indigestion, which compelled him to give up his situation—an act for which the cook could find no precedent. The Prince was never spoken of; but Undinette could not at once forget him. It may be the Prince too felt regret; for in his eagerness to acquit himself of blame he intends delivering a course of public lectures. He is sure they will be popular, for in his judgment a long-vexed question will be set at rest for ever. And he already hears the deafening applause which will greet him from an awe-stricken multitude as they hear these simple words, "Man's dinner is woman's mission."

# NEW PATTERNS FOR SPRING AND SUMMER BONNETS.

No. 164.—White straw hat. The  
brim is slightly turned up at the

5  
2  
1  
0  
1  
8

## 165. YELLOW STRAW BONNET

up curtain,  
trimmed in  
front with  
scollops of  
brown velvet  
and jet gre-  
lots. On one  
side a yellow  
rose and long  
drooping fea-  
ther. Strings  
of brown rib-  
bon.

No. 166.—  
Bonnet of  
lilac crape.  
The crown is  
arranged in  
bouillons,  
studded with  
crystal beads.  
A tuft of short  
lilac feathers  
is placed in

## 166. LILAC CRAPE BONNET.

on one side  
with a strip  
of black and  
white checked  
velvet.

No. 167.—  
Leghorn bon-  
net with a  
turned-up and  
scolloped-out  
border, trim-  
med on one  
side with a  
green rose.  
Strings of  
green ribbon.

No. 168.—  
Bonnet of  
white tulle ar-  
ranged in  
bouillons, or-  
namented  
with a gar-  
land of forget-

se-nots. Strings of white

either side, and ornamented

## A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GAYWORTHYS," "FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD," ETC.

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### V.

**I** DO not mean to preach upon every page. I have begun by trying to tell you how a great influencing thought was given into Leslie Goldthwaite's life, and began to unravel for her perplexing questions that had troubled her—questions that come, I think, to many a young girl just entering upon the world, as they came to her:—how, in the simple history of her summer among the mountains, a great deal solved itself and grew clear. I would like to succeed in making you divine this, as you follow out the simple history itself.

"Just in time!" cried Jeannie Hadden, running up into Leslie's room at mid-afternoon that day. "There's a stage over from Littleton, and your trunk is being brought up this minute."

"And the hair-trunk and the mail-bag came on too, after all, and the queerest people with them!" added Elinor, entering behind her.

They both stood back and were silent, as a man came heavily along the passage with the trunk upon his shoulder. He set it down and unfastened the straps, and in a minute more was gone, and Leslie had the lid open. All there, just as it had been in her own room at home three days ago. Her face brightened, seeing her little treasures again. She had borne it well; she had been able to enjoy without them; but she was very glad that they were come.

"It's nice that dinner is at lunch-time here, and that nobody dresses until now. Make haste, and get on something pretty. Augusta won't let us get out organdies, but we're determined on the blue grenadines. It's awfully hot—hot enough for anything. Do your hair over the high rats just for once."

"I always get into such a fuss with them, and I can't bear to waste the time. How will this do?" Leslie unpinned from its cambric cover a gray iron barège, with a narrow puffing round the hem of the full skirt and the little pointed bertha cape. With it lay bright cherry ribbons for the neck and hair.

"Lovely! Make haste and come down to our room." And having to dress herself, Jeannie ran off again, and Elinor shut the door.

It was nice to have on everything fresh; to have got her feet into rosetted slippers instead of heavy balmoral boots; to feel the lightness and grace of her own movement as she went downstairs and along the halls in floating folds of delicate barège, after wearing the close, uncomfortable travelling-dress, with the sense of dust and fatigue that clung about it; to have a little flutter of bright ribbon in her hair, that she knew was, as Elinor said, "the prettiest part of her." It was pleasant to see Mrs. Linceford look pleased, as she opened her door to her, and to have her say, "You always do get on exactly the right thing!" There was a fresh feeling of pleasure even in looking over at Washington, sunlighted and shadowed in his miles of heights and depths, as she sat by the cool east window, feeling quite her dainty self again. Dress is but the outside thing, as beauty is but "skin deep;" but there is a deal of inevitable skin-sensation,

pleasurable or uncomfortable, and Leslie had a good right to be thoroughly comfortable now.

The blinds to the balcony window were closed ; that led to a funny little episode presently—an odd commentary on the soul-and-body question, as it had come up to them in graver fashion.

Outside, to two chairs just under the window came a couple newly arrived—the identical proprietors of the exchanged luggage. It was an elderly countryman and his home-bred, matter-of-fact wife. They too had had their privations and anxieties, and the outset of their evidently unusual travels had been marred in its pleasure. In plain truth, the good woman was manifestly soured by her experience.

Right square before the blinds she turned her back, unconscious of the audience within, lifted her elbows, like clothes-poles, to raise her draperies, and settled herself with a dissatisfied flounce, that expressed beforehand what she was about to put in words. "For *my* part," she announced, deliberately, "I think the White Mountains is a clear—*hummock*!"

"Good large hummocks, any way," returned her companion.

"You know what I mean. 'Tain't worth comin' for. Losin' baggage, an' everything. We'd enough sight better ha' stayed at Plymouth. An' if it hand't ben for your dunderheadedness givin' up the checks an' never stoppin' to see what was comin' of 'em, trunks or hen-coops, we might. There's somethin' to see there. That little bridge leadin' over to the swings and seats across the river was real pretty and pleasant. And the cars comin' in an' startin' off, right at the back door, made it lively. I alwers *did* like to see passin'."

The attitudes inside the blinds were something at this moment. Mrs. Linceford, in a spasm of suppressed laughter herself, held her handkerchief to her lips with one hand, and motioned peremptory silence to the girls with the other. Jeannie was noiselessly clapping her hands, and dancing from one toe to the other with delight. Leslie and Elinor squeezed each other's fingers lightly, and leaned forward together, their faces brimming over with fun ; and the former whispered with emphatic pantomime to Mrs. Linceford, "*If* Mr. Wharne were only here!"

"You've been worried," said the man. "And you've ben comin' up to 'em gradooal. You don't take 'em in. If one of these 'ere hills was set out in our fields to home, you'd think it was something more than a hummock, I guess."

"Well, why ain't they, then? It's the best way to put things where you can see 'em to an advantage. They're all in the way of each other here, and don't show for nothing to speak of. Worried! I guess I hev ben! I shan't git over it till I've got home an' ben settled down a week. It's a mercy I've ever laid eyes agin on that bran-new black alpacky!"

"Well, p'raps the folks felt wuss that lost them stylish-lookin' trunks. I'll bet they had something more in 'em than black alpackys!"

"That don't comfort me none. I've had *my* tribulation."

"Well, come, don't be grouty, Hannah. We've got through the wust of it, and if you ain't satisfied, why we'll go back to Plymouth again. I can stand it awhile, I guess, if 'tis four dollars a day."

He had evidently sat still a good while for him, honest man ; and he got up with this, and began to pace up and down, looking at the "hummocks," which signified greater meanings to him than to his wife.

Mrs. Linceford came over and put the window down. It was absolutely necessary to laugh now, however much of further entertainment might be cut off.

Hannah jumped up, electrified, as the sash went down behind her.

"John! John! There's folks in there!"

"'Spose likely," said John, with quiet relish of amends. "What's good for me 'll do for them!"

"Grimgriffinhoof won't speak to you to-night," said Jeannie Hadden, after tea, upon the balcony.

She was mistaken. There was something different still in Leslie Goldthwaite's look as she came out under the sunset-light, from the looks that prevailed in the Thoresby group when they too made their appearance. The one moved self-forgetfully, her consciousness and thought sent forth, not fluttering in her robes and ribbons; with the others there was a little air and bustle, as of people coming into an opera-box in presence of a full house. They said "Lovely!" and "Splendid!" of course,—their little word of applause for the scenic grandeur of mountain and heaven; and then the half of them turned their backs upon it, and commenced talking together about whether waterfalls were really to be given up or not, and of how people were going to look in high-crowned bonnets.

Mrs. Linceford told the "hum-mux" story to Marmaduke Wharne. The old man laughed till the Thoresby party turned to see.

"But I like one thing," he said; "the woman was honest. Her 'black alpacky' was most to her, and she owned up to it."

The regular thing being done outside, the company drifted back, as the shadows fell, to the parlour again. Mrs. Linceford's party moved also, and drifted with the rest. Marmaduke Wharne, quite graciously, walked after. The "Lancers" was just forming.

"The bear is playing tame and amiable," whispered Jenny; "but he'll eat you up for all that. I wouldn't trust him. He's going to watch, to see how wicked you'll be."

"I shall let him see," replied Leslie quietly.

"Miss Goldthwaite, you're for the dance to-night? For the 'bright and kind and pleasant,' eh?" the "bear" said, coming to her side within the room.

"If anybody asks me," answered Leslie, with brave simplicity. "I like dancing—very much."

"I'll find you a partner then," said Mr. Wharne.

She looked up surprised; but he was quite in earnest. He walked across the room, and brought back with him a lad of thirteen or so—well grown for his age, and bright and manly-looking; but only a boy, and a little shy and stiff at first, as boys have to be for a while. Leslie had seen him before in the afternoon, rolling the balls through a solitary game of croquet, and afterwards taking his tea by himself at the lower end of the table. He had seemed to belong to nobody, and as yet hardly to have got the "run" of the place.

"This is Master Thayne, Miss Leslie Goldthwaite, and I think he would like to dance, if you please."

Master Thayne made a proper bow, and glanced up at the young girl with a smile lurking behind the diffidence in his face. Leslie smiled outright, and held out her hand.

It was not a brilliant *début* perhaps. The Haddens had been appropriated by a couple of youths in frock coats and orthodox kids, with a suspicion of moustaches; and one of the Thoresbys had a young captain of cavalry, with gold bars on his shoulders. Elinor Hadden raised her pretty eyebrows, and put as much of a mock-miserable look into her happy little face as it could hold when she found her friend, so paired, at her right hand.

"It's very good of you to stand up with me," said the boy simply. "It's awful slow not knowing anybody."

"Are you here alone?" asked Leslie.

"Yes; there was nobody to come with me. Oliver—my brother—will come by and by, and perhaps my uncle and the rest of them, to meet me where I'm to be, down among the mountains. We're all broken up this summer, and I'm to take care of myself."

"Then you don't stay here?"

"No; I only came this way to see what it was like. I've got a jolly place engaged for me at Outledge."

"Outledge? Why, we are going there!"

"Are you? That's—jolly!" repeated the boy, pausing a second for a fresher or politer word, but unable to supply a synonym.

"I'm glad you think so," answered Leslie, with her genuine smile again.

The two had already made up their minds to be friends. In fact, Master Thayne would hardly have acquiesced in being led up for introduction to any other young girl in the room. There had been something in Leslie Goldthwaite's face that had looked kind and sisterly to him. He had no fear of a snub from her; and these things Mr. Wharne had read in his behalf as well.

"He's a queer old fellow, that Mr. Wharne, isn't he?" pursued Master Thayne, after advance and retire, as he turned his partner to place; "but he's the only one that's had anything to say to me, and I like him. I've been down to the old mill with him to-day. Those people"—motioning slightly towards the other set, where the Thoresbys were dancing—"were down there too. You ought to have seen them look! Don't they hate him, though?"

"Hate him? Why should they do that?"

"O, I don't know. People feel each other out, I suppose. And a word of his is as much as a whole preach of anybody's else. He says a word now and then, and it hits."

"Yes," responded Leslie, laughing.

"What *did* you do it for?" whispered Elinor, in hands across.

"I like him; he's got something to say," returned Leslie.

"Augusta's looking at you, like a hen after a stray chicken. She's all but clucking now."

"Mr. Wharne will tell her."

But Mr. Wharne was not in the room. He came back just as Leslie was making her way again, after the dance, to Mrs. Linceford.

"Will you do a galop with me presently?—if you don't get a better partner, I mean," said Master Thayne.

"That wouldn't be much of a promise," answered Leslie, smiling. "I will at any rate; that is, if—after I have spoken to Mrs. Linceford."

Mr. Wharne came up and said something to young Thayne just then; and the latter turned eagerly to Leslie. "The telescope's fixed out on the balcony, and you can see Jupiter and three of his moons! We must make haste, before *our* moon's up."

"Will you go and look, Mrs. Linceford?" asked Mr. Wharne of the lady, as Leslie reached her side.

They went with him, and Master Thayne followed. Jeannie and Elinor and the Miss Thoresbys were doing the inevitable promenade after the dance—under difficulties.

"Who is your young friend?" inquired Mrs. Linceford, with a shade of doubt in her whisper, as they came out on the balcony.

"Master—" Leslie began to introduce, but stopped. The name, which she had not been quite certain of, escaped her.



"My name is Dakie Thayne," said the boy, with a bow to the matron.

"Now, Mrs. Linceford, if you'll just sit here," said Mr. Wharne, placing a chair; "I suppose I ought to have come to you first; but it's all right," he added, in a low tone over her shoulder; "he's a nice boy."

And Mrs. Linceford put her eye to the telescope. "Dakie Thayne! It's a queer name; and yet it seems as if I had heard it before," she said, looking away through the mystic tube into space, and seeing Jupiter with his moons in a fair round picture framed expressly to her eye, yet sending a thought at the same time up and down the lists of a mental directory, trying to place Dakie Thayne among people she had heard of.

"I'll be responsible for the name," answered Marmaduke Wharne.

"'Dakie' is a nickname, of course; but they always call me so, and I like it best," the boy was explaining to Leslie, while they waited in the doorway.

Then her turn came. Leslie had never looked through a telescope upon the stars before. She forgot the galop, and the piano tinkled out its gayest notes unheard. "It seems like coming all the way back," she said, when she moved away for Dakie Thayne.

Then they wheeled the telescope upon its pivot eastward, and met our own moon coming up, as if in a grand jealousy, to assert herself within her small domain, and put out faint, far statellites of lordlier planets. They looked upon her mystic, glistening hill-tops and down her awful craters; and from these they seemed to drop a little, as a bird might, and alight on the earth mountains, looming close at hand, with their huge rough crests and sides, and sheer escarpments white with nakedness; and so—got home again. Leslie, with her maps and gazetteer, had done no travelling like this.

She would not have cared if she had known that Imogen Thoresby was looking for her within, to present, at his own request, the cavalry captain. She did not know in the least, absorbed in her pure enjoyment, that Marmaduke Wharne was deliberately trying her, and confirming his estimate of her, in these very things.

She danced her galop with Dakie Thayne after she went back. The cavalry captain was introduced, and asked for it. "That was something," as Hans Andersen would say; but "What a goose not to have managed better!" was what Imogen Thoresby thought concerning it, as the gold bars turned themselves away.

Leslie Goldthwaite had taken what came to her, and she had had an innocent, merry time; she had been glad to be dressed nicely and to look her best; but somehow she had not thought of that much after all; the old uncomfortableness had not troubled her to-night.

"*Just to be in better business.* That's the whole of it," she thought to herself, with her head upon the pillow. She put it in words, mentally, in the same offhand fashion in which she would have spoken it to Cousin Delight. "One must look out for that, and keep at it. *That's* the eyestone-woman's way; and it's what has kept me from worrying and despising myself to-night. It only happened so this time; it was Mr. Wharne, not I. But I suppose one can always find something by trying. And the trying—" The rest wandered off into a happy musing, and the musing merged into a dream.

Object and motive,—the "seeking first;" she had touched upon that at last, with a little comprehension of its working.

She liked Dakie Thayne. The next day they saw a good deal of him: he joined himself gradually, but not obtrusively, to their party; they included him in their morning game of croquet. This was at her instance; he was standing aside, not expecting to be counted in, though he had broken off his game of *solitaire*, and driven

the balls up to the starting-stake, as they came out upon the ground. The Thoresby set had ignored him always, being too many already among themselves, and he was only a boy.

This morning there were only Imogen and Etty, the youngest; a walking-party had gone off up the Cherry-Mountain road, and Ginevra was upstairs packing; for the Thoresbys had also suddenly decided to leave for Outledge on the morrow. Mrs. Thoresby declared in confidence to Mrs. Linceford, that "old Wharne would make any house intolerable; and that Jefferson, at any rate, was no place for more than a week's stay." She "wouldn't have it mentioned in the house, however, that she was going till the time came, it made such an ado; and everybody's plans were at loose ends among the mountains, ready to fix themselves to anything at a day's notice; they might have to-morrow's stage loaded to crushing if they did not take care."

"But I thought Mrs. Devreaux and the Klines were with you?" remarked Mrs. Linceford.

"Of our party? O, no, indeed! we only fell in with them here."

"Fell in" with them; became inseparable for a week; and now were stealing a march, *dodging* them, lest there might be an overcrowding of the stage, and an impossibility of getting outside seats! Mrs. Thoresby was a woman of an imposing elegance and dignity, with her large curls of resplendent gray hair, high up on her temples, her severely-handsome dark eyebrows, and her own perfect, white teeth; yet she could do a shabby thing, you see,—a thing made shabby by its motive. The Devreaux and Klines were only "floating people," boarding about—not permanently valuable as acquaintances; well enough to know when one met them—that was all. Mrs. Thoresby had daughters; she was obliged to calculate as to what was worth while. Mrs. Linceford had an elegant establishment in New York; she had young sisters to bring out; there was suitability here; and the girls would naturally find themselves happy together.

Dakie Thayne developed brilliantly at croquet. He and Leslie, with Etty Thoresby against Imogen and the Haddens, swept triumphantly around the course, and came in to the stake, before there had been even a "rover" upon the other side. Except indeed, as they were *sent* roving, away off over the bank and down the road, from the sloping, uneven ground,—the most extraordinary field, in truth, on which croquet was ever attempted. But then you cannot expect a level velvet lawn on the side of a mountain.

"Children always get the best of it at croquet,—when they know anything at all," said Imogen Thoresby discontentedly, throwing down her mallet. "You 'poked' awfully, Etty."

Etty began an indignant denial, unable to endure the double accusation of being a child, she, a girl in her fourteenth year, and of "poking." But Imogen walked away quite unconcernedly, and Jeannie Hadden followed her. These two, as nearest in age, were growing intimate. Ginevra was almost too old—she was twenty.

They played a four ball game then—Leslie and Etty against Elinor and Dakie Thayne. But Elinor declared—laughing, all the same, in her imperturbably good-natured way—that not only Etty's pokes were against her, but that Dakie would *not* croquet Leslie's ball down hill. Nothing ever really put Elinor Hadden out, the girls said of her, except when her hair wouldn't go up; and then it was funny to see her. It was a sunbeam in a snarl, or a snow-flurry out of a blue sky. This in parenthesis however; it was quite true, as she alleged, that Dakie Thayne had taken up already that chivalrous attitude toward Leslie Goldthwaite which would not let him act otherwise than as her loyal knight, even though opposed to her at croquet.

## 172. EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR CIGAR-CASES, POCKET-BOOKS, &c.

This pattern is worked in appliqué, in satin and herring-bone stitch. It may also be worked on cloth, leather, watered silk, &c., with point russe. The colour of the ground must be brown; the medallion is maize colour. The head in the middle of the latter is made of copper-coloured glacé silk. Sew it on with fine silk of the same colour. The features are marked with black and white; the lips with red silk. The peacock feathers, necklace, and cover of the head are worked in different bright colours, so that the medallion contrasts greatly with the border. The dark part of the latter consists of patterns of black velvet. For the satin and herring-bone stitch, as well as for the point russe, brown purse silk of three shades are required. The medallion and the arabesque patterns are edged with light brown silk cord. Gold and black beads are also employed. The other details can be seen from the illustration.

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## 173. CROCHET BORDER.

This border is worked the long way in three rows.

1st row.—1 treble in the first foundation-chain; \* 1 purl (3 chain, 1 slip-stitch in the first of the three), 1 treble in the second foundation-chain. Repeat from \*.

2nd row.—One double in the next purl, \* 1 chain, 1 purl, 3 chain, 3 purl, divided by 1 chain; 3 chain, 1 purl, 1 chain, 1 double in the sixth purl of the preceding row, missing 5 purl under it. Repeat from \*.

3rd row.—\* One slip-stitch in the middle of the first three chain-stitch of the next scallop of the preceding row (the cotton is drawn out inside the scallop formed of chain-stitch and purl of the preceding row), 1 chain, 1 purl, 1 chain, 1 double in the middle purl of the five missed in the preceding row; 1 chain, 1 purl, 1 chain, 1 slip-stitch in the middle of the last 3 chain-stitch of the same scallop of the preceding row (the cotton

must now be again outside the scallop); 1 chain, 3 purl divided by 1 chain; 1 chain. Repeat from \*.

— o —

## 172. EMBROIDERED CIGAR-CASE.

## 174. ORNAMENTAL FRAME FOR A CIGAR-STAND.

This style of mounting is very fashionable just now for various articles of fancy work. The frame, as well as the stand itself, is made of light-coloured wood, carved, and studded with coloured beads, in imitation of precious stones. Sometimes the beads

are merely black and steel; sometimes they are turquoise blue, ruby red, emerald green, amber,

and so on. The centre of the frame is worked in bright green floss silk over fine canvas. It is mounted, as we have before explained, upon stiff



178. CROCHET BORDER.

cardboard, lined with glazed calico.

## MICHAEL KELLY.

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**M**ICHAEL KELLY was born at Dublin, in the year 1762. His father was a wine-merchant in that city, and in addition to his trade held the appointment of master of the ceremonies at the Viceregal Court. He was in consequence enabled to give his son Michael an excellent education ; and finding that he possessed an extraordinary taste for music, he was placed under the tuition of Rauzini, a highly popular master, and at that time resident in the Irish capital.

The professor, finding his pupil an apt scholar, prevailed on his friends to send him to Naples to finish his studies.

On his arrival in that "land of song" (he was only sixteen years of age), he was fortunate in finding a warm friend in Sir William Hamilton, the British ambassador who introduced young Kelly to Lady Hamilton, the acknowledged patroness of the fine arts, and at whose house were held regular levees and conversazioni.

It was a happy circumstance for our young aspirant for Thespian fame, that he should have fallen into such hands ; Lady Hamilton, being of Irish extraction, was passionately fond of music,—as the Irish generally are,—took much pleasure in hearing young Kelly sing at her soirées, and finally placed him to study under Fineralli.

He had scarcely attained the age of twenty before he had made such rapid progress in the science of music and the Italian language that he was enabled to appear at the Santo Carlo Theatre with complete success.

From Naples he went to Germany with letters of introduction to the first families, and there he continued to prosecute his studies with steady application.

Here he became acquainted and associated with the leading men of the day. He formed an intimacy with Mozart, of whom he always spoke in raptures. He used to relate with enthusiastic delight an account of his first introduction to the "grand maestro," who gave him a cordial welcome and invitation to his house.

It was during his stay at Vienna, that Mozart's grand opera of "Figaro" was produced for the first time, causing the *furor* which on every representation it has never ceased to maintain. Kelly always dwelt with satisfaction on his being one of the *dramatis personæ* of that splendid work of art. "I remember," he would say, "sitting by Mozart on the stage at rehearsal, with his gold-laced cocked hat a little on one side, dictating the time to the orchestra with his baton to that glorious inspiration *Non piu andrai*, which was given with such force and animation by Ben-nuci."

The subject of our sketch was afterwards retained in the suite of the Emperor Joseph, by whom he was warmly patronised.

In 1787 Kelly returned to England with a fair share of fame, and made a successful *début* at Drury Lane Theatre in the character of Lionel, in the opera of "Lionel and Clarissa." Notwithstanding his youth, Kelly was engaged as composer and director of the music at the above-named theatre. He was not considered by the rigid *contrapuntist* as a profound musician. He was, however, the composer, or rather the compiler, of a great number of pieces, none of them very remarkable for their depth of

science or originality ; but yet the melodies were pleasing, and altogether of sufficient merit to gain him a justly-deserved celebrity.

He was the author of the music to many dramatic pieces, among which were "The Castle Spectre," the popular romance of "Bluebeard," "Of Age to-morrow," "Pizarro," &c. &c. The music of the march in "Bluebeard" as well as the duet "Tink a tink," sung with so much *éclat* by Bannister and Mrs. Bland in the characters of Shaccabac and Beda, were, and still remain, great favourites with the public. He was also the author of a number of ballads and songs, which were highly popular in their day, and still continue to hold on the public : among the many we may mention, "Rest, warrior, rest !" and "The Woodpecker," which he composed by desire of Thomas Moore, the author of the words.

During his stay at Vienna, enjoying the patronage of the emperor, [Kelly gave a concert, at which his majesty was present. The musician had been introduced by a friend to an Italian of the name of Batterelli, who had married an Englishwoman, whom the enraptured husband represented as possessing a *voice extraordinaire*. She had been a *prima donna* at Vauxhall ; and Kelly, anxious to produce anything like a novelty, obtained permission of the emperor for her to sing at the projected concert. The night came ; not a ticket nor an admission was to be had for love or money ; everyone was eager and full of expectation to hear this wonderful singer. The place was crowded to suffocation. At the end of the overture the beautiful siren was led to the orchestra by her *caro sposo*. After arranging her dress and curtsying to his majesty and the nobility by whom she was surrounded, she requested the *bénéficiaire* to accompany her song on the pianoforte. Her very air and manner spoke "dignity and love."

The audience sat mute and breathless, waiting for her to commence. The only doubt was, whether she would melt into their ears in a fine and moving cantabile, or burst upon them with a brilliant bravura. However, all anxiety was speedily removed ; for no sooner had the symphony ceased, when to the dismay and astonishment of the distinguished visitors, she bawled out, without feeling or remorse, voice or tone, the burden of an old English hunting-song, "Tally-ho ! tally-ho !" in a manner and style so abrupt that, to use the words of Tom Moody, she "made the welkin ring," and her shouts reach the sky. The audience started up terrified ; some shrieked with alarm, some hissed, while others joined in the (to them) unknown yell of Tally-ho ! His majesty rose amid the greatest confusion, and left the concert-room, followed by the company, many of whom amused themselves as they wended homewards by shouting out Tally-ho ! tally-ho !

The singularity and neglectful disposition of Sheridan were never more graphically depicted than by the way in which the play of "Pizarro" was produced at Drury Lane Theatre. Kelly thus describes it :

"This play was produced in the greatest haste and confusion : and the only wonder was that it succeeded, at least in the way it did. Much may be attributed to the beautiful manner in which John Kemble played as well as looked the Peruvian hero Rolla, together with the showy character of the entire spectacle ; both perhaps were the means of rendering the play completely successful, and we have no theatrical production on record that ever brought more money to the treasury than "Pizarro."

"Expectation was at its height. 'Pizarro' was announced for representation ; every box in the house taken actually before the fourth act of the play was written, or even begun. Nor had I at that time one single line of poetry for which I was to compose the music : day after day was I waiting on Mr. Sheridan, representing that time was flying, and asking what was done for me preparatory to my composing the music. To which his invariable answer was, 'Depend upon it, my dear Mike, you shall have all the poetry

by to-morrow to get on with, so don't alarm yourself.' Day followed day, 'but that morrow never came,' — which, as my name was advertised as the composer of the music, drove me half crazy.

"I had invited to my house to dine with me the Earl of Guildford, the Marquis of Ormond, Mr. Charles Bamfield, Sir Francis Burdett, George Coleman, J. Richardson, 'Monk' Lewis, and John Kemble. It was about ten o'clock in the evening, and I was in the full enjoyment of this charming society, when suddenly Mr. Sheridan appeared before us, and informed my friends that he must take me away with him that moment to Drury Lane Theatre; at the same time he begged they would excuse my absence for one hour, and he would return with me. I saw it would be useless to oppose him; so I accompanied him to the theatre, where I found the stage and house lighted up the same as they would have been for a public performance. Not a human being was there excepting ourselves, the painters, carpenters, scene-shifters, &c.; and all these preparations had been made merely that he (Sheridan) might witness the effect of the two scenes, 'the Temple of the Sun,' and 'Pizarro's tent.'

"The great author had placed himself in the centre of the pit, with a large bowl of punch on the bench before him, nor would he move until it was finished, enjoying the effect of the brilliant scenery before him. In vain I expostulated with him upon the cruelty of not letting me have the words which I had to compose, not to mention his having taken me away from my friends in so abrupt a manner for the purpose of seeing the effect of the scenery and machinery, which, as I was neither painter nor carpenter, I had nothing to do with. The answer was that he particularly wished me to see 'the Temple of the Sun,' and the platform on which the chorus-singers and the soldiers were to march over, although at this time not one word of the poetry was written, or even planned. 'To-morrow,' said he, 'I will come and take a chop with you, and let you know all you have to do. My dear Mike, you know you can depend upon me, and I know that I can depend upon you; but these bungling carpenters require looking after.'

"After this promise, he returned with me to my house, where I found my party waiting, nor did we separate before the morning dawn. But if we were in a puzzling situation for a composer, what will be thought of the state in which the actors were left? I state it as a fact, that at the time of the opening of the doors, when the house was overflowing in every part on the first night's performance, all that was written of the play was actually rehearsing; and that, incredible as it may appear, until the end of the fourth act, neither Mrs. Siddons, nor John Kemble, nor Barrymore had all their speeches written for the fifth. Mr. Sheridan was upstairs in his room, where he was writing the last part of the play, while the earlier parts were acting, and every ten minutes the prompter brought down as much of the dialogue as was written piecemeal into the green-room,—Sheridan all the time abusing himself and his negligence, and making a hundred apologies for having kept the performers so long in such a painful suspense. Under such peculiar circumstances, the only wonder was the play should have terminated so successfully."

Mr. Kelly at one time combined the profitable trade of wine-merchant with his profession as a musician,—a knowledge of the former business he acquired from his father while in Dublin. This was about 1809-10, when he kept a shop in Pall Mall called the Music Saloon, situate at the end of Market-lane, at the end of which now stands the Opera Colonnade.

It was during the residence of Kelly at the Saloon that Sheridan one day called in to give him an order for some wine. But Michael knew his customer, and endeavoured as much as possible to evade the order by talking of other matters. Sheridan was not to be diverted; he had an object in view, and his ingenuity, when



taxed, was extraordinary ; with liquor. At last, observing that him a couplet to place over the conceit pleased the musician wine. But it was "non bono" and such as was not likely to that Sheridan was true to his that he with safety could place his promise.

However that may be, there are in large characters :

Compos

For many years previous musical direction of the Italian *d'œuvre*, "Don Giovanni," was time Mr. Ayrton was the director.

This opera first introduced Don Segur Ambrogetti, whose singing music, were the means of

It was during his directorship of the Italian Opera House at the place occasion obtained the gratuitous Thus, the artistes forming the dancers a favourite ballet, and ment with a comedy or farce to be met with on Mr. Kelly's mind, which caused the host resource he contrived to realise

Mr. Kelly was accustomed his gay life kept a better table company. It may therefore be that was never married, he therefore Miss Kelly, the talented actress

In the latter part of his existence, he was wheeled, which was irascible at the best was not particular as to the last

Mr. Kelly, during the summer became partial to on account of the overtaxed nerves of his debilitated the jetty, seated in his chair, him a new life. But at last he ceased to exist. He died in 1844 before published his "Reminiscences"

175, THE ICE AND DE

La have tion the reau the al wear with such whic give

No of am satin basque in v round with white silk, pattered in velvet black bon, pear vane edged a bea

No bodie ques, green nam strig tion bord some tian

177.

Th mad cess is tri very whic of t the dres com the belc per flour put

*laine*, and most suitable entirely of times figure

The new in garland flowerets and

Grenad summer dress material, and under the guipure.

The palette short and are general

Silk palette the sidepiece quite loose sleeves are

Other palette are tight ones. jet fringes.

Pleats are tota. The fringes and even be

There is that of a skirt frequently long made of the are also made

We are thing does it has become journey the

What is either short foulard, either this is more and a bonne *voyage* read taste of the are now so

It is far for the purpose silk dresses

Straw bonnet differ. The crown worn up and scall feather border

A rice-straw edge is bound convolvulus gros-grain ribbon



by other fancy materials, striped, chiné, or brocaded with small patterns, are the mode for demi-toilette. The complete costume is considered more *distingué* when made of the same material, or at least of the same colour, the dress and paletot being somewhat, the under-skirt plain.

Or muslins are extremely pretty, being printed with delicate flower-patterns, disposed round the bottom of the skirt, and upon the bodice and sleeves; very small flowers are strewn over the white ground.

in fine and gaze de Chambéry, self-coloured, striped, or figured, will form the prettiest dresses. They will be worn, when the weather is really warm, with scarves of the same material, rolled out round the edge, with rounded ends in front, and a deep flounce put on for a scalloped-out edge. This flounce will be either of the same material, or of white so.

paletots that are made of fancy woollen material, similar to the dress, are uniformly exclusive. They are straight or scalloped-out round the edge, according to taste, and are trimmed with cross strips, or rouleaux of coloured silk, and buttons to match.

paletots, whether black or coloured, are cut out in various fanciful shapes. In some cases are extremely short, the fronts straight and rather longer, and the backpiece is pointed at the bottom and pleated. There is a small pelerine at the top. The paletot is loose and open.

paletots are cut out in vandykes at the back only, and straight in front. Dress paletots are very often made with loose sleeves, which are considered more elegant than the tight ones. They are richly trimmed with passementerie, silk braid, guipure lace, silk and the

and rouleaux of satin are also much employed this season for trimming silk paletots. Former are very fashionable for ornamenting not only paletots, but dresses, jackets, to bonnets.

also a style of mantle known as *manteau de voyage*, the shape of which resembles a shawl folded the straight way, as it is now the fashion to wear them, and consequently longer in front and at the sides than at the back. This mantle is not, like paletots, made of the same material as the dress, but of summer cloth, or tartan. Cashmere shawls are made up in this manner.

asked to give a special description of a travelling costume; but nowadays such a costume does not exist. The travelling costume is the same as the walking costume. Travelling is now such an everyday affair with us, that few ladies think of dressing otherwise for a walk.

both ladylike and comfortable for a travelling costume is an under-skirt; a dress, or a short straight paletot, and under it a chemise russe of Indian cotton, either white or coloured; a white muslin cravat, edged with lace round the neck—very convenient than a collar, as it can easily be changed in the course of the journey; a bonnet or hat according to the age of the wearer. It is well to have also a *manteau de voyage* to put on if required. As to the material of the dress, it depends greatly on the taste of the wearer, and may be silk, foulard, leno, or any of the pretty fancy materials that are fashionable.

is better to have a costume of some cheap material, but fresh and new, and bought recently, than to wear some faded or soiled silk dress for a travelling costume. Old dresses had better be worn at home, with a chemise russe or jacket.

bonnets are taking the place of crape and tulle ones, but their shapes do not much vary, and remain extremely small. The rounded fanchon and the bonnet with a toque above the chignon are the favourite models. Several bonnets have small turned-out curtains. They are mostly trimmed with pleats of silk or satin ribbon, flowers, or garlands of flowers.

A straw bonnet has a scalloped-out border and curtain; the latter is turned up. The crown is lined with blue velvet ribbon, and ornamented with pearl grelots. A bunch of blue feathers and a long drooping white feather are placed on one side. Wide strings of white ribbon, edged with blue, are fastened on outside the bonnet.





THE NEWEST FASHIONABLE

Modelled for

The Young Englishwoman

A white crinoline bonnet, with a small border and a toquet crown, is trimmed with a strip of white gros-grain ribbon, edged with red, placed at the back of the bonnet, and forming the strings; there is a bunch of red geraniums, with beautifully shaded leaves, on the left side. The front border is edged with white blonde, embroidered with pearl beads.

Round straw bonnets are ornamented with garlands of flowers, small roses, forget-me-nots, violets, lilies of the valley, and so on. These bonnets are, many of them, made of fancy open work, straw, or crinoline, lined with coloured silk. The strings are tied at the back, under the chignon.

Some of the new hats are bell or mushroom-shaped, and are in fact larger than bonnets. They are trimmed with plaits or ruches of ribbon, and flowers or feathers.

Evening coiffures are very generally composed of plaits of ribbon, placed as coronets in the hair, and falling over the neck at the back. Thick plaits of hair are also fashionable, and are left to hang down behind the ears. This is a more novel style than long curls. Ribbons and strings of pearls, and even garlands of flowers, are sometimes plaited in with the hair.

These long hanging plaits appear to us, however, more fit for children than for ladies to wear. For little girls up to twelve years old they are extremely pretty, and are tied at the ends with bows of silk or velvet ribbon.

Necklaces with long pendant ornaments, with waistbands to match, are now as much *à la mode* to wear over high dresses as they were this winter with ball toilets. The waistband was at first round only; it is now made also with three points, and in the peplum shape. These necklaces and waistbands, with pendant ornaments, are made of black jet beads and bugles; of black gimp, embroidered with jet; of coloured gimp corresponding with the material of the dress; and of amber. With a black silk dress, the complete *parure* of amber looks remarkably well.

Waistbands of coloured silk are also extremely elegant. They are made with braces over the shoulders, and peplum basques. Young ladies wear sashes of wide coloured ribbon, crossed over the bodice, and tied on one side in a large bow or rosette, with long ends falling over the skirt. These are very pretty with dresses of white muslin or gaze de Chambéry.

Fichus and pelerines are as much the fashion as ever for evening demi-toilette. A pretty pattern is a Marie-Antoinette fichu, crossed in front with long lappets tied in a loose knot at the back. It is made of white muslin, and trimmed with strips of guipure insertion, lined with coloured silk, and edged all round with a guipure lace border.

Square pelerines of clear muslin, or tulle, are also worn with low dresses of coloured silk, or grenadine, for evening demi-toilettes.



## DESCRIPTION OF OUR FASHION-PLATE.

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**WALKING TOILET.**—Bonnet of *Bismarck*-coloured silk, ornamented with gold beads, Paletot of green summer cloth, fastened with gold buttons. This garment is cut very long and square both at the back and front, and short on each side. It is worn over a plain skirt of *Bismarck*-coloured silk.

**VISITING TOILET.**—Bonnet of white tulle, trimmed with a light garland of small flowers; strings of plaited rose-coloured silk. Basquine and double skirt of gray foulard. The basquine is scalloped out all round, and bound with rose-coloured silk. The upper skirt forms three festoons at the bottom, which are scalloped and bound with silk. The under skirt is also trimmed with rose silk.

**COSTUME FOR A LITTLE GIRL BETWEEN FIVE AND SIX YEARS OLD.**—Hat of white crinoline, with turned-up brim bound with blue silk. Skirt and tight-fitting jacket of blue poplin, cut in vandykes at the bottom, and trimmed with blue silk of a darker shade. Blue sash, tied behind.

## LOVELIEST WORDS.

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### BROKEN FAITH.

---

BUDS on the apple-boughs,  
And robins in every tree;  
Brown on the children's sun-kissed brows,  
A softer blue on the tender sea ;—

Ah me !—

Bees in the maples murmuring,  
Brooks on the hill-sides ;—and yet, O  
Spring,  
Thou hast broken thy faith with me !

Broken thy faith with me,  
Who have pined for thee so long,—  
Waiting and waiting patiently  
Through all the winter's cruel wrong,—  
Ah me !—

Climbing the rugged, desolate hills,  
To watch the sky for the faintest thrills  
Of the azure yet to be.

Violets sweeten the woods  
And purple the river-sides ;  
While deep in the shady solitude,  
The last sweet bud of the arbutushides,—  
Ah me !—

And the treacherous honey-bee stays his  
wing

To wrong its sweetness ; but yet, O Spring,  
Thou hast broken thy faith with me !

Never a bud is seen  
Within my garden-walls,—  
Never a touch of sprouting green ;  
And the fitful sunlight faintly falls—  
Ah me !—

On broken trellis and leafless vine,  
Where last year's tendrils bleach and pine,  
With blackened stems between.

June will be here anon,  
Flushing the smiling skies,  
Putting her bravest garments on,  
Flaunting her roses on love-sick eyes—  
Ah me !—

Which will not smile at the thoughts they  
bring,  
Or weep when they wither ;—for thou, O  
Spring,  
Hast broken thy faith with me.

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### THE MOUNTAINS.

---

SITTING alone in this silent room,  
Blinded with weeping, and sick and  
strange,  
I see it whitening out of the gloom,  
A chill and sorrowful mountain range.

Ne'er o'er summit, or sweep, or slope  
A gleam of gladness or pleasure thrills ;  
Never a glimmer of joy or hope  
Blesses or brightens these desolate  
hills.

All the winds which over them blow  
Are sighs too bitter to brook control,  
And all the freshening rains they know  
Are hot tears wrung from a stricken  
soul.

First is a pallid smileless face  
Turned for ever away from tears,  
Then two pale hands which will keep  
their place,  
Folded from labour through all the  
years.

Then the knees, which will never bow,  
 Never bend or obey again ;  
 And then the motionless feet which now  
 Are done with walking in sun and  
 rain.

These are the mountains, and over all  
 Sinks and settles the winding-sheet,  
 Following sharply each rise and fall  
 From the pallid face to the quiet feet.

These are the mountains which through  
 the gloom  
 Rising whitely and cold I see,  
 Sloping into the shadowy tomb,—  
 The mournful hills of mortality.

And of all the dear ones whose souls have  
 crossed  
 These terrible summits in fear and  
 pain,  
 We only know they are gone and lost,  
 And never return to our arms again.

So we wander and grope in our earthly  
 clime,  
 Fettered and cramped by this mortal  
 bond,  
 Watching the mountains from time to  
 time,  
 And questioning vainly the dim be-  
 yond.

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### THE UPWARD ROAD.

---

If thou hadst told me when the bloom  
 Of last year's June was on the tree  
 That ere another spring should come  
 I should have looked my last on thee ;

If I had known that now, alas !  
 Our ways would lie so far apart,  
 That now the clover blooms and grass  
 Would wave above thy pulseless heart,—

That when my thoughts should turn to  
 thee,  
 Thy olden smile and word to crave,  
 It would but lead me mournfully  
 Beside a newly sodded grave,—

I should have clasped thy friendly hand  
 With warmer pressure when we met,  
 Nor blindly failed to understand  
 The eyes whose meaning haunts me yet ;

Within whose mellow darkness lay  
 A prescience of the change to be,  
 A shadow soft which hid away  
 All that is now revealed to me.

The scent of young leaves fills the way,  
 The showers fall lightly on the hills ;  
 And every night and every day  
 The prophecy of May fulfils.

The lilacs purpling to the eaves  
 Fling all their fragrant spikes about,  
 The chestnut spreads its fingered leaves  
 And hangs its mimic lantern out.

The orchards tempt the wandering bees  
 With wastes of white and rosy bloom,  
 Where Æolus with viewless keys  
 Unlocks the flood-gates of perfume.

But thou whose loving eyes were keen  
 To catch the glories of the spring,  
 Sleepest beneath thy veil of green  
 Unmindful of the joys they bring ;

For thou hast done with woe and strife,  
 Hast laid time's burden meekly down,  
 And on thy brow immortal life  
 Gathers its radiance like a crown.

Thy feet have found "the upward road,"  
 Of which, but now, thou toldest me,  
 While, bending underneath my load,  
 I follow slowly after thee.

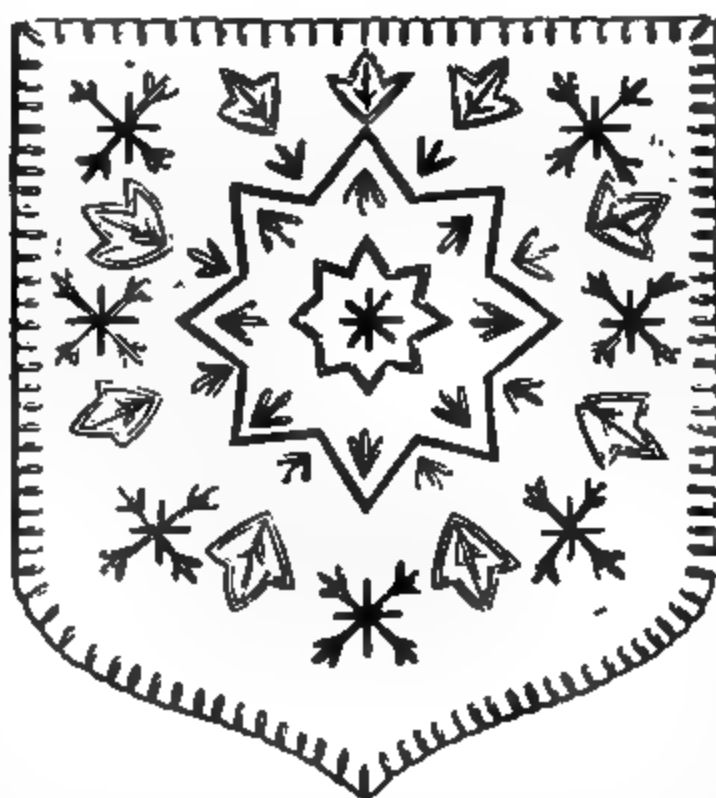
# 180, 181. BASKET IN BAMBOO AND WICKER-WORK.

**MATERIALS:**—The basket, blue cashmere, satin, and ribbon; floss-silk of various colours.

The outer framework and the handles of this pretty basket are made of bamboo, and the inner part of wicker-work of two colours—yellow and brown. It is suitable for a variety of purposes, but especially for a work-basket, if neatly lined and fitted up inside with pockets, edged with pleated quillings of blue ribbon. The basket is ornamented on the outside with lappets of the size and shape of No. 180. Cut the lappets out of bright-blue cashmere, and work the pattern over them with floss silk.

The centre star is white and green, with an outer border in red; the next border is red also, and the leaflets, formed of three stitches, are yellow. The outer patterns are crosses and leaves; the former are white and green, the latter red and yellow. The blue cashmere lappet is edged round in mexican-stitch with yellow silk, and lined with stiff mus-

lin. A similar lappet is fastened upon each division of the basket. The handles are ornamented with silk tassels of all the colours used in the embroidery.



180. LAPPET FOR BASKET (181).

182.

## CROCHET CIRCLE.

Begin the circle with the three inner leaves \* make a foundation chain of 4 stitches, and crochet back over the same 3 double, missing the last chain-stitch. Repeat twice more from \*. Fasten the cotton, and crochet the

1st round.—1 double in the point of each leaf, 5 chain between. Join the stitches into a circle.

2nd round.—1 double in each stitch of the preceding round.

3rd round.—1 treble in each stitch of the preceding round, inserting the needle always into the whole stitch, 1 chain between each 2 stitches.

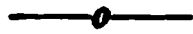
4th round.—\* 5 double in the 5 following stitches of the preceding round, 1 double, 5 chain 1 double, 7 chain, 1 double; the last 3 double stitches in the following stitch; 5 chain; repeat 5 times more from \*. Fasten the cotton.





chain, 1 double in the 2nd chain after the 2nd purl of the preceding row, 7 chain; repeat from \*.

3rd row.—1 double stitch in the middle of the scallop formed with 7 chain; between 2 double stitches 2 loops like those of the foundation-chain.



#### 184. CROCHET EDGING.

This edging is worked the short way in rows backwards and forwards, always inserting the needle in the back chain of the stitch. Make a foundation-chain of 26 stitches. Work as follows :

1st row.—Miss the last stitch of the foundation-chain, and then work 1 double in each chain.

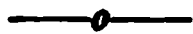
2nd row.—1 treble in each stitch of the preceding row; the first treble is formed of 3 chain. Work 2 chain and 3 treble stitch in the last stitch of the preceding row.

3rd row.—3 purl (each purl is formed of 5 chain and 1 slip-stitch in the first of the 5 chain); draw 1 double stitch out of the 2 chain stitches of the preceding row, \* 2 long treble, insert for these the needle on the left side in the 4th double stitch of the 1st row; this forms a sloped stitch lying across the treble stitch of the preceding row. Miss no stitch of the preceding row, crochet 4 double in the next 4 stitches, and repeat from \*.

4th row.—Alternately 1 double, 3 chain, missing 2 stitches of the preceding row.

5th and 6th rows.—Like the 4th row, but work the double stitch in the middle stitch of the scallop.

7th row.—Draw 3 double stitches out of each scallop; in the last scallop 4 double, so as to have again 26 stitches, as in the 1st row. Repeat from the 2nd to the 7th row, and crochet 1 row of double stitches the long way; then the border is finished.



#### 185. BERLIN-WOOL PATTERN.

This pattern is worked in strips with single or double Berlin wool, in common cross-stitch or leviathan-stitch. It is simple, but effective, and suitable for articles of furniture, especially to place in the centre of a chair or stool, the sides of which are covered with velvet or rep.



#### SEA-BIRDS.



O LONESOME sea-gull, floating far  
 Over the ocean's icy waste,  
 Aimless and wide thy wanderings are,  
 For ever vainly seeking rest;  
 Where is thy mate, and where thy nest?

'Twixt wintry sea and wintry sky,  
 Cleaving the keen air with thy breast,  
 Thou sailest slowly, solemnly;  
 No fetter on thy wing is pressed;  
 Where is thy mate, and where thy nest?

O restless, homeless, human soul,  
 Following for aye thy nameless quest;  
 The gulls float and the billows roll,  
 Thou watchest still and questionest;  
 Where is thy mate, and where thy nest?

## LETTERS FROM "DEAR OLD GRANNY."

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### HOME COURTESY.

"As similarity of mind,  
Or something not to be defined,  
First fixes our attention,  
So manners decent and polite—  
The same we practised at first sight—  
Will save it from declension."—COWPER.

"Politeness, or civility, or urbanity, or whatever we may choose to call it, is the oil which preserves the machinery of society from destruction."—TITCOMB.

"Good manners, to be consistent, must be founded on a principle of justice."—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"Be courteous."—ST. PETER.

**M**Y DEAR GRAND-DAUGHTER,—So you have been on a long visit to your friends in Wilts, and you are glad to be home again? I am quite pleased to hear it. "Home," you say, "was never so delightful." I count it a very healthy sign when we are in love with our own home. "Be it ever so homely there is no place like home." I remember the home of my early years as though I had left it but yesterday: I hear the old mill-wheel murmuring under the plash of the water; I see the orchard where we had fine times in the gathering season; I see the old house with its diamond-paned casements and its quaintly-carved gables; I sit under the shadows of the elms; I wander in the fields all spangled with daisies and buttercups; I eat my bread and milk in a low-pitched room, and watch the lowing cattle coming in from pasture; I see the swallows, that have built their nests under the eaves, whirling round and round in the clear air; I hear old voices that are hushed for ever in this world, and see faces never more to be seen here. It is my old home,—the home I had before death came and spoilt it, and I was sent to town to learn the mysteries of a fashionable life. Endeavour, dear child, as much as possible to cultivate the love of home. "The fire burns brightest on one's own hearth;" "He who is far from home is near to harm;"—there is wisdom in these proverbs. I believe that the home-sickness of the Swiss soldier is a genuine disease, with a natural cause which operates independently of his will and is beyond his control.

But how many people there are who make home unhappy! Often enough they do not mean to do it; but they succeed in doing it none the less effectually. I believe that the main cause of this unhappiness is the want of personal restraint: members of a family at home too frequently seem to consider themselves privileged to behave like boors to each other, to disregard all the courtesies of life, and to establish that miserable sort of democracy where every woman and man does what is right in their own eyes irrespective of other people.

Temper! I have heard of a lady who used to say she was born before nerves came into fashion: I never found one who antedated temper. "We *all* have our tempers," a young lady once said to me,—a charming girl blooming into womanhood, beautiful to

look at, but a very shrew. I acknowledged the truth of her assertion, but hinted that it might be possible to govern them. Her answer was, "It is not worth the trouble." Sure am I it is quite worth any trouble it may cost; for a bad temper is a plague to its owner, as well as the source of immeasurable unhappiness to others. Some tempers are violent, keeping a household in perpetual strife through selfish passion, unable or unwilling to bear the least control. There are the morose, throwing shadow where there should be light, withering the smile half-formed, and silencing the playful word half-spoken. There are the discontented, whom nothing can satisfy, who can only see faults and blemishes, only predict vexations and annoyances. There are the capricious, on whom it is impossible to calculate for two consecutive hours; at one time they would move heaven and earth to make you happy, in the turn of a moment they would scarcely move a finger.

I have alluded at this length to temper because I consider it the most dangerous enemy to domestic comfort. We talk about an Englishman's home being his castle: how often does it happen that the castle is made a dungeon for some of the residents, just through the ill-governed temper of one or other of the ruling powers!

But to return to the subject I have more particularly in view, namely, courtesy at home. How frequently it happens that the most polite out of doors are the most impolite in doors! They seem to leave their good manners on the threshold. I have heard this defended. It has been said, "Etiquette is bad enough in society; it is very tedious to be so bored when you cannot help it. When you can, throw off your dress-suit, lounge as you like in a comfortable wrapper; do not trouble your head about politeness, but do as you please, say what you like—character cannot be ruined by being dull and disagreeable at home." Nothing can be more selfish or more dangerous than such reasoning.

Charming pretty Miss Blandish, with one of the most fascinating little figures and expressive faces that you would care to see, gay, spirited, intelligent, proficient in music, deep in fashionable-folk lore, a good reader of light literature, and a capital dancer,—she was a favourite everywhere *except at home*. See her the life of the party in the small hours of the morning, all smiles and sweetness, piercing the hearts of the beaux who fluttered about her, you would fancy she was the most delightful creature possible. This impression would have been deepened if you had seen her earlier in the evening, listening with courteous attention to the interminable stories of old Mrs. M'Tyrum, or going into ecstasies over Mrs. Prettypet's first-born. She seemed to have a keen sense of what would please, and to lay herself out for that particular object. Everybody was delighted with her. "She is peerless," a smitten one would say; "She is a dear good creature," would be the observation of the gratified mamma; "She be something like a lady," would say John Thomas, servant in livery where my lady visited. But how was it at home? See her in the morning, nobody present but pa' and ma' and the boys and Julie. She arrives late at the breakfast-table, a dowdy to look at in her cotton wrap; she scarcely says good-morning; complains of the coffee, the eggs, the toast; rates the maid; wonders ma' does not send the "lazy thing" away. The boys want to know something about last night, but she must not be worried. So pa' and they are away at last; and, tired, dull, and disagreeable, she makes the house miserable through the day. See her fly at the sound of a double knock; see her busy before her glass on learning from the "lazy thing" it is a visitor on whom she means to make a favourable impression; notice with what care she dresses herself, with what smiles she arrays her face before entering the room; how carefully she studies to be agreeable, alert in paying small attentions, and assiduously doing her best to please. The visitor gone, the old weariness and discourtesy come back; she cannot stoop to pick up her mother's fan, she has not a cheerful word for Julie. Pa' may get his

own chair when he comes home ; and as for smart little sayings, odds and ends of pleasant talk, she keeps all those for company, like her party-dresses.

One of the first things to be considered in the matter of home courtesy is that of the adoption of tasteful toilette in the house. Surely it is more important that we should look well to those who love us the best, to whom we are the most indebted and with whom the main portion of our lives is passed, than that we should be attractive to comparative strangers, and to those with whom we only meet for the passing hour. Yet how little is the matter considered ! "What shall I wear ?" is the question when we are going out, very seldom when we are staying at home ; anything is good enough for home ; the "idea" of dressing for dinner, when there is nobody there but pa' and the boys ! Very likely the gentlemen are not so considerate as they should be ; they too have their company coats and society manners ; but a good example on the other side might work wonders.

Another point in family courtesy is that of the members treating each other like ladies and gentlemen. To put this on very low ground indeed, it is *good practice*. I like to see a brother helping his sister out of a carriage with all the politeness which could possibly be shown if he were paying his addresses to her. I like to see the sister receive it in the same way, freely giving her hand, with a smile and an acknowledgment, taking his arm and accepting his attention with all proper grace. I like to see all the small items which make up politeness studiously observed on both sides, and received with thanks. There may be affection without this exhibition, but it is affection of a very boorish description. I have sat at table with a family, and known them to like each other very much indeed, and yet they took liberties such as they would have shrunk from doing with a stranger. They blurted out what they thought of one another and of their friends in a manner that was no doubt perfectly sincere, but singularly vulgar. "I say, Julie, how did you get that pimple on your chin ?—it looks horrid ugly !" might be a proper inquiry, and the comment might be justified ; but the young gentleman who addressed the observation to his sister would not have done so had he been her visitor. "This meat is done to cinders," might be true ; but the remark would not have been offered so flatly if the hostess had not happened to be mother. "My dear, if you have forgotten how to carve that bird, you had best pass it this way," may be a good suggestion ; but Mrs. Blandish would not have offered it to her lord before she was married to him. In these scenes of domestic privacy everybody seems to forget that anybody else has feelings that may be wounded.

Intrusive inquiries into each other's business is also very discourteous in a family. To ask questions of your own sister when it is plain to you that she wishes to avoid giving an answer is not only exceedingly rude, but unjustifiable. Respect the rights of others. If letters be received, it is not your business to know the contents ; if letters be sent out, their purpose is nothing to you. Of course in many cases there is confidence, and this is very beautiful and should be cherished ; but where such confidence does not exist, it is a breach of good manners as well as of the law of love to intermeddle.

I hope, my dear child, I have not been too prosy, and above all that you will not construe anything I have written into a reflection upon your behaviour. I know that in your home the courtesies are observed ; I know that the graces are not banished ; but I am looking forward to the time when you may be transplanted, when you may have a home of your own, and I counsel you above all things to ventilate that home with true politeness.

Always your own

DEAR OLD GRANNY.

## LINGERIE.

No. 186. A low bodice of finely-pleated muslin, trimmed round the top with a wide strip of guipure insertion, edged on either side with a narrow guipure lace. A cross-strip of coloured silk is

trimmed with Valenciennes lace.

No. 189. Amuslin bodice arranged in bouillons, and entirely trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon. There is a deep spotted muslin pelerine pointed back and front, and bordered with a wide strip of lace insertion,

## 186. LOW PLEATED MUSLIN BODICE.



187. GUIPURE COLLAR AND CUFF.



188. LINEN COLLAR AND CUFF.

passed under the insertion. Short and pointed sleeves.

No. 187. A *parure* of guipure lace, composed of a straight collar ornamented with a large bow, and a cuff with a round wristband.

No. 188. Fine linen collar and cuff, scalloped out and embroidered. The collar has two lapets in front. The deep cuff is made in the same style. Both are

over which narrow cross-pieces of velvet ribbon are put on at regular distances. Long sleeves arranged in bouillons.

No. 190. A plain muslin bodice, demi-high, pleated in at the waist, and ornamented with a scalloped-out berthe of pleated muslin. The berthe is trimmed with a strip of guipure-lace insertion, under which is passed a coloured rib-

bon. Short puffed sleeves, trimmed to match.

191. "BRETON"  
MORNING JACKET.

This jacket is made of white flannel, ornamented with pinked-out strips of the same material embroidered in point ruse with silks of

190. PLAIN MUSLIN BODICE.

various colours. A square piece of flannel pinked out in the same manner, and upon which is embroidered the figure of a Breton peasant, is placed on the right side of the jacket, forming a pocket. At the back of the jacket two larger pockets are embroidered in the same way with different patterns. This style of jacket is very fashionable in Paris just now.

## THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN'S RECIPE-BOOK.

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**TO PICKLE LEMONS** (excellent with veal cutlets).—Ingredients : Twelve lemons, salt, one quart of vinegar, two ounces of mustard-seed, half-ounce of whole pepper, half-ounce of allspice, half-ounce of ginger, made mustard. Mode : Take one dozen lemons ; score the rind, but do not cut into the lemon ; rub them with salt, and let them remain two days. Boil in one quart of vinegar two ounces of mustard-seed, half-ounce of whole pepper, half-ounce of allspice, half-ounce of ginger. Let this simmer for ten minutes ; then mix one dessert-spoonful of mustard with a little cold vinegar ; put all together, and pour over the lemons ; then tie them down. Cost, 2s.

**SCOTCH MARMALADE**.—Ingredients : Seville oranges, sugar, water. Cost, 5d. per pound. Mode : Boil Seville oranges whole in as much water as will float them, until the rinds can very easily be pierced with the head of a pin ; cut them into quarters, and take out the pulp ; two pounds of sugar to each pound of oranges (the oranges to be weighed before boiling them). Put the sugar over night into a pan, with half a pint of water to each pound of sugar. In the morning boil the sirup, until it becomes of the consistence of oil ; let it cool (almost cold), then add the chips and pulp, and boil it (after coming to the boil) twenty minutes.

**SAUCE PIQUANTE**.—Three good teaspoonsful of mustard, mixed with any quantity of cream you like, three small young onions, and a little chopped parsley, pepper and salt to taste, and a little vinegar.

**SAUCE FOR ROAST GOOSE**.—One tablespoonful of made mustard, half teaspoonful of Cayenne pepper, and three of port-wine ; when mixed, pour this hot into the body of the goose, before sewing it up.

**SOUP IN HASTE**.—Chop tolerably fine a piece of lean beef, mutton, or veal ; and when partly done, add a small carrot, and turnip cut in slices, half ounce of celery, the white part of a leek, and half ounce of onion ; mince all together, and put into a saucepan with three pints of cold water ; when it boils, take off the scum, and add a little salt and pepper ; boil half an hour. It may be strained or not, as liked, and catsup added, if approved.

**STEWED BEEF**.—Cut as much beef as is wanted, scald it, and take off the scum as it rises ; arrange a layer of beef, and a layer of large onions sliced ; put enough water to cover it, then add a teacupful of catsup, the rind of lemon shred fine, and a little pounded clove ; let all stew gently for three hours and a half, strain it, taking off all the fat, and thicken with a little flour and butter ; serve hot with sippets.

**DORMERS**.—To one pound of cold meat, half pound of beef suet, quarter pound of rice, well boiled in water ; chop the meat and suet small, season with pepper, salt, mace, and a small shalot ; add the rice, mix well, and make into balls, wash over with egg, and fry a nice brown ; serve with a good gravy. If the meat is fat, use bread-crumbs instead of suet, and with veal a little ham or tongue.

**SPICE FOR SOUPS**.—One ounce of ground ginger, half ounce of ground cinnamon, half ounce of black pepper, half ounce of nutmeg, half ounce of clove pepper, twenty cloves, half ounce of mace, quarter ounce of Cayenne, six ounces of salt ; pound all together, and put into a bottle ; cork well.

**WHITE SOUP**.—Stew four turnips, six onions, and half pound of ham in six pints of water ; strain, add quarter pound of vermicelli, and the yolks of four eggs, beaten up with a pint of cream. Do not boil it after the eggs and cream are in, only keep stirring it till thick enough.



## OUR DRAWING-ROOM.

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**N**ORA wishes to lift the veil of mystery, to peer into the secret penetralia of the editorial office, and to know all about **WE**. The incognito must not yet be disclosed. One day we may give the names *à la* Spectator, and show who it is that solves hard riddles, and is not to be overcome by deepest questions; but for the present we must say naught.—Our idea of the difference between a fast young lady and a wild one is this: the first assumes all the cavalier airs of a fast man: she can ride to cover; she can handle a rifle; she is never confused or abashed; her talk is dashed with slang; and her manners are assimilated to the mess-room; she can “chaff,” play billiards, knows all about the stables and the kennel, &c. &c. A wild girl, on the contrary, is more of a hoyden, very reckless, but affecting nothing, skilled in nothing, highly impressible, passionate, and as unbroken as a young colt.—To the second question, what is the proper age for a young lady to fall in love, no answer can be given. The urchin Cupid hits the gold at all ages, from sixteen to sixty-six,—and sometimes before and after. We should think that girls—always supposing that they are not heiresses, which would extend the term indefinitely—would be most sought after between the age of seventeen and four-and-twenty.—Our reason for not answering the questions of your friend is, that they have never come into our hands. If your friend will be kind enough to repeat them, we will answer them at once.

**ANOTHER DISAPPOINTED SUBSCRIBER.**—We hope you will soon change your signature; the omission to which you refer will shortly be supplied, and your suggestions with regard to it shall have our best attention.

**KATARINA.**—The Italian Grammar published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin, La Belle Sauvage-yard, Ludgate-hill, is specially designed for self-instruction.

**A. W.**—We should advise you to avoid the society of the gentleman, and by no means to accept a present from him.

**AN ANXIOUS SISTER** would be grateful to some more experienced sister for her opinion on the use of depilatories.

**SEVERAL SUBSCRIBERS**, addressing us on the question of corsets, are respectfully referred to the pages of the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, where an animated controversy is being maintained on the subject. We cannot, however, deprive our readers of the following *morceau*:

### AN ENIGMA: FOR THE LADIES.

A bony monster, gaunt and slim,  
Oft seen without a head or limb,—  
I on the fair securely prey,  
And hecatombs of victims slay.  
I steal the maiden's rosy hue,  
And dim her eyes of heavenly blue;  
Distort her form, corrupt her breath,  
And leave her to disease and death.  
Insidiously I work her ill,  
Yet, strange to say, she loves me still,  
And clasps me to her bosom white,  
Where oft I lie conceal'd from sight,  
And eat her beauty like the moth;  
Yet, the poor maiden, nothing loth,  
The more she is by me oppress'd,  
The closer folds me to her breast.

Ladies, if this be truth, indorse it—  
Prize health, and throw away your CORSET.  
J. N. L.

Among the articles of lady's dress, however, one of some importance is a comfortable and good-fitting stay; which may not only give grace and elegance to the figure, but improve the fit of a dress. Messrs. Thomson have just patented the new Glove-fitting Corset, and the report of it is that it “truly deserves its name, and cannot be too highly recommended.”

**ROSABEL.**—We accept your strictures in the spirit in which they are offered, and feel confident that you will soon agree with us, and the great majority of our correspondents, that the change is a change for the better.

**MARGATE BABY** asks two very silly questions. She wants to know whether it is right for a gentleman to look wicked: of course it is not. Nobody ought to look wicked—or be wicked, which is still worse. As to marrying an aunt's husband, it is quite illegal.



ANDANTE.—Different regimens suit different constitutions. One person may take a long walk before breakfast, and feel invigorated by the exercise, while another would be faint and sick ; hence the difficulty of indiscriminate prescribing. To practise singing, or even to sing, immediately after a meal is decidedly bad. Some of our great public singers make a rule not to eat within four hours of the time at which they are to appear *en scène*. We should recommend ANDANTE to try *half-an-hour's* practice fasting, before breakfast ; if it does not disagree with her, then early morning practice will doubtless be greatly beneficial ; if otherwise, let her take a cup of coffee and a thin *tartine* before commencing. An egg beat up with a glass of sherry, at eleven, is excellent support to the voice.

MARTHA.—The advertisement to which you allude has appeared frequently in the columns of the *Times*, but we have no idea how the unmanageable young people are controlled. *Punch* had an imaginary sketch of the regimen adopted. For a rude obstinate boy of five years old, it was the application of an exceedingly well-made birch ; in that of a young lady of eighteen, it was persuasion in a ticket for the county ball. In the *Times* the other day appeared the following : “ Unmanageable Military Candidates rendered perfectly docile in three months by a veteran officer of the army, provided their constitutions will stand his peculiar system of training. References to parents of pupils whom he has trained.—Address, Cat-o'-nine-tails, Post-office, Southsea.”

A CORRESPONDENT says : “ Not lost, but gone before,” is certainly not in the Holy Bible. (Like the words, “ He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb :” people unaccustomed to much study of the Scriptures grow to believing such passages are there.) In a poem in *Sacred Poetry* the words occur at the end of each stanza. The writer is unknown, so one cannot trace whether these lines are the *original source* of the words. The first verse runs thus :

“ Say why should friendship grieve for those  
Who safe arrive on Canaan's shore :  
Released from all their hurtful foes—  
They are not lost, but gone before.”

THE ENIGMA letter H has been often, but erroneously, ascribed to Byron. The real author was Miss Catharine Fanshawe. She wrote it at the Deep Dene, where a friend of Miss Mitford's “ well remembers her coming down to breakfast with it one morning, her impression being that she had just written it.”

VIOLET.—A good hand is certainly one of the chief points of beauty, and well-kept nails are essential to the beauty of the hand. Keep them nicely trimmed, evenly cut, so as best to exhibit their natural, but not unnatural, length. To whiten the nails the following wash is suggested : Diluted sulphuric acid two drachms ; tincture of myrrh one drachm ; spring-water four ounces ; mix. First cleanse with white soap, and then dip the fingers into the mixture.

FLORENCE CECILIA would be glad if any one of our correspondents would name the author of the following lines :

“ Why are your young hearts sad, O beautiful  
children of morning ?  
Why do your young eyes gaze so timidly  
over the sea ?”

GRITTY.—The Fashion-plates in our periodical are coloured by hand, but the work is done by Parisian artists.

CHARITY.—We are entirely of your opinion ; we never could, and never wish to, see the comic side of inhumanity. Rowland Hill used to say he would give little for a man's religion whose dog was not the better for it. We see nothing “ absurd,” but much that is very creditable, in the institution of the Temporary Home for lost and starving Dogs (Hollingworth-street, St. James's-road, Holloway, N.). Sir John Bowring has well said : “ I cannot understand that morality which excludes animals from human sympathy, or releases man from the debt and obligation he owes to them.” By the regulations, any dog found and brought to the Home, if applied for by the owner, will be given up to its master upon payment of the expenses of its keep. Ladies and gentlemen finding lost or starving dogs in the street, at a distance from their own residences, are recommended to arrange with some poor person, for a specified remuneration, to convey them either to the Home itself, or to a receiving house. If it be not probable that the lady or gentleman will be in the neighbourhood when the person returns with the printed certificate from the keeper, it would be advisable to let the person see the stipulated reward placed in the hands of a respectable tradesman on the spot, or a railroad porter, or a park-keeper, as the case may be, and be told that when he brings the certificate to the holder of the money it will be given to him. The lady or gentleman might receive the certificate by leaving a ready-addressed envelope with the person who kindly undertakes to give the bearer of the dog his reward. The money should on no account be given to the bearer of the dog beforehand.

**HOPEFUL.**—A contemporary makes the following suggestion, which we strongly recommend to your attention: "Plain needlework should be regarded as an indispensable accomplishment for every young woman about to become a wife; and I think that no one, at least in the humbler stations of life, should be allowed to marry until she has made and cut out with her own hands a shirt for her intended husband, which he himself confesses to be a good fit. This would advance the cause of needlework, and at the same time act as a wholesome bar to many an imprudent marriage. But, say some, it is almost impossible to make a home-made shirt fit to the satisfaction of the wearer. This generally means, that if a shirt is not *made* to fit, it will very seldom fit after it is made. Now tell me why should not a home-made shirt fit? I can tell you why it does not."

**T. F. W.**—As to lovers' quarrels cementing true affection, we do not believe it. Ask Romeo—your Romeo—what he thinks about it. Shun a quarrel as you would the plague.

"The tears capricious beauty loves to shed,  
The pouting lip, the sullen, silent tongue,  
May wake the impassioned lover's tender dread  
And touch the spring that clasps his soul  
so strong.  
But, ah! beware, the gentle power too long  
Will not endure the frown of angry strife;  
He shuns contention and the gloomy throng  
Who blast the joys of calm domestic life,  
And flies when Discord shakes her brand with  
quarrels rife."

**JULIA (Meopham).**—Honestly we cannot, as some old ladies say, "abide" Mr. Martin Tupper. We are aware that our opinion is traversed by the fact that edition after edition is asked for; and who can fight against the author of a hundred legions, even of books? In cloth buckram they may be; but there they are—a hard fact to encounter, and not one agreeable to the adverse critic to contemplate. More than fifty editions have been printed here, and about 5000 copies are annually sold, we believe. And Mr. Tupper is also as largely patronised in the United States, for more than half a million copies have been there disposed of. One comfort about the matter is, that if his works are, as we think, intolerable rubbish, yet they are harmless, and will hurt no reader, gentle or simple. And this cannot be said of much that is well written and of high merit as far as style and composition go.

**JESS-A-BELLE.**—Quite undeserved, we can well imagine; indeed, you rate us so roundly before we have given an opinion on the matter in which you have been so badly used, that we can well understand how careful you must be not to offend when graver reasons supervene. We have, at your request, examined the term "termagant," which was applied to you; and here you have it, as learnedly as if the Theban had been at your beck and call. In the Italian they have *tervagante*, *trivigante*; in old French *tervagant*. Ritson suggests its derivation from the Latin, *ter*, thrice, and *vagare*, to turn round—a very ancient ceremony in magical incantations. (Thus, in the classical pastime of blind-man's buff, we have at the end of the adjuration to the b. m., "Turn round three times and catch whom you may.") He supposes termagant to be a corruption of tervagant, just as cormorant is corrupted from corvorant, and malmsey from malvoisie or malvesie. Ugo Foscolo says: "Trivagante, whom the predecessors of Ariosto always couple with Apollino, is really Diana Trivia, the sister of the classical Apollo, whose worship, and the lunar services it demanded, had been always preserved among the Scythians." According to Panizzi, Trivagante is the Moon, or Diana, or Hecate, "wandering under three names." Others have it thus: It is an imaginary being, supposed by the Crusaders—who confounded Mahometans with pagans—to be a Mahometan deity. This imaginary personage was introduced into early English plays and moralities, and was represented as of a most violent character, so that a ranting actor might always appear to advantage in it. Hence Hamlet says of one too extravagant, "I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant." To your other question: reasonable chastisement it is, so the authorities say, in the prerogative of your lord and master to administer.

**YOUNG WIFE.**—You complain of your husband being fretful and capricious. Be very kind to him then, and do not permit any return of unkindness for unkindness; he will be well enough soon, I daresay. As to the sanguine temperament you ask us to describe, it is generally supposed to be opposite to the melancholic, and may be described as follows: Marked by considerable power in the circulation, a strong and frequent pulse, firm flesh, plump figure, smooth and fair skin, ruddy complexion, soft and light hair, and light eyes; there is great nervous susceptibility, ready memory, lively imagination, cheerfulness, and a love of most pleasures; its diseases are generally violent and inflammatory. The English, as a race, are good examples of this temperament.

**PORTINA.**—Unless marked by the highest talent, you must not delude yourself by hoping for payment from the magazines for your attempts at versification; payment enough it is usually considered for outsiders to have their verses put in type, for that means that they have been selected from many tens and hundreds.

**VESTAL.**—Deaths and accidents from fire are indeed very fearful, from their frequency and awe-inspiring nature. We cannot comprehend why more is not done, in small towns and hamlets, for the prevention and extinguishing of fire. Much is done by the life-boats round our coast to help stranded vessels and drowning men and women; little is done by fire-engines and escapes for burning houses and suffocated people. From our own experience, we know that for about 150*l.* a place may supply itself with fire-engine and escape and gear complete, handy to move and not difficult to work, and which might probably be the means of saving in a few years twenty times its cost, besides lives and limbs invaluable. As to the exact question you ask, we reply: Think first of your household, and then of your household goods. In reference to your further remarks, listen to Mr. Braidwood, whom all England mourned as

“an honest man  
Doing his duty.”

He said that no master of a house ought to go to bed without seeing that there are some vessels filled with water ready for action in case of fire. “When no such precaution has been adopted, whenever the bare possibility of fire has not been entertained, when no attention has ever been paid to the subject, and no provision made for it, the inhabitants are generally so alarmed and confused that the danger is probably over, by their property being burned to the ground, before they can sufficiently recollect themselves to render any effective assistance. In most cases of fire, the people in whose premises it occurs are thrown into what may be called a state of temporary derangement, and seem to be actuated only by a desire of muscular movement, no matter to what purpose their exertions are directed. Persons may often be seen toiling like galley-slaves at operations which a moment’s reflection would show were utterly useless. I have seen tables, chairs, and every article of furniture that would pass through a window three or four stories high, dashed into the street, even when the fire had barely touched the tenement. On one occasion *I saw crockeryware thrown from a window on the third floor.*”

**GERALDINE.**—Your name frequently occurs in romantic poetry. The heroine of the Earl of Surrey’s poetry was called Geraldine, and the lady whose name suggested the handsome word was Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald. After this the name was adopted as a feminine cognomen and has been used oftentimes in verse, being now classed under the head of romantic titles.

A CORRESPONDENT sends the following fragment:

A Frenchman one day to a wine-merchant’s went  
Some old wine to inspect with a friend;  
With the sample delighted, he gave his consent  
That the merchant “twelve bottles” should send.

Said his friend, who was English, “That is not the way

That an order like that is expressed;  
Were I in your place, I should certainly say  
That to use the word ‘dozen’ is best.”

“Ah me!” cried the Frenchman, “I see what you mean;

To have such a friend I’m in luck:  
You ask me, my friend, if the time I have seen,—  
I think that a ‘dozen’ has struck!” J. E.

**CUISINIÈRE.**—French cookery and English cookery. Through all the world French cookery is renowned, and justly so. That cookery is such as you get at the Café Riche, Trois Frères Maison Dorée, Philippe’s, or the table-d’hôtes of the Hôtel du Louvre, the Grant Hotel, Meurice’s and other principal hotels and restaurants. Taking like for like, however, we very much question whether there is not as good cookery here as in France. When you have dined well in Paris, remember that you have had the best that France can produce; and it is a fact that, with the exception of the cuisine of large establishments and the upper ten thousand of the country, there is very little good cookery throughout La Belle France. Put on their trial French cookery institutions, as established in the provinces, and then see what verdict a jury of connoisseurs would give. For ourselves we have had, we are sorry to say, many a bad dinner at the country hotels, and at the country houses of French gentlemen, and have to own that from the moment we became acquainted with the results of the Gallic private cuisine, we never afterwards ventured to utter a word to our *cara sposa* that should imply a preference for their *bouillon* to even our pea-soup.

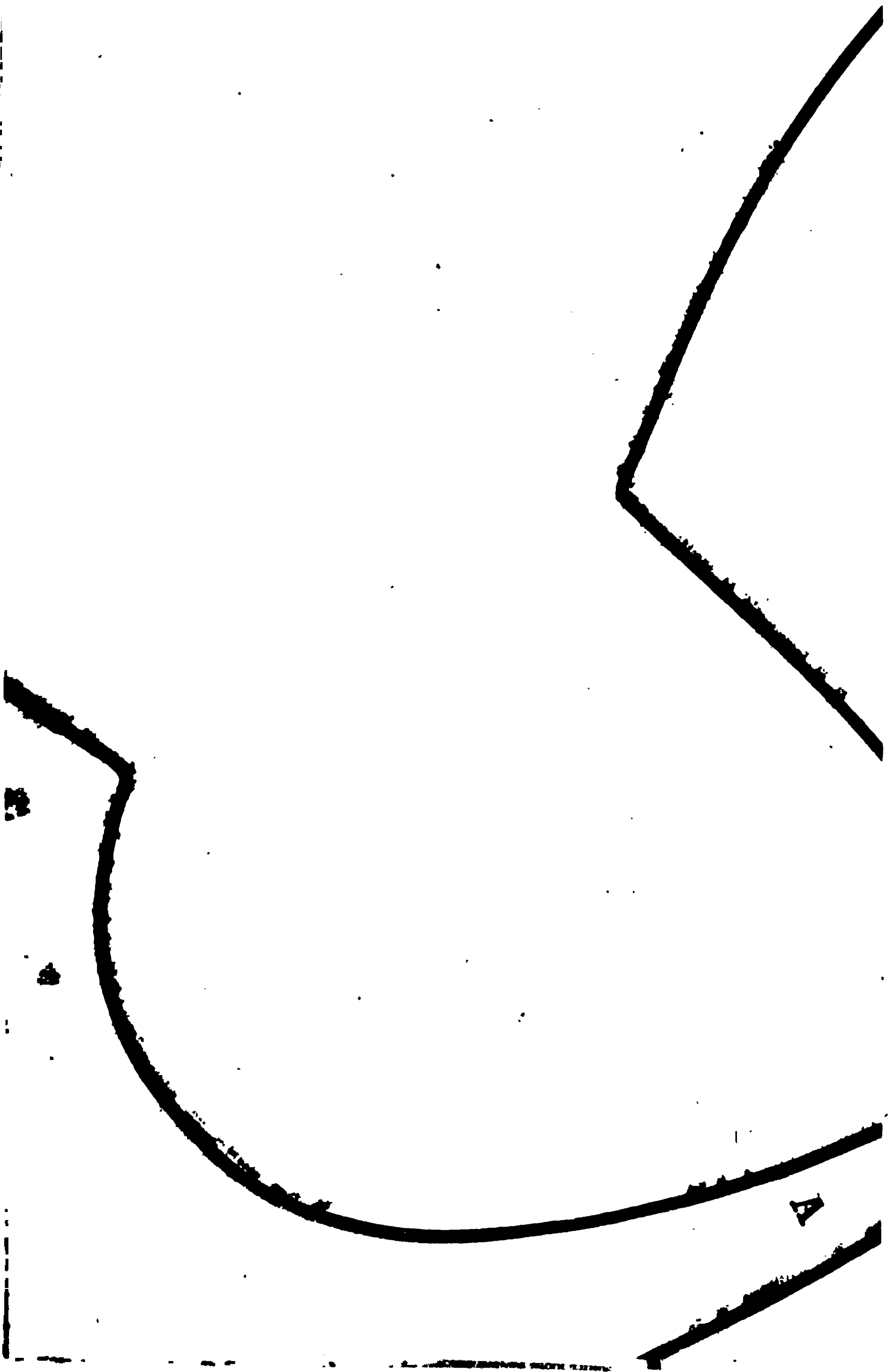
**Fig. 1. The Front.**

**2. Half of Back.**

**Fig. 3. Upper portion of Sleeve.**

**4. Under portion of ditto.**

**5. Half of Collar.**



walking back for a little while.



# THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN.



## THE HYMN OF LOVE.

### Part II.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

THE question addressed by the young Herr to Minna was simple enough, but it caused some perturbation in the breast of his ward. Minna wheeled round quickly, and, catching Otto's eye, nodded, smiled, and signed to him to hasten. But what was this? Though he came on fast enough, the gentleman, instead of entering the open wicket, passed on with a ceremoniously polite salutation, and before Minna could say a word, was gone! At first she stood motionless, staring after him. What *could* he mean? What had happened? Could she unwittingly have said or done anything to offend him? Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes suffused with tears, when, with a sigh, and a feeling of mortified bewilderment, she turned to resume mechanically her task of tying-up flowers. Nothing could she say, though she tried hard. Not a word came, and her brain refused to suggest any. Meanwhile a curious expression had come into the face of her companion, who had until now been silently making his observations on the incident.

"Minna," he said at length, "what ails thy friend? Have you and he quarrelled?"

"No indeed—O no! I am sure I cannot have said anything to annoy him; and I can imagine no cause for such singular behaviour. Such ceremoniousness is utterly unaccountable in a friend such as Otto. It really pains me—more than I can say."

"It does seem singular, surely. Rude even, I would say!"

"I wish I knew—I wish I knew!"

"What?"

"What it was that made Otto Müller pass by like that. I cannot have said or done anything—no, that is impossible! I would not offend him for the world—one I have known from childhood. He is very tiresome!" she added pettishly.

"Suppose, Minna, that you did not squeeze up those poor flowers so tight? They have no room to breathe, poor things."

Minna was not thinking of the flowers. She impatiently untied them, then stood straight, gazing speculatively before her.

"I wish I could find out what ailed him," she said, with such a wistful look and sigh that her cousin fairly laughed.

"What matters it, little cousin? He is not worth so much thought, I am sure."

"It seems so to you who do not know him, but with me it is different. One does not like to offend old friends like him."

"Naturally," assented the Herr Staatsanwalt.

Minna sighed again. But catching a glimpse of her cousin's mirthful eyes, it occurred to her that he might perhaps misinterpret her friendly anxiety. She coloured, while resolving to say no more upon the subject.

"Well, there is no use in thinking of it," she said with immense unconcern. "Now, before we go in, just tell me why it is there is such a mystery about your bride."

"Well, Minna, it was from a feeling of delicacy on her part towards a former lover, to whom she was, or fancied herself, in some degree bound. She told me the whole story, with the exception of the gentleman's name, and I, respecting her honourable scruples, never sought to know it. Some years ago, before she and I met, she spent some time at a country place, where she was thrown very much into the society of a young man—her inferior, I could infer, in position, in education, in mind,—but an impulsive, ardent, generous fellow enough, and handsome. They had some tastes in common, and, as I have said, were very much together; and the consequence was that the young man fell in love—which was very natural—and his affection was, in a measure, returned. Not indeed to the extent they both at the time believed, for in their inexperience of life they mistook this youthful fancy for a deep-seated passion, which it is quite plain it was *not*—at least on the lady's part, and hardly, I believe, on the gentleman's either.

"The parents of the young lady, on learning the state of the case, objected strongly to a betrothal between their child and one whom they looked upon as her inferior. The young people, however, prevailed, and became privately betrothed, the fact being known only to the lady's parents. Hardly was this done when the war-panic broke out, and the lover, in common with so many others of our young men, was summoned to Berlin to go through his military service. Like a fine manly fellow, he wrote at once to his betrothed, bidding her farewell, and freeing her from her engagement. It would be unfair and ungenerous, he said, to keep her bound, during years of absence, to one who had never been worthy of her. But if, on his return, he found her true to him, the devotion of his life would prove his love and gratitude."

"Noble fellow! fine fellow!" Minna cried, with sparkling, glistening eyes and heightened colour. The story reminded her so strongly of one long, long familiar. "But she did not accept such an offer?—she wrote to tell him so; to assure him of her constancy and truth?"

"You forget, child," her cousin said, rather drily, "what I already stated, that she had never really been in love with him. Already even, to her dismay, had she begun to perceive the error into which her inexperience had led her. She *did* accept the offer. That is, she left the letter unanswered; and the young man, of course, understood her silence."

"Poor fellow! poor young heart!"

"Minna, you are as full of nonsense as any dreaming school-girl. Don't I tell you she really did not love him?"

"But he believed she did," said Minna with a sigh. "And O, dear cousin, only think how he must have felt the readiness of her desertion!"

"Well, well, child; I know. But if you interrupt me so I shall never finish my story. Soon after this, I went to spend a few weeks at Wildbad, and there it was that



I met—my sweet bride. But you will understand, Minna, how it was that, so long as the young soldier remained in ignorance of the course of events, we should wish our engagement to remain private."

"Well? And the end, Rudolph? What of the poor young soldier? Is he still at Berlin?"

"No; quite recently he returned home. It was of that I was thinking when you spoke of the recent return of your high-stilted friend the Herr Müller. He returned; and his first act of freedom was, of course, to proceed to Aachen—"

"To Aachen!" burst from Minna's lips; and her face became pale as death, and she stretched out her hands as if falling.

"Why, Minna child, what is this?" cried her cousin in alarm, and he hastily put his arm round her.

"No, no! I am not ill. I will—pray finish your story, Rudolph, pray!" In her agitation she clasped his hand entreatingly.

"Why—but come in first, Minna. You are really ill."

"No, no; finish first. Here, please."

"Well, I have little more to tell. You may even imagine the end. So he bade her farewell, and went away. Why, Minna!"

She had freed herself from his arm and stood before him, her cheeks now crimson, her eyes strangely bright. Her breath came thick and short, and when she spoke, did not rise above a whisper.

"Rudolph, is not your bride my cousin, Bertha Aken of Aachen?"

"O, that is what you are at? You have guessed. But how? Tell me, Minna—"

"Supper has been on the table this half-hour," broke in the voice of the Aunt Trina from the open window. "You two will just come in at once, if you do not wish to starve me and yourselves. Come at once, Minna. Come, dear Herr Staatsanwalt."

"We come, Frau Trina," said the gentleman, who really was anxious to get his cousin in out of the damp night-air, for the sun had long set and the dew was falling. "Come, Minna!"

She went in, and during the rest of the evening was very silent and abstracted. There was in her face a bewildered look; she sat and moved as one in a dream. "What ailed Otto this evening? Was not the riddle solved now?"

## CHAPTER VI.

### A TEA-PARTY AT THE HOUSE OF THE FRAU DOCTORINN MÜLLER.

THE coming of the vastly amiable Herr Staatsanwalt was ever the signal for an exchange of hospitalities amongst the good folk of Bergheim.—Scarce was he arrived when up came the Frau Doctorinn to invite him and his relatives to a tea-party for next evening.

The Aunt Trina, who always liked to be ready in good time, sailed into the saal in grand toilette at ten minutes past three precisely. To be sure, the guests were invited for half-past four; but what of that? There was nothing the dear old soul enjoyed more than to sail about the house, to the intense admiration of the servants, in all the glory of a dress of the richest black brocade, a beautiful cap of soft, valuable old lace, and the old-fashioned diamond brooch, cross, and ear-rings—the marriage-gift of the defunct Herr Reinick. Besides, had she not to rout up the loitering Minna, whom she found, book in hand, in her favourite seat by the window, reading, or dreaming,



quite oblivious of the party? Had she not to send out to the orchard to tell the no less procrastinating Herr Staatsanwalt that it was full time to dress? Had she not to bustle about then, from Minna's door to the Herr Staatsanwalt's door, reminding them constantly how little time there was to spare, and inquiring every three minutes or so if they were not ready yet? Yes, she had to bestir herself well, else the whole party would surely not have been dressed and ready to set out just five minutes before the half-hour. Ah! there is nothing like being in good time.

Early as it was, when they arrived they found nearly all the guests assembled—so eager were all to commence the enjoyment of the evening. In the outer saal was the hostess, with all the elder ladies, and as many of the elder gentlemen as had cared to come. Here the Aunt Trina remained, while Minna and her cousin passed into the spacious apartment devoted to the young people. Here a chorus of gay voices greeted them, and invited them, without delay, to join in the game being carried on with an immense amount of laughter and jokes. While Minna slipped in between two of her friends, the Herr Staatsanwalt contrived to secure a seat beside pretty Rose Müller, with whom he was on the most friendly terms. Away with gravity now! The only effort of the learned Herr Staatsanwalt was to prove how gay and mirthful he could be on such occasions as the present. Indeed he was quite the life and soul of the party from the moment of his arrival. So very witty and agreeable and fascinating did he make himself, that more than one little maiden felt tempted to envy the unconscious Minna the blessed lot in store for her as the wife of the learned, handsome, vastly-amiable Herr Staatsanwalt Zabel.

Other guests dropped in, card-tables were formed in the outer saal, and with each addition to the merry circle within, the merriment seemed to increase. But—Otto Müller came not. This, of course, was Minna's "but"—who else felt so much interest in Otto's coming or staying? Minna, it must be owned, had secretly counted on meeting him at his aunt's tea-party, and perhaps learning,—O yes! he would most probably tell her—why it was he had been a stranger since the arrival of the Herr Staatsanwalt. At first, it is true, she had believed he kept away because he shrank from encountering his successful rival; so likewise did she explain the singularity of his behaviour on the previous evening. But reflection told her this could hardly be, for had not the very name of the Herr Zabel seemed quite new to him? To be sure, he had asked some curious questions, and had betrayed some emotion when informed of his coming; but that had been so slight she could attach no importance to it. Otto was often so puzzling in his ways! And after that he had spoken of the visitor, had questioned her about him, and had quite freely promised to come down in the evening to make his acquaintance. Now, she had been sure of seeing him *this* evening; she wanted to see what his manner could have meant; why he had so suddenly absented himself from the house. And Otto came not! Minna longed to ask Rose Müller if her cousin was not expected, but somehow she durst not, particularly as the Herr Staatsanwalt sat beside her gay friend. O, if she could only know *was* Otto really offended with her, and if so, wherefore? As she had said to the Herr cousin, one does not like to lose an old friend for nothing. No indeed!

But a second person had counted on the presence of the Herr Müller, and also watched for his arrival. This second person was no other than the Herr Staatsanwalt, who, finding that he watched in vain, felt no hesitation in asking his pretty neighbour why her cousin, the Herr Müller, came not? At this the Fräulein Rosa shrugged her shoulders. She really did not know. Otto was the most unaccountable of men—one never knew what to think of him. Here had he been asking all sorts of questions about the Herr Staatsanwalt—yes, truly—and from Rosa herself!—most curious about him apparently; and then, when asked to meet him he had refused point-blank

Well, just as they had tired of entreating such an obstinate, whimsical creature, Otto suddenly changes his mind,—he *will* come! Yes; but, after all, it is just as likely as not that on further reflection he will stay. And by all means let him please himself!

"Well, I hope he will come," said the listener at this point, "for I have heard so much of the Herr Müller since my arrival, that I feel quite curious to see him, and become acquainted with him."

"From Minna, I suppose?"

"From both the ladies. But most from the good Aunt Trina. He seems to be a great favourite of the good old lady's."

"And of Minna's also," says the Fräulein, rather mischievously, believing as she does that she is speaking to Minna's bridegroom. "Yes, and of Minna's also," she repeats.

"And of Minna's also," says the gentleman with a smile. He muses a moment. He is thinking how best he can contrive to learn from his pretty friend what he suspects she can tell if she will. Then he adds, with an air of confidential mystery:

"And do you know, Fräulein, between ourselves—I may speak frankly to you, I know,—I have sometimes fancied there was something more than mere friendship between them."

"O!" thought Rosa, "he is jealous, and wants to find out from me—I see what you are at, my clever gentleman!" Then aloud, "You are mistaken, Herr Zabel. It is no such thing; no indeed! Otto was too careless or whimsical a lover to please the little Fräulein, so she dismissed him long ago. That every soul in Bergheim knows quite well. Not that I ever could think him careless," she added, with a spice of cousinly partizanship. "It was more his manner than anything else; and for all his odd ways he may have loved her quite as well as others"—"and does still for that matter, poor fellow!" was her mental addition, as she remembered her dialogue with him on the day of the Herr Staatsanwalt's arrival.

"But Minna was very young then," said the clever Herr, concealing his surprise at Rosa's information, and thinking it best to pretend some knowledge of the facts. "She may have changed her mind since—the Herr Müller is a fine young fellow, and one very likely to recapture the heart of a soft little dove like Minna."

"You must know very little of girls if you think that likely," cried Fräulein Rosa, smilingly eager on proving to the listener that he had no grounds for what were plainly his jealous suspicions. "If a man once loses a girl's heart he seldom recaptures it. No, no, Herr Staatsanwalt! To be sure"—seeing her listener's face express some emotion—jealousy still, of course!—"as you say, Minna *was* very young, and 'may have only fancied herself in love. When I was a young girl of seventeen or so I made a like mistake, and fancied myself desperately in love with a cousin of my own, a boy somewhat younger than myself. I was quite ashamed and angry after to think what a silly goose I had made of myself; probably it is so with Minnchen. So, I remember, everyone said when it became known that the engagement was at an end. All said it was but a childish affair, and could not end otherwise." Rosa felt quite proud of her own sense and eloquence. "People *will* make such mistakes," she added sagely; "and it is well when they are known in time *as such*!"

"The Fräulein Rosa speaks quite philosophically," said the Herr Zabel, inwardly congratulating himself on his tact. So this was then the whole affair? Ah, little Minna, thy secret is one no longer! Who would have thought it?

"But after all," quoth the philosopheress, "there are plenty of pretty girls who would be only too glad to love Otto. He is truly a fine, handsome, clever fellow!"

"If indeed he have not left his heart at Berlin," smiled the gentleman. Just then,

a servant threw open the glass doors leading into the garden, and Rosa, rising to conduct her young guests to their open-air repast, put an end to the dialogue.

The pretty, old-fashioned garden reached down to the river's bank; and there, on a broad grass-plat, shaded by drooping lindens and feathery-leaved acacias, and sweet with the breath of white and pink magnolias, was spread the ample tea-table, covered with its snowy cloth of daintiest damask, and glittering with its display of quaint silver and richly-tinted and gilded china. In Bergheim, be it known, where the ladies of each family, keeping up the good housewifely traditions and customs of the Fatherland, are accustomed to manufacture all the sweetmeats required for their households, quite an exciting rivalry exists, and always has existed, since the introduction of tea-parties, on the score of tea-cakes. Truly marvellous is the amount of skill and ingenuity displayed in the preparations for such a festival as the present. The silver cake-baskets were piled to overflowing with cakes representing divers curious things. There were chocolate-crusteds figs; iced pears, and plums, and cherries, and strawberries; crimped and sugared cockles and oysters; twisted sea-shells of wondrous design; enormous roses of crisp paste; and brown nuts and walnuts. But what on the present occasion above all excited the envy and admiration of the fair guests, was a basket of cakes in taste like the most delicious macaroons, in fragrance like luscious oranges, in shape like vine-leaves, with stalks of chocolate, and tendrils of citron—a quite new invention of the Fräulein Rosa, which crowned her for ever with glory.

The Fräulein Rosa speedily ensconced herself behind the big silver tea-kettle that hissed and sang cheerily over its spirit-lamp; Minna, at her friend's desire, took command of the tall, quaintly-shaped coffee-pot, which she could only lift with both her hands; the other ladies filled up the remaining places round the table; and the gentlemen prepared to hand about the dainty cups, and the marvellous piles of tea-cakes. And O, how delightful a thing is a tea-party under such auspices! O, how thoroughly did the guests enjoy themselves! O, what amazing quantities of tea and coffee and cakes did they manage to dispose of! O, what a merry din there was!—what with the glad young voices, the incessant rattling of cups and saucers, the tinkling of spoons, and the singing of the hilarious tea-kettle, there was harmony of sound most jovial and inspiring. O, how pleasant it was in the old garden by the river!

Minna had quite a busy time of it at her end of the table, and of this she was right glad. For, without these incessant claims on her attention, she felt as though she should behave like a great baby, and begin to cry! Yes, the silly girl felt so—so lonely without Otto—so chagrined at his absence—so grievously disappointed in her hopes! For, ah, it was quite plain now that Otto *was* offended with her, so much so even as to deprive her of the opportunity of explaining herself,—if indeed there was aught to explain. It was too bad—too bad—that it was. If she could only find out the cause of so sudden a cessation of Otto's friendship—a friendship so dear and sweet that it half consoled her for the dead love! But Otto came not.

But Otto *did* come, after all. Just as they were standing up from table he at length joined them, and Minna saw that Rosa was chiding him for his tardiness, though too far off to hear a word that passed. Now Rosa was introducing him to the Herr Staatsanwalt: how curiously the two seemed to look at each other! Now Otto was greeting other friends. Minna, fearful of being caught watching him, turned away; and seeing that the rest were dispersing over the garden, she too left her place with the intention of joining a knot of girls at a little distance.

"A good-evening, Minna," said Otto's voice, so close in her ear that she started.

## TO MR. LONGFELLOW, ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

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I NEED not praise the ~~sweetness~~ of his song  
Where limpid verse ~~to limpid~~ verse succeeds,  
Smooth as our Charles,\* when, fearing lest he wrong  
The new moon's ~~mirrored~~ skiff, he slides along,  
Full without noise, ~~and~~ whispers in his reeds.

With loving breath of all the winds his name  
Is blown about the world, but to his friends  
A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,  
And love steals shyly through the loud acclaim  
To murmur a *God bless you!* and there ends.

As I muse ~~backward up the~~ chequered years  
Wherein so much was given, so much was lost,  
Blessings in both kinds, ~~such~~ as cheapen tears—  
But hush! ~~this is not for~~ profaner ears;  
Let them drink molten pearls, ~~not~~ dream the cost.

Some suck up poison ~~from a~~ sorrow's core  
As naught but nightshade grew upon earth's ground;  
Love turned all his to heart's-ease, ~~and the more~~  
Fate tried his bastions, she but found a door  
Leading to sweeter manhood, and more sound.

Even as a wind-waved fountain's swaying shade  
Seems of mixed race, a gray wraith shut with sun,  
So through his trial faith translucent rayed  
Till darkness, half dis-natured so, betrayed  
A heart of sunshine that would fain o'errun.

Surely if skill in song the shears may stay,  
And of its purpose cheat the charmed abyss,  
If our poor life be lengthened by a lay,  
He shall not go, although his presence may;  
And the next age in praise shall double this.

Long days be his, and each as lusty-sweet  
As gracious natures find his song to be;  
May age steal on with softly cadenced feet  
Falling in music, as for him were meet  
Whose choicest verse is not so rare as he!

\* The river that falls into the Atlantic at Boston, U.S.

## 204. LOW WHITE MUSLIN BODICE.

This bodice is suitable for a young lady to wear of an evening with any silk, barege, or other skirt of a light colour. It is made of spotted cambric muslin, arranged in very narrow cross pleats, trimmed with a strip of insertion and a lace border. It is edged round the

## 204. LOW WHITE MUSLIN BODICE.

top and short sleeves with a ruche of narrow coloured ribbon and narrow lace. The waistband of gros grain silk, fastened in front under a large rosette, is of the same colour as the ruche.

**205. JACKET FOR A YOUNG LADY.**

This is a tight-fitting jacket, with a small basque at the back. It can serve as the bodice of a dress, if the skirt is made of the same material, or it can be worn with any skirt if made of black

**205. JACKET FOR A YOUNG LADY.**

silk or cashmere. The original pattern was of violet cashmere, trimmed with narrow black ribbon velvet, edged with white and studded with small chalk beads. A border of black guipure lace round the neck, wrists, and basque, completes the trimming.

## A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GAYWORTHYS," "FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD," ETC.

### VI.

"YOU'LL have enough of ~~that~~ boy," said Mrs. Linceford, when Leslie came in and found her at her window that overlooked the wickets. "There's nothing like a masculine creature ~~of that~~ age for adoring and monopolising a girl two or three years older. He'll make you mend his gloves, and he'll beg your hair-ribbons for hat-strings; and when you're not dancing or playing croquet with him, he'll be after you with some boy-hobby or other, wanting you to sympathise and help. 'I know their tricks and their manners.' " But she looked amused and kind while she threatened, and Leslie only smiled back and said nothing.

Presently fresh fun gathered in Mrs. Linceford's eyes.

"You're making queer friends, child, do you know, at the beginning of your travels? We shall have Cocky-locky, and Turkey-lurky, and Goosie-poozie, and all the rest of them, before we get much farther. Don't breathe a word, girls," she went on, turning toward them all, and brimming over with merriment and mischief, "but there's the best joke brewing. It's just like a farce. Is the door shut, Elinor? And are the Thoresbys gone upstairs? They're going with us, you know? And there's nothing to be said about it? And it's partly to get away from Marmaduke Wharne? Well, *he's* going too. And it's greatly because they're ~~spoiling~~ the place for him here. He thinks he'll try Outledge; and there's nothing to be said about that either! And I'm the unhappy depository of all their complaints and secrets. And if nobody's stopped, they'll all be off in the stage with us to-morrow morning! I couldn't help telling you, for it was too good to keep."

The secrets were secrets through the day; and Mrs. Linceford had her quiet fun, and opportunity for her demure teasing.

"How long since Outledge was discovered and settled? By the moderns, I mean," said Mr. Wharne. "What chance will one really have of quiet there?"

"Well, really, to be honest, Mr. Wharne, I'm afraid Outledge will be just at the rampant stage this summer. It's the second year of anything like general accommodation, and everybody has just heard of it, and it's the knowing and stylish thing to go there. For a week or two it may be quiet; but then there'll be a jam. There'll be hops, and tableaux, and theatricals, of course; interspersed with 'picnicking at the tomb of Jehoshaphat,' or whatever mountain solemnity stands for that. It'll be human nature right over again, be assured, Mr. Wharne."

Yet somehow Mr. Wharne would not be frightened from his determination—until the evening, when plans came out, and good-byes and wonders and lamentations began.

"Yes, we have decided quite suddenly; the girls want to see Outledge; and there's a pleasant party of friends, you know—one can't always have that. We shall probably fill a stage, so they will take us through, instead of dropping us at the Crawford House."



In this manner Mrs. Thoresby explained to her dear friend Mrs. Devreaux.

"We shall be quite sorry to lose you all. But it would only have been a day or so longer, at any rate. Our rooms are engaged for the fifteenth at Saratoga; we've very little time left for the mountains, and it wouldn't be worth while to go off the regular track. We shall probably go down to the Profile on Saturday."

And then—*da capo*—"Jefferson was no place really to *stay* at; you got the whole in the first minute," &c. &c.

"Good-night, Mrs. Linceford. I'm going up to unpack my valise and make myself comfortable again. All things come round, or go by, I find, if one only keeps one's self quiet. But I shall look in upon you at Outledge yet." These were the stairway words of Marmaduke Wharne to-night.

"One gets the whole in the first minute!" How can they keep saying that? Look, Elinor; and see if you can tell me where we are?" was Leslie's cry, as, early next morning, she drew up her window-shade to look forth—on what?

Last night had lain there, underneath them, the great basin between Starr King behind, and the roots of that lesser range, far down, above which the blue Lafayette uprears itself. An enormous valley, filled with evergreen forest, over whose tall pines and cedars one looked, as if they were but juniper and blueberry bushes; far up above whose heads the real average of the vast mountain-country heaped itself in swelling masses, miles and miles of beetling height and solid breadth. This morning it was gone; only the great peaks showed themselves, as a far-off cliff-bound shore, or here and there a green island in a vast vaporous lake. The night-chill had come down among the heights, condensing the warm exhalations of the valley-bosom that had been shone into all day yesterday by the long summer sun; till, when he lifted himself once more out of the east, sending his leaping light from crest to crest, white fallen clouds were tumbling and wreathing themselves about the knees and against the mighty bosoms of the giants, and at their feet the forest was a sea.

"We must dress, and we must look!" exclaimed Leslie, as the early summons came for them. "O dear! O dear! if we were only like the birds! or if all this would wait till we get down!"

"Please drop the shade just a minute, Les; this glass is in such a horrid light! I don't seem to have but half a face, and I can't tell which is the upside of that! And—O dear, I've no time to get into a fuss!" Elinor had not disdained the beauty and wonder without; but it was, after all, necessary to be dressed, and in a given time; and a bad light for a looking-glass is such a disastrous thing!

"I've brushed out half my crimps," she said again; "and my ruffle is basted in wrong side out, and altogether I'm got up *à la furieuse*!" But she laughed before she had done scolding, catching sight of her own exaggerated little frown in the distorting glass, that was unable, with all its malice, to spoil the bright young face when it came to smiles and dimples.

And then Jeannie came knocking at the door. They had spare minutes after all, and the mists were yet tossing in the valley when they went down. They were growing filmy, and floating away in shining fragments up over the shoulders of the hills, and the lake was lower and less, and the emerging green was like the "Thousand Islands."

They waited a little there in the wide open door together, and looked out upon it; and then the Haddens went round into their sister's room, and Leslie was left alone in the rare, sweet, early air. The secret joy came whispering at her heart again that there was all this in the world, and that one need not be utterly dull and mean and dead to it; that something in her answered to the greatness overshadowing her; that



it was possible sometimes, and that people did reach out into a larger life than that of self and every day. How else did the great mountains draw them to themselves so? But then she would not always be among the mountains.

And so she stood, drinking in at her eyes all the shifting and melting splendours of the marvellous scene, with her thought busy once more in its own questioning. She remembered what she had said to Cousin Delight: "It is all outside. Going, and doing, and seeing, and hearing, and having. In myself, am I good for any more, after all? or only a green fig-tree in the sunshine?"

Why, with that word, did it all flash together for her, as a connected thing? Her talk that morning many weeks ago, that had seemed to ramble so from one irrelevant matter to another—from the parable to her fancy-travelling—the scenes and pleasures she had made for herself, wondering if the real would ever come—to the linen-drawer, representing her little feminine absorptions and interest—and back to the fig-tree again, ending with that word—"the real living is the urging toward the fruit"? Her day's journey, and the hints of life—narrowed, suffering, working—that had come to her, each with its problem? Marmaduke Wharne's indignant protest against people who "did not know their daily bread," and his insistence upon the *two* things for human creatures to do—the *receiving* and the giving; the taking from God in the sunshine to grow; the ripening into generous uses for others; was it all one, and did it define the whole, and was it identical, in the broadest and highest, with that sublime double command whereon "hang the law and the prophets"?

Something like this passed into her mind and soul, brightening there like the morning. It seemed in that glimpse so clear and gracious,—the truth that had been puzzling her.

Easy, beautiful summer work; only to be shone upon; to lift up one's branching life, and be reverently glad; to grow sweet and helpful and good-giving in one's turn; could she not begin to do that? Perhaps, by ever so little; the fruit might be but a berry, yet it might be fair and full after its kind; and at least some little bird might be the better for it. All around her too the life of the world that had so troubled her, who could tell, in the tangle of green, where the good and the gift might ripen and fall? Every little fern-frond has its seed.

Jeannie came behind her again, and called her back to the contradictory phase of self, that with us all is almost ready, like Peter, to deny the true. "What are you deep in now, Les?"

"Nothing. Only—we go *down* from here, don't we, Jeannie?"

"Yes. And a very good thing for you, too. You've been in the clouds long enough. I shall be glad to get you to the common level again."

"You've no need to be anxious. I can come down as fast as anybody. *That* isn't the hard thing to do. Let's go in, and get salt-fish and cream for our breakfast."

The Haddens were new to mountain-travel; the Thoresbys, literally, were "old stagers;" they were up in the stable-yard before Mrs. Linceford's party came out from the breakfast-room. Dakie Thayne was there too; but that was quite natural for a boy.

They got their outside seats by it, scrambling up before the horses were put to, and sitting there while the ostlers smiled at each other over their work. There was room for two more, and Dakie Thayne took a place; but the young ladies looked askance, for Ginevra had been detained by her mother, and Imogen had hoped to keep a seat for Jeannie, without drawing the whole party after her, and running aground upon politeness. So they drove round to the door.

"First come, first served," cried Imogen, beckoning Jeannie, who happened to be

there looking for her friend ; "I've saved a place for you ;" and Jeannie Hadden, nothing loth, as a man placed the mounting-board, sprang up and took it.

Then the others came out. Mrs. Thoresby and Mrs. Linceford got inside the vehicle at once, securing comfortable back-corner seats. Ginevra, with Leslie and Elinor, and one or two others too late for their own interests, but quite comprehending the thing to be preferred, lingered while the last trunks went on, hoping for room to be made somehow.

"It's so gay on the top, going down into the villages. There's no fun inside," said Imogen complacently, settling herself upon her perch.

"Won't there be another stage?"

"Only half-way. This one goes through."

"I'll go half-way on the other, then," said Ginevra.

"This is the best team, and goes on ahead," was the reply.

"You'll be left behind," cried Mrs. Thoresby. "Don't think of it, Ginevra."

"Can't that boy sit back on the roof?" asked the young lady.

"That boy" quite ignored the allusion ; but presently, as Ginevra moved toward the coach-window to speak with her mother, he leaned down to Leslie Goldthwaite.

"I'll make room for *you*," he said.

But Leslie had decided. She could not, with effrontery of selfishness, take the last possible place,—a place already asked for by another. She thanked Dakie Thayne, and, with just one little secret sigh, got into the interior, placing herself by the farther door.

At that moment she missed something.

"I've left my brown veil in your room, Mrs. Linceford ;" and she 'was about to alight again to go for it.

"I'll fetch it," cried Dakie Thayne from overhead, and, as he spoke, came down, on her side, by the wheel, and, springing around to the house entrance, disappeared up the stairs.

"Ginevra !" Then there came a laugh and a shout and some crinoline against the forward open corner of the coach, and Ginevra Thoresby was by the driver's side. A little ashamed, in spite of herself, though it was done under cover of a joke ; but "All's fair among the mountains," somebody said, and "Possession's nine points," said another, and the laugh was with her seemingly.

Dakie Thayne flushed up, hot, without a word, when he came out, an instant after.

"I'm so sorry !" said Leslie, with real regret, accented with honest indignation.

"It's your place," called out a rough man, who made the third upon the coach-box. "Why don't you stick up for it?"

The colour went down slowly in the boy's face, and a pride came up in his eye. He put his hand to his cap, with a little irony of deference, and lifted it off with the grace of a grown man.

"I know it's my place. But the young lady may keep it—now. I'd rather be a gentleman !" said Dakie Thayne.

"You've got the best of it !"

This came from Marmaduke Wharne, as the door closed upon the boy, and the stage rolled down the road toward Cherry Mountain.

There is a "best" to be got out of everything ; but it is neither the best of place or possession, nor the chuckle of the last word.

Among the mountains, somewhere between the Androscoggin and the Saco,—I

don't feel bound to tell you precisely where, and I have only a story-teller's word to give you for it at all,—lies the little neighbourhood of Outledge. An odd corner of a great township, such as they measure off in these wilds, where they take in, with some eligible "locations" of intervale land, miles also of pathless forest, where the bear and moose are wandering still; a pond, perhaps, filling up a basin of acres and acres in extent, and a good-sized mountain or two thrown in to keep off the north wind; a corner cut off, as its name indicates, by the outrunning of a precipitous ridge of granite, round which a handful of population had crept and built itself a group of dwellings,—this was the spot discovered and seized to themselves some four or five years since by certain migratory pioneers of fashion.

An old two-story farm-house, with four plain rooms of generous dimensions on each floor, in which the first delighted summer-party had divided itself, glad and grateful to occupy them double and even treble-bedded, had become the "hotel," with a name up across the gable of the new wing,—*"Giant's-Cairn House,"*—and the eight original rooms made into fourteen. The wing was clapped on by its middle—rushing out at the front toward the road to meet the summer tide of travel as it should surge by, and hold up to it, arrestively, its titular sign-board; the other half as expressively making its bee-line toward the river and the mountain view at back,—just as each fresh arrival, seeking out the preferable rooms, inevitably did. Behind, upon the other side, an L provided new kitchens; and over these, within a year, had been carried up a second story, with a hall for dancing, tableaux, theatricals, and travelling jugglers.

Up to this hostelry whirled daily, from the southward, the great six-horse stage; and from the northward came thrice a week wagons or coaches "through the hills," besides such "extras" as might drive down at any hour of day or night.

Round the smooth curve of broad, level road that skirted the ledges from the upper village pranced four splendid bays; and after them rollicked and swayed, with a perfect delirium of wheels and springs, the great black-and-yellow-bodied vehicle, like a huge bumble-bee buzzing back with its spoil of a June day to the hive. The June sunset was golden and rosy upon the hills and cliffs, and Giant's Cairn stood burnished against the eastern blue. Gay companies, scattered about piazzas and greenswards, stopped in their talk, or their promenades, or their croquet, to watch the arrivals.

"It's stopping at the Green Cottage."

"It's the Haddens! their rooms have been waiting since the twenty-third, and all the rest are full." And two or three young girls dropped mallets and ran over.

"Maud Walcott!" "Mattie Shannon!"

"Jeannie!" "Nell!"

"How came you here?"

"We've been here these ten days,—looking for you the last three."

"Why, I can't take it in! I'm so surprised!"

"Isn't it jolly though?"

"Miss Goldthwaite,—Miss Walcott. Miss Shannon,—Miss Goldthwaite.—My sister, Mrs. Linceford."

"*Me voici!*" And a third came up suddenly, laying a hand upon each of the Haddens from behind.

"You, Sin Saxon! How many more?"

"We're coming, Father Abraham! All of us, nearly; three hundred thousand, more or less; half the Routh girls, with madam to the fore!"

"And we've got all the farther end of the wing, downstairs,—the garden bedrooms; you've no idea how scrumptious it is! You must come over after tea, and see."

"Not all, Mattie; you forget the solitary spinster."

"No, I don't; who ever does? But can't you ignore her for once?"

"Or let a fellow speak in the spirit of prophecy?" said Sin Saxon. "We're sure to get the better of Graywacke, and why not anticipate?"

"Graywacke?" said Jeannie Hadden. "Is that a name? It sounds like the side of a mountain."

"And acts like one," rejoined Sin Saxon. "Won't budge. But it isn't her name, exactly; only Saxon for Graydoke; suggestive of obstinacy and the Old Silurian. An ancient maiden who infests our half the wing. We've got all the rooms but hers, and we're bound to get her out. She's been there three years, in the same spot,—went in with the lath and plaster,—and it's time she started. Besides, haven't I got manifest destiny on my side? Ain't I a Saxon?" Sin Saxon tossed up a merry, bewitching, saucy glance out of her blue, starlike eyes, that shone under a fair, low brow touched and crowned lightly with the soft haze of gold-brown locks frizzed into a delicate mistiness after the ruling fashion of the hour.

"What a pretty thing she is!" said Mrs. Linceford, when, seeing her busy with her boxes, and the master of the house approaching to show the new arrivals to their rooms, Sin Saxon and her companions flitted away as they had come, with a few more sentences of bright girl-nonsense flung back at parting. "And a witty little minx, as well. Where did you know her, Jeannie? And what sort of satanic name is that you call her by?"

"Just suits such a mischief, doesn't it? Short for Asenath,—it was always her school-name. She's just finished her last year at Madam Routh's; she came there soon after we did. It's a party of the graduates, and some younger ones left with madam for the long holidays, that she's travelling with. I wonder if she isn't sick of her life, though, by this time! Fancy those girls, Nell, with a whole half-wing of the hotel to themselves, and Sin Saxon in the midst!"

"Poor 'Graywacke' in the midst, you mean," said Nell.

"Like a respectable old grumalkin at the mercy of a crowd of boys and a tin kettle," added Jeannie, laughing.

"I've no doubt she's a very nice person, too. I only hope, if I come across her, I mayn't call her Graywacke to her face," said Mrs. Linceford.

"Just what you'll be morally sure to do, Augusta!"

With this, they had come up the staircase, and along a narrow passage leading down between a dozen or so of small bedrooms on either side,—for the Green Cottage had run out its addition of two stories since summer guests had become many and importunate,—and stood now where three open doors, one at the right and two at the left, invited their entrance upon what was to be their own especial territory for the next two months. From one side they looked up the river along the face of the great ledges, and caught the grandeur of far-off Washington, Adams, and Madison, filling up the northward end of the long valley. The aspect of the other was toward the frowning glooms of Giant's Cairn close by, and broadened then down over the pleasant subsidence of the southern country to where the hills grew less, and fair, small, modest peaks lifted themselves just into blue height and nothing more, smiling back with a contented deference toward the mightier majesties, as those who might say: "We do our gentle best; it is not yours; yet we too are mountains, though but little ones." From underneath spread the foreground of green, brilliant intervale, with the river flashing down between margins of sand and pebbles in the midst.

206. BORDER IN  
TATting AND  
LACE-STITCH.

MATERIALS :  
Evans's cotton  
No. 20 and 40.

This mixture  
of tatting and  
lace-stitch is a  
style of work not  
only entirely  
new, but very  
pretty and effec-  
tive when cotton  
of very different  
sizes are used.  
The tatting is be-  
gun with a row  
of circles  $\frac{3}{4}$ ds of  
an inch distant  
from each other;  
each circle  
consists of 18 stitches  
of  
a 2  
and  
by  
stitch  
at  
\*, t  
tan  
on  
pre

206. BORDER IN TATting AND LACE-STITCH.

the circles of the  
3rd row draw an-  
other piece of  
cotton, by fas-  
tening the cot-  
ton on each  
circle of the 3rd  
row at distances  
of  $\frac{3}{4}$ ds of an  
inch. Then work  
the lower edge of  
the border in the  
following way :  
small spot called  
*Josephine knot*  
(for which work  
5 stitches of plain  
tatting, draw the  
cotton down-  
wards through  
the loop which  
fastens the  
stitches, and  
draw up the whole), fas-

circ  
tan  
froi  
fast  
by  
the  
nee  
loo  
out  
can  
between 2 circles ar-  
ways the same. Between

208. LAMP-MAT.

of course, 1 part, -  
fastened on the last part

of the preceding circle, 2 double, 5 purl divided by 2 double, 3 double; then again a small spot (5 plain stitches), fasten the cotton on again between the next 2 circles of the 3rd row, and repeat from \*, always fastening each new circle to the corresponding purl of the preceding one.

On the other long side, the border is completed by 2 rows of crochet. The 1st row is formed by working 1 double under the piece of cotton between 2 circles of the 1st row, with 5 chain stitches between.

2nd row.—1 treble in every other stitch, 1 chain-stitch after every treble. The strip of insertion is then tacked on a piece of cardboard or oilcloth, and the lace stitches are worked between the circles, as is seen in illustration.

—o—

#### 207. CIGAR-CASE.

Materials: Black cashmere, sewing silk of various bright colours.

Our illustration represents one side of the cigar-case in full size. It is embroidered upon black cashmere with very fine sewing silk. The outer border is formed of diamonds of red silk divided by small crosses, alternately green and white. The three larger patterns at top and bottom are worked in satin-stitch edged with over-cast. The centre one is yellow, edged with

blue, and with a black cross over it; those at the sides are blue, edged with yellow and ornamented with a red cross. The diamonds under or above these patterns are alternately red and

white. Two other patterns on each side are embroidered with yellow silk and edged with blue. The waved lines are worked in point russe with yellow silk, the small diamonds in satin-stitch, yellow, edged with blue. The oval border is yellow.

The outline of the pine pattern is also yellow; the outer border of the leaf is green, the inner border white, the centre green and red; the diamond pattern is white, with a red outline and cross; the lower pattern is red and yellow.

On the other side of the cigar-case the pine-pattern may be replaced by initials in the same style of embroidery. The case is lined with white kid, and mounted with a steel clasp.

—o—

#### 208. LAMP-MAT.

Materials: Java canvas, fine black and red wool, yellow purse silk, red cloth, black soutache or braid.

This mat is worked upon Java canvas with fine black and red wool and yellow silk. The outer border of stars is worked in yellow silk, with one black stitch in the centre of each star. The outlines of the squares are black and yellow, the pattern in the centre of each square is yellow, red, and black. Our illustration shows one quarter of the mat. It is trimmed with a quilling formed of a pinked-out

#### 207. CIGAR-CASE IN EMBROIDERED CASHMERE.

strip of red cloth, fastened on with a piece of black silk braid. The canvas is stretched upon a piece of cardboard slightly wadded, and lined with red glazed calico.

## LADY RACHEL RUSSELL.

A PAGE FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

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**L**ADY RACHEL WRIOTHSLEY was born in the year 1636, and "born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards." At an early age she lost the tender solicitude of her mother, the deepest and severest loss a child can sustain.

Her father married a second wife Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Francis Leigh. The lady had four daughters, one only of whom survived her parents. The earl, becoming a second time a widower, married the Lady Frances, daughter of William Seymour, Duke of Somerset, and widow of Viscount Molineux. This lady had no children, and was left a widow by the Earl of Southampton.

Much of the early life of Lady Rachel was passed in seclusion. Her father was a man of sincere and earnest piety, and her mother's family, descendents of the French Huguenots, instilled into her young mind the solemn teachings of their faith. From a fragment of a letter written by Lady Russell in her old age we obtain a glimpse of her young days, during which the restraints of her early education seem to have been irksome to her.

The marriage of Lady Rachel was with Francis, Lord Vaughan, eldest son of the Earl of Carberry. In those days, alliances among the noble and wealthy were dictated by the monarch or the parents; and with the parties chiefly concerned it was, as our heroine expressed herself on a subsequent occasion, "acceptance, rather than choosing on either side." From all that is known of the union, it appears to have been attended with a moderate share of happiness while it lasted.

The marriage took place about the year 1653; and the newly-wedded pair took up their residence at Golden Grove, in Carmarthenshire, the seat of the Earl of Carberry. One child was the only fruit of the marriage, and this child lived but a short time; so the young mother mourned for her little one, not long afterwards mourned for her husband, and in the second year of her widowhood mourned the loss of her excellent father.

At this period of her life she was in prosperous circumstances. She resided at Titchfield, the home of her childhood, with her sister, Lady Elizabeth Noel. And it is probable that the meeting of the widowed Lady Vaughan with her second husband took place during that period. Mr. William Russell, as he was called during his elder brother's life, was second son of William, Earl of Bedford; and having, like all younger brothers in Britain, no great fortune, either in reality or in expectancy, the worldly advantages in a connection with Lady Vaughan lay all on his side, since her father's death had made her a considerable heiress. She was, however, entirely her own mistress; and as soon as the mutual sentiments of Mr. Russell and herself were discovered, they were united to each other. This marriage, which lasted through fourteen years of such happiness as rarely falls to the lot of human beings, took place in the end of the year 1672. Fortunately, a blow like the one which destroyed that happiness is not less rare in its occurrence.

After their union, Mr. Russell and Lady Vaughan resided during the winter at their town residence, Southampton House, but Stratton was their favourite summer retreat.

Lady Russell's letters are the only account we have of her wedded life. After the



birth of her children, two daughters, and subsequently a son, her correspondence receives a deeper shade of interest. "Almost every letter of Lady Russell's after she became a mother contains," says one of her biographers, "some reference to her child or children." "I write in the nursery." "Your father comes to see our Miss; carried me to dinner at Bedford House." After mentioning the illness of her sister's child: "Ours fetched but one sleep last night, and was very good this morning." "Your girls are very well and good." "Miss Rachel has prattled a long story; but Watkins calls for my letter, so I must omit it. She says, papa has sent for her to 'Weobee;' and then she gallops away, and says she has been there, and a good deal more." "My girls and I have just risen from dinner. Miss Rachel followed me into my chamber, and, seeing me take the pen and ink, asked me what I was going to do. I told her I was going to write to her papa. 'So will I,' said she; 'and while you write, I will think what I have to say.' And truly, before I could write one word, she came and told me she had done; so I set down her words." "The report of our nursery, I humbly praise God, is very good. Master improves, really, I think, every day. Sure he is a goodly child. The more I see of others the better he appears. I hope God will give him life and virtue. Misses and their mamma walked yesterday, after dinner, to see their cousin Allington. Miss Kate wished that she might see him, so I gratified her little person." "Boy is asleep; girls singing in bed." "Both your girls are well. Your letter was cherished as it deserved." "I have felt one true delight this morning already, being just come from our nurseries, and am now preparing for another; these being my true moments of pleasure, till the presence of my dearest life is before my eyes again."

From letters such as those from which the foregoing quotations are made, we gain a deeper and a clearer insight into the governing principles, the hopes and fears of the writer, than we could otherwise obtain from the most elaborate analysis of character. And from these light and apparently ephemeral productions we are admitted into many home secrets which we could not otherwise learn; while at the same time they exhibit to us the state of society and mode of travelling, presenting a lively picture of the manners of the day. From Tunbridge Wells, Lady Russell writes to her husband in London:

"After a toilsome day, there is some refreshment to be telling one's story to our best friends. I have seen your girl well laid in bed, and ourselves have made our supper upon biscuits, a bottle of wine, and another of beer, mingled my uncle's way with nutmeg and sugar. None are disposing for bed, none so much as complaining of weariness. Beds and things are all very well here; our want is yourself and your good weather. But now I have told you our present conditions, to say a little of the past. I do really think, if I could have imagined the illness of the roads it would have discouraged me. It is not to be expressed how bad the way is from Sevenoaks; but our horses did exceedingly well, and Spencer very diligent, often off his horse to lay hold on the coach. I have not much more to say this night; I hope the quilt is remembered; and Frances must remember to send more biscuits, either when you come, or soon after. I long to hear from you, my dearest life, and truly think your absence already an age. I have no mind to my gold plate; here is no table to set it on; but, if that does not come, I desire you would bid Betty Foster send the silver glass I use every day. In discretion I haste to bed, longing for Monday, I assure you.—From yours,

B. RUSSELL.

"Past 10 o'clock."

This longing for Monday speaks volumes. It has the full tone of a love-note. But it was a love-note after a wedding. To us, with our Bradshaw's *Railway Guide*,



and our country intersected with the metallic net-work of broad and narrow gauge, there is something very odd and marvellous in the wearisome journey to Tunbridge.

Lord Russell fully reciprocated the affectionate sentiments of his wife. His notes breathe the same kind and loving spirit.

But we must now glance at the position of Lord Russell. He was busy in Parliament, and in opposition to a despotic government. He was not a man of showy talents or of ardent temperament, but of high-toned principle and unshrinking firmness,—willing to die, if it came to that. At the Restoration, he had been elected member of parliament for Tavistock, and subsequently for Bedfordshire. For twelve years he was a silent member, but not a careless observer. Woe for us if we had nothing but what could speak and clamour for Reform! That silent watching produced its results, and called forth the native energy of his character.

A devoted wife in every respect, Lady Russell watched her husband's public career with the attentive eyes of affection. But while she deeply sympathised with his just and noble principles, and honoured his adherence to them, she could not fail to see the dangers he incurred. There are hints and cautions in her letters which show us her quick-sighted affection. One or two may suffice :

“ My sister, being here, tells me she overheard you tell her lord last night that you would take notice of the business (you know what I mean) in the House. This alarms me ; and I do earnestly beg of you to tell me truly if you have, or mean to do it. If you do I am most assured you will repent it. I beg once more to know the truth. 'Tis more pain to be in doubt,—and for your sister too. If I have any interest, I use it to beg your silence in this case, at least to-day. R. RUSSELL.”

“ Look to your pockets : a printed paper says you will have fine papers put into them, and witnesses to swear. One remembrance more, my best love : Be wise as a serpent, harmless as a dove. So farewell for this time. R. RUSSELL.”

These letters show us the dark misgivings and terrible forebodings which were in the mind of Lady Russell ; but well as she might know the state of party feeling and of party politics, she could but little have suspected the shameful doom which awaited her beloved lord.

In 1683 a design was detected called “ the Rye-House Plot.” One of the conspirators, whose name was Rumbold, was a maltster, who possessed a farm which lay on the road to Newmarket, whither Charles repaired once a year to honour the race-course with his presence. Here it was proposed to waylay the monarch, and to fire upon him from behind the hedges, so as to escape detection. In this scheme Lord Russell was said to have taken an active part. But the assertion was unfounded ; and it has been affirmed, on no mean authority, that it was concealed with especial care from the upright and humane Lord Russell. It offered, however, a fine opportunity for revenge. Law was a mockery ; its presiding officer a bloated, blustering mimic of humanity ; and justice had fled from the land.

Lord Russell was perfectly aware of his danger ; but he never lost his self-possession. A messenger of council was stationed at his gate, to stop him if he should offer to go out. But the back gate was not watched, so that he had opportunity to escape. Yet it is not in the hero's heart to fly—a noble-minded man, once fairly involved, will never shrink at danger.

So he stopped at his residence, Southampton House, till the king arrived in London, and he was then summoned to appear before the Council. When face to face with the monarch, the king told him that nobody suspected him of a design upon his person,

but that he had good evidence of his being in design against the government. Lord Russell totally denied all knowledge of the affair at the Rye House : but what was his denial worth, when the rulers were resolved upon his death ? A close prisoner he was sent to the Tower, and from that moment looked upon himself as a dying man.

Within a few weeks after the date of the letters we have given, Lord Russell was examined, and committed to the Tower on a charge of treasonable conspiracy. It is not our business to investigate this matter further than as it illustrates the character of Lady Rachel. Her husband's own saying, long before this event, that "arbitrary government could not be set up in England without wading through his blood," may explain the feelings with which the lady viewed the proceedings of his enemies. Whatever were the forebodings of his wife, she did not allow herself to sink into the inactivity of despair. Every moment between the imprisonment and trial was spent by Lady Rachel in anxious, yet clear-sighted, preparations for his defence. The following note is the best evidence of her employment at this moment ; it was written immediately before the trial : "Your friends believing I can do you some service at your trial, I am extremely willing to try ; my resolution will hold out—pray let yours. But it may be the Court will not let me ; however, do you let me try. I think, however, to meet you at Richardson's and then resolve ; your brother Ned will be with me, and sister Margaret."

Lord Russell's trial took place at the Old Bailey, July 13, 1683. The proceedings were thoroughly disgraceful. Law and justice were offered up as a sacrifice on the altar of loyalty. Throngs after throngs poured onward towards the scene of trial. The court was densely crowded—so crowded indeed that the counsel complained of not having room to stand. And there was Lady Russell. The throng gave way as she passed through them ; all eyes were fixed upon her ; there was a thrill of anguish throughout the large assembly.

The prisoner, having obtained the use of pen, ink, and paper, with such documents as he might wish to produce, asked :

"May I have somebody to help my memory ?"

"Yes," replied the Attorney-general ; "a servant."

"Any of your servants," added the Lord Chief-Justice, "shall assist you in writing anything you please."

"My wife," replied Lord Russell, "is here to do it."

At that moment, Lady Russell arose by her husband's side. A deep impression was produced, and the Lord Chief-Justice said in a softened tone,

"Will my lady give herself that trouble ?"

The Attorney-general offered two persons to write for him, if his lordship pleased. But the lady still offered her services ; and, notwithstanding her overwhelming distress, she was enabled so to control her feelings as neither to disturb the court nor to distract the attention of her husband.

Lord Russell was very urgent for one day longer before the trial, because he was expecting witnesses who might arrive before night. But this was refused. He then asked for a postponement until the afternoon, but this also was denied him ; and the proceedings began. He pleaded not guilty. Three witnesses were examined against him, no one of whom proved anything amounting to a charge of high treason ; but, according to the odious doctrine of constructive treason, which was often put into practice in those arbitrary times, the evidence of all the three put together was held sufficient to condemn him. It may give some idea of the spirit which animated his prosecutors, when we mention that words spoken in his presence merely by others were proffered and received as valid proof of his intentions.

When all the evidence had been gone through the accused called persons of stand-

ing and repute to speak to his character. Dr. Burnet testified to his loyalty and integrity; so did Lord Cavendish; Dr. Tillotson thought him "a person of great virtue and integrity." Dr. Cox said, "he had often had occasion to speak with my Lord Russell in private; and having been himself against all risings, or anything that tended to the disorder of the public, he had heard my Lord Russell profess most solemnly that it would ruin the best cause in the world to take any of these irregular ways of preserving it." The Duke of Somerset "had known him for two years, and had been often in his company, and had never heard anything from him but what was very honourable, loyal, and just." Several other noblemen and divines testified to the same effect.

The court adjourned till four o'clock, when the jury brought in the said Lord Russell guilty of the said high treason. His lordship was brought to the bar to receive sentence, and the clerk of the court repeated the words, "What canst thou say for thyself why judgment of death should not be passed upon thee?"

Lord Russell desired that his indictment might be read. When the clerk came to the words "conspiring the death of the king," his lordship interposed, and reminded the court that the witnesses had sworn to a "conspiracy to levy war, but no intention of killing the king." The protest was rejected, judgment was demanded, and a traitor's doom pronounced.

From the moment of the condemnation, Lady Russell was incessantly occupied in various attempts to obtain a reversal or mitigation of the sentence. For his sake, and that his composure might be unbent, she departed with him from the scene of doom without outward violence of grief. Yet hope did not wholly forsake her. Wherever a glimmer of hope shone, that way she tried. She knelt at the feet of the king, and pled for mercy—mercy which was refused to her appeal; and when at last the truth came upon her that her beloved husband must die, she sought his presence in the prison, that she might be with him, see and hear him, while he was yet on earth. Bishop Burnet, who attended Lord Russell in his last hours, gives the following affecting narration:

"The day before his death he received the sacrament with much devotion, and I preached two short sermons to him, which he heard with great affection, and we were shut up until towards evening. Then Lady Russell brought him his little children that he might take leave of them, in which he maintained his firmness, though he was a fond father. Some few of his friends likewise came to bid him farewell. He spoke to his children in a way suited to their age, and with great cheerfulness, and took leave of his friends in so calm a manner as surprised them all. Lady Russell returned alone in the evening. At eleven o'clock she left him; he kissed her four or five times, and she kept her sorrow so within herself that she gave him no disturbance at parting. As soon as she was gone, he said to me, 'Now the bitterness of death is past;' for he loved and esteemed her beyond expression, as she well deserved it in all respects."

We need not dwell upon what followed; nor tell how the crowds assembled in Lincoln's-inn-fields,—then veritable fields,—and saw the last scene of the hero's life. We turn away to glance at the desolate mourner.

The bereaved mother employed herself in the education of her children. Dr. Burnet writes (February 1684), "I am very glad you mean to occupy so much of your time in the education of your children, that they shall need no other governess. For as it is the greatest part of your duty, so it will be a noble entertainment to you, and the best diversion and cure of your wasted and wounded spirit." She watched over them, and strove effectively to supply the place of both parents.

She had the happiness of seeing her children walking in the paths of virtue; and her daughters, on reaching womanhood, were sought in marriage by the noblest and proudest families in the kingdom. The eldest married the heir of the Cavendish family,

and in time became Duchess of Devonshire. In like manner, by marrying the eldest son, the second daughter became ultimately Duchess of Rutland. By these families, and many other connections, Lady Russell, during the forty years which were allotted to her on earth after her husband's execution, was looked up to as a counsellor and guide, not only in those matters which woman can best regulate, but on every occasion of worldly difficulty or distress. Many, many letters, during her protracted widowhood, have been preserved, all of which breathe the same spirit of kindness and prudence that pervades her earliest correspondence.

The high esteem in which she was held was such as to induce all who had any claim on her notice to seek her advice and good offices. "She opened her mouth with wisdom; and on her tongue was the law of kindness." Adversity had not rendered her morose or discontented; it had but served more beautifully to develop the latent tenderness and forbearance of her disposition. She lived to see her maternal cares crowned with a blessing, the honour of her husband vindicated, and his principles triumphant. In her declining years she suffered much from ill-health, and it was feared that she would lose her sight. The operation of couching was, however, successfully performed.

In those days the small-pox raged with frightful violence. Lady Russell shared the common dread of the visitation, not on her own account, but on that of her son. Her apprehensions are very apparent in the letters she wrote at that period. We can scarcely form an idea of the ravages of that disease when inoculation and vaccination were both unknown. In 1711 the son of Lady Russell took the small-pox. His wife and children were immediately removed from his residence. The disorder grew worse, and its fatal issue was beyond a doubt; but his aged mother, then seventy-five, lingered beside him, and saw him breathe his last. "I did not know the greatness of my love to his person," she writes, "till I could see him no more. When Nature, who will be mistress, has in some measure, with time, relieved herself, then, and not till then, I trust the Goodness which hath no bounds, and whose power is irresistible, will assist me, by His grace, to rest contented with what His unerring providence has appointed and permitted."

During the remainder of her life she maintained an unceasing interest in all that related to the welfare of her friends. "I am very certain," she said, "that the fastest cement of friendship is piety."

Of her last illness but little is known. She was suddenly seized with sickness. On hearing of it, her only surviving child hastened to London. Lady Russell Morgan, writing to her brother, says: "The bad account we have received of grandmamma Russell has put us into great disorder and hurry. Mamma has left us and gone to London. . . . I believe she has stopped the letters on the road, for none have come here to-day, so that we are still in suspense. The last post brought us so bad an account that we have reason to fear the worst. I should be very glad that mamma should get to town time enough to see her, because it might be a satisfaction to both, and dear grandmamma asked for her."

Then the newspapers contain the following announcement: *The Weekly Journal, or Saturday's Post*, September 28, 1723: "The Lady Russell, widow of Lord William Russell that was beheaded, continues dangerously ill."

October 5th: "The Right Hon. the Lady Russell, relict of Lord William Russell, died on Sunday morning last, at five o'clock, aged eighty-six; and her corpse is to be carried to Chenies, in Buckinghamshire, to be buried with that of her lord."

*The London Journal* of Saturday, October 12th, contains the following: "On Tuesday morning last the corpse of the Lady Russell was carried from her house in Bloomsbury-square to its interment at Chenies in Buckinghamshire."

## New Patterns for Ladies' Coiffures.

### 209. BANDEAU OF AMBER-COLOURED CRYSTAL BEADS.

This bandeau is one yard long and one inch wide; it is entirely formed of beads, and is worked in the following manner: Thread a needle upon either side of a piece of amber-coloured silk, hold one in the right, the other in the left hand.



210. SHOWING THE WAY THE BEADS ARE THREADED FOR BANDEAU (209).

With the right-hand needle thread 3 beads, and thread one with the left-hand needle; insert the left-hand needle through the last of the 3 beads on the right side, so as to form



a diamond pattern of 4 beads, \*, thread 2 beads on the right side, 1 on the left side, insert the left-hand needle through the last of the 2 beads on the right side, repeat from \*. No. 210 shows the manner in which this is done very distinctly. For the next row, take a fresh piece of silk, and proceed in the same way with two needles, except that you always insert the left-hand needle through one of the upper beads of preceding row. Three rows complete the bandeau—see



211. BANDEAU OF CUT CRYSTAL BEADS.

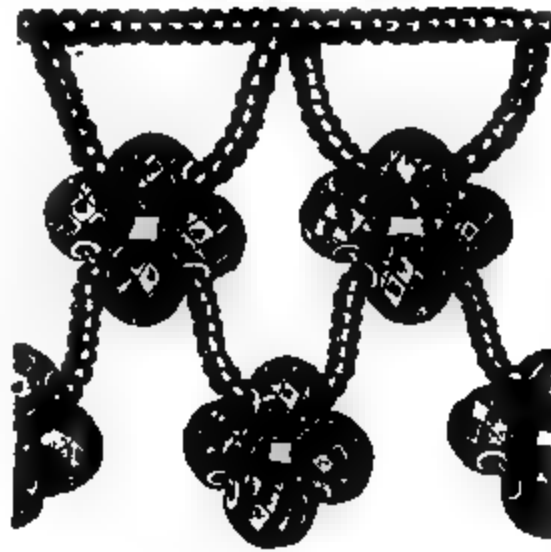
No. 210, in which one side of the silk is marked black and the other white, to show more clearly how many beads are always to be threaded upon each side. When you have completed the

213. DIADÉM COIFFURE OF BLACK VELVET.

214. LEAF IN FULL SIZE FOR DIADÉM COIFFURE.

215. DIADÉM COIFFURE OF BLUE VELVET.

3 rows, sew 4 very large cut beads of amber-coloured crystal over them, at regular distances. No. 218 shows a part of the bandeau in full size, with one of the patterns of large beads. The bandeau is completed by a tassel formed of very small and very large beads. It forms a very pretty coiffure, being placed once as a coronet round the head and once round the chignon; the large tassel falls on one side.



216. NECKLACE SHOWN ON FIGURE (217).

bandeau can be made with white, black, or coloured beads. The wire stem must, of course, be of the colour of the beads; and if black, silver wire need not be used, but it looks well with coloured beads. The bandeau is of the same length as the preceding, and also finished off with a large bead tassel.

No. 212 is part of a bandeau formed of a strip of coloured gros grain silk ribbon, covered with 7 rows of white or black bugles. Short strips of the same

#### 212. BANDEAU OF RIBBON AND BEADS.

No. 211 is a different style of bandeau, also in bead-work. Large beads of cut crystal are fastened with silver wire upon a stem of rather thick common wire, which is afterwards covered with a narrow cross strip of white silk or satin, which is rolled round it; a string of crystal beads is then twisted round this stem, between the larger beads which stand out on either side. This

#### 218. PART OF AMBER BANDEAU (FULL SIZE).

ribbon are fastened across the bandeau at regular distances. The length of this bandeau should be the same as that of the preceding, and it is finished off with a large tassel of beads and bugles of different sizes.

No. 218, 214. Diadem coiffure of black velvet, embroidered with jet beads, and ornamented in front with leaves of black net covered with jet bugles. The pat-

217. HEAD-DRESS IN PLAITED VELVET AND BEAD NECKLACE.

tern of the diadem is first cut out of stiff net lined with black silk ; the beads are worked in straight rows over the black velvet, which is then sewn on over the net foundation. No. 214 shows one of the leaves in full size. The outline should be traced over the net with black silk before it is cut out. The edges are folded back, and a fine piece of wire is run in under them, and also under the veinings ; afterwards the bugles are sewn on, as seen in illustration. The stem is formed of wire covered with thick black silk. Four of these leaves are arranged over the front part of the diadem. Long chains, the links of which are formed of round jet beads, are added at the back of the diadem.



#### 215. DIADEM OF BLUE VELVET AND PEARL BEADS.

This diadem is made in the same way as the preceding, excepting that the velvet is blue and the beads white instead of black. But the ornaments differ. They consist of three short lappets of the same velvet embroidered with beads, which are arranged over the front part of the diadem, and edged with large pear-shaped pearl grelots. Lappets of blue ribbon velvet are fastened at the back and tied under the chignon.



#### 217. HEAD-DRESS IN PLAITED VELVET AND BEAD NECKLACE.

This becoming head-dress imitates long plaits of hair falling down on the neck. It is formed of 3 cross strips of black velvet 62 inches long, which are plaited together ; the plaits are 2 inches wide in the middle, and at the ends only ~~just~~ of an inch ; they are ornamented at the bottom with bows of black glacé silk ribbon 1/4 of an inch wide. In the middle, where the plait rests upon the head, it is ornamented with 1 large and 4 small bead rosettes ; on the wrong side the plait is lined with black silk edged with fine wire. The necklace seen in illustration 217, and of which illustration 216 shows a part in the original size, consists of large and small ruby-coloured cut-glass beads ; it can also be made of jet, amber, pearl, or crystal beads. Thread over thick silk of a corresponding colour a row of beads long enough to encircle the neck ; fasten these beads upon a piece of cardboard, and work the 2nd round of the necklace ; \*, thread 8 small and 4 large beads upon the silk ; draw the needle from left to right through the 1st of the 4 large beads, thread 8 more small beads upon the silk, draw the needle through the 13th bead of the 1st round, missing twelve beads, repeat from \* to the end of the round. The 3rd round is worked in the same manner ; but after every scallop of beads draw the needle through the lowest of the 4 large beads of the 2nd round. When the 3rd round is completed, take the necklace off the cardboard, and ornament it with strings of velvet or watered ribbon, to be tied at the back.





## WATCHING BY THE SEA.

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THE 18th of August 1854 proved an eventful day in the local annals of the fishing-village of L——, situate on the west coast of Ireland. The morn gave every promise of an unusually fine day, and the sea was so placid as to hardly present a ripple on its surface. The village itself wore, on this particular morning, a more than usually cheerful aspect; and, from the appearance of things generally, it was evident to even the most indifferent of observers that some important event was imminent. Groups of maidens flitted from house to house, each possessed of some article of finery which she was eager to submit to the admiring gaze of friends and neighbours. The secret of all this merry bustle and excitement lay in the approaching marriage-day of Ellen Raymond; hence the display of maidenly finery, which the town-carrier had brought over-night,—not, however, without having forgotten a few of the many orders given to him to execute, a circumstance which brought him no trifle of abuse. His ready excuse, “Sure I was so bothered out of my life intirely, that I couldn’t rimember the half of the things I had to fitch; so, darlint jewils, don’t be hard on a poor boy, and Miss Ellen’s marriage so near to the fore—God spare her and hers many hundred years to come! amin and amin!” did not avert the storm; and he was forgiven only on promising to return at once for the forgotten gauds. Ellen was an orphan, left at a tender age to the fostering care of her grandfather, who was the wealthiest man in the place. She was an especial favourite with everyone; nor could Aunt Dorothy, crusty old maid as she was, be proof against her winning ways or artless innocent wiles, on occasions when it became necessary for her to seek her aid, counsal, or help. Ellen was to wed young Phelim Flynn, who was reported “the handsomest boy in the country for miles around;” while the popular verdict respecting him and Ellen was, that “they were the purtiest couple in all Ireland.” He was a rising youth, and owned several luggers, and hitherto had been prosperous in his undertakings.

Ellen loved him because he was a noble-hearted, brave, and generous youth, his worldly possessions influencing her not at all in her choice. His fame in the place was fully established by an heroic act, performed by him with exceeding risk to his life; for it was his noble example that impelled others to join in its accomplishment. A boat and its crew were missing one stormy night. He and a few other hardy fishermen ventured out to seek them, while the friends and relations of the missing crew stood on the beach, with wild despair in their looks, expecting never again to behold those who were so dear to them. It was to Phelim’s forethought and prudence that the ultimate safety of the whole party was owing. A dangerous reef of rocks extended almost across the bay, a clear passage of from twenty to thirty feet only admitting a boat’s entry in safety. He directed those who remained on shore to fix lanterns and torches on poles opposite the opening in the reef, that their return might be guided thereby. He had also to combat the fears of his own crew. Finding the sea so boisterously rough, and the breakers dashing with such terrific force ahead, they wanted to return. But, standing up in the boat, and pointing with his finger to the beach, Phelim said: “Boys, there’s them waiting there as expects us to do our duty.” The missing boat was picked up and brought in in safety. There were many,



very many rejoicing hearts in the village that night, and all owing to Phelim's noble example, forethought, and exertions. It was for this and such-like deeds that Ellen loved him; and it was for her equally noble nature and affectionate disposition that he claved to her with all the intense affection of his manly heart. It was hardly to be wondered at then that, in a place where its inhabitants were under such deep obligations to the lovers, there should be such public manifestations in honour of their approaching wedding. On this morning, the 18th of August, Phelim and several others put to sea, some fishermen having reported large shoals of fish to be near the place. It has been shown that the morning broke with every promise of its being an unusually fine day. Towards noon, however, a cloud as big as a man's hand appeared in the sky, gradually enlarging its proportions, until at length its shadow lowered upon the earth with a scowling blackness. The wind, too, which hitherto had wooed the sea with soft melodious accents, became unusually boisterous, sending forth that moaning, whistling, shrieking storm-note so well known to dwellers on the sea-coast. It lashed the sea into a thousand furies, impelling the foam-crested waves with mad impetuosity towards the shore, against which they dashed with awful violence and a deafening roar.

A crowd—an anxious, excited crowd—stood on the beach. Eager, expectant glances were cast off on the sea. All the fishing-boats had returned but two, one of which was Phelim Flynn's. It was indeed an anxious time, and many a prayer ascended to that God who holds the winds in the hollow of His hand, and who alone can say to the raging sea, "Peace, be still."

Old Mr. Raymond stood amid the crowd, and by his side was Ellen. She looked anxiously into his face as she said in imploring accents, extremely touching to hear: "Is there no hope, grandfather?" He shook his head mournfully as he pointed to the opening in the reef, and said: "In twenty minutes' time—maybe sooner, God alone knows—no boat that ever was made by the hand of man can live in those breakers." She wrung her hands despairingly.

"There's one of them!" was the exclamation which burst from the lips of many persons in the crowd, as fingers were pointed to a speck on the sea, now visible, now hidden in its trough. It was one of the missing boats. "A good nerve now, my brave fellows, a steady hand at the helm, and with the blessing of Providence you are safe," were Mr. Raymond's words, as he watched its approach. It was an awfully grand sight just at this time. The breakers rushed over the reef with mad speed, and by their very violence hurled aloft in mid air volumes of spray, which almost hid from view the mighty proportions of the waves beyond them. The lightning shot athwart the sky; the thunder rolled with deafening peals, the noise at times seeming to come from the raging sea itself, so closely did each of the combatants in this elemental strife grapple the other. The helmsman evidently understood his business well, for with firm nerve and steady hand he guided his frail bark towards the opening in the reef. One awfully agonising moment of suspense. "She's lost, she's lost!" was the cry, as the frail planks were swallowed up in the mighty volume of water. "No, they're safe! Hurrah! hurrah!" Twenty strong hands seized the boat as it was cast upon the shore, and before the next wave could reach it, it was high and dry on the beach. Ellen gazed into the faces of its crew, and then swooned. *It was not Phelim's boat.*

Gently they bore her home, while the hearts of those who still stood watching for the missing boat feared to utter the forebodings which filled their minds. At length all left the beach, being fully convinced that if they watched all night the missing ones would not return to reward their vigils. There were many sad as well as rejoicing hearts in the town of L—— that night, and few, if any, of its inhabitants slept. The

relations of the saved ones gathered around them ; their wives clasped them in a fond embrace ; their little ones clung to their knees, and looked the joy they could hardly express. Amid this gladness, however, sad thoughts intruded. Brave, noble-hearted Phelim Flynn and his crew, where were they by this time ? Where, ah, where ? None hardly dared to think. By noon the following day the storm had visibly abated, and night saw nature settling down into quiet repose again. It made one wonder whether this calm sea was the same which only a few hours before was lashed into fury,—this gentle wind allied to that which at that time had rushed mightily along the face of the deep, stirring up its wrath, and seemingly breaking up the great depths themselves. Hard and insensible must have been the nature which could contemplate the wonderful change unmoved, and whose heart did not go out in reverential awe and wonder to that mighty Being on whose word a thousand worlds hang. To return to Ellen. She was only aroused from one fit of insensibility to fall into another. Medical aid was summoned. The doctor pronounced her state very alarming. For days her life was despaired of. Many were the kind and affectionate inquiries made during this time, many the utterances of condolence for the poor bereaved one. The wedding-day that was to have been was a peculiarly sad one, owing to Phelim's fate and Ellen's critical state. Nothing short of an actual miracle could bring Phelim Flynn to life again. So thought and said the neighbours as they stood at their doors, and spoke of that eventful day—the 18th of August 1854. Days, weeks, nay, months passed, and Ellen Raymond was not the girl she had been. Her life was spared, certainly ; but it appeared to be a burden to her. She wandered by the sea sadly,—O, so sadly,—and looked wistfully upon it, as if half expecting to see something approaching. She watched for Phelim's return. Her favourite seat was on a rock, just facing the opening in the reef, where she sat for hours at a time, regardless of passing events, and absorbed in one longing, hopeful, fearful glance outwards. The minister of the parish endeavoured to soothe her grief by offering her religious consolations, drawn from a source which has never yet been known to fail. Her mind, however, seemed utterly incapable of appreciating such help. It had room only for one thought, and that thought was about her brave noble-hearted Phelim. She wasted away slowly. The doctors pronounced her case hopeless ; and all the grandfather or aunt could do for her was to try, by every means in their power, to make her pathway to the tomb as smooth as possible. The neighbours, too, passed her with a commiserating glance, and a " God bless you, Miss Ellen ! " nor intruded ever on her loneliness.

It was just a twelvemonth from the eventful 18th of August 1854 that she was on the rock, watching as usual. A small boat rounded the headland, and made for the opening in the reef. She saw it, listlessly enough at first ; then, as it gained the shore, she seemed impelled by an irresistible impulse to move from her seat to the water's edge. A young man stepped out of the boat. With a loud cry she rushed forward, and, throwing herself into his outstretched arms, said : " Phelim, my own Phelim ! " then sank insensible on his breast. He bore her in his arms to the town, refusing the proffered aid of the boatman. His burden was too precious to allow of anyone else sharing it with himself. As he gazed on her pale face, wan and thin, and stamped with the traces of poignant grief, his heart sank within him at the thought that he had returned only to find her fast fading to the tomb.

On knocking at Mr. Raymond's door, it was opened by Aunt Dorothy, who recognised Phelim instantly, and was half inclined at first to disbelieve the evidence of her senses, until she bethought herself that ghosts could not carry such as Ellen in their arms. With a shout almost, so loud did she say it, she announced his arrival with " Father, father, here's Phelim—our own Phelim back again ! "

Words cannot describe the scene that followed. The old man, for a time, could do

nothing but gaze upon the face of the returned one, as he clasped his hand in his. Aunt Dorothy bustled about, and, by the application of proper restoratives, brought Ellen back to consciousness. The news spread like wildfire throughout the village, and soon eager faces clustered around the door, to verify for themselves the truth of what had been told them about the missing Phelim's return. He went out to them. There was then such shaking of hands, such affectionate hugs, and other demonstrations of welcome, eminently characteristic of the people of Ireland, that really poor Phelim was glad enough when it was all over.

How was it that he was still in the land of the living, when everyone believed him dead? On that eventful day—the 18th of August 1854—his craft had outsailed the others. When the storm broke he was many miles from land. His boat was driven before it, and but for the great skill and bravery displayed by him in steering her, she would soon have been swallowed up by the sea. As it was, they lost one of their hands overboard, which reduced their numbers to two,—Phelim and Tim Cassidy.

On the storm subsiding, they found themselves out of sight of land, with no compass to guide them, it having been washed away by the sea—a fate Phelim would have shared had he not taken the precaution of having himself lashed to the helm. To add to their discomfort and danger, they found that the vessel had sprung a leak, and it required all their efforts to keep her from filling. They got her pretty free from water at last, and Phelim managed to decrease the extent of the leakage by means of a spare sail. After the storm came a great calm. Not a breath of air filled the sail, which hung listlessly from the mast. This was a serious evil. Their stock of provisions and water was very scanty, and unless they could soon reach the land, or be picked up by some vessel, it was evident they must succumb to hunger and thirst. This dreaded catastrophe eventually occurred to one of them. Tim Cassidy died. Poor Phelim hadn't the heart to throw the corpse overboard, for even the sight of the inanimate clay took off some of the loneliness of his situation. At last he, too, felt himself sinking. Before laying himself down to die,—for death seemed inevitable,—he wrote the following words on a slip of paper, put it into a bottle, and corked it tightly :

“Driven out to sea by the storm of the 18th August 1854. Donovan washed overboard. Becalmed. Cassidy died from exposure and want. I am expecting death shortly. May God bless my dear Ellen and all friends ! PHELM FLYNN.”

By way of a postscript he added : “Whoever finds this, be kind enough to send it on to Mr. John Raymond, L——, County Galway, and earn a dying man's blessing.” After committing this message to the sea, he laid himself down, and, owing to his sufferings from want and exposure, soon became insensible. He remembered nothing more until he found himself on board a large outward-bound vessel. The ship *California*, bound for Australia, was becalmed off the coast of Ireland. A breeze sprang up, and she went merrily on her way, bounding over the waves like a thing instinct with life. The “look-out” descried Phelim Flynn's boat, and reported the circumstance to the officer of the watch, who communicated it to the captain. The vessel's course was altered, and she hove to a short distance from it. A boat was lowered, and pulled towards it. They towed it to the ship, around the sides of which were clustered curious faces as Phelim was hoisted, by means of slings, on to her deck. “Thank God, he breathes !” said the captain. He received prompt and skilful attention at the hands of the ship's surgeon, and at length returned to consciousness. On recovering his strength sufficiently to speak, Phelim asked if he could not be put ashore either in England or Ireland. The captain told him this was impossible, as the vessel was a good distance from either of those places, and intended touching nowhere until her arrival at Sydney. This was sad news to Phelim. Nothing of consequence occurred

during the passage, which was a remarkably quick one, and in due time the vessel arrived at her destination. From Sydney the *California* was bound for India. The captain offered to take Phelim as an able seaman, if he chose to accompany him. This offer he refused, his one desire being to get home. On this the captain very generously interested himself in his behalf, and procured him a passage in a vessel about to start for England. Phelim wrote to Ellen as soon as he had arrived in Sydney, but, owing to some unaccountable mischance, she never received the letter. After taking an affectionate farewell of his kind friend the captain, he embarked on board the *Argo* for England. The vessel experienced very bad weather on her passage, which was a long and hard one. How delighted Phelim was when they sighted Land's-end, and went merrily by the Eddystone Lighthouse and up Channel! He was so impatient to disembark that, on the vessel putting into Plymouth, he left her and travelled by rail to Holyhead, thence by steam to Dublin, and by train to within a short distance of the town of L——, his own and Ellen's native place. The distance by land was eight or ten miles. By going by water some distance would be saved. He hired a boat, therefore, and arrived, as has been described, in time to meet her by the sea who had so long waited and watched for his coming.

It was six months after Phelim's return ere Ellen was sufficiently restored to be led by him to the altar, a blushing bride. As all the finery which had been provided for the previous wedding-day had been otherwise disposed of, the town-carrier's services were in great request again. This time he made no mistake, for he had a vivid remembrance of the storm which broke upon his head on the former occasion. It was a "grand day intirely,"—as was commonly expressed,—the wedding-day of Phelim Flynn and Ellen Raymond; and the marriage-bells rung out joyous peals on the occasion. Some months after their marriage they were walking on the sea-beach, when Phelim's foot struck against some hard substance. He stooped, removed the sand, and found the bottle containing his message from the sea. The sea had borne it to this spot, and delivered it into the hands of him who had sent it. It is strange, this true story of Phelim and Ellen, but there are stranger events happening around us every day than our narrative of "watching by the sea."



### 219. PATTERN IN SILK EMBROIDERY.

This pattern is suitable for ornamenting card-cases, sachets, album-covers, and so on. It is worked upon silk, cashmere, velvet, or kid, with fine purse-silk, either of the same colour as the material, or of all the natural tints of the leaves and flowers.

### 220. WHAT-NOT.

**Materials:** Gray kid, red cashmere, red wool, red woollen braid, cardboard, two brass rings.

This what-not is to be hung up against the wall, near the work-table, and is meant to receive different kinds of work. The original pattern was in gray kid and red cashmere. Red cashmere is likewise used for the gathered border round the bottom, for the arabesque pattern which ornaments the front side, and for the vandyke border forming the reverse of the bag. First cut the bag in cardboard, cover it with the

### 219. PATTERN IN SILK EMBROIDERY FOR CARD-CASES, ALBUMS, ETC.

material mentioned above, and work the pattern on a cashmere ground underneath the other material, inserting the needle into both. Work the outlines of the arabesques in button-hole stitch, the tendrils in overcast; in the middle of the arabesques the kid is cut away, so that the red cashmere underneath is seen. It is better to work the pattern before putting the cardboard inside. The bouillon or puff, which forms a sort of hinge, consists of a strip of cashmere lined with calico, 43½ inches long, hemmed on the long sides, and gathered in folds by means of an indiarubber cord drawn through the hems. The revers of the bag are lined with stiff coarse linen. The bag itself, except at the upper edge, and the revers are edged with red worsted braid.

The bag is hung up by means of two brass rings covered with double crochet stitches in red wool.

## 221. KNITTED PURSE.

Materials : Two skeins of scarlet purse-silk ; some rows of steel beads.

This purse is knitted in a very easy open-work pattern, with scarlet silk and steel beads. Thread the number of beads required upon the silk, and cast on 48 stitches with middle-sized steel knitting-needles. Knit in rows backwards and forwards.

1st row.—Slip 1, \*, throw the silk forward, knit 2 together, throw the silk forward ; every other time you throw the

## 223. NETTING PATTERN FOR PURSE.

silk forward, draw 6 steel beads close up to the last stitch ; knit 2 together ; repeat from \*.

2nd row, without beads.—Slip 1, then alternately knit 2 together, throw the silk forward. Repeat these 2 rows twice more, then reverse the bead pattern, as can be seen in illustration No. 222. When the pattern has been repeated 10 times more, fold the piece of knitting double, and sew the edges together at the sides. Run a piece of silk folded three times double through the stitches at the bottom of the purse, and gather them up, adding a tassel formed of large cut steel beads at the point, and fasten a steel clasp and chain at the top.

—o—

Illustration No. 223 is a netted pattern, also for a purse. The

## 222. SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT OF BEADS FOR PURSE (221).

original pattern is worked with coarse scarlet sewing silk and small crystal beads over a mesh measuring  $\frac{1}{4}$ ths of an inch round. Do not use a netting needle for the work, but a sewing needle over which the beads can be passed, and thread it with a moderately long piece of silk. For each stitch of the netting thread 12 beads on the silk, and then make the stitch. The stitches of the next row are worked in the middle of the loops of beads of the preceding row, between 6 beads. The straight lines of beads which divide into two equal halves every other row of squares are worked separately when the netting is completed ; for each row thread 5 beads on the silk. The ends of the silk are joined together with knots, which should be seen as little as possible.

## 221. KNITTED PURSE.

## LETTERS FROM "DEAR OLD GRANNY."

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### ON MAKING THE MOST OF EVERYTHING.

"Many a cow stands in the meadow and looks wistfully at the common."

"The way to be admired is to be what we love to be thought."

"Give and spend, and God will send."

**M**Y DEAR GRAND-DAUGHTER,—A long while ago, when you were but three years old, you became my teacher ; it was in the little nursery, which has since then been turned into Betsy's bedroom. It is not unlikely that you have forgotten the circumstance, but it is fresh in my memory, as fresh as were the strawberries you were thoroughly enjoying—seven or eight delicious strawberries and two or three spoonful of cream. You were eating them very slowly, pondering over each, and I asked you why. And your answer was :

"These are all me have, ganma, and me make the most of them."

May I write a short homily on your own text ? May I offer a few hints on making the most of what is ours ? You recollect Irving's story of the Spanish Grandee who was accustomed to put on his glasses before partaking of cherries *to make them look bigger*. This foolish piece of business commends itself to some folks. They exaggerate the size and value of what they have—and deceive nobody but themselves. My advice is, Never do that. See what you have, that is your own, in its proper size, and use it to the best advantage.

How much time have you all to yourself ? I think my pretty grand-daughter has some sixteen hours a-day, and might have another without invading too seriously the realms of sleep. I expect that you will repudiate my calculation, and show that you have your time very fully occupied. How ? You rise at seven, you are ready for an eight-o'clock breakfast, by nine o'clock the business of the day has fairly begun. You have your own practising, and to oversee the practising of Ellen and Gussy ; you have to "see to things" till lunch-time ; then generally you are out with mamma for an hour or two, making calls, or shopping ; then you must get ready for dinner ; after dinner the deluge—that is to say, out somewhere, or somebody at home—music, talk, light pastime, coffee, and so on to the eleventh hour—and bed. Am I not pretty accurate in this general outline ?

Now I will not say a large part of your time is *wasted*, but I think that it might be turned to more advantage than it is. Far be it from me to lay down a strict set of rules, or to read you a lesson on the improvement of time, illuminated by King Alfred's candles. A life of clockwork is to my notions much too mechanical for a human being ; it is very rarely carried out ; and where it is, the result is generally the sacrifice of much that is really good, notwithstanding its irregularity, to the routine and red-tape of exact method. I am not urging upon you to be careless, to cast off all idea of method, to despise rule : care, method, rule, are all good in their way ; but they must not be overdone, or else they hinder instead of advancing the real work in hand.



I remember when I was young being uncomfortably impressed with a conviction that I must economise time by the adoption of a regular rule of life. I was instructed in a volume of very heavy, perhaps weighty discourses, how to methodise. I was always to rise exactly at the same hour ; I was to appropriate a fixed amount of time to religious devotion and meditation ; so many hours to the needle and domestic industry ; so much time to the perusal of instructive books ; so much to the comfort of relatives, friends, visitors, etc. ; so much to the relief of poverty and the instruction of the ignorant. I was to retire at exactly the same hour every night, to call to mind all I had done through the day, and jot down the particulars in my journal ; after thus taking stock of my inner self, and posting my ledger, I was at liberty—no, never *at liberty*—but I was then to go to bed and to sleep. I made a strong effort to carry out the system, and it failed utterly. I believe a similar result has been the case with many others.

We *all* know that time is valuable ; that lost time can never be made up ; that a misspent hour cannot be brought back by all the king's horses and all the king's men, and no systematic arrangement, arbitrarily carried out, would make us feel the matter stronger. What we have to do is to make the best use of our time by getting the most good out of it ; and the good to be got is sometimes in the shape of instruction, sometimes in that of enjoyment ; sometimes it is a help to us ; sometimes it is a help to other people. There is an indolence that is sometimes called industry, and an industry that is sometimes called indolence ; and time that is often practically wasted is said to be improved, while time that has been really profitably used is denounced as wasted.

Instead of advising you in the staid and formal way which is too often adopted, to be rigidly watchful over the golden grains of time, I would say to you—make the most of your opportunities. To start with : most of us have opportunities of self-improvement in all sorts of different ways that we never use. Naming nobody, let us say Miss Blank has been acquiring a knowledge of the French of Stratford-le-Bow ; it is a singular fact that under these auspicious circumstances she has failed to render herself intelligible to "natives." For some time Miss Blank stayed with some friends at whose house French was freely spoken. *She* knew she was deficient, and never ventured to ventilate her feeble knowledge. Had she done so—quietly, good-humouredly resolved on not being offended if anyone were detected in a smile—she would have gained wonderfully. There was an excellent opportunity,—not of seeing a French master from one to two hours, but of being associated with educated Parisians all day long. Miss Blank did not improve her opportunity, and the maid can talk far better French than the mistress, by listening to the blandishments of a Swiss valet.

One case in this way may serve as well as a thousand. The case I have put may seem to be an extreme one, and may bear half-a-dozen renderings ; but it just illustrates the point I want to impress upon you, never to let a chance escape you of adding to your stock of knowledge. If you are privileged to mingle occasionally in higher society than that to which you are ordinarily accustomed, do not forget to observe how things are done, and the way they are done ; how people behave and the way they talk ; use the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the ways of the world. Is there not a story told of a wise man stating that he got all his wisdom through never being ashamed to ask a question ? Why, I have known close friends, "cronies" in matters of gossip, positively shrink from learning anything from each other. If Annie knew something Julia did not, Julia would never confess she did not, though she sadly wanted to learn, and the other was ready enough to teach her. No, she preferred making believe that she did know, or did not care to know, and so threw away her opportunity. This reserve, which is not modesty, but conceit—the vanity of vanities, of supposing that you must not own you are ignorant of anything—leads



young people especially to neglect the best possible channels of information. They assume a haughty grace (grace *they* call it) or a cold indifference, and cast away the wealth of opportunity when they are in real necessity of a little solid information. No knowledge is to be despised. If a doctor of divinity will help you to a little scholastic theology; if a labouring-man will give you a poor man's notion of politics; if François will show you the true uses of the *batterie de cuisine*, or how to make vermicelli soup from yesterday's *pot-au-feu*; if Dame Durden will let you help to squeeze the butter, or assist at a batch; if a trustworthy traveller will tell you what he has seen on the heights of Himalaya or in the valley of the Mississippi; if an engineer will explain a piece of machinery, or Pinxit give a hint about washing-in a sky—how useful it all is—at all events how very much there is of it that is good; and even if there be some things you do not want, still, like the Moabitish damsel in the Bible story, when you have been in these fields of corn you can *beat out* that which you have gleaned, and get an ephah or more of good wholesome barley.

But there are opportunities often neglected of doing good to other people. The impressive lesson of my early days was, that I was to devote so much fixed time to objects of charity. It was cruel! I can meet with a score or so other people who are collected as so many active agents for teaching, feeding, clothing the very poor, and may feel that neither I nor they have any real charity in us—that pure charity—love, tenderness, sympathy, compassion, the sense of common feeling, common suffering, common weaknesses—is altogether absent. I am afraid that a large number of well-meaning people are much too fussy over their charities. St. Martin, according to their "system," was only encouraging the vagrant classes when he shared his cloak with a beggar. He ought to have taken the name and address of the applicant; have ascertained what place of worship he attended; whether he was pious, honest, industrious, married or single, with children or without. The whole case ought to have been submitted to a committee, and visitors appointed. The fact is, the old saints of both sexes were very irregular, and would have grossly shocked their spiritual descendants. But all I know about it is that I never found any regular system would meet opportunities. I have heard of method in madness. I have seen madness in method; "cases," to employ the common but objectionable phrase, come under consideration when there are no funds—or else there are ample funds and no "cases." I think the society form of relief, and of benevolent exertions every way, has been unduly extolled and much overdone. If we are seriously bent on making ourselves useful to others, it should be by feeling and acting on individual responsibility. Charity is said to begin at home. It is a proverb that has perhaps been made to cover a multitude of negligences—certainly it is sharply satirised—but there is much truth in it. I have known positive home-duties carelessly performed, or altogether neglected, in order that the daughters of the house might be visiting and advising, admonishing and reproving amongst the poor. This is not as it should be. Home has the first call upon us. Are there no younger sisters to be directed by example; no brothers to be cheered and encouraged; no servant to be advised and instructed, if she need it, in a kind friendly way; no gentle offices to be performed for mother—labour that shall lighten her care, foresight that shall relieve her anxiety? is there nothing to be done to make father proud—with a right pride—and happy, with an unalloyed happiness, in his children?

Supposing home duties—joyous duties—fulfilled, and there be opportunity, as there is sure almost to be, for further work, let poor neighbours be visited by all means, and cheered with the friendly and engaging manners of the "young lady." A large number of good-meaning people, who visit the poor, conduct themselves as if they were half-preacher half-policeman; they question and cross-question, pry into secrets, lay bare folly, suspect motives, and administer advice and assistance in a sour, forbidding way

## LETTER

that makes the gift, whatever that you do not seek to be not talk only, but *do*; and to account; how the child something to do; show her room and a pleasant face. People will but look for the offending their self-respect, effort at condescension. The "silver and gold" I know is the most of what you have.

And this allusion to me that. Some people would say a-year—that a penny saved economy. Thrifty guardians this one string—take care! My strong conviction is, to give, only act with judgment and enjoyment; do not deny without it. Of course you will all that nature absolutely to prove your mind, never has accumulated into a goodly amount what there is innocently enjoyed may be enjoyed in this life and the blessings which Heaven sends.

I said you should spend should not permit yourself to what is out of keeping with extravagant price, and so on. material is always the best and to change your dress, I should one of a high price. Into such

On the question of giving be enough. If you are a true which your purse will be useful them nothing," is, to say the who would sooner give to the hearted girl is their best alms for the deserving, without and a great blessing to a very poor best use of her opportunities and who need it.

But this letter has run over patience. In concluding let us and of all the good things you make the best use, is the sincerest

No. 224.—Parasol of violet and black silk; the upper part is violet, studded all over with small round black beads, and bordered with very small jet bugles and large cut jet beads. The lower part is black; a long fringe of jet bugles and large round beads falls over it. Handle of carved wood.

No. 225.—Parasol of gray silk, trimmed on every division with an arabesque pattern, worked in white and black beads. Ivory handle.

No. 226.—Para-

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but, ~~generally speaking~~, the latter

228. MUSLIN BODICE WITH SHORT SLEEVES (BACK).

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young woman. It is always very short, and cut out round the bottom in scallops or tabs of lace.

weal. Very rich paletots are longer behind than in front, and trimmed with long lappets No. 1 with jet and edged with fringe.

school of two colours, or of two shades of the same colour, are very fashionable; for if F. under skirt of havannah-brown silk, an upper skirt of light-brown leno, trimmed with tabs of darker brown silk, and the paletot to correspond with the upper skirt; the lace should have long sleeves of havannah-brown silk, and the paletot loose open seen

expl. of gray and white chiné foulard, with a pattern of small violet-coloured flowrets full if over it, is trimmed with plaits of gray satin ribbon and violet gros grain silk; the be. plate an open tunic over the skirt, and a low corselet with epaulettes over the

when of green and white chiné bengaline is trimmed in the same manner as the gleam. plaits of green and white gros grain silk ribbon. There is a small paletot to B

impr. of the rich brown colour called *Bismarck*, and now so fashionable, and brocaded object. tern of tiny amber-coloured flowrets, is trimmed with rouleaux of brown silk, collect. a narrow amber-coloured silk fringe: the rouleaux are disposed in a Grecian may in the centre and on either side of the front of the dress; an amber-coloured silk tandeaced within each square space of the Grecian pattern. The sleeves are trimmed command.

mean. of white leno for a young lady has two skirts, and a low bodice, cut square at "syst. epaulettes, but no sleeves; both skirts are scalloped out round the bottom, and begged. a narrow cross-strip of bright-coloured plaid silk; two cross-strips are placed in taine. a little above the edge of the second skirt, which is gored, and has long slit-marri. ornamented with scalloped out lappets to correspond with the skirt. The bodice and mitte. are trimmed in the same style; the waistband is of plaid ribbon, and fastened ette at the side. A clear-white muslin bodice with long sleeves is worn under the were

all I. also noticed dresses of gray bengaline ornamented with strips of plaid ribbon, I have a favourite trimming just now, especially for children and young ladies' empli

are elegant toilet is thus composed: a short white foulard dress, made in the Princess of rel. a very low bodice, with braces, high shoulder-pieces, and long sleeves, falling in overdets from the shoulders, trimmed all round with a cross-strip of the same material by fe. blue, and fastened all down the front with blue silk buttons. The sleeves are It is blue.

tainly. skirt of blue-and-white-striped grenadine, trimmed with a deep pleated flounce; home. e of the same material, high and plain, with long sleeves.

of the. ss was worn without any paletot, and with a small white tulle bonnet trimmed of white and blue ribbon.

poor. e quite going out of fashion, and plaits are now the *fureur*. The new coiffures young. ed of plaited chignons, plaited coronets, and long plaits hanging down in the no sel. d of the Alexandra curls that were worn last year. The modern chignon is gentle. ormed of twisted coils instead of plaits; but in either case it is perfectly round, that sh. ps and Louis XV. bows being quite gone out of fashion.

a right ribbon or velvet are worn instead of hair plaits for evening coiffures, and also as

Sufor bonnets. We have already said that plaits are also very fashionable for is sure. sses, jackets, and paletots.

cheere. aisonable bonnet of the month is the Mantilla fanchon, with a tulle or crape veil of go. e back, and continued in long lappets, which form the strings in front.

preach. fanchon of white tulle, trimmed in front with a border of lilies of the valley, folly, e rose at the side; veil and lappets of white tulle edged with blonde, and fastened h a rose.



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THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS

Modelled for

The Young Englishwoman

JUNE '06

Or the same pattern in black tulle spangled with straw, bordered with black lace, and trimmed in front with a wreath of straw foliage and small bunches of black grapes.

Or again, in golden-brown crape, bordered with black lace, and ornamented with a garland of metallic foliage to match with the crape.

There is also another kind of very small bonnet, called the baby bonnet. It is generally made of white or brown straw, and trimmed with a wreath of flowers or foliage. Fancy straw of a golden-brown colour is extremely fashionable this summer.

This kind of straw is much used for hats as well as bonnets. The *excursion* hat is trimmed with a plait of ribbon velvet of the same colour as the straw, and a pheasant's feather on one side.

The *Batelière* hat, of white straw, is ornamented with a plait of blue ribbon, finished off with wheat ears.

The *Jardinière* is trimmed round with a wreath of field flowers, and ends of black lace at the back.

There is but very little difference between a hat and bonnet now that the latter are so small and very often have no strings; the *Mantilla fanchon*, however, is in better taste than the very small round bonnets that were worn before; it shades the neck and covers the hair, without imprisoning the chignon. Ladies who do not wear the *Mantilla fanchon* generally adopt the *Mantilla veil*, which has long lappets on either side, and is tied either in front or at the back, according to taste. This veil is made of black tulle or lace, and is sometimes embroidered with jet beads.

If bonnets are ever quite discarded from a lady's toilet, they may perhaps be replaced for a time by the real Spanish *Mantilla*, a very becoming fashion certainly, but scarcely suitable, except in the height of summer, to such a changeable climate as ours. Anything, however, will seem to us preferable to the almost invisible round toquet which has gone for some time by the name of bonnet.



## DESCRIPTION OF OUR FASHION-PLATE.

**VISITING TOILET.**—A bonnet of white pleated tulle continued so as to form the strings, which are trimmed on each side with ears of corn, and fastened under the chin with a field-flower bouquet. The cap is waved in front, the whole bonnet being also ornamented with ears of corn and field-flowers.

A coloured silk dress trimmed down the front with a *jardinière* pattern made of silk embroideries. A similar pattern ornaments the seam of the back from the waist down to the bottom of the train; another similar embroidery surrounds the neck and spreads on the back, where it forms a graceful sheaf. Plain coat-sleeve with embroidered cuffs. The waistband is edged on both sides with coloured braid, and fastened with two long lappets embroidered like the dress.

**COUNTRY TOILET.**—Rice-straw hat, of a low and flat shape, with a small round crown. A cordon of white beads, from which depend long pearl beads, surrounds the crown. Bouquet of flowers behind; tulle scarf-strings fastened under the chignon.

White muslin dress trimmed with green silk bands. Low square bodice edged with silk; narrow green silk bands are put on the back and front of the lower part of the bodice, in the shape of a fan. High plain tulle chemisette, with lace epaulettes. A tunic-skirt looped up on each side with pleats *à l'antique*, edged with green silk, and terminated by a pleated flounce. Long under skirt, ornamented all round with silk bands put on slanting.

**COSTUME FOR A LITTLE GIRL FROM SIX TO EIGHT YEARS OLD.**—A straw hat adorned with a bunch of cherries in front, and a white feather at the back. A spotted muslin toilet. The paletot is trimmed back and front with blue silk bands, and edged round the bottom with a short silk fringe. Plain white muslin petticoat bordered with blue silk, to match the skirt.



## MR. DICKENS FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

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**T**HE nature of a writer determines the character of his creations. Though the terms "subjective" and "objective" now play a prominent part in criticism, and are good to indicate loose distinctions between classes of minds, it is important to remember that all creative minds are subjective,—that the subjective includes everything in nature and human life which such minds vitally perceive, absorb into their own being, and literally make their own. In the case of Dickens, gifted though he be with wonderfully acute powers of external observation, this is obviously the fact, for no writer stamps the character of his genius on everything he writes more plainly than he. It is impossible to mistake his style, his method, his sentiment, his humour, his characters. His observing power, when extended beyond the range of his sympathies, becomes "objective," it is true, but ceases to be creative. In his genuine productions he not only embodies all that he knows, but communicates all that he is. The reality of his personages comes from the vividness of his conceptions, and not from any photographic quality in his method of representation. Observation affords him materials; but he always modifies these materials, and often works them up into the most fantastic shapes. Individuals, incidents, scenery, the very pavement of his streets, the very bricks of his houses, the very furniture of his apartments, are all haunted by Dickens's spirit. To read one of his romances is to see everything through the author's eyes; the most familiar objects take an air of strangeness when surveyed through such a medium; and the interest excited by the view has always in it a kind of fascination. We may dissent, criticise, protest, but still his clutch on our attention is never relaxed.

The weird imagination which thus penetrates his books is, however, but a single element of his nature, and indeed would not exercise so great a charm over so many classes of readers, were it not connected with such warmth of heart, keenness of observation, richness of humour, and controlling common sense. In the foundation of his character, Dickens agrees with the majority of well-meaning mankind. He has no paradoxes in morality to push, no scientific view of human nature to sustain, no philosophy of society to illustrate, no mission to accomplish. His general opinions are those of a man of sound sense and wholesome sensibility; his general attitude towards the world is that of one who sympathises and enjoys; his test of worth is amiability; his cure for every form of mental and moral disease is the old one of work. Nobody ever thinks of going to his writings for light on such moral problems as are opened in *Hamlet* and *Faust*. Intellectually, he seems incapable of generalisation. Judged by his feelings and perceptions, no writer of his time seems so broad; judged by his philosophical comprehension of laws, few seem so narrow. The whole system of English jurisprudence, the whole machinery of civil administration, the most clearly demonstrated principles of political economy, appear worthless or mischievous to his eyes, when his attention is concentrated on cases where they bear hard on individuals. He looks on such matters as humane men of ungeneralising minds ordinarily do, though he gives to their complaints a voice which is heard wherever the English language penetrates. It would be in vain to search his writings for a single example in which he views a subject affecting the welfare of society in all its relations. The moment his sense is shocked and his sensibilities stirred, his reflective reason almost ceases to act, but his humour, his imagination, his conscience, are all in motion. The systematic study of anything appears abhorrent to his feelings; and even in such a matter as the training of youth in the grammar of languages he has some of Susan Nipper's own indignation at "them Blimbers." So entirely is he absorbed by the perception of the moment, that often in the same book we have characters exhibiting exactly opposite traits, who are equally satirised. Thus in *Bleak House* Mrs. Jellaby

is a philanthropist who subordinates the care of her family to the welfare of Borrioboola-Gha; but in that romance we also have Mr. Vholes, who is not less ridiculed and contemned for subordinating the welfare of the public to the support of "his three daughters at home, and his venerable father in the Vale of Taunton;" and there is just as much reason why reformers should laugh at Mr. Vholes, as that conservatives should shake their sides over Mrs. Jellaby. The truth is that no organisations and no persons can stand this method of judging of them by their weak points, and the detection of weak points is of the very life of humorous perception.

And this limitation of Dickens's intellect is also a limitation of his power of characterisation. Because his genius personifies everything it touches, we must not, on that account, accept all its products as persons. There are scores of people in his novels who are "hit off," rather than delineated, and are discriminated from the mere names of persons in didactic satire only by that strong individualising tendency in his mind which makes him give consciousness even to inanimate things, and which one critic goes so far as to call "literary Fetichism." The professional guests at Mr. Merdle's dinner-parties in *Little Dorrit*, the Veneerings and their associates in *Our Mutual Friend*, the company that gathers in Sir Leicester Dedlock's country-seat in *Bleak House*, are three among twenty instances which must readily occur to every reader. In these he individualises the tone of the society he satirises, rather than attempts to portray its individual members. This habit of sketchy characterisation, in which the character is only shown by some external peculiarity or vice of opinion, and his interior life is entirely overlooked, is the ordinary mode in which Dickens's satirical talent is displayed, and it overloads his books with impersonated sarcasms. All these, however, may be deducted from his stories, and still leave him richer in solid characterisations than any half-dozen of his contemporaries combined.

Indeed, when Dickens resolutely sets to work to embody an imagined nature, he ever makes it self-subsistent and inwardly as well as outwardly known. His joy in some of these creations is so great, he floods them with such an abounding wealth of life, he makes them so intensely real to his own mind, and treats them so much like companions of his heart's hilarious hours, that the very excess of his characterising power has led some critics to deny to him its possession. He so surcharges his characters with vitality that they seem like persons who have taken something to drink; and, as they burst into the more decorous society delineated by other English novelists there is a cry raised for the critical police. This exaggeration, however, is not caricature, for caricature never gives the impression of reality; and even in our age of historic doubts we have yet to learn of the sceptical Betsy Prig who had the audacity to doubt the existence and reality of Tony Weller, of John Willet, of Mr. Squeers, of Richard Swiveller, of Edward Cuttle, of Sarah Gamp, of Wilkins Micawber, of Mr. Boffin, or any other of Dickens's quaint specimens of human nature which he has overcharged with humorous vitality. Dickens caricatures only when his special object is to satirise; and the characters which illustrate his satirical genius we have already admitted to have no real natures. In his true province of characterisation he is certainly peculiar, for his personages are not only original but originals. As a general thing, he does not develop his characters, but conceives them in their entirety at once, and the situations and incidents in which they successively appear simply furnish occasions for their expression. Their appearance, opinions, manners, and even their phrases, he makes identical with their natures. He gives a queer application to the transcendental principle that "the soul does the body make," and supplies an external peculiarity for every inward trait. Beings which have no existence out of his own mind, he yet sees them in their bodily shape and motions as clearly as he sees his familiar acquaintances. Their unconscious actions are recorded with the accuracy of a witness who testifies under oath.

# **229. CROCHET WAISTBAND WITH LAPPETS.**

This waistband is 2 inches wide. It is made of lilac satin, and covered with crocheted-work imitating guipure, work silk *mignardise*, black and bugles. The lappets are composed of black silk tassels. The band is fastened under the formed of a jet but branches trimmed. The branches are of black purse-silk and double crochet, back forwards. A bugle every sixth stitch of row. The increasing and decreasing take place at the beginning and at the end of the rows. The branches with two rounds of double crochet. The crocheted-work must be very tight. The lappets are worked in the following manner. Thread the required number of bugles on the silk, and work the 1st row. \* 4 double divided by 5 chain in the first 4 loops of the *mignardise*; before completing each double stitch, draw up 1

bugle close to the stitch; 7 chain; miss the next loop, 7 double in the next 7 loops, 3 chain, 1 slip-stitch in the 4th of the 7 chain last worked, 3 chain, miss 1 loop under them. Repeat from \* till the band is long enough.

2nd row.—\* 1 double in the middle scallop consisting of 5 chain, 7 chain, 1 crossed treble; that is: turn the silk twice round the needle as for a long treble; draw a loop through the next double but one of the preceding row, then 1 loop through the last-formed stitch and through the first stitch made by turning the silk round the needle, 1 treble in the following double of the preceding row, draw the needle twice through the uncompleted long treble; 3 chain, 1 treble in the middle stitch of the pattern, so as to form a cross (4 bugles are to be worked in each crossed treble), 7 chain; repeat from \*.

3rd row.—1 long treble (1 bugle in the centre) in every other stitch of the preceding row.

4th row.—Alternately 1 treble, 3 chain, missing 2 stitches of the preceding row under the latter.

5th row.—1 treble with 1 bugle in every stitch of the preceding row. The first half of the work is

# **229. CROCHET WAISTBAND WITH LAPPETS.**

## 231. SHOWING THE SHAPE OF STRAW BASKET.

is completed. Work the second half in the same way on the other side of the *mignardise*; as can be seen in illustration 232, the 7 double stitches come on 7 loops in the lower part of the *mignardise* loops. The crochet-work is then sewn on the strip of satin spared for the band. Now begin to work the crochet part of the lappets. Work the 1st 3 rows above described on the other side of the *mignardise*; the 3rd and 4th rows consist of chain-stitch scallops, which are divided by 1 double with a triple. Cut a good paper pattern for the lappets, and work the 2 last rows according to

the shape of the pattern; the scallops must have a greater number of stitches where the lappets are widest than at the ends. In the last row the middle stitch of every chain scallop is fastened on one of the loops of the *mignardise*, which forms the edge of the lappets. When both lappets are completed, they are sewn on over satin lined with silk. Lastly, the lappets are fastened on to the waistband, and the rosette is added just above them.

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## 232. CROCHET PATTERN FOR WAISTBAND (229).

## 233. BRAIDING DESIGN FOR MANTLES, DRESSES, ETC.

## 230, 231. WORK-BASKET IN STRAW PLAITS, GLACÉ SILK, AND LACE.

This pretty basket is made of rice-straw plaits  $\frac{1}{3}$ rd of an inch wide. It is trimmed with a puff  $\frac{1}{3}$ rd inch wide, and a pinked-out flounce 2 inches wide, both in straw-coloured glacé silk; the flounce is covered with a lace border slightly gathered. A strip of straw-coloured glacé silk  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide, and the same width as the basket, is sewn round the upper edge, and may be used for the lining or for a bag; if for the latter use, a ribbon must be drawn through it at the upper edge. The sides of the basket, which are worked together with the bottom, are  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches high; they are 2 inches narrower at the top. Illustration 231 shows the shape of the straw basket without the trimmings. The inside of the basket is lined with straw-coloured calico. The handle consists of a double straw plait 14 inches long, trimmed with thick straw-coloured silk braid. At both ends of the handle make a straw loop 1 inch long, through which draw a small circle of silk cord. Trim the handle with two rosettes of glacé silk and straw.



## 233. BRAIDING DESIGN FOR MANTLES, DRESSES, ETC.

This pattern is worked in double rows of braid, and the dots in the centre of each diamond are formed by one round black bead. The pattern should be commenced at the right-hand corner of the lower row.



## ENIGMA.

My empire is wide as the civilised world,  
Both hemispheres bow to my sway;  
A tyrant am I of the veriest dye,  
For none may my bidding gainsay.

I ruled before Tyre was the queen of the sea,  
Still rule in the courts of the earth;  
Yet, old as I am, I am born every day,  
And France is the land of my birth.

I am courted, abused, I am followed or shunned,  
As caprice or as fortune prevail;  
Give bread to the hungry, yet (paradox strange!)  
I drive many to rot in a jail.

I lend to the lonely a charm and a spell  
That helps them to conquer at will;  
Give grace to the matron, the aged, the child,—  
They say I'm ridiculous still.

# LOVELIEST WORDS.

## THE DREAM.

A BUST SEEN IN THE STUDIO OF AN ARTIST.

A SUMMER night in Rome—  
Dear Rome, of art and song and love the  
home!

An eve of rare delight,—  
A murmuring, soft, immeasurable night,  
A summer night in Rome!

No frigid Northern skies  
Chill us from far, mocking our longing  
eyes

And yearning sympathies;—  
Ah no! the heaven bends kind and clasp-  
ing here,  
And in the ether clear  
The stars seem warm and near.

This is the artist's room,  
Hushed in its purple gloom,—  
The dim birth-chamber of his vital  
thought,

Which, into marble wrought,  
Asserts sublime and beautiful control,—  
Charming the raptured sight,  
Hushing the world in wondering delight,  
Touching the fainting soul,  
Fettered by sin and grief and strife,  
To newer, holier life.

Pulsing along the air  
A strange and sacred presence seems to  
fill

The studio dark and still;  
Dark—saving only where  
Through the broad window, with a won-  
drous glow

Of golden light, unhindered in its flow,  
Looks in the mellow moon,  
The bright Italian moon;—

Still save the tremor light  
Which the thick vines yield to the wooing  
night;

And the soul-soothing tune  
Breathing among the distant olive-trees,  
Where bland airs sing their dreamful  
symphonies,  
Their chants of love and June.

Behold a vision there,  
Where the slant moonlight floods the  
fragrant air,—

A dreaming marble face,  
Exquisite in its grace,  
Gentle and young and fair  
Amid its luminous waves of flowing hair;  
A brow with earnest meaning softly  
fraught,

Bowed in a trance of thought,  
As though, enraptured by some vision rare,  
Some picture in the air,  
The musing eyes see what is else unseen;  
And while it lingers there,  
The beautiful lips serene  
Seem parting unaware,  
To utter softly, "*Stay! thou art so fair!*"

This is the artist's dream,  
This sweet, and noble face. Does it not  
seem

A word might break the charm,—  
Might startle the dropped lids with quick  
alarm,  
Might wake warm colour in the snowy  
cheek

And make the dreamer speak?

Nay, breathe more softly—hush!

Did not the rare lips move?

Pygmalion trembled when the rosy flush  
Of conscious being thrilled his marble love;

I dare not stay to prove  
If I am stronger. So, farewell to thee,  
Most dainty dream! The artist will not see  
That thou hast lost by giving unto me

A beautiful memory,  
A joy for evermore!

Now close the studio-door,  
And leave the haunted room  
To all pure spirits dear;  
Leave not a foot-print on the sacred floor,  
Wake not the echoes in the classic gloom;  
The artist's soul is here—  
Where in the eloquent silence, strange  
and dim,  
His beautiful creations wait for him!

## J U N E.

NEVER was my life's neglected garden  
 Half so full of fragrance as to-day ;  
 Never has the world been half so radiant,  
 Nor its shapes of sorrow and dismay  
 Ever seemed so few and far away.  
 Wide the chestnut waves its spreading  
       branches  
 In a white bewilderment of bloom,—  
 And the lilacs, overwhelmed with blossoms,  
 Drooping like a wounded warrior's  
       plume,                   [perfume.  
 Hang their faint heads heavy with  
 On the sea a veil of silvery softness,  
 Faint and filmy and mysterious, lies,—  
 Blending doubtfully the far horizon  
 With the azure of the smiling skies,  
 Tender as the blue of loving eyes.  
 On the grass the fallen apple-blossoms  
 Heap a pillow rosy-hued and rare ;  
 While the dim ghosts of the dandelions  
 Sail serenely in the untroubled air,  
 And the clover blushes everywhere.

In the leaves a nightingale is pouring  
 Passion-songs which brook no pause or  
       rest ;  
 Hark ! how gushingly the liquid music  
 Swells and overflows his trembling  
       breast,  
 Like a love that cannot be repressed !

O, the joy, the luxury, the rapture,  
 Thus to brush away the chains of care,  
 Thus to drop the mask from heart and  
       forehead,—  
 To be glad and young again, and wear  
 Lilies-of-the-valley in my hair !

Far away, unfelt and scarce remembered,  
 Seems the world-life, harsh and tur-  
       bulent,  
 So much harmony and joy and beauty,  
 In this matchless day of days are  
       blent :  
 I desire no more,—I am content !

## THE ENCHANTRESS.

A LYRIC FOR MABEL.

It is only in legend and fable  
 The fairies are with us, you know ;  
 For the fairies are fled, little Mabel,  
 Ay, ages and ages ago.  
 And yet I have met with a fairy,—  
 You needn't go shaking your curls,—  
 A genuine spirit and airy,  
 Like her who talked nothing but pearls.  
 You may laugh if you like, little Mabel,—  
 I know you're exceedingly wise ;  
 But I've seen her as plain as I'm able  
 To see unbelief in your eyes.  
 A marvellous creature ! I really  
 Can't say she is gifted with wings,  
 Or resides in a tulip ; but, clearly,  
 She's queen of all beautiful things.  
 Whenever she comes from her castle  
 The snow fades away like a dream,  
 And the pine-cone's icicle tassel  
 Doth melt, and drop into the stream.

The dingy gray moss on the boulder  
 Takes colour like burnished steel ;  
 The brook puts its silvery shoulder  
 Again to the old mill-wheel.  
 The robin and wren fly to meet her,  
 The honey-bee hums with delight ;  
 The morning breaks brighter and sweeter,  
 More tenderly falls the night !  
 By roadsides and pastures and meadows  
 The buttercups, growing bold,  
 For her sake light up the shadows  
 With discs of tremulous gold.  
 Even the withered bough blossoms,  
 Grateful for sunlight and rain,—  
 Even the hearts in our bosoms  
 Are leaving to greet her again.  
 What fairy in all your romances  
 Is such an enchantress as she,  
 Who blushes in roses and pansies,  
 And sings in the birds on the tree ?



## AN INVENTOR'S DIFFICULTIES.

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**I**N the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* are appearing some papers on the sewing-machine, which will exhaust the subject both as regards its history and the account of the various qualities of the machines offered to the public. There is an interesting episode, however, in the struggles of Mr. Elias Howe, the inventor, which has not yet been noted.

During the winter of 1844-45 Mr. Howe was making the first machine. His conception of what he intended to produce was so clear and complete that he was little delayed by failures, but worked on with almost as much certainty and steadiness as though he had a model before him. In April he sewed a seam with the machine, and by the middle of May 1845 had completed his model. In July he sewed all the seams of two suits of woollen clothes, the sewing of which outlasted the cloth.

It is agreed that Elias Howe, in making this machine, carried the invention further on towards its complete and final utility than any other inventor has ever brought a first-rate invention at a first trial. Every contrivance in it, certainly, has been since improved, and new devices have been added ; but no successful sewing-machine exists, of all the 700,000 that have been manufactured, that does not contain some of the essential devices of this first attempt.

Like all the other great inventors, Mr. Howe found that when he had completed his machine his difficulties had but begun. After he had brought the machine to the point of making a few stitches, he went to Boston one day to ask a tailor to come to Cambridge (U.S.), and arrange some cloth for sewing, and give his opinion as to the quality of the work done by the machine. The comrades of the man to whom he first applied dissuaded him from going, alleging that a sewing-machine, if it worked well, must necessarily reduce the whole fraternity of tailors to beggary ; and this proved to be the unchangeable conviction of the tailors for the next ten years.

It is probable that the first machines made would have been destroyed by violence, but for another fixed opinion of the tailors, which was, that no machine could be made that would really answer the purpose. It seems strange enough now that the tailors living in the neighbourhood of Mr. Howe could have persisted so long in such an opinion, for, a few weeks after he had finished his first model, he gave them an opportunity to see what it could do. He placed his little engine in a room of a clothing manufactory in Boston, and, seating himself before it, offered to sew any seam that might be brought to him. One unbelieving tailor after another brought a garment, and saw its long seams sewed perfectly at the rate of 250 stitches a minute, which was about seven times as fast as it could be done by hand. For two weeks he sat there daily, and sewed seams for all who chose to bring them. He amused himself, at intervals, in executing rows of ornamental stitching, and he showed the strength of the machine by sewing the thick-plaited skirts of frock-coats to the bodies.

At last he challenged five of the swiftest seamstresses in the establishment to sew a race with the machine. Ten seams of equal length were prepared for sewing, five of which were laid by the machine, and the other five given to the girls. The umpire, who held the watch, testified that the five girls were the fastest sewers that could be found, and that they sewed "as fast as they could—much faster than they were in the habit of sewing,"—faster than they could have kept on for one hour. Nevertheless, Mr. Howe finished his five seams a little sooner than the girls finished theirs, and it was further declared that "the work done on the machine was the neatest and strongest."

For all this, it was seven long years before the sewing-machine could be held to be received into society by workers at the needle.



**234, 235. TULLE  
VEILS, WITH BEAD  
AND CHENILLE EM-  
BROIDERY.**

Both of these very pretty veils are made of tulle, and trimmed at the upper edge with a strip of blonde insertion  $\frac{1}{4}$ th of an inch wide, through which a ribbon or elastic is drawn. Illustration 234 is trimmed down each side and the lower border with two rows of white lace, embroidered with short white bugles. If the lace cannot be purchased with the Grecian pattern, this can be formed by the bugles. The lower edge of the veil is trimmed with crystal grelots and long white bugles; the centre is embroidered with spots of white chenille.

**234. TULLE VEIL EMBROIDERED WITH CHENILLE.**

The long square veil is rounded off at the sides, and edged with narrow black lace. The diamond-pattern border is formed of the same

Veil No. 235 is also very pretty. The centre is studded with crystal beads; the outer edge is trimmed with crystal and satin beads and a bead fringe.

—o—

**236. THE  
"CATALANE" CAPE-  
LINE.**

Our pattern is composed of a square crown and a long pleated veil of white cashmere. The square crown is lined with white silk, small stars are worked round it with jet bugles, and it is edged round with a border of black lace.

lace, and within each diamond a star is worked with jet bugles. The veil is pleated at the top, and sewn on under the edge of the square crown. A bow of black velvet ribbon with long ends is placed at the back, and the strings with which the capeline is fastened in front are of velvet ribbon. Capelines are much worn on the Continent, and deserve more patronage here than they receive.

—o—

### 235. TULLE VEIL EMBROIDERED WITH BEADS.

### 237. COSTUME FOR A LITTLE GIRL FROM EIGHT TO TEN YEARS OLD.

Under-skirt of plain violet cashmere, short gored skirt, and loose paletot of gray poplin bordered with violet velvet ribbon. The short skirt is open on either side; it is fastened in front with oval jet buttons. The paletot is ornamented at the back with streamers of violet velvet ribbon, finished off with tassels of cut jet.

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## THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN'S RECIPE-BOOK.

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**STEWED CELERY.**—Boil the blanched root of the celery till tender, add a slice of lemon and a little pounded mace, thicken it with a good lump of butter and a little flour; boil it a little, beat the yolks of two eggs, grate in half a nutmeg, and add a teacupful of cream; shake over the fire till of a proper thickness, but do not let it boil.

**STEWED EELS.**—Skin, clean, and skewer the eels round; stew with a little good gravy, coloured with a little claret, and a blade or two of mace, an anchovy, and some lemon-peel; after stewing three-quarters of an hour, thicken with a little flour and butter; garnish with parsley.

**"QUEEN MAB" PUDDING.**—Ingredients: Milk, lemon, bitter almonds, vanilla, isinglass, sugar, cream, eggs, candied citron, preserved cherries or ginger. Mode: Throw into a pint of new milk the rind of a lemon, and six or eight bitter almonds, blanched and bruised, or substitute for these half a pod of vanilla cut small. Heat it slowly by the side of the fire, and keep it at the point of boiling until it is strongly flavoured; then add a small pinch of salt, and three-quarters of an ounce of fine isinglass, or a full ounce if the weather should be extremely warm. When this is dissolved, strain the milk through a muslin, and put it into a clean saucepan, with four and a half ounces of sugar in lumps, and half a pint of rich cream; give the whole one boil, and then stir it briskly and by degrees to the well-beaten yolks of six fresh eggs; next thicken the mixture, as a custard, over a gentle fire, but do not hazard its curdling. When it is of a tolerable consistency, pour it out, and continue the stirring until it is half cold; then mix with it one and a half ounces of candied citron cut in small pieces, and two ounces of dried cherries, and pour it into a mould rubbed with a little oil. When turned out it will have the appearance of a pudding; it is served cold, and if iced, so much the better. Preserved ginger or preserved pine-apple may be used instead of the cherries, or mix them.

**LEMON CHEESECAKE** that will keep.—Ingredients: Six lemons, six eggs, one pound of lump sugar, six ounces of butter. Cost, 2s. Mode: Grate four lemons, add the juice of six, the yolks of six eggs and whites of two: mix thoroughly, and put it in a jug; place the jug in a saucepan of boiling water; stir one way, until it is a nice thick paste. When quite cold, cover closely; it will keep good for a fortnight.

**PUDDINGS** that all children are fond of (to be eaten hot or cold).—I. Take a deep dish; put a breakfast-cupful of rice into it, and wash; give three waters—the last warm. Then add two tablespoonfuls of moist sugar, one quart of milk, a little nutmeg on the top, and bake one hour. Sago and tapioca can be made the same way. For a change, a few currants washed and dried, or raisins stoned, can be added.—II. Put six tablespoonfuls of flour in a basin, and a little salt; mix smooth with milk; add the yolks of two eggs; beat the whites to a froth, and add with milk until the thickness as for pancakes. Butter a dish; put half the basin in, and bake about half an hour; take it out of the oven, and cover with any kind of jam; pour over the remaining batter, and bake one hour.

**TO MAKE TWELVE GALLONS OF GINGER WINE.** An admirable beverage for summer time (Editor's own recipe).—Ingredients: Twelve ounces of bruised unbleached ginger, twenty-eight pounds of loaf sugar, twelve lemons, twelve pounds of raisins, twelve gallons of spring water, six tablespoonfuls of yeast, one ounce of isinglass, three pints of brandy. Mode: Boil the water, ginger, sugar, and lemon-peel, half an hour. Have the raisins ready chopped in a pan; pour the liquor over them. When nearly cool, add the lemon-juice and six tablespoonfuls of yeast. Stir it every day for a fortnight; then add the isinglass and three pints of brandy; put in the cask when convenient.

## OUR DRAWING-ROOM.

**A PERPLEXED ONE.**—It is yours to decide, and we have little doubt but that your decision is virtually made already. When people solicit advice on a question of this kind, the advice, as a rule, is only accepted when it confirms a previous decision. Your suitors are doubtless both of them very much in earnest; versatile in the method, but the same in the purpose, they are exerting their best efforts to win your love. You say they are both well-to-do, so that they stand alike on pecuniary grounds, but that "the one who is a barrister" is "inclined to be cynical, and takes a good deal upon himself." Our conviction is, that you will marry that man. Evidently you are made to feel his power; he is not "always just what I should like him to be, as the other is," and it is precisely on this ground that you will join your fate to his. Women may sometimes dearly like to hold the reins, or, at all events, to guide the driver, but they have a vast contempt for a man who cannot drive; they have no more real objection to obey a man when they feel they *must* obey than they have to honour and to love him.

**MARIAN.**—Children are as plastic clay in the hands of those who have the moulding of their characters; but they learn far more rapidly from observation than they do from direct teaching. It has been well remarked that children in all countries are first vegetables, then they are animals, and then they come to be people; but their way of growing out of one stage into another is as different in different societies as their states of mind when they grow up. They all have limbs, senses, and intellects; but their growth of heart and mind depends incalculably upon the spirit of the society amid which they are reared.

**J. F.**—A marriage contracted with a lunatic is, we believe, illegal under any circumstances; but there is no question of its illegality when one of the contracting parties is perfectly well aware that the other has been legally declared a lunatic, and is under restraint. We decline to enter on a discussion of the case you mention, but we are of opinion that the decision is quite legal.

**T. P. W.**—We have just received a little book that exactly supplies the information you want. "Old Granny," who acknowledges with thanks the kind feeling you express towards her, recommends the *Stocking-Knitter's Manual*, a handy book for the work-table, by Mrs. Cupples, published by Messrs. Johnstone, Hunter, & Co., Edinburgh. "Though the loom has done away in a great measure with the importance of stocking knitting, still it is a pleasant and profitable, if homely, accomplishment. . . . It is to be hoped that at no time will this thrifty household acquirement be allowed to fall into disuse for the sake of more ornamental occupations." The book "Granny" recommends is thoroughly practical—it tells the knitter exactly how to begin, how to proceed with, and how to complete a good comfortable pair of hose.

**DAISY.**—1. To remove fruit-stains from linen rub the part on each side with yellow soap, then tie up a piece of pearl-ash in the cloth and soak well in hot water, or boil; afterwards expose the stained part to the light and air. 2. Do not be too hasty to spend. In the race the winner should always be ahead of the spender. Poor Richard says:

"Many estates are spent in getting,  
Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,  
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting."

And again, "Silks and satins, scarlets and velvets, put out the kitchen fire." As to bargains: "At a great pennyworth pause a while," as "many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths."

**LOTTIE.**—Whether a young lady is the better for "going to Paris to be finished" is a debatable question. School-life in Paris is as dull as school-life anywhere else—it has its own trials, toils, temptations, friendships, tiffs, and the rest of it; and those so circumstanced see little or nothing of the "centre of civilisation." Travel is of great advantage. Bacon calls it a part of education; but the advantages to be gained by going to a Parisian pension principally depend upon the management of the school.

ANTHROPOS.—Yes, there have been people who actually liked toads. One favourite observation of the toad-keepers is to hold them in their hands and offer them live insects, for they will eat nothing that is dead. When a fly or other small insect is placed before him, he looks at it keenly, with his sparkling eyes full of the knowledge of what is to be done; and then, moving gently towards it till he is within the requisite distance, he darts out his tongue, and returns it to his mouth with the captured insect, so rapidly that it requires a very sharp eye to detect the motion. Ants are relished very much by toads, and a Mr. Husenbeth, who kept toad pets, used sometimes to give them a great treat by bringing them home part of an ant-hill and setting them down in the midst of it. His pets would raise themselves on all fours and dart out their tongues right and left, evidently enjoying themselves *à merveille*. Sometimes he would hold one up at the window, amused by the cleverness with which his pet would capture the buzzing gnats. As to their being found in the middle of blocks of stone and coal, where they must have been living for thousands and thousands of years, there is an explanation of that which is not to be derided. It is supposed that when toads have been thus found they have got there when very young—probably in their tadpole state—through some fissure large enough to admit their small bodies, and through this fissure food and moisture may afterwards have reached them sufficient to support life.

L. F. P. B.—Mignonette is one of our most admired annuals. It is a native of Egypt, and first found its way from thence to France, where it was welcomed by the appropriate name of “Mignonette,” which signifies, little darling. From Paris it was sent to London, in 1742, by Lord Bateman, who made a present of a small package of the seed to Mr. Bateman, of Old Windsor. The Spaniards also know this plant by the endearing name of “Minoneta.” And it is remarkable that the French, who were the first to bestow it, should now give it up for the less poetical one of “Le réséda d’Egypt,”—that is, the “assuager,” or “healer from Egypt,” because in that country it is used medicinally to assuage the pains of boils, or bruises, or wounds. Pliny, the Latin historian and naturalist, tells us that it was customary to repeat the following words while using it: “Reseda, cause these maladies to cease. Knowest thou, knowest thou, who hath driven these pullets here?” Though the Mignonette is a summer flower, it may be made to bloom almost throughout the year. If it is wanted for a winter flower, its seed should be sown in July and well watered.

## TO LIZZIE,

## AN ENGAGED YOUNG LADY.

Lizzie, *ma belle*, they say in society  
You are “engaged”—that there’s no chance  
for me;

I, dear, maintain, in direct contrariety,  
That I’ve a right in your presence to be.  
Just as the sun, that shines out so gloriously,  
Cannot be made to shine only on one;  
So I contend—and if needs be uproariously—  
That your bright eyes are as free as the sun.

You are too lovely, too good, and too beautiful,  
For one poor fellow to wholly possess;  
I, while meanwhile to your lover you’re dutiful,  
Surely may bask in your favour, dear Bess.  
I may, I think, be allowed just to gaze at you,—  
Cats, as you well know, may look at a king,—  
Perhaps you’ll permit me to quote dismal lays  
at you—  
Lays which a poor forestalled lover should  
sing.

If I should sometimes go out for a walk with  
you  
Now *he’s* away, why, dear, where is the  
harm?

If I should whisper soft things when I talk  
with you,  
Why, dear, it would but recall *his* talk’s  
charm.

Say, if presumptuously I should caress you, dear,  
You would but think, “How I wish it were  
*he!*”

Should I take courage and to my heart press  
you, dear,  
Still I must ask, pet, what harm could there be?

Let us suppose that at some time or other, love,  
I should feel bound to give you a kiss;  
You’d take it, I know, as you would from a  
brother, love,  
Thinking perhaps, “If ’twere *his*, O, what  
bliss!”

So do not banish me, don’t be dismissing me,  
Just because *I* did not get the first chance;  
Don’t think it wrong even, dear, to be kissing me;  
Don’t for an absent one keep every glance.

Love him, by all means; he spoke first,—bad  
luck to him!—

Let me, though, have of your sweetness a sip;  
Now you, of course, are a darling and duck to  
him—

’Twixt cup and lip, though, there’s sometimes  
a slip!

Perhaps I shall live, pet, to be at your marriage,  
In what capacity sometimes I think;  
Shall I be inside or outside your carriage?  
Bess! will the “cup” ever mine be to drink?

**MINIATURE.**—In the centuries preceding the Reformation noblewomen became patrons of art, particularly that branch cultivated with most success upon the decline of the rest—miniature painting on parchment. From being merely ornamental, this became an ordinary and necessary part of manuscript books of devotion, and the brilliant colouring and delicate finish of illuminated manuscripts were often due to the touch of feminine hands. The inmates of convents and monasteries employed much time in painting and ornamenting books, in copying the best works of ancient art, and in painting on glass, the nuns especially making a business of copying and illuminating manuscripts. Agnes, abbess of Quedlinberg, was celebrated as a miniature-painter in the twelfth century, and some of her works have survived the desolation of ages. The cultivators of the art seem to have been divided into two classes—miniaturists properly so called, and miniature calligraphists. It was the province of the first to colour the histories and arabesques, and to lay on the gold and silver ornaments. The second wrote the book and the initial letters so often traced in red, blue, and gold. These were called “pulchri scriptores,” or fair writers. Painting of this description was peculiarly a religious occupation. It was well suited for the peaceful and secluded life of the convent or the monastery; it required none of the intimate acquaintance with the passions of the human heart, with the busy scenes of life so essential to other and higher forms of art. But the labours of nuns in ornamental work in the Middle Ages were not confined to illuminating and miniature-painting; and the fairest princesses did not disdain either to work altar-pieces or embroider garments and gifts for their friends and lovers.

**LA CENERENTOLA.**—You may study with advantage the works of Maria Raffaella Caracciolo, Bianca Milesi, Speciosa Zanardi-Botteoni. The Italians are proud of their literary women, but there is little of variety in their style or spirit. The regeneration of Italy will doubtless give an impetus to literary ability in that land of song.

**CURIOUS** should turn her curiosity to better account; remember the old adage, “Handsome is,” &c. Perhaps there is no gift with which mortals are endowed that brings so much danger as beauty. It is so rare for a belle to be happy, or even contented, after the season of youth is past, that it is considered almost a miracle. If you are handsome it is particularly necessary that you should learn not to attach an undue importance to this dangerous gift; and if you are plain, it is certainly not for your happiness to regard it in the light of a misfortune.

**MIRRORE.**—A story bearing singularly upon your case is told by a writer one hundred and fifty years ago. There is not much new under the sun. It was in the following way that a young man—then called young fellow—disclosed his love for a young lady—this was then described, “discovered his passion to his mistress.” The young lady, it seems, had long before conceived a favourable opinion of the young fellow, and was still in hopes that he would some time or other make advances. As he was one day talking with her in company of her two sisters, the conversation happening to turn on love, each of the young ladies was, by way of raillery, recommending a wife to him, when, to the no small surprise of her who languished for him in secret, he told them, with more than an ordinary seriousness, that his heart had been long engaged to one whose name he thought himself obliged in honour to conceal, but that he could show her picture in the lid of his snuff-box. The young lady who found herself most sensibly touched by this confession took the first opportunity that offered of snatching his box out of his hand. He seemed desirous of recovering it; but finding her resolved to look into the lid, begged her that if she should happen to know the person she would not reveal her name. Upon carrying it to the window she was very agreeably surprised to find there was nothing within the lid but a little looking-glass; on which, after she had viewed her own face with more pleasure than ever she had done before, she returned the box with a smile, telling him she could not but admire his choice.

**A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE FIRST.**—It is probable that the series may be continued, but want of space compels us to defer it for the present.

**BOTANY** wishes to know how to preserve the colour of flowers and mount them on cardboard. Will any of our Correspondents be kind enough to favour her with instructions?

**MARKING MAPS FOR GIRLS' SCHOOLS.**—“Marking” has been of late so little practised, and its place so entirely taken by marking-inks and fluids, that we are not sorry to see a slight revival of the art. The Marking Maps now before us are in cross-stitch of different colours; the names of places and towns are done in long-stitching; and many little girls will welcome the variety of colour and new kind of work. The maps are clearly printed, and the price moderate. Ladies who visit charity and other schools would do well to examine these maps for themselves. They are published by F. Pitman, 20 Paternoster-row, E.C.

A. Z.—The Royal Academy was instituted in 1768. Its annual exhibitions of paintings were originally made in Somerset House, Strand; subsequently in the National Gallery, Trafalgar-square. New buildings are about to be erected at Burlington House. The Art-Union of London was established in 1836. St. Martin's Hall, Long-acre, is, we believe, to be shortly transformed into a theatre.

#### LOVE'S COMPARATIVES.

A star that through the gloomy night  
Heralds some brighter day ;  
To wand'rer lost a beacon-light,  
Heaven-sent, to guide his way ;  
To weary bark, long tempest tost  
Amid the pathless sea,  
A port, a home, when all seemed lost :  
Such art thou now to me,  
My love,—  
All this and more to me.

As eager to some slender rope  
Holds fast the drowning man ;  
As through his pain clings on to hope  
The sufferer sick and wan ;  
As cleaves the ivy to the wall,  
The creeper to the tree,—  
E'en thus, my hope, my life, my all,  
My spirit cleaves to thee,  
My love,—  
My heart now clings to thee.

As the bright orbs in heaven above  
Revolve round yonder sun,  
My life is centred round thy love,  
Will be, till life is done.  
As all the streams of earth below  
Haste onward to the sea,  
My heart's life flows—ah, even so !—  
My heart's life flows to thee,  
My love,—  
My being turns to thee.

My life, my very life thou art,  
I live but in thy love ;  
Thou makest the pulses of my heart,  
Thrilled through with life to move.  
In thee I am what I am now,  
And what I hope to be ;  
A quickening power of life art thou,  
I live, my love, in thee,  
My love,—  
In thee alone, in thee !

EDITH is referred to our papers on Health and Beauty.

MYRTLE is referred to the advertising pages of the *Boys' Own Magazine*.

L. S. B.—Ladies who delight to adorn their persons with those beautiful fabrics, Cashmere shawls, little dream of the immense amount of labour necessary to produce them. The shawls, with the most tasteful ornaments are made upon the loom without the shuttle, each coloured yarn of the woof being worked upon the warp with a separate wooden needle. This process is so slow, that it is usual to divide the fabric among several looms, after which the pieces are so nicely put together that the seams cannot be detected. The very finest shawls are made in a single piece, and require three years of constant labour. These, however, are liable to injury from moths, or may fade in this extended period, so that they are rarely attempted. The fine shawls are usually made in twelve pieces, on as many looms, and then put together. They require six or seven months in their manufacture, and are worth, in Cashmere, from five hundred to eight hundred dollars. They have sold in London and Paris as high as two thousand dollars. The majority of the shawls in use in this country are made in Paris, and cost there from sixty to one hundred and forty dollars.

LIZZIE KING.—Thanks for your tatting pattern. Your suggestion shall be considered.

T. LATA.—Your specimen of the curious rendering of French into English is equalled by what was done the other day by a French journalist. In translating an account from an English journal of the late Alexander Smith the poet, *L'International*, a French newspaper published in London, makes the following amusing but intelligible blunder. Speaking of Mr. Smith's work, *A Summer in Skye*, the translator rendered it *L'été dans les cieux*.

FIDGET.—The new stitch in Berlin-work, No. 185, is worked in half stitches, and then crossed like red specimen. The price of paper model for either baby's frock or lady's jacket is 2s. 6d.

AN INTERESTED READER will find in this month's Number—June—diagrams for cutting out a pretty walking-jacket.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The blue marks may be removed from embroidery by soaking it in cold water that soda has been dissolved in.

MARY.—Make your white net evening-dress with five bouillonné at the bottom, dotted at equal distances with small roses, or any flower you prefer. Over this wear a long peplum tunic trimmed with lace. The bodice should be adorned with cordons of roses and narrow lace ; short puffed sleeves.

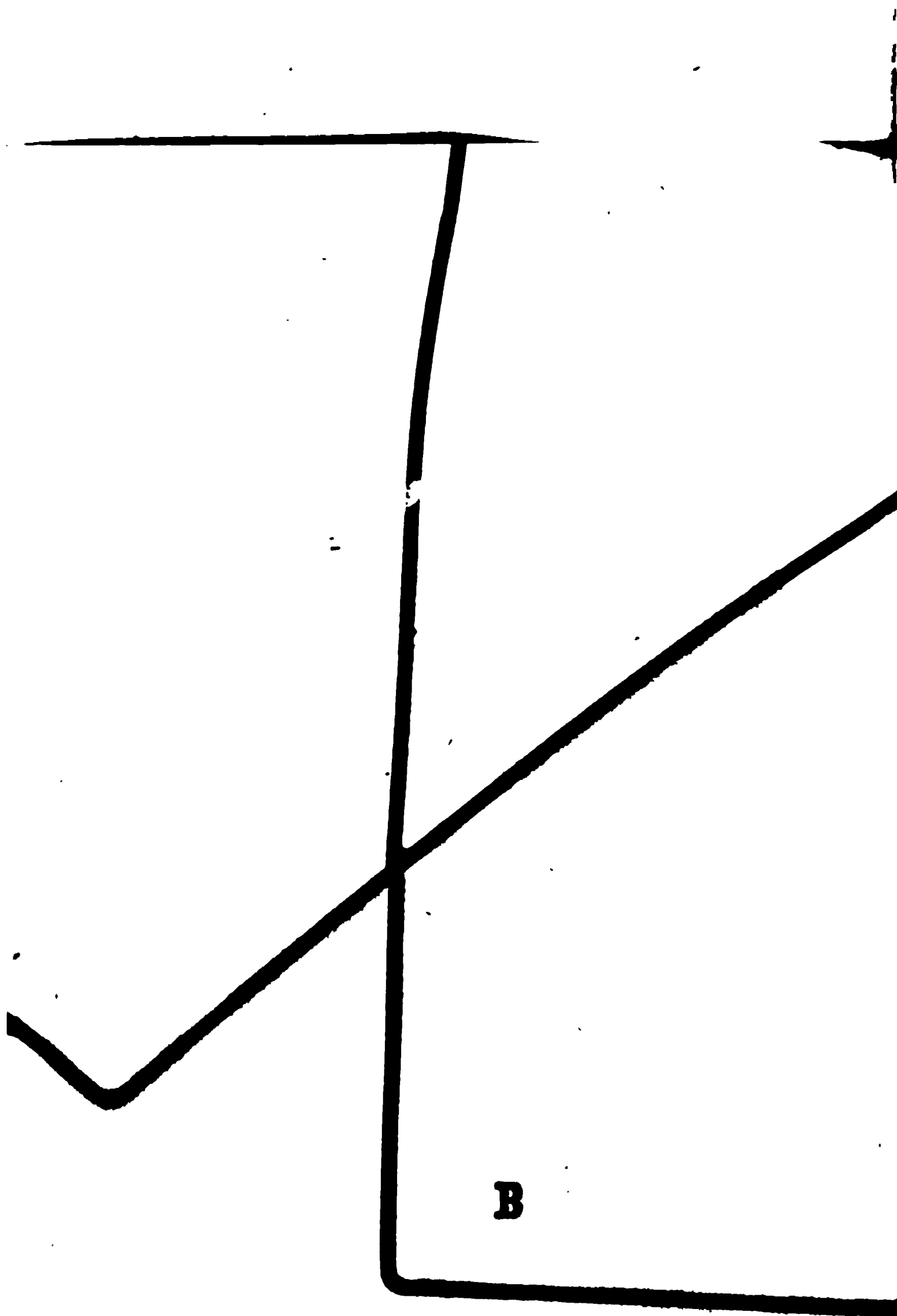


## MADAME GOUBAUD'S PRICE-LIST OF PAPER MODELS.

[Full-sized paper models, tacked together and returned, can be had of all the below-mentioned articles. The prices are affixed to each pattern. All communications in connection with these patterns to be addressed to Madame Adolphe Goubaud, 33 Rathbone-place, Oxford-street, London, W.]

	s.	d.
Boat-necked Jacket . . . . . each	2	0
Boat-necked Jacket . . . . .	2	0
Boat-necked Vest . . . . .	2	0
Vest Knice, for wearing under Boat-necked Jacket .	1	0
Chemise Blouse, a kind of tightly-fitting Garibaldi Shirt . . . . .	2	0
Short loose Jacket for the house . . . . .	2	0
Princess Breakfast Dress . . . . .	2	0
The Princess Dress . . . . .	2	0
Ditto, to fasten across from left to right . . . . .	2	0
Senorita Bodice and Sleeve . . . . .	2	0
Full Bodice, for Muslin dresses . . . . .	2	0
Louis XIII. Bodice and Sleeve . . . . .	2	0
Plain Bodice . . . . .	2	0
Low Bodice for evening wear, including a pretty berthe and sleeve complete . . . . .	2	0
Fashionably cut and trimmed Open or Closed Sleeves . . . . . each	1	0
Lace Pelerines . . . . . each	1	0
Flora Marie Antoinette, with ends to cross be- hind . . . . .	1	0
Flora Flora . . . . .	1	0
Gazelle ditto . . . . .	1	0
Loreley Capeline . . . . .	1	0
Plain Gored Skirt . . . . .	2	0
New Gored Skirt, without pleats in front . . . . .	2	0
Fashionably-trimmed gored Skirt . . . . .	2	0
Lady's Peplum . . . . .	2	0
Cloaks for evening wear . . . . . each	2	0
Lady's Back Dressing-gown . . . . .	2	0
Gentleman's Dressing-gown . . . . .	2	0
New Cloaks and Mantles, tacked together and trimmed, 2s. 6d. each, including a flat pattern to cut from, Children's Mantles, 2s. 6d. each, with a flat pattern.		





# THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN.



## THE HYMN OF LOVE.

### Part II. CHAPTER VII.

"GOOD evening, Otto; thou art very late! Why, we have been here more than two hours."

How soft and happy her voice sounded! Otto heard the ring in it, and it pained him.

"And I half-an-hour or thereabouts."

"Where, then, wert thou until just now?"

"In the saal, where I was detained to hear a lecture from a friend of mine."

"O, the Aunt Trina! Yes, she announced her intention of scolding thee, and even charged me with that duty lest she should forget. But now I need not scold."

"And didst *thou* really miss me these two days, Minna?" he asked, with an earnest, doubting look into her face. He could have read an answer there, even without the frankly-spoken reply:

"Indeed I did, Otto. Even the absence pained me. I feared that my old friend had taken offence at something I had said or done."

"And that really could trouble thee?—even while enjoying the longed-for visit of the Herr Staatsanwalt Zabel?" His incredulous look and tone surprised Minna.

"Why, Otto, what has that to do with it? What has the visit of my cousin to do with thee? My friendship for him has nothing to do with my friendship for thee."

"True, true! Nothing indeed! It is a vastly different affair, as thou sayest. But I guessed—or believed—that while the Herr Zabel remained thou wouldst never miss me. So I stayed away."

"Otto! thou art but jesting! Am I, then, one to forget an old friend for a comparatively new one?" Yes, Minna *did* look pained and mortified, and Otto saw it.

"Well, I may have been wrong, Minna."

"Indeed, thou wert wrong! Thy absence, and the strange way we saw thee pass last evening, made me quite wretched—the more so, that I could not remember anything I had done or said to hurt thee. At least," she added, colouring, "nothing in-

tentional. I *may* have pained thee through ignorance." For she remembered how she must have done so by her allusions to Bertha—the false Bertha.

"Pain or offend me, or anyone living, I know thou wouldst not, my child," Otto said, gently. "Therefore was I a fool to let things pain me for which I should have been prepared. It is my own fault—my own folly!"

Cruel, heartless, fickle Bertha! To win this heart, and then cast it from her. How Otto must love her still! His face, his tones showed how he suffered.

"And, Otto,"—Minna's voice was very low, her eyes downcast, her colour heightened—"I had hoped, I do hope, that—though what is past can never return—we should always be as good friends as we should have been had we never been—betrothed lovers. That old story buried, why should we not be good friends always?"

"True, true! Friends, come what will! It is all my own fault!" was the reply, with a sigh that was almost a groan.

"Nay, it was no fault of *thine*, Otto: why dost thou repeat that?" *His* fault!—Who but Otto would have acted so nobly? Foolish Bertha, to cast away such a treasure!

He looked away from her up-turned, questioning, pitying eyes. Yet they were before him—clear, gentle, soft with heavenly compassion. He abruptly changed the subject. He could bear it no longer. To her his words seemed but an answer to her question.

"Minna,—some days ago—nay, yesterday it was—we were speaking together—thou hast not forgotten? Well, then, my friend Minna said to me that I had become *concentre*—was not that the word?"

"Yes, Otto; but then I did not know—" She interrupted herself, blushing. To her relief he did not heed her.

"Up to this it has been so. But on that day I resolved that henceforth thou—I may still call thee *thou*, Minna?"

"Otto!"

"Thanks: it would seem so strange to say 'you' to little Minna. On the morrow, I said, I would tell thee much that concerned me. And I would have done so but for—certain circumstances. Yet this is but the eve of that morrow, so still I can keep my promise to myself."

Ah, he was going to tell about Bertha. Poor Otto! Otto smiled sorrowfully as he watched her speaking face.

"My friend," he said, "one would almost imagine that thou hadst some presentiment of the nature of my confidence. Yes, from thee I am at least sure of gentle sympathy!"

"Surely, Otto!"

"And sympathy from thee is precious. What I have to say will surprise thee. To thy true woman's heart it will seem well-nigh incredible."

Poor fellow! How sadly he spoke, and yet how proud he looked. Proud! ay, even a little scornful. Poor Otto!

"Minna, almost thy first question to me on my return was—'When didst thou last see Bertha Alken?' Thou couldst not possibly know that the question would be to me as a thrust from a sword, a two-edged sword, nor wherefore. But it showed me so plainly in what light I—I stood to thee. And it was all over—all—all! Well! my answer was, that I had seen her only yesterday—that I had gone direct from my bondage to Aachen—having a purpose in wishing to arrive there unexpectedly."

"Yes—I remember," Minna said, softly, for he had paused.

"The purpose I had in view was *not* to give her a lover's surprise," he resumed scoffingly, "but to ascertain the truth or falsehood of certain reports that had reached me at Berlin, concerning her for whom I had so madly, so heartlessly, so—"

He checked himself hastily, as he saw the look of distress in the gentle face beside him. He went on in a calmer tone:

"But this is foolish, unmanly, useless! Bertha Alken could not be expected to have cherished through years of absence a memory that to her *must* have come as that of one already proved to be fickle, unstable, worthless. How could she count on his fidelity to *her*—how indeed? No wonder that she had resolved to forget him as speedily as might be. No wonder that when occasion came she gladly placed her happiness in the keeping of one on whom she *could* rely! No, I do not blame Bertha Alken. I deserved this, and more. But the 'more' is hardest!" he added, in a low, almost inaudible tone. "Minna, I can still read thy sweet face as of old. Thou canst guess what I found at Aachen?"

She coloured, and looked up with tears trembling in her soft eyes. Ah, this lost love—this love so madly abandoned!—so gentle, so pitying, so fearful of giving pain. Otto read it in face, in eyes, in quivering lips.

"I think so—my poor Otto!"

"Yes! I found the Fraulein Bertha the betrothed of another. This I could readily have forgiven, but not the heartless levity with which she spoke of the past, that had cost me—all!—as a mere boy-and-girl dream. My God! what black fate brought her between me and Thy best blessings? Would that I had never looked upon her face, or heard her syren voice!"

Ah, how sadly was the wish re-echoed!

There was a long silence, broken by Otto.

"Minna, why not speak to me? I want to hear thy friendly voice, if only to tell me I am wrong."

"Ah, Otto! would that words of mine could make thy trouble lighter."

Otto's eyes flashed. He took her hand in his and pressed it fervently. His colour went and came, words trembled upon his lips. But as suddenly the colour left his cheek, his eyes sank, and with a sigh he turned away his head. Only he still clasped the little hand in his.

"Bertha is not so heartless as she seemed," she said, soothingly. "Nor is she without consideration for thee, Otto. Not even to her bridegroom has she mentioned thy name; and that proves"—she stopped suddenly, rendered aware of her indiscretion by Otto's glance of eager inquiry. In her confusion she had betrayed her pre-knowledge of Bertha's inconstancy.

"Why, Minna," Otto cried, "how is it possible that *that* should be known to thee? Bertha herself assured me that since I left she had altogether lost sight of thee. Was she then deceiving me in this also?"

"No, no indeed!" Minna protested, in painfully apparent confusion. "No indeed! Bertha told thee truly."

"How, then, canst thou know that? Of course my story was not new to thee, then? How is it? I cannot understand."

"Dear Otto, I have spoken very thoughtlessly. I hardly knew what I said. Pray think of it no more."

He shook his head impatiently. "That cannot be. This I *must* know. Forgive me, Minna, but think how nearly it concerns me. Who is it that could talk of matters which Bertha assured me should remain a secret? Say, my child! Who was it?"

"Be reasonable, Otto. I cannot tell."

"Cannot! How is that?"

"Because I heard it in confidence. O, how thoughtless I have been of my promise!"

"But, Minna, surely thou mayest tell *me*?—me, whom it concerns, to whom the whole affair is known. Tell me, Minna!"

Indeed, Otto, I cannot. At least not until after—see, they are all going in. Come!”

“No, I cannot go yet. I must know before we go in, Minna. At least tell me how long thou hast known of this. A week ago thou wert surely ignorant of it?”

“Yes! Utterly so, indeed.”

“How long hast thou known it?”

“I do not know. That is,—pray do not ask me!”

“Five days?”—and he watched her face. “Four? three? *how* long, Minna? I must know?”

“Only since yesterday; no more, Otto!” He was so excited, so determined, so moved, that she began to hesitate. After all, *might* she not tell *him* the truth? Before long he must know who his rival was; why not now? Truth was, Otto’s old power over her was strong as ever. She longed to do as he wished, and now held back only from her fear of paining him anew, and exciting his anger towards her cousin. Her face betrayed her wavering, and Otto saw it.

“Dear child, *who* was it?” he repeated, softly.

She trembled, but put on a certain quiet decision of manner.

“I will tell thee, then,” she said; “but not until I have thy promise that, however it may pain or annoy thee, neither by word or sign wilt thou betray thy knowledge.”

“I do promise!”

“Then—my informant was the Herr Staatsanwalt Zabel.”

Otto stared. “Why, child! How came *he* to know aught of me or my affairs?”

“Of *thy* connection with what he told me he was, and still is, ignorant. Canst thou not guess how he came to know the affairs of *Bertha*?”

“No, indeed! Unless—O! perhaps he has been professionally—”

“Nay, that is not it. He heard all from *Bertha* as—forgive me that I must pain you, Otto—as his bride!”

“*His* bride!” cried Otto, in a tone that made Minna start, and open her eyes, and wonder—for it was one of gladness, of exultation, of great rejoicing. “His bride!”

He looked down on her with a joyous smile, with an expression of ineffable happiness and hope.

“Then it was not true, after all?” he said, so softly and with such a look of—yes, of love! shining in his dear eyes, that Minna trembled, and was breathless with agitation.

“Minna, my Minna! So *thou* art not the bride of the Herr Zabel—they told me thou wert. O, my darling!” he cried, reading her look of gentle wonder, and interpreting by his newly revived hopes her agitation and her manner—“O, my darling, how it tortured me when you said, a few seconds since, that the past could return no more! I thought you meant that *now* you belonged to another!”

Minna said nothing. Her heart swelled, her bosom heaved with joy and emotion. She raised her eyes with a look of loving reproach.

“My sweet love! my darling! my first love and my last! It was the thought of losing *thee* that wrung my heart! It was that I meant when I cried, ‘It is my own fault!’ I loved thee always, Minna; and when I dared to hope after all thou mightst in time forgive my folly, and let the old love return, I blessed God for *Bertha*’s fickleness. It was with hope,—ay truly!—I hastened to Aachen, that I might come home *free* to thee. But yesterday they told me my love was the bride of this Herr Zabel. Minna, canst thou forgive the past, and be mine—my own, for ever?”

“My Otto!—O, my love!”

No need of further words. The lovers walked on, in blissful silence, and the river—as the river of old—sang to them of joy, and peace, and a golden future. And in their hearts they blessed God.

## CHAPTER VIII.

“ALTE LIEBE ROSTET NICHT.”—CONCLUSION.

OTTO MÜLLER lost no further time in prosecuting the acquaintance of the Herr Staatsanwalt. He walked home with them from the party that night; he called to visit him next morning and to invite them, in his mother's name, to No. 2 tea-party; he came next day with flowers to decorate the old saal for No. 3, and to make himself generally useful. But I should never have done with this sort of numeration.

Something very strange somehow took place on the day of this No. 3 party. For the Aunt Trina and the Herr Staatsanwalt, entering together the oak-wainscoted saal, found—Minna very tenderly clasped in the arms of Otto Müller, with her head resting contentedly on his breast. She wanted to run away on being discovered; but Otto held her fast, and quietly drew back her head to its place, and then bent down and kissed her, all unmindful of the unqualified horror and bewilderment of the old lady, and the sly amusement of the gentleman. The former stood transfixed, with distended eyeballs and countenance, aghast. The latter, coming closer to where Otto and his prisoner stood, looked laughingly at that gentleman.

“Herr Staatsanwalt,” said Otto, smiling, “I am going to take your little ward into my own care. I hope you have no objection?”

“What, what!” cried the Aunt Trina, hastily stepping forward. “Minna, child! Hast thou then forgotten that the Herr Müller is the betrothed of Bertha Alken?”

“What, what!” echoed the Herr Zabel, in turn distending his eyeballs, and looking sharply at Otto—“the Herr Müller!”

“Not so, dear Frau Reinick,” Otto said, quietly. “The Fräulein Bertha, it seems, preferred another suitor to my unworthy self, and so—”

“If I were Minna,” interrupted the old dame, on the spur of the moment, “I would be too proud to take what another could have had, but despised. I would not have the reversion of his love—no, not if he was the Prince himself!”

Otto coloured, and bit his lip. Minna lifted up her loving, radiant face, threw her arms about his neck, and then looked round joyously.

“Dear aunt, his whole love is mine, and I am prouder of it than if he *were* the Prince! A hundred thousand times! Dear Aunt Trina, he loved me *first*. Remember thy old proverb: ‘First love,’ which means TRUE LOVE, ‘is never forgotten.’ And I love him, and have ever loved him, with all my heart and soul!”

“God bless thee, sweet angel!” cried Otto, fervently. “Now hear me, Aunt Trina. Minna alone has ever had *my* true love. Even when dazzled by the fascinations of her cousin, in my inmost heart and soul I loved only my gentle, true little Minna.

“Well, well!” said the soft-hearted old lady, “most people make mistakes before they are old enough to know their own minds. And indeed, Herr Müller, I often wondered how anyone that ever loved my little Minna could care for any other girl. So, after all, Minnchen, I *was* right. ‘First love—’”

“TRUE LOVE!” Minna corrected.

“O, it's all the same. If it's not true love it can't be first love, can it?—‘is never forgotten.’ And it seems, too, that my second dream of the messenger in white and gold will come true also.”

Need I write—so it did!



## OUT OF TOWN; OR, MR. AND MRS. GRAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONIAL INFELICITIES."

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I HAVE learned to milk my goat. Now, if there be one thing more than another which a man who lives in the country, and keeps a cow or a goat, ought to know, it is how to milk. Not that I would advise him to follow the practice every day, for it is to be presumed that he will have a servant, who will, as a rule, attend to this business; but it sometimes happens that servants leave you without warning, or go to "wakes" or weddings, and don't make their appearance at milking-time; and then, unless you are capable of milking, you might as well be without the lacteal-yielding animal; besides, the poor creature will suffer if she be neglected.

Therefore it was,—after having been placed in such a quandary, through reason of my two servants leaving house affairs to take care of themselves, by going off one Sunday afternoon and failing to come back until the following day, whereby my family suffered much inconvenience, dinner being delayed to an unreasonable hour at night, and the goat going without being milked until much beyond her usual time,—therefore it was, I say, that I decided to learn the art of milking.

I essayed to milk our goat on the occasion to which I have just referred, but utterly failed of accomplishing my object. The process looked to me, when I had watched a person milking, so perfectly simple, that I supposed it would require no more skill than it would to pump a pail of water. In the first place, the goat wouldn't stand still, but kept moving about in a most unnecessary manner; swaying first to one side and then to the other; then backing with great rapidity and skill, and anon making a forward movement, accompanied with a kick of her hind-legs which invariably sent the pail flying behind her, and, until I became acquainted with the movement and prepared myself for it, leaving me sprawling on the turf. Every time, though, that I got hold of her udders, I worked and tugged at them with such zeal that I thought either the milk must flow or they would come off. But, though I squeezed and twisted them in every imaginable fashion, not a drop of milk rewarded me. I tried to coax her by singing,—

"Nanny goat, nanny goat, give down your milk,"—

a little poem slightly altered from one addressed to "cushy-cow," in "Mother Goose's Melodies;" but all to no purpose. She was as coy about disposing of her milk as if she were only a kid of tender age, instead of being the matronly old goat she was.

Now, I have a very sweet disposition, to which Mrs. Gray, if she were asked, would testify; but there is a limit even to my sweetness; and when that goat had bothered me for about an hour, and I had become heated by chasing her round the garden, and got my garments soiled by falling in the dust, I made up my mind that any further mild proceedings on my part would be entirely thrown away, and that rigorous measures ought to be adopted if I expected to accomplish anything in the milking-line.

So I used some short, effective words, and, shaking my fist at the animal, gave her to understand that her fun was come to an end, and that I didn't intend to stand any more of her confounded nonsense.

That the goat understood every word I uttered, I am convinced; for she stood still, listening quietly to what I had to say, until I had finished, when she put her head down between her fore-legs, shaking it defiantly, and wagging her brief tail in a manner very provoking. She allowed me, moreover, to get close to her without stirring; and then, with a bound and a wickedly sounding bleat, she dashed past me, topped the garden palings, and scampered down the road.

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It may be a pleasure as well as good exercise for an amiable man, of a quiet Sunday evening, to chase a goat along a dusty highway; but, as my amiability had departed, I came to the conclusion that I would see the goat drowned first before I would follow her, notwithstanding that my wife urged me to do so, and the baby, when he saw his expectant supper go flying in the way it did over the fence, set up a most pitiful cry, and refused to be comforted. Still, I felt that something must be done, but was in a quandary as to what course to pursue. So I bethought me of my long-haired Dandie Dinmont, and, whistling him out of his cloisters in the barn, where he still leads the life of an invalid, I started him in pursuit of the goat. He moved off at first briskly, and with an angry yelp, on three legs, but collapsed before he reached the goat, who stood defiantly awaiting him in the middle of the road, and returned limping and with drooping tail to the grateful precincts of his hospital quarters, from which neither threats nor coaxings could again induce him to come forth.

Just then the fool of the village, who seems to possess more good sense than some persons who are not called fools, came along. When he saw the goat far down the road, where she had halted to curvet and prance like the King of Hungary's war-horse, and perceived me standing at the gate looking at her, he began to chuckle, and, in a peculiar drawling fashion, with a treble voice, he said: "Guess your goat's run away ag'in, squire. Why don't you catch it, squire?" And then he chuckled. "You'd better go to the pound ag'in in the mornin', squire, an' see if it's there."

"Hang the goat!" I exclaimed.

"What'er for, squire?" he asked.

"Because," I replied, "she is more trouble than she is worth."

"Guess you donno much about goats, squire; do yer?"

"No," I said; "and I don't want to, either. Look here, Billy-boy, if you'll catch and bring that goat home to me, I'll give you a shilling."

"Don't want yer shilling, squire," he replied; "want a hunk o' gingerbread an' a rope."

Billy was promptly supplied with a piece of gingerbread and a rope, and immediately set off to capture the goat. He went shambling along down the road, talking witlessly to himself, until he passed the goat, which had watched him with suspicion until he had gone by. Then, seemingly re-assured that he intended no attack on her liberty, she commenced curveting and dancing upon her hind-legs as before. When the fool had gone a few yards past her, he sat down upon a stone at the road-side, and began to eat his gingerbread, and chuckle to himself. The goat, attracted by his manners, gradually drew towards him, prancing and snuffing about him until she was nearly within his reach, when he tossed her a piece of gingerbread, which she ~~seized~~ and swallowed. Then he tossed her another bit, and, at last, she went close to him, and nibbled it from his open palm. Thereupon he slipped the rope over her horns, and, drawing it into a knot, led her, feeding her with a bit of cake, and chuckling loudly as he walked along, triumphantly back to Woodbine Cottage.

Then it was that, under the instruction of the village fool, I took my first lesson in milking. To begin with, I learned that there was a right as well as a wrong side to a goat, and that no goat which has any respect for herself will permit you to milk her from the wrong side. Though, why one side is not as good as another I cannot understand; but I ~~suppose~~ education is at the bottom of it. Then the poor fool showed me how to draw, in a proper manner, the milk from the willing goat; and, after a few unsuccessful attempts, I at last succeeded in obtaining about a pint of pure milk. From that day onward I have, at sundry times, followed this employment with encouraging results, and I am inclined to believe that the cream which rises on the milk which I obtain is thicker and richer than that drawn by ordinary individuals.



## Fashionable Short Dress.

### 249. DESIRÉE WALKING COSTUME (FRONT).

This costume is made of grey lenc. It is composed of a short dress, under skirt, and short loose paletot; and trimmed with stripes of violet velvet, and strap-shaped pieces of the same material as the dress, bound

## **Fashionable Short Dress.**

### **250. DESIRÉE WALKING COSTUME (BACK).**

with violet velvet and ornamented with velvet buttons. We give a back and front view of the costume, which show the arrangement of the trimming very plainly.

## STRAW AND OTHER PLAIT.

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**I**T requires but a slight sketch of the varied and multitudinous uses of wheat to show at once the great importance and value of the plant, not alone as a food, but also in the various branches of manufacture and domestic economy. The Graminaceæ, or Grass Family, of which wheat is a prominent member, is of all individual orders the most important in an economic point of view; for though we look upon a field of corn as the source of so many loaves of bread, its commercial value does not stop at the small grains or seeds which compose the well-known ear. There is its stem—the straw, used for many purposes, but which we only consider here as a material capable of being plaited.

The introduction of straw-plait into England dates back to about the middle of the sixteenth century. History informs us that we are indebted to Mary, Queen of Scots, for its introduction, who brought home with her, on her return from travelling in France, some straw-plaiters, with the intention of establishing the trade in Scotland. The troubles of the kingdom, however, for a time prevented the development of any new industrial resources, until James I. took the matter in hand, and, it is said, transferred the plaiters to the place which is still the head-quarters of the straw-plait trade—Luton, in Bedfordshire. The art of plaiting gradually spread among the peasantry, not only in Bedfordshire, but in the neighbouring counties, and we find that by 1724 it had become a thriving and profitable employment. Up to this time the plait had all been made of whole straw, the idea of splitting not having yet occurred to the workers. We read that “in the reign of Queen Anne large quantities of hats were made from the whole straw plait, a taste for hats having sprung up at Court, as shown in the costumes of that reign in the milkmaid hat, and later, in the succeeding reigns of the Georges, in the gipsy hat.” Before the invention of any instrument for splitting straws, it was roughly done with a knife, which, of course, from the irregularity of the splitting, made the plait uneven. These divided straws were also at first much used for a kind of veneering, by fixing them upon thin wood. This was called “laid work,” and was made into baskets, work-boxes, and similar fancy articles, and sold as souvenirs to visitors in the straw-plaiting towns. A similar kind of straw veneering is now sometimes done in the eastern counties, and is made into table-mats. It is called straw marqueterie. The Japanese also produce very beautiful little boxes and miniature cabinets veneered with straw, dyed in various colours, and which look like inlaid woods.

Several instruments for splitting straw have been introduced. One is a piece of brass tube, about 1 in. long and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. in diameter, divided into four or more divisions by sharp knives. From the centre or axis of these knives a long, slender spike or wire proceeds, which travels down the hollow part of the straw, and thus keeps it in its position, and by pressing the straw upwards it is evenly divided into as many equal parts as there are knives in the splitter, which range from four to nine, or upwards. Another form is a small solid piece of brass, scarcely so thick as an ordinary lead-pencil, and from three to four inches long. This is bent down nearly at right angles at one end, where there is a small solid cone, terminating in a long, sharp point, which enters the hollow part of the straw, as in the last. The sides of the cone have as many sharp angles as is necessary to divide the straw. When once the plaiters got into the way of splitting the straw, numerous varieties of plaiting were introduced, which soon

superseded the celebrated "Dunstable" plait, and Leghorns also became in great demand, fetching a very high price. They were imported from Leghorn, and the best realized as much as four guineas each. This high price was instrumental in causing many experiments to be made to grow in this country the peculiar variety of wheat which produced this valuable straw in Italy, but at no time did it thoroughly succeed. The straws were next imported from Italy, and made up in this country.

The name of Leghorn, as given to straw-plait, does not imply that the plait is actually made there, but it is the port from whence it is shipped, for in reality it is manufactured more or less all over Tuscany, by women and children. The straw principally used is that of a kind of spelt wheat, producing an ear in some respects similar to barley. It, however, is of a very slender and even growth, and is grown entirely for the sake of its stalk, and some little care is necessary in gathering it, so as not to break these slender stems. It is pulled by the roots, which are afterwards cut, as well as the ears. The straws are dried and blanched in a similar manner to that adopted in the preparation of flax, after which they are bleached by the fumes of sulphur, sorted and split into different degrees of fineness, as required, though the true Leghorn plait is always made from whole straws, and is always composed of thirteen, which are plaited in a wet state; this enables the straws to be drawn closer together, and gives the compact character for which this plait is celebrated. After the plait is finished, the work is again subjected to the fumes of sulphur, for the purpose of a more perfect bleaching. So important has been the straw-plait trade in Tuscany that it is computed 35,000 people found employment in it. Florence was also at one time a great seat of straw-plait manufacture, having a celebrity for very fine work. Indeed, we are told that even in comparatively recent times bonnets made in Florence not unfrequently fetched as much as £70 each.

Many patterns of straw-plait have been introduced of late years, and split willow wood and other materials worked in. The straw of various other grasses besides wheat has also been employed in this country and in Ireland, especially that of the Traneen, or crested dog's tail grass (*Cynosurus cristatus*), which was at one time in much repute. The straws of this plant are very slender and delicate, and on that account make a very fine plait. As an example of remarkably fine straw-plait, we have never seen anything equal to that said to be plaited by moon-blind persons in Madagascar, a specimen of which, in the form of a small box, is in the Museum at Kew. The straw is split so exquisitely fine as to be scarcely wider than thread.

Besides straw there are many other materials of vegetable origin used for plaiting, and none is, perhaps, better known than the celebrated Panama leaf. From the almost fabulous prices these hats fetch, sometimes as much as 150 dollars each, one might be apt to think that the material was very difficult to obtain, or that a heavy duty was levied upon it. The expense, however, is mainly attributable to the peculiar mode of manufacture, and the length of time employed upon one hat. The best, or at least a true Panama hat, should be plaited entirely from one leaf, without a single join, and it is said that this operation frequently consumes from two to three months. The plant which furnishes this leaf is known to botanists as *Carludovica palmata*, and grows in Panama, Ecuador, and on the coasts of New Grenada; it belongs to the Pandanaceæ, or Screw Pines, and has fan-shaped leaves, about four feet in diameter. For plaiting, the ribs or parallel veins are simply removed, the leaf stripped up into five divisions, and the whole placed in hot or boiling water for a short time, and afterwards bleached in the sun; the leaf is never cut away entirely from the stalk, but a portion is always left remaining.

Straw bonnets are not so much worn now as they were some few years back. If it were needed to revive the use of this description of head-covering, many new

materials for plaiting might well be introduced—such, for instance, as the split leaves of many of the palms: the leaves of nearly all that class of plants are so used in their native countries, and not alone for head-gear, but for baskets and various other articles of domestic use; some of these are coarse, and though serving the purposes of the aborigines, would not answer in civilized nations.

Palms are essentially tropical plants, one species only being found in Europe, but no farther north than Nice; this is the South European Fan Palm (*Chamærops humilis*): it is a dwarf tree, but frequently attains to a height of 20 or 30 feet in tropical countries. The leaves are fan-shaped, large and spreading, and when dried are of a light straw-colour; they can easily be split into any degree of fineness; they are very commonly used in the South of Europe for plaiting into hats, baskets and other articles, also for thatching houses, &c. The leaves also of the Talipot Palm (*Borassus flabelliformis*) are used for similar purposes in India, where the palm grows in great abundance; they are very large and of a very even texture, and are well adapted for plaiting for both coarse and fine work. But of all the palms, the Double Cocoa-nut, or *Coco de Mer* (*Lodoicea Seychellarum*), furnishes the best material for plaiting. This palm is a native of the Seychelle Islands, as its specific name indicates, where it alone grows and attains a height of 120 feet: it is a very straight tree, and the leaves are large and spreading; the tree itself is a most valuable one to the natives. The nut, or fruit, which is like two cocoa-nuts joined laterally, is eaten when young, and the shells are used for a variety of useful and ornamental purposes. The leaves, when quite young, and before they expand, are eaten as food, both fresh and pickled in vinegar, and it is in this young and unexpanded state that they are so well adapted for plaiting, and are used so much by the French ladies in the Seychelles for a variety of purposes. The lamina, or blade, of these leaves, when dry, is of a pale straw-colour, and of an ivory smoothness; they are split into strips of different widths by a simple wooden machine in which is fixed a small sharp knife, with a raised ledge placed at the required distance to make the strips of an uniform width. Some very beautiful and fine plaits are produced in the Seychelles, which would, no doubt, be valuable in this country were they imported for commercial purposes. If, however, they were introduced, the supply must always be to some extent limited, unless the palm were more largely cultivated, or could be introduced into other countries. These leaves, however, are the principal material used for coverings for the head in the Seychelles.

A recent writer on the *Coco de Mer* says that “a large bonnet-maker in England, who cleaned some bonnets of this material for a lady from Seychelles, was particularly struck with the excellency of the material of which they were made, and said he could ensure a ready sale for any quantity of it.” Besides plaiting for bonnets and hats, these leaves are largely used for making ornamental work-baskets, fans, bouquets for the table, and artificial flowers for the head. A collection of the beautiful objects fabricated from these leaves, as well as specimens of the plait, may be seen in the Museum at Kew: specimens may also be there seen of a very beautiful and fine plait of the split leaves of the Cabbage Palm, of Australia (*Corypha Australis*). A cap and a table-mat made of this plait are shown as examples of what might be done with these leaves; they are taken from the plant when young and before expanding, and are immersed repeatedly in boiling water, after which they are dried in the shade, and are then ready for splitting. The Cabbage Palm is a noble tree, rising to 120 feet, and grows abundantly in many parts of Australia.

The examples we have given of leaves suitable for plaiting for bonnets and hats are but a few of the many vegetable products that require but to be known to ensure their application, but amongst the Palms as well as the Grasses many might be found whose leaves and stalks would no doubt prove to be useful were they once introduced.

## LETTERS FROM "DEAR OLD GRANNY."

### VII. FRIENDSHIPS.

"Pause, ponder, sift, not eager in the choice,  
Nor jealous of the chosen."—YOUNG.

"Friendship without fervour and enthusiasm, is salt that has lost its savour."—PARSON FRANK.

**M**Y DEAR GRAND-DAUGHTER,—You furnished me with the motto for a homily on which I wrote to you last time; and now your letter to me contains just a few words that suggest, I think, a proper subject for remark. You say, "I have met with lots of *friends*." What happy fortune must be yours! Not one syllable would I write to prejudice your opinion, but you will allow me to say that friendship is a very serious relationship. What is there so beautiful as a deeply enduring friendship? Generous, disinterested, affectionate, it is neither warmed by success nor chilled by failure; it never grows old; as it was in the spring-time of life, so is it in its winter; the hand may be palsied, the eye dimmed, the head hoary—but the friendship is unchanged; always the same as the breadth of the sky and the depth of the sea.

But is there not a good deal of inferior metal circulating under the shape, and bearing the minted image and superscription, of true friendship? I am not—let *me* be thankful for that—so cynical as the man who, when another mourned the *loss* of a friend, answered, "Happy art thou, for I never *found* one." No; I have known friends good and true: some of them I still number on my list, and the rest are in heaven. My favourite poet, Cowper, has written some lines exactly referring to this subject:—

"True. Changes will befall, and friends may part,  
But distance only cannot change the heart;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Whence comes it, then, that in the wane of life,  
Though nothing have occurred to kindle strife,  
We find the friends we fancied we had won,  
Though numerous once, reduced to few or none?  
Can gold grow worthless that has stood the touch?  
No; gold they seem'd, but they were never such."

Now I do sincerely hope, dear child, that you have some real friends—that you have already formed some friendships that will be lasting; but I must warn you against counting as friends those who are, in point of fact, only acquaintances. Meeting in the same society, thrown into very much the same circumstances, engaged in the same occupations, it is most likely that some sort of intimacy must spring up. Such, for example, are the friendships of school-life. But even in school-life there is so much of the outer world, that we find many young persons courted by, or paying court to, others of their company on the score of family rank or fortune. Wealth and station can never in themselves win true friendship, but they do often win a spurious substitute. There are "tuft-hunters" in girls' schools as well as elsewhere; they will "put up" with much from a young lady whose father bears a title, or is reported enormously rich; in their heart of hearts they probably envy the handsome dresses she can afford to

wear, the loose cash she has at command, and all the elegant surroundings which they know belong to her: but they like to be counted as her chosen friends, and to shine by a borrowed lustre from her magnificence. To your good sense I know this is felt to be mean and servile, quite unworthy of an upright English girl; but such things do exist in school-life, and in the world out of school it is still worse. Never esteem any one for the things that he or she possesseth. Set not too high a value on your own.

"Because you flourish in worldly affairs,  
Don't be haughty, and put on airs,  
With insolent pride of station!  
Don't be proud, and turn up your nose  
At poorer people in plainer clo'es,  
But learn for the sake of your soul's repose,  
That wealth's a bubble, that comes—and goes!  
And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,  
Is subject to irritation.

Thus says the amusing—aye, and profound too—American poet, Saxe. There is a sound moral in the teaching. Let no thought of the differences of station, the possession or the lack of wealth, prevent your keeping up and cementing a worthy friendship,—a friendship cheerful, vivacious, refreshing; full of attentive consideration in all things, great and small; a friendship marked by openness and freedom, that shall leave no room for misunderstanding; that is the sort of friendship that must be held fast.

Most friends, "bosom cronies," as Charles Lamb calls them, have tastes in common; but it does not at all follow that they should always think alike, or conceal a difference of opinion. There must be freedom, and all true friends have so much faith in each others' good sense and kindness of heart, that on this score there is no fear of misapprehension. A reciprocity of taste generally takes root during the progress of education. Two girls love the same books, the same music, the same walks; they are much in each other's society; the acquaintance ripens into real friendship. Identity in religious principle is also a most important feature, so much so that St. Augustine says, "There is no true friendship but that which God cements." The real fact is, taken in whatever light we please to place it, there must be confidence, perfect good faith, and thoroughly good understanding between two friends: there must be heart in it.

What is the use of a needle that has lost its point, of the two halves of scissors unscrewed, of boots on a wet day that will not keep the feet dry, of a grate wherein no fire can be kindled, of a book that cannot be read, a chair that cannot be sat down in?—no use at all are these things; they are only "shams" that may deceive the eye, but deceive only so long as they are not put to the test. I remember reading in one of Lord Bacon's Essays that a principal fruit of friendship is the care and discharge of the fulness of the heart. He says—"We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body, and it is not much otherwise in the mind; you may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flour of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain—but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it in a kind of civil shrift or confession." There is deep wisdom in these words. Where the so-called friendship will not admit of a frank unburdening of heart and spirit, I, for one, would not give much for it.

Amongst young ladies I know full well that this phase of true friendship is very familiar, but I fear, in many instances, very much abused. Henrietta forms a strong



attachment for Georgina; it is fully reciprocated; they are both young, both impressive, both are drawn, or rather suppose they are drawn, together by sympathetic attraction, and make civil shrift to each other of all that concerns them. They may be seen walking together in the garden, with their arms fondly thrown round each other's waists; when separate from each other, endless little notes are continually passing and repassing; the monotonous hum of their voices may be heard after midnight, when they happen to repose in the same room; they tell each other everything; it is not improbable that the subject of *beaux* is the main feature of these confessions and late vigils; at all events, they have not missed the mark of what true friendship should lead to, namely, complete and unqualified confidence. Of course, it may be true—most likely is very true—that Henrietta and Georgina are silly girls. Young says:—

"Deliberate on all things with thy friend;  
But since friends grow not thick on every bough,  
*First, on thy friend deliberate with thyself.*"

And susceptible natures are not sufficiently careful to think when the feelings are in question. A warm, almost passionate, friendship is got up; the two are as one,—something or other occurs to disturb their harmony,—there is an estrangement, coldness to freezing-point, both Henrietta and Georgina retire within themselves, and are each ready not only to forswear the other's society, but to quarrel with the whole world, deny that there is any friendship in it, and that they are dying for want of sympathy they never hope to find.

If people—especially young people, and most particularly in the formation of friendships—if they would only think about what must be its foundation, there would be more of true, more of lasting, friendship, and less of angry infidelity about it. We should ask ourselves—Is this very amiable and prepossessing person thoroughly sincere—is there no affectation of affection—does she mean what she says? Has she good sense as well as agreeable qualities, or is she frivolous and superficial—will her advice be useful—may she be safely trusted, or, without any intentional want of integrity, might she, in the humour of the moment, betray some of my little confidences? All these are important questions to settle before "fixing, fix." There may come occasions of perplexity, when friendly counsel would be of the utmost value; times of joy and gladness may come, when the overflowing heart seeks for a companion who can "rejoice with those that do rejoice;" days of darkness and of sorrow may come, when the soothing whispers of a friendly voice may be like cold water to a thirsty soul. May we fairly look for these qualities in our friend—a cool head, a warm heart, a quick eye, an attentive ear, a loving voice, a ready hand? If these good qualities be found—if there be indication of their presence—take fast hold of them, and for no small reason let them go. Be frank, hearty, hopeful; do not abuse the privilege of friendship, and treat it lightly; do not allow any barrier to rise between you; do not neglect to visit your friends, to write to them, to ask after them, to keep a warm corner in your heart for them, and never suspect a decrease of affection, or change of feeling, in a friend if you can possibly avoid it.

What if we have formed foolish friendships—if we have looked for perfection and found perplexity? Shall we rail at the world, and be chary of our trust and love? Not so: wisely says the author of *Pendennis*—"It is well to love wisely, no doubt; but to love foolishly is better than not to love at all." This, dear child, is the upshot of my letter—use your wise head as well as you can in the choice of your friends; if they should disappoint you, do not let your warm heart grow cold: it is better to be deceived in a friend than never to have had one.

YOUR OWN OLD GRANNY.



**251. ROSETTE IN TATTING.**

This rosette is worked with two cottons, viz.:—1 plain, 1 purl, 1 plain, 5 double, 1 purl, 10 double, 1 purl, 1 plain; turn the work downwards, 10 double, fastened on the last purl turned downwards; this forms one loop turned upwards; turn work downwards, 10 double, 1 purl, 5 double, fastened on first purl turned downwards; turn figure thus formed downwards; 4 double, 1 single, repeat 4 times more from \*, joining the figures by means of the purl stitch; the ends of the cotton are knotted together.

**251. ROSETTE IN TATTING.****252. CROCHET INSERTION, WITH A RIBBON DRAWN THROUGH IT.**

This strip of insertion is worked in 6 long rows, each of which forms vandykes. A coloured ribbon is drawn through the two middle rows.

1st row.—\* Make a foundation chain of 6 stitches, miss the last, and crochet back over other 5; 1 slip stitch, 1 double, 1 long double, 1 treble, 1 long treble; this forms 1 vandyke. Repeat from \*.

2nd row.—Begin at end of first row, by fastening the cotton on double stitch of preceding row with a slip stitch; then work a row of vandykes like preceding one; but after each vandyke work 1 double between 2 vandykes of 1st row; so that 2 corresponding vandykes of the 2 rows

**252. CROCHET INSERTION, WITH RIBBON.**

come opposite one another, with the points turned outwards.

3rd row.—1 slip stitch in point of 1st vandyke of 1st row, \* 1 vandyke, 1 slip stitch in point of next vandyke. Repeat from \*.

4th row.—Begin at the end of preceding row, as before; \* make a foundation chain of 5 stitches, fastened on to point of last vandyke of 3rd row (this is done by taking the needle out of the stitch, inserting it downwards in the stitch at point of above-mentioned vandyke, taking the stitch last off from the needle on to it again, and casting off both loops together as 1 stitch); 1 slip stitch, 1 double, 1 long double, 1 treble, 1 long treble: all these stitches are worked back on the 5 chain stitches. Repeat from \*.

5th row.—Like the 4th, only fasten each vandyke on to the 1st

chain stitch of every vandyke of the 4th row.

6th row.—Begin at the end of 5th row, and work back as in 2nd row.

**253. INSERTION WORKED IN TATTING.**

This strip of insertion is worked with 2 cottons. Work with the cotton in the left hand over that in the right hand. Both ends of cotton are fastened together at the beginning by a knot. First work one half of the insertion the long way in the following manner—1

plain, 1 purl, 1 plain (the purl must be very short); turn the purl downwards, 6 double, 1 purl, \* 6 double, 1 purl, 1 plain, which must all be turned upwards; then turn the work so that the upper edge is turned downwards; work 6 double, fastened on to the last purl turned downwards (the fastening of the stitches is made with the thread in the right hand); a loop turned upwards is thus formed; turn the work downwards, draw the cotton in right hand underneath that in left hand, and work 6 double, 1 purl, 6 double, all turned upwards; fasten these stitches on 1st purl turned downwards. In this pattern 1st of border pattern is thus completed; turn it downwards, 8 double, 1 purl, 8 double, 1 purl, 1 plain, turn work downwards, 6 double, fastened on last purl of last pattern, turned up.

Repeat from \*. When the insertion is of sufficient length, work the other half in same manner, and fasten it on the 1st half by means of purl stitches between the 8 double stitches twice repeated.

**253. INSERTION IN TATTING.****254. STAR IN TATTING.**

Fill the shuttle, and commencing a loop, work 1 double, then 1 purl and 1 double 12 times, draw into a round; join the cotton to the 1st purl loop.

1st oval.—Commence a loop close to the joining, work 7 double, join to 1st purl of round, work 7 double and draw close; reverse the work.

Join the thread from reel, and holding it out for a straight thread, commence the scallop:—5 double, 1 purl, 5 double, reverse the work.

2nd oval same as first.

Repeat oval and scallop alternately, until the star is completed.

**254. STAR IN TATTING.**

# 255. KNITTED INSERTION.

This strip of insertion is knitted with cotton No. 20 or 30. Cast on 14 stitches, and knit in rows, backwards and forwards, as follows:—

1st row.—Slip 1, knit 2 together, throw cotton forward, knit 2, knit 2 together, throw cotton forward, knit 2, knit 2 together, throw cotton forward, knit 3. This row is repeated 18 times more; the stitch formed by throwing the cotton forward is knitted as 1 stitch.

20th row.—Slip 1, knit 2 together, knit 1; place next 3 stitches upon another needle behind the cotton, and leave them alone; knit 1, knit 2 together, throw cotton forward, now knit the first 2 of the 3 stitches which have been left; knit the last of the 3 together with the next stitch on the needle, throw cotton forward, knit 3. Repeat these 20 rows till strip is long enough.

## 256. CROCHET DIAMOND.

This pattern is begun in centre, on a foundation chain of 8 chain stitches; join them into a circle with a slip stitch, and work 1st round as follows:—1 chain, \* 1 treble, 1 double in 1st stitch of foundation chain, 1 double, 1 treble in next, 3 chain. Repeat 3 times more from \*.

2nd round.—\* 4 slip stitches on next 4 stitches of preceding round; 1 double, 2 treble, 3 chain, 2 treble, 1 double in the middle.

formed  
ceding  
more fr  
3rd ro  
next 7 st  
1 doubl  
treble, 1  
lop, con  
chain st  
ceding  
stitches  
stitches  
times m

## 255. KNITTED INSERTION.

stitch. Repeat from \*. 1 slip stitch in last of 4 chain of preceding round.

5th round.—\* 6 chain, missing 2 stitches under them, 1 double in 3rd stitch. Repeat from \*.

6th round.—Work twice following 5 double, divided by 1 purl, consisting of 5 chain in each scallop.

## 257. CASE FOR FINE LINEN.

MATERIALS.—Fine calico, 10 yards blue ribbon  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch wide, middle size knitting cotton, strong pasteboard, 1 mesh 4.5ths of an inch round, 1 mesh 1 and 1.5th inch round, 1 netting-needle.

This case is very convenient for keeping fine linen from being crumpled in travelling. It consists of two pieces of pasteboard, covered with calico 16 inches long, 11 inches wide; it is edged all round with a ruche of blue silk ribbon; strips of same ribbon, 8 inches long, are sewn on at corners. The under part is fastened on to a bag, netted with white cotton; upper part is loose, and forms cover. It is placed over the under part, which is filled with fine linen, and tied on over it with the blue ribbons. For the

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## 257. CASE FOR FINE LINEN.

## A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GAYWORTHYS," "FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD," ETC.

IN the room overlooking the green valley, with the river in the midst, they put Leslie Goldthwaite; and here, somehow, her first sensation, as she threw back her blinds to let in all the twilight for her dressing, was a feeling of half relief from the strained awe and wonder of the last few days. Life would not seem so petty here as in the face of all that solemn stateliness. There was a reaction of respite and repose. And why not? The great emotions are not meant to come to us daily in their unqualified strength. God knows how to dilute His elixirs for the soul. His fine, impalpable air spread round the earth, is not more cunningly mixed from pungent gases, for our hourly breath, than life itself is thinned and toned that we may receive and bear it.

Leslie wondered if it were wrong that the high mountain-fervour let itself go from her so soon and easily; that the sweet pleasantness of this new resting-place should come to her as a rest; that the laughter and frolic of the school-girls made her glad with such sudden sympathy and foresight of enjoyment; that she should have "come down" all the way from Jefferson in Jeannie's sense, and that she almost felt it a comfortable thing herself not to be kept always "up in the clouds."

Sin Saxon, as they called her, was so bright, and odd, and fascinating; was there any harm, because no special, obvious good, in that? There was a little twinge of doubt, remembering poor Miss Craydocke; but that had seemed pure fun, not malice, after all,—and it was hearing Sin Saxon tell it, very funny. She could imagine the life they led the quiet lady; yet, if it were quite intolerable, why did she remain? Perhaps, after all, she saw through the fun of it. And I think, myself, perhaps she did.

The Marie-Stuart net was worn to-night; and then such a pretty muslin—white, with narrow mode-brown stripes, and small bright leaves dropped over them, as if its wearer had stood out under a maple-tree in October, and all the tiniest and most radiant bits had fallen and fastened themselves about her. And last of all, with her little hooded cape of scarlet cashmere over her arm, she went down to eat cream-biscuit and wood-strawberries for tea. Her summer life began with a charming freshness and dainty delight.

There were pleasant voices of happy people about them in hall and open parlour, as they sat at their late repast. Everything seemed indicative of abundant coming enjoyment; and the girls chatted gaily of all they had already discovered or conjectured, and began to talk of the ways of the place and the sojourners in it, quite like old *habitués*.

It was even more delightful yet, strolling out when tea was over, and meeting the Routh party again half-way between the cottage and the hotel, and sauntering on with them insensibly, till they found themselves on the wide wing-piazza, upon which opened the garden bedrooms, and being persuaded after all to sit down, since they had got there, though Mrs Linceford had demurred at a too hasty rushing over, as new-comers, to begin visits.

"Oh, nobody knows when they *are* called upon here, or who comes first," said Mattie Shannon. "We generally receive half-way across the green, and it's a chance which turns back, or whether we get near either house again or not. Houses don't signify except when it rains."

"But it just signifies that you should see how magnificently we have settled ourselves for nights, and dressing, and when it *does* rain," said Sin Saxon, throwing back a door behind her, that stood a little ajar. It opened directly into a small apartment, half parlour and half dressing-room, from which doors showed others on either side, furnished as sleeping-rooms.

"It was Maud Walcott's, between the Arnalls' and mine; but, what with our trunks, and our beds, and our crinolines, and our towel-stands, we wanted a "Bowditch's Navigator" to steer clear of the reefs, and something was always getting knocked over; so one night, we were seized simultaneously with an idea. We'd make a boudoir of this for the general good, and forthwith we fell upon the bed, and amongst us got it down. It was the greatest fun! We carried the pieces and the mattresses all off ourselves up to the attic, after ten o'clock, and we gave the chamber-maid a dollar next morning, and nobody's been the wiser since. And then we walked to the upper village and bought that extraordinary chintz, and frilled and cushioned our trunks into ottomans, and curtained the dress-hooks; and Lucinda got us a rocking-chair, and Maud came in with me to sleep, and we kept our extra pillows; and we should be comfortable as queens if it wasn't for Graywacke."

"Now, Sin Saxon, you know Graywacke is just the life of the house. What would such a parcel of us do, if we hadn't something to run upon?"

"Only I'm afraid I shall get tired of it at last. She bears it so. It isn't exactly saintliness, nor Graywacke-iness; but it seems sometimes as if she took a quiet kind of fun out of it herself,—as if she were somehow laughing at us, after all, in her sleeve; and if she is, she's got the biggest end. *She's* bright enough."

"Don't we tree-toad her within an inch of her life, though, when we come home in the waggons at night? I shouldn't think she could stand that long. I guess she wants all her beauty-sleep. And Kate Arnall can 'Tu-whit, tu-whoo!' equal to Tennyson himself or any great white *American* owl."

"Yes, but what do you think? As true as I live, I heard her answer back the other night with such a sly little 'Katy-did! she did! she did!' I thought at first it actually came from the great elm-trees. Oh, she's been a girl once, you may depend; and hasn't more than half got over it, either. But wait till we have our 'howl'!"

What a "howl" was, superlative to "tree-toading," "owl-hooting," and other diversions, did not appear at this time; but a young man did, approaching from the front of the hotel, and came up to the group on the piazza with the question, "At what time do we set off for Feather-Cap to-morrow?"

"Oh, early, Mr. Scherman; by nine o'clock."

"Earlier than you'll be ready," said Frank Scherman's sister, one of the Routh girls also.

"I sha'n't have any crimps to take down, that's one thing," Frank answered. And Sin Saxon, glancing at his handsome waving hair, whispered saucily to Jeannie Hadden, "I don't more than half believe that, either;" then aloud, "You must join the party too, girls, by the way. It's one of the nicest excursions here. We've got two waggons, and they'll be full; but there's Holden's 'little red' will take six, and I don't believe anybody has spoken for it. Mr. Scherman, wouldn't it make you happy to go and see?"

"Most intensely!" and Frank Scherman bowed a low graceful bow, settling back into his first attitude, however, as one who could quite willingly resign himself to his present comparative unhappiness a while longer.

"Where is Feather-Cap?" asked Leslie Goldthwaite.

"It's the mountain you see there, peeping round the shoulder of Giant's Cairn; a comfortable little rudiment of a mountain, just enough for a primer lesson in climbing. Don't you see how the crest drops over on one side, and that scrap of pine—which is really a huge gaunt thing, a hundred years old—slants out from it with just a tuft of green at the very tip, like an old feather stuck in jauntily?"

"And the pine-woods round the foot of the Cairn are lovely," said Maud.

"Oh," cried Leslie, drawing a long breath, as if their spicy smell were already about her, "there is nothing I delight in so much as pines!"

"You'll have your fill to-morrow, then; for it's ten miles through nothing else, and the road is like a carpet with the soft brown needles."

"I hope Augusta won't be too tired to go," said Elinor.

"We had better ask her soon, then; she is looking this way now. We ought to go, Sin; we've got all our settling to do for the night."

"We'll walk over with you," said Sin Saxon. "Then we shall have done all the preliminaries nicely. We called on you—before you were off the stage-coach; you've returned it; and now we'll pay up and leave you owing us one. Come, Mr. Scherman; you'll be so far on your way to Holden's, and perhaps inertia will carry you through."

But a little girl presently appeared, running from the hotel portico at the front, as they came round to view from thence. Madame Routh was sitting in the open hall with some newly-arrived friends, and sent one of her lambs, as Sin called them, to say to the older girls that she preferred they should not go away again to-night.

"'Ruin seize thee, Routh—less king!'" quoted Sin Saxon, with an absurd air of declamation. "'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour,'—and now, just as we thought childhood's hour was comfortably over—that the clock had struck one, and down we might run, hickory, dickory, dock—behold the lengthened sweetness long drawn out of school rule in vacation, even before the very face and eyes of freedom on her mountain heights! Well, we must go, I suppose. Mr. Scherman, you'll have to represent us to Mrs. Linceford, and persuade her to join us to Feather-Cap. And be sure you get the 'little red!'"

"It'll be all the worse for Graywacke, if we're kept in and sent off early," she continued, *sotto voce*, to her companions, as they turned away. "My! what *has* that boy got?"

After all this, I wonder if you wouldn't just like to look in at Miss Craydocke's room with me, who can give you a pass anywhere within the geography of my story?

She came in here "with the lath and plaster," as Sin Saxon had said. She had gathered little comforts and embellishments about her from summer to summer, until the room had a home-cheeriness, and even a look of luxury, contrasted with the bare dormitories around it. Over the straw-matting, that soon grows shabby in a hotel, she had laid a large, nicely-bound square of soft, green carpet, in a little mossy pattern, that covered the middle of the floor, and was held tidily in place by a foot of the bedstead and two forward ones each of the table and washstand. On this little green stood her Shaker rocking-chair, and a round white-pine light-stand with her work-basket and a few books. Against the wall hung some white-pine shelves with more books—quite a little circulating library they were for invalids and read-out people, who came to the mountains, like foolish virgins, with scant supply of the oil of literature for the feeding of their brain-lamps. Besides these, there were engravings and photographs in *passe-partout* frames, that journeyed with her safely in the bottoms of her trunks. Also, the wall itself had been papered, at her own cost and providing, with a pretty pale-green hanging; and there were striped muslin curtains to the window, over

which were caught the sprays of some light, wandering vine that sprung from a low-suspended terra-cotta vase between.

She had everything pretty about her, this old Miss Craydocke. How many people do, that have not a bit of outward prettiness themselves! Not one cubit to the stature, not one hair, white or black, can they add or change; and around them grow the lilies in the glory of Solomon, and a frosted leaf or a mossy twig, that they can pick up from under their feet and bring home from the commonest walk, comes in with them, bearing a brightness and a grace that seems sometimes almost like a satire. But in the midst grows silently the century-plant of the soul, absorbing to itself hourly that which feeds the beauty of the lily and the radiance of the leaf,—waiting only for the hundred years of its shrouding to be over!

Miss Craydocke never came in from the woods and rocks without her trophies. Rare, lovely mosses, and bits of most delicate ferns, maiden-hair and lady-bracken, tiny trails of winter-green and arbutus, filled a great shallow Indian china dish upon her bureau-top, and grew, in their fairy fashion, in the clear, soft water she kept them freshened with.

Shining scraps of mountain minerals,—garnets, and bright-tinted quartz, and beryls, heaped artistically rather than scientifically on a base of jasper, and malachite, and dark basalt, and glistening spar, and curious fossils,—these not gathered by any means in a single summer or in ordinary ramblings, but treasured long, and standing, some of them, for friendly memories—balanced on the one side a like grouping of shells, and corals, and sea-mosses on the other, upon a broad bracket-mantel put up over a corner fire-place; for Miss Craydocke's room joining the main house, took the benefit of one of its old chimneys.

Above or about the pictures lay mossy, gnarled, and twisted branches, gray and green, framing them in a forest arabesque; and great pine-cones, pendent from their boughs, crowned and canopied the mirror.

"What *do* you keep your kindling-wood up there for?" Sin Saxon had asked, with a grave puzzled face, coming in for pure mischief, on one of her frequent and ingenious errands.

"Why, where should I put a pile of wood or a basket? There's no room for things to lie round here; you have to hang everything up!" was Miss Craydocke's answer, quick as a flash, her eyes twinkling comically with appreciation of the fun.

And Sin Saxon had gone away and told the girls that the old lady knew how to feather her nest better than any of them, and was sharp enough at a peck too upon occasion.

She found her again one morning sitting in the midst of a pile of homespun, which she was cutting up with great shears into boys' blouses.

"There! that's the noise that has disturbed me so!" cried the girl; "I thought it was a hay-cutter, or a planing-machine, or that you had got the asthma awfully. I couldn't write my letter for listening to it, and came round to ask what *was* the matter! Miss Craydocke, I don't see why you keep the door bolted on your side. It isn't any more fair for you than for me; and I'm sure I do all the visiting. Besides, it's dangerous. What if anything should happen in the night? I couldn't get in to help you. Or there might be a fire in our room—I'm sure I expect nothing else. We boiled eggs in the Etna the other night, and got too much alcohol in the saucer; and then in the midst of the blaze and excitement, what should Madame Routh do but come knocking at the door! Of course we had to put it in the closet, and there were all our muslin dresses—that weren't hanging on the hooks in Maud's room! I assure you I felt like the man sitting on the safety-valve, standing with my back against the door, and my clothes spread out for fear she should see the flash under the crack! For we'd no-



thing else but moonlight in the room. "Well, good bye. But if you ever do smell fire in the night, you'll draw the bolt the first thing, won't you?"

This evening—upon which we have offered you your pass, reader—Miss Craydocke is sitting with her mosquito-bar up and her candle alight, finishing some pretty thing that daylight had not been long enough for. A flag basket at her feet holds strips and rolls of delicate birch-bark, carefully split into filmy thinness, and heaps of star-mosses, cup-mosses, and those thick and crisp with clustering brown spires, as well as sheets of lichen, silvery and pale green; and on the lapboard across her knees lies her work—a graceful cross in perspective, put on cardboard in birch, shaded from faint buff to bistre, dashed with the detached lines that seem to have quilted the tree-teguments together. Around the foot of the cross rises a mound of lovely moss-work in relief, with feathery filaments creeping up and wreathing about the shaft and thwart beam. Miss Craydocke is just dotting in some bits of slender coral-headed stems among little brown mushrooms and chalices, as there comes a sudden imperative knocking at the door of communication, or defence, between her and Sin Saxon.

"You must just open this time, if you please. I've got my arms full, and I couldn't come round."

Miss Craydocke slipped her lapboard, work and all, under her bureau, upon the floor, for safety; and then, with her quaint queer expression, in which curiosity, pluckiness, and a foretaste of amusement mingled so as to drive out annoyance, pushed back her bolt, and presented herself to the demand of her visitor, much as an undaunted man might fling open his door at the call of a mob.

Sin Saxon stood there, in the light of the good lady's candle, making a pretty picture against the dim background of the unlighted room beyond. Her fair hair was tossed, and her cheeks flushed; her blue eyes bright with sauciness and fun. In her hands, or across her arms rather, she held some huge uncouth thing, that was not to the last degree dainty-smelling either—something conglomerated rudely upon a great crooked log or branch, which, glanced at closer, proved to be a fragment of gray old pine. Sticks, and roots, and bark, straw, and grass, and locks of dirty sheep's-wool, made up its bulk and its untidiness; and this thing Sin held out with glee, declaring she had brought a real treasure to add to Miss Craydocke's collection.

"Such a chance!" she said, coming in; "one mightn't have another in a dozen years. I have just given Jimmy Wigley a quarter of a dollar for it, and he'd just all but broken his neck to get it. It's a real crow's nest. Corvinus something-else-us, I suppose. Where will you have it? I'm going to nail it up for you myself. Won't it make a nice contrast to the humming-bird's? Over the bed, shall I? But then, if it *should* drop down on your nose, you know! I think the corner over the fireplace will be best. Yes, we'll have it right up perpendicular, in the angle. The branch twists a little, you see, and the nest will run out with its odds and ends like an old banner. Might I push up the washstand to get on to?"

"Suppose you lay it *in* the fireplace? It will just rest nicely across those ever-green boughs, and be in the current of ventilation outward."

"Well, that's an idea, to be sure, Miss Craydocke!" With a little stress and strain that made her words interjectional, she had got it into place, thrusting one end up the throat of the chimney, and lodging the crotch that held the nest upon the stems of fresh pine that lay across the andirons; and the "odds and ends" in safe position, and suggesting neither harm nor unsuitableness, looked unique and curious, and not so ugly.

"It's really an ornament!" repeated Sin, shaking the dust off her dress.

"As you expected, of course," replied Miss Craydocke.

"Well, I wasn't—not to say—confident. I was afraid it mightn't be much but

scientific. But now—if you don't forget and light a fire under it some day, Miss Craydocke."

"I sha'n't forget; and I'm very much obliged, really. Perhaps by and by I shall put it in a rough box and send it to a nephew of mine, with some other things for his collection."

"Well, I'll tell you what it is," she went on, presently, in her old manner, "I *am* in a dreadful way with my waterfall, trying to make it into a melon, and I wish you'd lend me one of your caps, or advise me what to do. It's an awful thing when the fashion alters, just as you've got used to the last one. You can't go back, and you don't dare to go forward. I wish hair was like noses, born in a shape, without giving you any responsibility. But we do have to finish ourselves, and that's just what makes us restless."

"You haven't come to the worst yet," said Miss Craydocke, significantly.

"What do you mean? What is the worst? Will it come all at once, or will it be broken to me?"

"It will be broken, and *that's* the worst. One of these years you'll find a little thin spot coming, may be, and spreading over your forehead or on the top of your head; and it'll be the fashion to comb the hair just so as to show it off, and make it worse; and for a while that'll be your thorn in the flesh. And then you'll begin to wonder why the colour isn't so bright as it used to be, but looks dingy, all you can do to it; and again, after a while, some day, in a strong light, you'll see there are white threads in it, and the rest is fading; and so by degrees—and the degrees all separate pains—you'll have to come to it, and give up the crown of your youth, and take to scraps of lace and muslin, or a front, as I did a dozen years ago."

Sin Saxon had no sauciness to give back for that; it made her feel all at once that this old Miss Craydocke had really been a girl too, with golden hair like her own, perhaps—and something, quite different from her ordinary mood, made her say, with even an unconscious touch of reverence in her voice—"I wonder if I shall bear it, when it comes, as well as you!"

"I've found out something," said Sin Saxon, as she came back to the girls again. "A picked-up dinner argues a fresh one some time. You can't have cold roast mutton unless it has once been hot!" And never a word more would she say to explain herself.







No. 261.—Bonnet of lilac crace, cut out in

is ornamented with a plait of green silk which

## A PRIZE MARRIAGE.

### CHAPTER I.

"I'LL tell you what it is, girls," said Uncle Martin, "I mean to offer a prize for competition."

"What are we to compete for?" asked Carry Lintott, a fresh, sprightly girl, turning her head from the piano she had just ceased playing.

"Well now, guess."

"For the best piece of crochet-work, I should say," answered Martha, who was busily plying her needles.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Laura. "For the best dress at the lowest price, I should say."

Uncle Martin wagged his head knowingly, but said nothing.

"Perhaps it will be for the best execution in music, uncle," said Carry, who rather prided herself upon her "touch."

"Or the best cooked dinner," threw in Mrs. Lintott herself, with becoming gravity.

"Come, that's not a bad guess, that last," said Uncle Martin, approvingly. "I must take a note of that. But you're none of you right yet."

"Then I give it up," cried all the girls together, in a sort of chorus.

"What do you say now," demanded Uncle Martin, rolling his head waggishly in his white cravat; "what do you say to a—a—prize husband?"

A little outburst of faint screams and exclamations followed this question, succeeded immediately by a fire of more or less pertinent queries on the topic so unexpectedly raised.

"When is the prize to be given?" and "What is it to be?" and "Who is to decide?" and "Suppose we don't get married at all?" were only a few of the demands poured out upon the imperturbable Uncle Martin.

"Stop a bit, ladies, if you please," interrupted he, quite placid amid the hubbub; "I see you're alive to the question. I thought it would interest you; and we'll try and come at the terms directly. I'm quite serious, you know; you mustn't think I'm joking."

"I'm surprised, George," interrupted Mrs. Lintott, with intense seriousness, "at your treating such a subject with levity. A prize husband, indeed!—as if marriage were a race!"

Uncle Martin was too much accustomed to his sister's heavy manner, when treating of matters of social etiquette, to be much affected by this reproof; but he felt bound to defend himself.

"I don't say it's a race, Mary; though it's more like a race than a lottery, and that's what people oftenest compare marriage to. All life is a race, for that matter. Now, I say, marriage is *not* a lottery. In a lottery it is all pure luck; whereas, I contend, that in marriage you have a certain kind of choice; and according to the wisdom of your choice is your marriage likely to be a miserable or a happy one. Of course, we all make mistakes, and sometimes we can't choose where we like; but in the main we follow our own inclinations and our own judgment, and if we make a blunder it's a good deal our own fault. And that's why I offer a prize for the best husband."

"A good husband is a prize in itself," replied Mrs. Lintott, sententiously.

"And a good wife, too, I should think, ma," cried Laura; "and a much greater prize."

"You are quite right, my dear," said Mrs. Lintott, "and I think both a good wife and a good husband are far out of the range of lotteries or races either."

"Very well, Mary," smiled Uncle Martin, in his easy, composed way, "we won't discuss that question, because I believe we are both pretty well of one mind, so far as that goes. But I stick to my proposal: I'll give a hundred pounds to the girl who makes the best match—twelve months after marriage."

"But who is to decide, uncle?" asked Carry, with a shade of anxiety on her face, as if it were already a question for decision.

"Not the wife, my dear," answered Uncle Martin, with a sly twinkle in his eye, "or I might have to give three prizes instead of one. No," settling his alarmingly red face in his dazzlingly white cravat, "I shall appoint a committee of spinsters to award the prize."

"Oh, indeed!" cried Laura. "Then I'm sure I shouldn't submit to their verdict. You had better appoint a committee of married ladies, uncle."

"Perhaps," continued he, "I may make it a mixed jury; and, if there's any difference of opinion, I shall claim the right of giving the casting vote."

"But suppose I choose to remain single, uncle?" asked Laura, a little loftily.

"Then, my dear, you don't compete; and you are out of the race, or the lottery, or whatever else you may choose to call it."

"But if we don't get any husbands at all?" inquired Martha, dolorously, "what then, uncle?"

"Why then, perhaps, I'll divide the money among you as a little bit of comfort. But never fear, girls," added Uncle Martin, his face radiant with fun and kindness. "You'll all be married before the year's out; and you'll all make such good matches that you'll want to give *me*—each of you—a hundred pounds for only suggesting the idea of a prize husband. See if you don't."

The Lintott family consisted of the mother and her three daughters. Mr. Samuel Lintott, the head of the family, a successful corn-factor, had lived just long enough to secure a very modest provision for his relict and his children, and had died at fifty-two of ossification of the heart. He had been a good husband and a kind father, and his children had reaped the benefit of his instruction and his example. He had not amassed sufficient property to enable his children to remain idle at home, or to leave them any more than a very small dowry; such a dowry, indeed, as removed them from the category of portionless girls, but by no means enough to draw suitors to their side who had an eye to pecuniary advantages. They were, on the whole, good and sensible girls; not without their little weaknesses and fits of temper, but still affectionate, prudent, and industrious. It must be added that not even their female friends disputed their claims to beauty. Laura was the eldest, the proudest, and, perhaps, the prettiest. By right of priority of birth, she claimed the privilege of remaining at home with her mother, while her two sisters, who did not dispute her claim, "went out" as governesses—Caroline in a private family, and Martha at a select school. They had never been taught to regard a position of honourable labour as degrading, and fulfilled its responsibilities fairly and uncomplainingly. Of the three sisters, Carry was certainly the most clever, especially at her music, and was, upon the whole, the greatest favourite among their acquaintances. Laura was thought to be sometimes haughty, and Martha a little dull, but Carry was always sprightly, good-tempered, and ready for all emergencies. Her prim, methodical friends were inclined to call her "forward," and sometimes shook their heads sagely as to her future, but all admired her talents, and were pleased with her readiness and her amiability. It was only at some holiday season that the three sisters were at home

together, and it was just such a season which enabled Uncle Martin, who was on a visit to his sister, Mrs. Lintott, to make his waggish, but really serious, intention known of giving a money prize of one hundred pounds to the one of his nieces who should make the best match.

Mr. Richard Martin, or Uncle Martin, as he was called by his nieces, was a bachelor, a member of the legal profession, and a man in easy circumstances. It was not expected that he would leave much behind him, for he was a free-liver, and of expensive habits. He was always welcome, for he was gay, chatty, and well versed in the current events of the day. Of a ponderous build, his manner corresponded with his figure, and was rather droll than vivacious; but to the quiet family of the Lintotts his stories and jokes were always fresh and entertaining. Mrs. Lintott was of a grave and reflective turn of mind, and rather strict in her notion of the proprieties. She, therefore, did not at all fall in with her brother's idea of a prize marriage, and openly stigmatized it as "unbecoming."

"As if," she exclaimed, indignantly, "girls were to think of nothing but how to get rich husbands!"

Whether the intention of Uncle Martin, openly proclaimed, had really any effect in stimulating the efforts of the three sisters in their matrimonial researches, it would not be easy, and certainly would not be fair, to say. Beyond the rather spiteful assertion with regard to Carry's "forwardness,"—which forwardness, after all, was nothing more than the natural expression of a frank, cheerful temperament,—there was not a whisper to the detriment of the modesty and reserve of the young Misses Lintott; but whatever the cause, it is undoubted that soon after that announcement was made, there arose rumours of serious attentions, and even positive engagements, in reference to two at least of the trio, viz., Laura and Martha, which excited very lively attention on the part of the Lintott neighbourhood.

It was soon openly asserted that Miss Laura Lintott had made a great "catch," an expression for which the writer will be by no means responsible, and of which he cannot sufficiently express his disapproval, as being neither elegant nor complimentary. Still that was the word—a great "catch." Nothing less than the son of a banker, and a very handsome young man, indeed. Miss Martha's conquest was said to be of a much humbler kind: only a school-usher, but who, being the son and heir of a schoolmaster, might be supposed to have in prospect the wielding of the academical ferula on his own account. Of Carry, in her distant home as governess, there came no tidings on Cupid's wing. She wrote as usual, and had the same pleasant, contented story to tell of her scholarly duties, but nothing about promises, or overtures, or engagements, with the most distant view to matrimony. So people shook their heads, and expressed their wonder that Miss Caroline, who was such a sprightly, promising girl, was less fortunate than her sisters; although it was no wonder at all, they added, seeing that her very frankness and "forwardness" was likely to frighten her lovers away.

"Don't tell me!" cried Uncle Martin, rubbing his hands violently together, when he was told of these things. "Carry's all right; she'll pull through, I know. People like a pleasant face, and a lively manner, and it's only the slow-coaches who can't keep up with that sort of thing. I wonder who'll win?"

## CHAPTER II.

If ever there was a slow-coach on the road of life, it was Mr. Sampson, the school-usher, and Martha Lintott's beau. To be sure, there was a pair of them, and in so far they got on very well together. Mr. Sampson was a tall, slim young man, with a stoop

at his shoulders, who talked dictionary words in a solemn, pretentious way, and who yet was as dull and timid in his manner as if he had been himself a school-boy, perpetually under the master's eye. Now, Martha herself was not remarkably lively, and with a companion of ordinary glibness of tongue, would have been as quiet and reserved as to satisfy even prudery itself; but in the presence of Mr. Sampson, and moved, as it were, by the very weight of his silence, she became a miracle of conversational ability. How Mr. Sampson had ever communicated to the young lady the affection which glowed in his heart would be beyond comprehension, if one did not know that love had a silent language as well as a spoken one. Nevertheless, it was always observed that Martha, after any one of her arduous interviews, at which her mother or some female friend was always present, was overtaken by an uncontrollable desire to yawn.

Mr. Sampson was second master—he was simply second, because he was not first, for there was no third master—or chief usher at an “academy” in the immediate neighbourhood of the “seminary” at which Miss Martha Lintott was under-governess, and it was exceedingly natural that, as each led his or her little troop of scholars to church on Sunday, or for a stately promenade on week-days, they should see, should observe, and, as it happened in this case, should admire each other. Then, little complications would arise in the management of their several charges, now in the preservation of due order and behaviour in the little processions, now in the induction into the pews at church appropriated to their use. There would occasionally be trifling confusions to correct, or open rebellion to suppress, which would call forth the administrative abilities of each, and which brought them into immediate contact. The gravity of these situations was sometimes tremendous. Master Tommy would be led kicking to his offended superior, and delivered over in awful silence to retribution. Miss Cissy would be carried bodily in a weeping or highly refractory state to her outraged mistress, and left solemnly for punishment. And so the chief usher and the under-governess, in the ordinary discharge of their responsible duties, would naturally be thrown into each other's company, and led to speak, and think, and love, as a necessary consequence.

It could hardly be said that similarity of disposition was the chord which chimed in unison in the breasts of Mr. Sampson and Miss Lintott. On the contrary, it was the firmness and decision of the under-governess which charmed the chief usher, while it was the mildness and equanimity of the chief usher which delighted the under-governess. So both were mutually attracted by their opposites. Perhaps the very restraints imposed upon them by their position secretly cherished and inflamed their inclinations for each other; for they were metaphorically and actually moving and acting in the sight of a hundred inquisitive and intelligent eyes—the inquisitive and intelligent eyes of their own pupils, who, moreover, were provided with sharp, ready tongues to tell the stories their eyes had suggested to them. Under these circumstances, Mr. Sampson's diffidence might be explained while in the shadow of the academy, and the shadow of the academy was an abiding shadow that followed him whithersoever he went.

Mr. Lunge, the banker's son, who had become captive to Laura Lintott's charms, was a town young gentleman, with all the town's smartness, and some, at least, of the town's laxity of habit. He certainly was not a reserved young man, nor a young man of taciturn manners. He said a great deal, although it was a favourite expression of his that he was “a man of few words.” In one respect, at least, he was a man of few words, but then, as his friends remarked, he repeated these words so often that he might as well have had a good many. But he was a banker's son, and knew how the great financial world of the City rose and fell, and could talk of “bulls” and “bears,” and the rate of exchange in London, and Paris, and Amsterdam, and the price of stocks, and the ebbing and flowing of the value of shares in great companies. And so

he was listened to, and allowed to talk on at his will, and the consequence was that, with a few clear facts here and there, he talked a great deal of nonsense.

Mr. Lunge was a middle-sized, fleshy young man, with a pink and white complexion, light hair, and pale gray eyes, which seemed rather too large for his eyelids. He dressed expensively, and what was called "well," but it was a showy, flashy sort of excellence, conspicuous for light and bright colours, and strange contrasts. Then he made use of a great deal of slang—not precisely low, common slang—but a style of language which, while attempting to be eminently expressive, was especially shallow, and ungrammatical, and cloudy. And all this as evidence of smartness, and as a proof of his knowledge of life and the ways of the great city. It is difficult to say how Mr. Lunge, judged by this description, could be considered a fitting match for Laura Lintott, who was really a girl with much good sense, sincerely and morally religious, and handsome withal—which last is something. But the fact is, that there were so many other young men who were like Mr. Lunge that his defects and peculiarities appeared less than they were, simply because they were defects and peculiarities common and tolerated. Then Mr. Lunge was not vicious, if he was shallow, and he did not mock at the church, as many young men did, but was at least outwardly religious, if not sincerely devout. It is impossible to say how far the fact of his position and prospects may have influenced both mother and daughter in their encouragement of Mr. Lunge's advances; but one might safely assume that in any other than a banker's son, or a person of the like status, his weak sallies and slangy conversation would have been checked, instead of being smiled at, and so virtually encouraged.

The debateable land of courtship had been gained by the two pairs of lovers—Laura Lintott and Mr. Lunge, Martha and Mr. Sampson. Nothing was defined, but everything was hoped for. Each had advanced too far lightly to recede, without having made any actual settlement of the momentous question which hung suspended between them. Then came a letter from Caroline to her mother. It startled the good lady almost out of her wits. Carry had been unusually silent for some time, but as there was no reason to suppose that this silence was the result of anything beyond pressure of occupation, or perhaps indolence—though that was not like Carry—it excited little notice, more especially as the anxious mother had been fully occupied with the affairs of Laura at home, and of Martha by constant letters and occasional visits at her seminary in the suburbs.

This letter of Carry's was like a thunder-clap. Its contents were in themselves uncommon, and they were totally unexpected. Its language was more tender, more humble, more pleading than any Carry had ever written home before, affectionate as her letters usually were, and yet it was not wanting in a sort of decision and firmness which was characteristic of the writer. In effect, it asked her mother's blessing on her intended marriage. That was the sum of it, and it gave but few details. Carry did not so much ask permission or sanction for the step she was about to take; that was implied in the blessing she sought upon her union. There was a tone in her letter of entreaty, of dread, lest her simple request might be denied—as if she feared to ask the more important question, regarding that as beyond discussion, and sought the acceptance of a position already defined by herself, in the knowledge of its existence by her mother. Yet nothing could be more humble. She was coming home, Carry wrote, and then she would explain all; but she would not have dared to come home with so many things upon her lips and upon her heart untold, and had, therefore, written this letter that they might be prepared. And who was the favoured one? He was a German, named Karl Rubelstein, a musician, and a teacher of languages; "so clever, so good, so handsome!" wrote Carry, "I am sure you will like him. And although he is blind——"



"Blind!" half shrieked Mrs. Lintott, letting the letter fall out of her hands, and sinking back into her chair. "Good heavens! What infatuation! What is the foolish girl thinking about?"

Yet so it was. This "clever, handsome, good" young German was blind, and this was the responsibility which the simple English girl, tenderly nurtured, carefully trained, and never yet pained by the stress of poverty, was about to take upon herself.

When Uncle Martin heard this news, the roseate colour of his face paled with surprise and vexation. Carry was his favourite, too.

"I can never consent to it," sobbed Mrs. Lintott.

"*She* won't win the prize, at any rate," growled Uncle Martin.

"Suppose I refuse to sanction it?" appealed Mrs. Lintott.

"Then they'll marry without your sanction," answered Uncle, grimly, "and that will be the end of *that*. I can see that by her letter."

"She must be mad."

"Dear, dear, dear!" muttered Uncle Martin. "To think that my pretty little Carry should go and marry a blind fiddler!"

"He may not be a fiddler," remonstrated Mrs. Lintott, shocked at the idea.

"Well, he's blind, at any rate," grumbled Uncle Martin. "Perhaps he plays the bassoon."

### "MY DEARLING."

My Darling! Thus, in days long fled,  
In spite of creed, and court, and queen,  
King Henry wrote to Anne Boleyn,—  
The dearest pet-name ever said,  
And dearly purchased, too, I ween!

Poor child! she played a losing game:  
She won a heart,—so Henry said,—  
But ah! the price she gave instead!  
Men's hearts, at best, are but a name:  
She paid for Henry's with her head!

You count men's hearts as something worth?  
Not I: were I a maid unwed,  
I'd rather have my own fair head,  
Than all the lovers on the earth,  
Than all the hearts that ever bled

"My Darling!" with a love most true,  
Having no fear of creed or queen,  
I breathe that name my prayers between;  
But it shall never bring to you  
The hapless fate of Anne Boleyn!

## 264. CROCHET INSERTION WITH MIGNARDISE.

**MATERIALS.** White cotton *Mignardise* braid, crochet cotton, middle size.

This guipure-like insertion can be used for trimming collars and sleeves when worked in fine cotton; with coarse cotton for trimming under-clothes, sheets, pillow-cases, &c.

1st row. — \* 4 double divided by 3 chain, in the 4 first loops of the *Mignardise*, 7 chain, miss the next loop, 7 double in the 7 following loops, 3 chain, 1 slip stitch in the 4th of the 7 chain, insert the needle upwards in the loop, 3 chain, miss with these 1 loop. Repeat from \*.

2nd row. — \* 1 double in the middle of the 3 holes which were formed in the 1st row by 3 chain and 1 double, 7 chain, 1 cross treble—that is, throw the thread twice forward as for a long treble—draw 1 loop through the next stitch but one of the preceding row, 1 loop through the stitch just formed and the 1st thread thrown forward on the needle. 1 treble in the following double of the preceding row, now complete with 2 loops the long treble, 2 chain, 1 treble in the middle stitch of the figure so as to form a cross, 7 chain. Repeat from \*.

3rd row. — Alternately 1 treble, 1 chain, miss under the last one stitch of the preceding round.

The first half of the insertion is now completed. Work exactly the same pattern on the other side of the *Mignardise*, only take care that in

the second half the 7 double stitches which follow each other are just above the double stitch divided by 3 chain on the other side.

## 265. CROCHET CLOTHES-BAG.

**MATERIALS.**—Thick white cotton, thick red cotton.

This bag is worked in common ribbed crochet; the scalloped edges of the work

are ornamented with tassels of white and red cotton.

This bag is worked all in one piece, backwards and forwards. Make a foundation chain of 384 stitches (width of the bag), and work as follows, inserting the needle at the back of every stitch: \* 11 double on the first 11 foundation chain, and 2 double divided by 1 chain on the 12th, 11 double on the following 11 chain, 1 loop in each of the 3 following chain stitches, cast off the 3 loops on the needle as 1 stitch. Repeat 16 times

more from \*, so that there are 16 scallops, each formed of 24 stitches. At the end of every row, before turning the work, make 1 chain stitch, which is always missed in next row, and forms the selvage.

When you have worked 80 rows in this way, join the straight sides together, and also the scalloped edges at the bottom, taking care to make the points meet exactly. Now fasten the cotton on again at the top of the bag and work 40 rows more over 8 scallops only, for the flap which is turned down over the bag. Add the above-mentioned tassel.

## 264. CROCHET INSERTION WITH "MIGNARDISE" BRAID.

## 265. CROCHET CLOTHES-BAG.

### 267, 268. BRAIDED CASE FOR A GLASS.

This case is meant to preserve a glass from breaking on a journey. The original pattern is 3 inches high, and measures 8 inches across; it is made of fine black cotton cord, worked in button-hole stitches; to make it stiff it must be dipped in glue and then varnished. Thread an end of the cord about 24 inches long

in a darning or wool needle, join a piece of it about 3-5ths of an inch long into a circle, and work over it in button-hole stitch; then work in rounds, making 1 loop in each loop of the preceding round; but you

must increase by working now and then 2 loops in 1, till the bottom of the case is as large as the glass; then increase no more, and work the border of the case till it is high enough. Illustration 268 shows a

### 268. PATTERN FOR BRAIDED CASE, FULL SIZE.

part of the work in the original size. The cover of the case is worked in the same way, but it must, of course, be a little larger than the border of the case, as it is to go over it; the last row of the border is worked over thick braid. When the work is completed, dip it into hot glue, press it tightly, and draw it over a wooden shape previously dipped in oil. When the case is quite dry and hard, take it off the shape, and varnish it inside and out with black Russian varnish. A hinge, and a button and loop of India-rubber are fastened on the case.

### 266. PATTERN FOR SOFA CUSHION, FULL SIZE.

3rd row.—Knit 1, \* throw the cotton forward, knit 2 together. Repeat from \*; after the last decreasing knit 1.

4th row.—Like the 2nd row.

These four rows are repeated till the cover is sufficiently large. Draw a narrow piece of red worsted braid through every other open-work row of the pattern, as can be seen on illustration 266. When the cushion has

open-work pattern, worked backwards and forwards on a number of stitches which can be divided by 2, and which must suit the width of the cushion, in the following manner:

1st row.—Alternately throw the cotton forward, knit 2 together.

2nd row.—Slip 1, knit the other stitches. The stitch formed by throwing the cotton forward is knitted as 1 stitch.

### 267. BRAIDED CASE FOR GLASS.

When the cushion has been covered with the knitting, it is edged all round with a border knitted the long way, in the above mentioned open-work pattern; it is 14 rows wide, and also trimmed with worsted braid: a fringe of gray cotton and red wool, 8½ inches wide, is sewn on underneath the border at the bottom of the cushion; to this is added a thick red worsted cord, by which the cushion is hung on over the back of an arm-chair. The cushion, on account of its simplicity, is especially suitable for garden chairs.

### 269. SOFA CUSHION, WITH KNITTED COVER.

### 269. SOFA CUSHION WITH KNITTED COVER.

This cushion (15 inches wide, 12 inches high) is made of gray calico; it is covered on one side with knitting, worked with gray crochet cotton. The knitted cover has an

## DEMONIA.

A PAGE FROM THE STORY OF THE PENINSULA WAR.

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**C**IRCUMSTANCES of misfortune are those in which the noblest qualities of a woman's heart are made known. The season of prosperity may blind the rougher sex to the true worth of woman's nature—then, indeed, she may be “uncertain, coy, and hard to please;” but in the time of adversity, when sickness has laid the strong man low—when “fortune's wheel” has turned and beggared the wealthy—when flattering friends forsake and foes rejoice—then the good woman throws off all her petty whims and small exactions, and becomes the help meet for a man.

“In sorrow and in peril tried,  
She was the last to quit his side;  
And when the bloody scene was closed,  
And lo! in dust her friend reposed,  
The first was she to seek his tomb  
With balm of Araby's perfume.”

And as it is with private misfortune, so it is with national disaster—when strong arms fail, weak hands are ready. There have been Amazons in all ages and countries, who have risen up like Joan of Arc to resist an insolent enemy, and to deliver an oppressed people. Spain can boast of having produced heroines from the earliest records of history. The glorious memory of the women of Saguntum and Numantia, in the times of the Romans, was paralleled in later days by the fame of Agostina of Saragossa. This illustrious maiden, during the memorable siege of the city in 1808, came forth when all hope seemed to be over. Amongst conflagration, ruin, trenches heaped with dead, a slaughter rather than a battle on the ramparts—amongst it all she came, clothed in white, a cross suspended from her neck, her dark hair dishevelled, her eyes sparkling with supernatural lustre. She traversed the city with a bold, firm step; she passed to the ramparts—to the very spot where the enemy was pouring on to the assault; she mounted to the breach, seized a lighted match from the hand of a dying engineer, and fired the piece of artillery he had failed to manage. Then, with the accent of inspiration, she cried, “Death or victory!” and boldly reloaded her cannon. Such a cry, such a vision, could not fail of calling up enthusiasm: it seemed that heaven had brought aid to the Spanish cause, and her cry was answered by loud shouts of “Long live Agostina!” The story of the Maid of Saragossa is familiar to all:—

“The Spanish maid aroused,  
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,  
And, all unsex'd, the anlace hath espoused,  
Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war!  
And she whom once the semblance of a scar  
Appall'd, an owlet's larum chilled with dread,  
Now views the column scatt'ring bay'net jar,  
The falchion flash, and over the yet warm dead  
Stalks, with Minerva's step, where Mars might quake to tread.”

During the war there are many other instances of female patriotism, not any of them so brilliant as that of the Maid of Saragossa, but called forth by the same love of

country, and marked by the same devotion. Amongst them there is an instance of self-sacrifice in the national cause which is deserving of mention. It shows at once the social and domestic misery into which the unhappy peasantry were plunged by the French invasion, the horror they not unnaturally entertained of the French, and the dreadful modes of retaliation which were called up even in the breasts of women.

Spain, invaded by the French and defended by the English, had become the scene of a struggle growing more deadly in its character every succeeding day. A French regiment was sent from Burgos against a Guerilla party, and had orders to treat the Spaniards with unsparing severity. The march was directed, as a principal point, to the little village of Arguano, near the famous forest of Covelleda. It was known to be the resort of the most formidable of the Guerilla chiefs, who found a secure hiding-place in case of pursuit in the neighbouring forest, where the path was known only to a few. There dwelt in the village the widow of an enthusiastic and devoted fellow. He had lost his life in the war, and his survivor nourished a strong feeling of private revenge as well as of national hatred to the French. Almost as soon as it had been determined to march on Arguano the news was communicated to the villagers. A principal feature of the whole Spanish war was the celerity with which all the movements of the enemy were notified to the Spanish chiefs. Spies and guides were almost uniformly treacherous, and the French troops were consequently exposed to every sort of unexpected and unforeseen danger. When it was known in Arguano that the French were coming, every sort of provision was either carried off or destroyed; corn and dried meats were burnt, casks were broached, and their contents flooded the street. All the people, with the exception of three, quitted the town. Those who remained were the widow to whom we have referred, her only child, an infant of a few months old, and her paralytic grandmother. Nothing could induce the widow to quit the village; she had resolved on seeing these murderers of her husband; her mother would not allow herself to be removed, and so they waited together the irruption of the French troops.

The troops at length arrived, weary, footsore, half famished; their march had been through a wild and desolated country, climbing rugged rocks, and crossing frozen torrents; they were jaded, out of spirits, sick of their enterprise. When they reached the village they heard no noise, perceived no movement. A few picked men were sent on to reconnoitre. They saw nothing: absolute solitude reigned. The officer in command, suspecting an ambush, ordered the utmost circumspection. The troops entered the street, and arrived at a small opening where some sheaves of wheat and Indian corn and a quantity of loaves were still smoking on the ground, but they were consumed to a cinder, and swimming in wine which had streamed from leather bottles.

The bitter disappointment of the soldiers at finding that, after all their toils, there was nothing to be done and no provisions to be had, may be readily imagined. Suddenly, however, cries were heard issuing from one of the deserted cottages, amongst which the soldiers had dispersed themselves in hope of discovering some food or booty. Some of the men had discovered the widow with her child, and were dragging her before the officer in command.

"Stay, lieutenant," said one of the troopers; "here is a woman we have found sitting beside an old one who is past speaking: question her a little."

She was dressed in the peasant costume of the Soria and Rioja Mountains, and was pale, but not trembling.

The lieutenant gazed fixedly upon her:

"Why are you here alone?"

"I stayed with my grandmother, who is paralytic, and could not follow the villagers to the forest."

"You stayed for no other reason?"

"I stayed to take care of her."

"Why have your neighbours left the village?"

The Spaniard's eyes flashed fire; she fixed on the officer a look of strange import, and answered,—

"You know full well: were they to wait for the slaughter?"

The Frenchman shrugged as only Frenchmen can.

"But why did you burn the bread and meat, and split the wine-skins?"

"That you might find nothing," was the answer: "that you who would have killed us might know the pangs of thirst and hunger."

Just at that moment a great shout of joy was raised by some of the troopers, and capering into the presence of their officer came half a score of foragers, laden with hams, and loaves, and skins of wine.

"We have found them! Aha! but we shall not go off without our supper."

The Spanish woman darted on them a glance of fury which, if glances killed, would have destroyed them. They saw her look, and it added to their triumph.

"We are not sent home supperless, Demonias," they cried in mockery. "The bread and meat are of the best, and the wine is fit for the gods, or should be."

"Have you tasted it?" the officer demanded.

There was a stout denial.

The officer had his misgivings; the recent poisoning of several elsterns put him on his guard. He turned to the prisoner:

"Whence come these provisions?"

"From their hiding-place, where we concealed them for our friends."

"Are they the same in kind as those you burnt?"

"The very same."

The officer hesitated:

"Where is your husband?"

"In glory,—he died for God and King Ferdinand."

"Which may not ensure glory after all! But have you father—brother—anyone you love with the village runaways?"

"I have no longer a tie except my poor child;" she pressed her infant to her breast. The poor little creature was thin and sallow, but its large black eyes glistened as they turned to its mother.

"Commander," exclaimed one of the soldiers, "pray order division of the booty; we are frightfully in want of what we have found."

"One moment, my children," says the commander; "I must have an answer from our beautiful Demonias. Are these provisions good?"

"They were never meant for you."

"Exactly—they are such as your own?"

"How can they be otherwise?"

"How, indeed?—then since the wine be good, you will not object to take a glass?"

"As much as you please," and accepting the mess-glass offered by the lieutenant, she emptied it without hesitation.

"Huzza! huzza!" shouted the soldiers, delighted at this prospect of intoxication without the risk of poison.

"Your child will drink also?" said the officer, "he is so pale—it will do him good."

The Spaniard had herself drunk without hesitation, but in holding the cup to her infant's lips her hand trembled; the motion, however, was unperceived, and the child also emptied his glass. Thereupon the provisions speedily disappeared, and all partook both of food and wine. Suddenly, however, the infant was observed to turn livid; its features contracted and its mouth convulsed with agony. The mother, too, though her

## Talking Dresses.

## THE FASHIONS.

**T**HERE is a new material most fashionable for bonnets, which we must not mention, so we note it is the *tulle à gouttes* white tulle spotted with and extremely brilliant. d for fanchon bonnets. the top; there is some- ways, a mantilla veil at nerally long lappets of front. When there is k, there is a long fringe or of flowers made of beads.

ze of different colours, rith gold, is also very fashion. It is pretty in t prettiest of all in Bib- n, which, combined with as the effect of a rich sant's plumage.

and glitters are all in n, and most bonnets are th beads or with gold



of white tulle is trimmed with a garland of golden brown metallic oak-gold acorns. The garland is placed round the front of the bonnet and upon the lappets of white tulle, which are fastened by a spray of the same.

of *tulle à gouttes d'eau*, pleated on the top, is edged round with a fringe of the valley, formed of tiny crystal beads.

of white tulle is ornamented with a garland of violet hop-leaves, silver, and with long pendant ornaments of a bright violet colour. The style in green or brown.

of bonnets are of the baby or Watteau shape. They are trimmed with lovely roses, wild violets, honeysuckle or sweetbriar, which seem as if they had gathered from the hedge, and with scarfs of white tulle, which are continued fastened in front with a flower.

anette, entirely formed of white marabout feathers, is ornamented with a T.

are very much the fashion; they are not quite straight, but slightly inclined. They are made of beads, silver or gold, and, for black crape mourning and jet.

ettes are also placed upon ladies' hats. Many new patterns of hats made since the beginning of the season, but now we scarcely see any but toquets

The difference between these two is that toquets are quite round, and that berets come down a little more over the ears.

made of black crinoline, embroidered with jet beads, of golden brown straw, of white straw, or of crape; and they are trimmed with feathers, garlands of velvet or ribbon, tulle scarf and lace.

of white straw is trimmed round with a plait of black ribbon velvet, crossed of wild roses.

of white crinoline is bound with a strip of light green ribbon velvet, over a border formed of the tips of white and of peacocks' feathers.

of black crinoline dotted with jet beads, is ornamented with a gold brown

They, again, are bound with black velvet, have a black tulle scarf loosely tied and a golden aigrette in front.

esses, as we have already said, some are made short, some just touching the are some with long, sweeping trains.

of dresses a double skirt, or tunic, is often simulated by a trimming of cross-ways, or plaits of silk and satin arranged in small vandykes or scallops. caps or rouleaux are always of the same colour as the dress, the plaits are of two or three colours, when there is a coloured pattern on the material of

Costumes, composed of a double skirt and loose paletot of black, brown, of white-chiné poplinette, or leno, are scalloped out and bound with a narrow the colours of the *chinnure*.

of gray and white materials are bound with scarlet worsted braid, for with a-side toilets. The front part of the dress is trimmed in the shape of an

of striped or figured foulard are ornamented with cross strips of silk, with or crystal beads running in the centre.

even those of white muslin, have loose paletots or peplums to correspond. with those who have none, however—for there is no rule without exception—both white foulard or light cashmere, embroidered in black or coloured silk or



THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS

Modelled for

**The Young Englishwoman**

JULY 85

fine wool, are very fashionable for demi-toilette; or black lace burnouses and shawls with more dressy toiles.

White has never been so generally worn as this summer, both for dresses and pale-tots; and complete costumes of camlet, poplinette or foulard are trimmed in the style now called *Breton*, with pinked-out strips of the same material, embroidered with fine silk or wool of various bright colours.

These costumes are especially suitable for sea-side wear.

A dress of Bismarck-coloured silk has a short skirt, cut out in large scallops round the bottom and edged with jet fringe; a clover-leaf pattern of black velvet, piped with brown, is placed between each scallop. The plain bodice has no sleeves; the waistband is of black velvet, piped with brown and edged with a long jet fringe; a similar fringe is placed round the neck and arm-holes. The dress is completed by a long under-skirt of blue silk, embroidered with black, and plain tight blue sleeves.

A dress of maize-coloured foulard is trimmed with a strip of the same material, placed in the centre in front, and coming up half way on the bodice where it terminates in a point. It is ornamented with fine silk rouleaux; similar strips being placed over the pockets. The waistband is also striped with silk rouleaux. The bodice is quite plain. The sleeves are trimmed with rouleaux to correspond.

A dress for a young lady is of lilac and white-chiné poplinette. The under-skirt is trimmed with two cross strips of lilac silk, edged on either side with two rows of chalk beads. Each width of the upper skirt is gores, pointed at the bottom, and bordered with a cross strip of lilac silk, much narrower than those on the under-skirt, and ornamented with one row of beads.

Up to three years old, little girls wear frocks with large double pleats; after that age, their frocks are gores, like ladies' dresses.

The head-covering of both little girls and boys, during the first year of their existence, is a white silk or *piqué* capote; then up to eighteen months old, a toquet of velvet in winter, of white *piqué* in summer; after that age they wear straw hats, with no ornament beyond a ribbon, which goes round the crown and falls in long ends at the back.

Very pretty brocaded ribbons are now used for trimming these hats. We have noticed a black ribbon brocaded with, alternately, a white daisy and a small red poppy; another, straw colour, brocaded with purple heart's-ease; a third, white, with blue forget-me-nots. These are more especially suitable for little girls; boys wear striped silk braid, or blue, or crimson moire ribbon.



## DESCRIPTION OF OUR FASHION-PLATE.

*Left-hand figure.*—COUNTRY TOILET.—A *marinière* hat, adorned with embroidered ribbons. A *bretonne* vest, with wool medallions and ruches. Dress and petticoat made of foulard, the dress being cut out at the bottom in pointed and round scallops edged with yellow silk.

VISITING TOILET.—A white tulle bonnet, adorned with foliage and trimmed with a veil of tulle and lace, forming a scarf. A dress of blue silk, with a long plain skirt. The peplum is open at the sides, and has points tied in a bow; it is edged with a fringe, headed by a silk braid.

COSTUME FOR A LITTLE GIRL FROM 8 TO 9 YEARS OLD.—Crinoline *toquet* hat, with raised brim, bound with pink silk. A French gray poplin dress, the over-skirt of which forms a peplum at the sides; the whole is bound with pink silk braid. Silk waistband with a large bow and flowing ends at the back. Pleated petticoat of pink cashmere.

## LOVELIEST WORDS.

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### CRADLE-TIME.

THE glory of the sunset fades away  
From the tall church-spires of the darkening town,  
And on the waters of the western bay  
The orange tints are sobering to brown.

This is the hour when the fond mother folds  
Her infant closely to her pillowing breast,  
And, kissing oft the little hand she holds,  
Sings dreamily, and lulls her babe to rest.

For me,—I hold all Fate has left to me,—  
A little golden ripple of fair hair;—  
I lay it on my bosom tenderly,  
And try to think my baby nestles there.

Oh, golden hair! Where is the shining head,  
The baby-brow which once you used to crown?  
The tender eyes, with all their love unsaid,  
Into whose depths my yearning soul looked down?

Oh, happy mother! Through your window there  
I see you clasp and kiss your little child,—  
Its white arms wound amid your tresses fair;  
And how, Oh how, shall I be reconciled?

The small soft hands which tangled down *my* hair  
Are folded from their play for evermore;  
The rosy feet which pattered here and there  
Have danced their last across this silent floor.

The dainty robes are folded smooth and clean;  
The half-worn shoes stand empty, side by side;  
The basket that she heaped her playthings in  
Lies half filled, as she left it when she died.

The pot of flowers she carried to and fro,  
Or placed among her toys upon the floor,  
Thrives undisturbed: though fair the blossoms blow  
No sweet voice coaxes for them any more.

These are her finger-marks upon the pane,—  
I guard them with a jealous carefulness;  
And this dear pictured face still keeps its stain,—  
The misty halo of her frequent kiss.

And in these rooms, where once her sweet voice rung,  
Now soaring loud, now softly murmuring,  
There floats the echo of a song half sung,—  
The last my darling ever tried to sing.

But you, aflush with happy motherhood,  
 Your child alive and warm upon your arm,—  
 You look across into my solitude,  
 And tell me I must be resigned and calm ;—  
 That God is good and kind, despite my grief;  
 That He has saved my babe from pain and woe,  
 And she is blest. Help thou my unbelief,  
 Oh, Healer ! But I would that I could know  
 On what fair angel-bosom rests to-night  
 The tender cheek I touched so reverently—  
 What white-robed spirit robs me of my right,  
 And takes my baby's kiss away from me !



## VINE-LIFE.

In the dead barrenness of winter-time  
 I marked this woodbine latticing the wall,  
 And said, "How pleasantly in summer's prime  
 This vine shall beautify and curtain all !"  
 Ere yet in leafless elms the robins sung,  
 Nature touched tenderly the network-screen,  
 And with her silent fingers slowly strung  
 The limber stems with gems of living green.  
 Yet some remained unbudded. Day by day  
 I watched,—but not late April's gracious air,  
 Nor yet the warmer smiles of perfect May,  
 Brought promise to the tendrils brown and bare.  
 Whereat I grieved. "The winter was unkind,"  
 I said, "to shatter thus my summer dream ;—  
 How shall these dry limbs scatter shade, or blind  
 My window from the sultry August beam ?"  
 Yet see how June my faithless murmuring mocks !  
 Lo ! those new vigorous shoots, all fresh with leaves,  
 Clasp with their clinging hands these dry, dead stalks,  
 And clamber up, rejoicing, to the eaves,—  
 Till the brown skeleton is all aleaf,  
 Fluttering and rain-fresh thro' its tendrilled length,—  
 And that which once was death and bitter grief,  
 Becomes at once its glory and its strength.  
 Fettered and cramped by no depending cares,  
 Up their strange trellis the long garlands go,  
 As went the angels up the shining stairs  
 Of Jacob's vision in the long ago.  
 When shall we learn to read this life aright ?  
 When to our souls will the sweet grace be given  
 To make our disappointment and our blight  
 But ladder-rounds to lift us nearer heaven ?

# 271. EMERY CUSHION, FOR THE R. OFF NEEDLE

**MATERIALS.**—Blue silk, a  
 for thread, fine pack-thread  
 blue satin ribbon  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an in  
 iron file-dust.

This emery cushion is us  
 gant, and easily worked. Cu  
 in calico, of the shape of the  
 of the cushion, as seen in ill  
 272; sew them together, bu  
 complete the last seam enti  
 the ball first with iron file-d  
 then only complete the seam  
 the cushion over each seam  
 pack-thread, tightly drawn  
 down, fasten it well, and  
 then begin to work the  
 covering of the cushion  
 with blue silk and silver  
 thread. Begin at the place  
 where the pieces of pack-  
 thread meet, and where  
 the silver thread must also  
 be fastened, and work in  
 rounds; wind the blue silk  
 round the silver thread,  
 draw it out from under-  
 neath the pack-thread,  
 then wind the silk once  
 more round the latter and  
 round the silver thread, as  
 shown in illustration 272.

When half the cushion is  
 completed, leave off, and  
 begin the covering at the opposite side, in the cen-  
 tre, where the pieces of pack-thread meet. When  
 completed, trim the cushion in the middle with  
 blue satin pleated ribbon. Make on one side of

ion four small loops; on  
 r, one loop,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches long,  
 same satin ribbon. With  
 loop the cushion is meant  
 ng up.

# 273. SMOKING CAP.

**MATERIALS.**—Black velvet, black  
 k, soutache, black sewing

simple smoking cap, made  
 of black materials, will find  
 our with elderly gentlemen.

The crown is made of  
 quilted glacé silk, the bor-  
 der of velvet trimmed with  
 soutache, and worked  
 in appliqué. The border  
 is cut out in vandykes at  
 the top; these vandykes  
 are sewn down over the  
 crown, which is orna-  
 mented with a long silk  
 tassel. Quilt the crown  
 in the shape of a star as  
 shown in illustration 273.  
 The pattern for the brai-  
 ed border is given on our  
 loose sheet, No. 283. Cut  
 out the figures to be  
 worked in appliqué in  
 black silk, and work them  
 round in button-holes.

# 271. EMERY CUSHION.

The black lines show the soutache pattern. When  
 the border is braided, quilt it also, and sew it on  
 round the crown, hiding the seam by a row of  
 soutache.

# 273. SMOKING CAP.

**274, 275. TWO PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY FOR TRIMMING LINGERIE.**

These patterns are worked in point russe and stitching; the spots in satin and knotted stitch. Illustration 275 is ornamented in the centre with lace stitches.

**276. BASKET IN STRAW PLAINTING.**

This pretty little basket is easily made. It consists of black and white straw plaiting  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an inch wide, and straw-coloured braid; it is

**272. COVERING OF EMERY CUSHION (271).**

**CORONETS.**

Coronets were not known in England prior to the reign of Henry III., and the oldest remaining representation of one is on the monument of John of Eltham, second son of Edward III., who died in 1334. The coronets at present worn by the British nobility surround caps of crimson velvet edged with ermine. That of the Prince of Wales was

lined with purple glacé silk. Cut a good paper pattern for the bottom, from which the plaiting is sewn together in coils. The border of the basket, 3 inches high, gets wider at the top by 2 inches, and is made of several rows of plaiting and braid, the first of which is sewn on in scollops. The cover of the basket is arranged in the same way; the illustration shows it a little raised. Some rings, formed of thicker straw plait for the handles, are sewn on, as can be seen in illustration.

**274. EMBROIDERY DESIGN FOR**

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**275. EMBROIDERY DESIGN FOR**

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**276. BASKET IN STRAW PLAINTING.**



## OUR FERNERY.

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### INTRODUCTORY.

SO we started a fernery, as most persons have done within the last few years, on a small or large scale, according to their means or convenience. Of course we live in London, as it is the Londoners who principally have covered ferneries. Ours is a nice house—as dirty as most London houses, and for that matter, as clean. It was a large house for two young beginners, but then it is our own; it had been my father's, and on his death we married, and came to live here. We were obliged to live in town, and to live in a house rent-free was a great inducement, though, as we always said, it was somewhat larger than we should have chosen had we rented one. We love flowers and the green fields, and like most Londoners, look forward to the day of our emancipation; in the meantime trying to make our house look as much like country as possible. There is always—except for two long, dark, dreary months—a bouquet of some sort in our usual sitting-room; and a poor old thrush whistles to us from his cage (he is to be set free away in the country the day we obtain our liberty), so that in the summer evenings, when the back-window is open, and we hear the distant, sweet sound of Hampstead Church bells, and the smell of hay is wafted to us by the soft summer air—whether from a neighbouring hay-loft, or from hay-fields steeped in the gold of the setting sun, we do not inquire—with the perfume of our flowers round us, and the aforesaid Jack, our contented birdie, pouring forth his song, we easily imagine that, yet young, we are in our promised land, reaping the harvest of honest toil.

We have two small conservatories; but if, as Webster says, “A conservatory is a place for preserving things, flowers, &c.,” I cannot think they are correctly so called. One is on the staircase, the other at one end of the drawing-room. On these conservatories we built our hopes; other persons' never looked “anything,” because they did not love flowers as we did, and never gave the time to them that we would. We stocked them with geraniums, camellias, and all sorts of beautiful flowers. We sponged the leaves, and tended them in every way most assiduously; but, one by one, the leaves turned yellow, then brown, and eventually fell off. We tried them again and again, but always with the same result, and our conservatories were most miserable objects—nothing to be seen but shrivelled and dead sticks, with perhaps one or two yellow leaves on them, here and there; and, now and then, a tiny, tiny, ghastly blossom. Of course, we could have made an arrangement with some gardener or florist to keep them supplied with fresh flowers; but then, as I said, we were young beginners, and could not afford it. Our enthusiasm had already carried us into greater expenses than we had intended, and we could not indulge in such a luxury. So we said to ourselves, “Even then, you know, we should each day see the beautiful blossoms fading and dwindling away; and then too, they would not be our own, that we had reared and tended—we should not half enjoy them.” Therefore, we put the conservatories aside as a disappointed hope, which we did not care to talk much about.

“Why not try a fernery?” said one or two friends. “We have been so often disappointed, yet why not at least try a fernery? Nothing more beautiful than the elegant and varied foliage of these plants; we should have liked some colour, but

still, as a fernery seemed the only thing that at all succeeded in London, why not try one?"

So we started a fernery, agreeing that the drawing-room conservatory was the one we would first experiment upon. We no sooner entertained the idea than, as is our wont, we became enthusiastic. First, we called on all the friends and acquaintances in the neighbourhood who had tried and had succeeded in ferneries. One was all clinkers and water, with a fern and a moss here and there, and a cascade; the trickling water sounded most cool and dreamy on a hot summer's afternoon, and the ferns there looked very green and healthy. But this was not quite the style we liked: there were too many burrs, too much water, and very little green. The water, no doubt, made the room damp, and undoubtedly with the burrs it was very heavy; and as our conservatory projected from the house, unsupported, we feared the weight would be too much. Certainly, we might shore it up, but then that would look ugly, and be expensive.

To each that we saw, however pretty, we imagined some objection, in way of expense, or something; so we determined to model one after our own idea, and it should be like a nook in our own dear Devonshire, or a Scotch dell, in miniature. We set to work. Somehow, things look so much prettier and easier in one's imagination. Many were the failures we encountered; we could not so arrange the place as to make it quite as pretty as we saw it in our imagination. At last we thought we would try cocoa-nut refuse, which was then very cheap; but it is now, I am sorry to tell all who wish to be purchasers, and whose means are limited, much risen in price.

With this compost we filled the floor of the conservatory, artistically arranging it in hill and dale, with a nook here and there for a small fern to flourish in. Above, going round the back and sides, we had tiers of horseshoe-shaped boxes, on the front of which we nailed rough pieces of cork-bark, in the interstices of which we stuck tiny ferns, mosses, and lichens. The conservatory is about a yard square, excepting as far as its height goes, which is that of the window. We arranged the boxes, which I made of odd pieces of wood, one above the other, so that we should look into a horseshoe, or half-circle of green; and I assure you now that our ferns have been growing some time, the place looks most beautiful, just like a Devonshire scene—you cannot believe you are in town. On Sunday afternoon, after dinner, we take a cheap trip into the country by going up stairs, each taking a seat in an easy chair in front of our fernery.

Cocoa-nut "refuse," not "fibre," should be used. The "fibre" is not good as soil, but is often confused with the former, as both are waste, thrown off in the manufacture of the outer coating and shell of the cocoa-nut into articles of domestic use. The old refuse is, I believe, preferable to the new. There should not be more than about a quarter of refuse, mixed with three quarters of sand and peat. These three together form an excellent soil to grow most ferns in. We had read that the gritty, dark, and scarcely real peat-soil of dry commons and waste land was a good thing, if taken from those parts on which the heath and brakes (*Pteris Aquilina*) grew; therefore we obtained some from a common near Cobham, when we went down to visit an old friend, which you may be sure we soon made an opportunity for doing.

Your fernery should be moist, but at the same time well drained, as stagnant water lodging about the roots is very hurtful. Therefore I made the bottoms of the boxes somewhat sloping, so that all the water drained to the front, where I had a little trough inside, out of sight, and at either end a small pipe, which was in time hidden by the foliage, and which ran down under the floor, whence it was conveyed away by a larger pipe, the mouth of which was covered by a piece of perforated zinc, and some moss placed on it to hide it. Over the floor we also put a false top, which inclined towards the front, and from the sides to the centre, where was the larger pipe, so that this too was drained into it. Underneath the soil both of the boxes and the floor, we put

plenty of broken garden-pots, and pieces of charcoal about the size of a nut; and we kept a store of small pieces of slate, sand-stone, &c., to force into the soil round the roots of the ferns in planting.

The conservatory, or fern-case, should be much shaded, as the habit of the fern leads it to most freely develop when sheltered from the sun and wind. Thus, in open commons, nothing grows but the brake (*Pteris Aquilina*), and that not nearly in such perfection as in sheltered, damp woods, where its fronds sometimes attain the height of eleven or thirteen feet, while on the commons they are seldom more than from six inches to two feet high.

In London, as much as possible, all air must be excluded, and we found all the ferns thrive better when not exposed to the smoke and smuts, some of the more delicate ones dying if the air is allowed to get to them. Fortunately for us it was in the spring when the idea of a fernery was suggested, so we were able to set to work at once, the spring and early summer months being the best for transplanting ferns before the yearly growth is far advanced. Still, the strong growing ones may be moved at any season without much injury. In the planting of a fernery like ours, we found that it was best to so arrange that each evergreen fern should grow side by side with a deciduous one, or those which die down in the autumn, so that even in winter we still look very green, and you scarcely notice the blanks.

We knew nothing of ferns till we took to their cultivation; they always seemed so much alike, and such difficult things to find the names of, or to remember when found; but when we thought of cultivating them, we felt we ought to know something about them. For that reason we got various books, most of them rather expensive and very scientific. The one which helped us most, and the cheapest, was "Moore's British Ferns." While there is such a cheap, useful book to be obtained, another seems scarcely needed, but we have thought that many who would not care to go so thoroughly into the study, would yet be pleased and will like to glance through a few chapters, wherein are contained our experience, and the names—with the way to find them out—of the most common English varieties. It is, therefore, for the benefit of those who have not studied "Moore," and who take in this Magazine, and are interested in making their town homes as green as possible, and in adding a fresh and ever-growing interest and enjoyment to their lives, we will relate how we added to our collection, and found and learned without much trouble the name of each new pet.

Now, when we take our yearly trips of a few weeks into the country, there is an added object and interest, and we spend days and days exploring ditches and dells, nooks and woods, to find some new specimen; and the enjoyment which we reap, and the small hidden beauties which we discover, are innumerable. We found it absolutely necessary to remember the Latin names, as they are the only universal ones; and when you get into the way of it, they are really no more difficult to remember than the English. Our little niece, of five years old, who lives with us, knows all the ferns by their Latin names, and by no others. When we first began our collecting, we often found great difficulty in distinguishing some of the delicate fennels and other wild flowers from ferns, often thinking we had found some new and unknown treasure. However, wisdom came by experience. We learnt, first, that the disposition of the fronds of all English ferns, with the exception of the Leper and Common Adders' Tongues (*Ophioglossum Vulgatum*, and *O. Lusitanicum*), and the Moonwort (*Botrychium Lunaria*), when in the bud, are what botanists call *circinate*, that is, the entire frond is curled in like the spring of a watch, and so are all the divisions of the frond—the *pinnæ*. And secondly, Mr. Moore says, "Search for what seems to be a full-grown plant: it will rarely happen that young plants, not in the fertile state to be presently mentioned, will occur without mature ones in the vicinity; examine the under-surface of the leaves, and brown dust-

like patches,—round, or elongated, or in lines,—will be seen placed here and there, and generally arranged with much regularity. These patches are in reality heaps—vast accumulations—of the minute seeds. Now, as the leaves of those plants which *never* bear flowers bear these dust-like patches of seeds, or spores, as they are technically termed, it is on their presence that the novice must depend for the *assurance* that his plant is a fern.”

For the age of ferns, most are perennial, that is, they last more than two years. The stem generally runs along the surface of the ground or under it, but is in some an upright stock. In our English species the latter is seldom seen of any height above ground, except in old plants.

The *Osmunda Regalis* (the Royal Fern) has a horizontal stem (or rizome, as these creeping stems are called); but occasionally, and in confined situations, it assumes an erect attitude, and will attain the height of two or three feet above the ground, having all the appearance of the trunk of the tropical tree-ferns, some specimens of which grow to the height of from forty to fifty feet; the *rizome*, or stem, is then called *stipes*.

The leaves of ferns are called fronds; they are generally more or less divided, very rarely simple or entire.

The Common Hart's-tongue (*Scolopendrium Vulgare*) and the two *Ophioglossums* are the only two English instances of simple or entire fronds. Some are divided almost beyond computation, others much less. The *rachis* is the continuation of the leaf-stalk, and in divided fronds the branches of the continuation; in other words, the rib which runs up the centre of each frond, and the centre of each division of a frond. When the frond is simply divided, as in *Woodsia Ilvensis*, it is called *pinnate*. When these divisions are again divided, as in the fern so common in our hedgerows and ditches, the *Lustrea filix mas.*, or Male Fern, they are called *bipinnate*; and when these second divisions are again divided, as in *Asplenium Adiantum-nigrum*, the fronds are said to be *tripinnate*. The first divisions are called *pinnæ*, the other two *primules*. When the frond is not divided quite down to the *rachis*, as in *Polypodium Vulgare*, it is said to be *pinnatifid*, and the divisions are called segments. Ferns are, as we know, flowerless; but as we have written, on the backs of the mature fronds are to be seen brown patches, which are a collection of what take the place of seeds; in ferns the seeds being called *spores*, or *sporules*. Under the microscope a number of these *spores* are seen to be contained in a bag, in some looking a good deal like a semi-transparent currant; these bags, or cases, are called *thecæ*, and these *thecæ* are generally clustered together; the clusters of *thecæ* are called *sori*, in the singular *sorus*. But where, as in the case of the *Osmunda Regalis*, the *thecæ* are together in spikes at the top of the fertile frond, the clusters are then called *panicles* instead of *sori*. To make the foregoing more clear, the brown patches you see on the back of the frond are collections, or clusters of seed-vessels, which clusters are called *sori*. Now, if you examine a *sorus* under the microscope, you can see that it is a cluster of little cases, which are called *thecæ*, and in each of these *thecæ* are a number of *spores*, or seeds. The *sori* are, at some period of their growth, covered with the *indusium*; some cast off this *indusium*, or protecting cover, at a much earlier period than others; but all are supposed to be covered by it at some early stage. This *indusium* is the outer covering of the leaf, beneath which the *sori* are formed, and in their growth they raise it up and separate it wholly or partly from the surrounding portions: eventually it bursts and falls off, or shrivels up. It is very curious that, however large a fern may grow,—the foreign arborescent species, for instance, grow, as stated above, to a gigantic height,—the spores or seeds are never larger than in our English species: they always resemble fine dust.

Till next month, adieu!

270. LADY'S LOOSE JACKET (BACK).

276. LADY'S LOOSE JACKET (FRONT).

280 to 282.—THE MANTILLA VEIL.

This illustration shows the fashionable Mantilla Veil, mentioned in our last month's fashion article. It is made of black spotted tulle, edged with blonde

and bead grolots. The veil is fastened on to the border of the bonnet, and may be tied either in front or at the back, as seen in illustrations 281 and 282.

281. MANTILLA VEIL, TIED  
BEHIND.

282. MANTILLA VEIL, TIED IN  
FRONT.

## THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN'S RECIPE-BOOK.

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FROM an admirable volume, the work of Mr. John Greaves Nall, we extract the following recipes, with his permission. The title of his book is "Great Yarmouth and Lowestoft," and a more exhaustive guide-book, or account of a particular locality, was never published. Beyond the history, human and geographical, of the East Anglian coast, Mr. Nall has written a history, with statistics, of the East Coast Herring Fishery, a most interesting section of the work. To complete this part of the book, he has got together, from a multitude of sources, a number of recipes for herring cookery, and we have all along been of Mr. Nall's opinion, that this capital fish has experienced in our cookery most undeserved depreciation and neglect.

**FRESH HERRINGS GRILLED.**—Having gutted the herrings through the gills, without opening the bellies, and scaled, washed, and dried them, place them on a dish, powder them lightly with fine salt and herbs, cut small, and sprinkle on a little olive oil. They should remain an hour in this seasoning, and be turned over two or three times. Remove them from the dish without drying, make a small incision along the back, and then cook the herrings upon the gridiron over a moderate fire, turning them over at least three times. Serve up with melted butter and a spoonful of capers. Occasionally, on serving up, a spoonful of mustard is added to the sauce. The herrings may also be sprinkled with flour, and basted with a little fresh butter. Serve without sauce or with either indicated above, or with a purée of peas, lentil, or beans.

**FRESH HERRINGS EN MATELOTTE.**—Choose six or eight fine herrings, if possible half with milts and half with roes. Gut them through the gill openings, cut off the heads and tails, and cut lengthwise each herring in two parts; sprinkle each morsel with a little fine salt and pepper. Place in a stew-pan a little fresh butter, stiffened with flour, a little parsley, and some shalots minced fine. Place the herring slices on this dressing, sprinkle it with two or three glasses of red wine, and cook it over a hot fire. Have in readiness to remove, when the matelot is cooked, a dozen of small onions, and a score of little mushrooms, cut small. Fry some bread crumbs, to garnish round the dish on which the herrings are served up.

**RED HERRINGS GRILLED.**—Open, and steep in milk, to remove their saltiness, for twelve hours. Dry them, and then cook over a moderate fire, turning over two or three times. Serve up with olive oil, or with slices of bread and butter. Herrings are served up in this way for breakfast and lunch.

**RED HERRINGS, MARINÉS (PICKLED).**—Steep twelve hours in milk, drain them, wipe dry, and then place them several minutes in the following *marinade*. Cut, as small as possible, two or three mushrooms, raw, with a pinch of parsley and another of shalot; dilute the whole with sufficient olive oil to steep the herring in. The cooks of the south of France add to this a slight infusion of garlic. Remove the herrings from the *marinade*, cover with bread crumbs until they are well soaked, then grill them, turning over two or three times. Serve up with slices of bread and butter.

**RED HERRINGS, A LA SAINT MENEHOULD.**—Place in a stew-pan some butter, add a spoonful of flour, a cup of milk, a sprig of laurel, another of thyme, and a little pepper. Open the herrings, and cook them in this seasoning; when done, withdraw them from the sauce, drain them, and leave them to get cold. Pass them then over lukewarm butter, and sprinkle well with crumbs. Place the herrings thus prepared in a stew



pan, in a hot oven, leave them there to take a bright colour, serve up hot, without sauce, or with an egg sauce seasoned with herbs, in a separate dish, to which a little olive oil and lemon juice may be added.

**RAGOUT OF THE GOOD BISHOP.**—Fry in lard five or six herrings cut in pieces, without steeping to remove the salt; when well reddened, mix up with them a bunch of leeks, sliced up. Boil a pot full of large mealy potatoes, mash them well up, and add to them the morsels of fried herring and leeks or onions. This mixture forms a savoury and nourishing mess.

**SALT HERRING AS A HORS D'ŒUVRE.**—Steep well in water several times during twenty-four hours, to remove the salt. Each herring is then cut in strips, which are pieced together on the dish, as if the fish were entire. Here the herring is not indulged with a sight of the fire. We have seen it thus brought on the table at the *table d'hôtes* of the Hague, Amsterdam, and North Germany. A variation of the above is to skin and soak them in milk and water, then drain and dish them with slices of onions and apples. They are eaten with oil.

**RED HERRINGS, A L'ITALIENNE.**—Pour on boiling water, and well soak the salt out; open and clean them, flour them well inside and out, fry them in butter and oil, serve on fried parsley.

**FRESH HERRINGS GRILLED.**—Gut and scale them, drain, and wipe them dry. Place the gridiron on the fire, and, whilst it is hot, place the herrings on, keeping up a clear fire. When grilled, lay them hot on a dish, split open their backs, and in the opening pour in a little cold butter.

**FRESH HERRINGS GRILLED WITH MUSTARD SAUCE.**—Grill the herrings as before. Make a white sauce, to which you add, without placing it again on the fire, a teaspoonful of mustard, with a little chopped parsley, and pour it over the fish.

**FRESH HERRINGS (CAREME).**—Choose twelve fine fresh herrings, scale them without injuring the flesh, open the bellies, and remove the roes, milt, and intestines, wipe the fish with a cloth, without washing them; next season the milt or roes with a little salt, pepper, and grated nutmeg, and replace them inside the herrings. Cut off the tails and heads. Place the fish in an earthen dish, with salt, pepper, chopped parsley, sliced onions, and olive oil, turning them over and over in this seasoning, and then withdraw them; rub them well with oil on both sides, and lay them on a gridiron, equally well oiled; place them over a bright fire, not too hot, keeping it to a lively heat. In grilling thus the herrings will colour a beautiful yellow. When coloured on one side, raise them, oil the gridiron afresh, and place the herrings on to complete the other side. Serve up with mustard sauce, or *maitre d'hotel*, or a *sauce remoulade*.

**FRESH HERRINGS, A LA RAVIGOTE VERTE (CAREME).**—Dress twelve fresh herrings as in the preceding, score them lightly on both sides, steep them in the seasoning described in last, and at the moment before cooking withdraw them from it. Flour them lightly, and put them in a frying-pan with oil; as soon as they have imbibed it, and are firm to the touch, let them drain. Serve up with a garnish of fried parsley of a rich green, and a sauce of melted butter, *à la Ravigote verte*.

**RED HERRINGS, A LA DAUPHIN (CAREME).**—Remove the heads, tails, and backbones; soak, if high dried, in warm milk and water, drain, and wipe dry. Dissolve a large slice of fresh butter, and mix with it the beaten yolks of two eggs, and some savoury herbs minced small; dip the fish into these, and spread them thickly with fine bread crumbs; broil them a clear brown over a moderate fire, and serve on hot buttered toast, sprinkled with a little cayenne.



## OUR DRAWING-ROOM.

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**FLORENCE CECILIA.**—The fable of the Golden Fleece is,—Once upon a time there lived in beautiful Thessaly a king and queen, Athamus and Nephele. They were blessed with two children, "first a boy and then a girl." When King Athamus grew weary of his spouse, he summarily divorced her, and put another in her place. This illegal stepmother was the horror of poor divorced Nephele, who trembled not for herself, but her children. Earnestly she sought for some means of effecting their escape, and Mercury—not a bad fellow in the main, though given to little irregularities—lent her, or gave her, a ram with a golden fleece. On this ram Nephele placed her darling children, believing that it would be faithful to its charge, and convey them to a place of safety. Off went the ram, due East; poor Helle, the girl, fell off as the ram crossed the strait which divides Europe from Asia, but the boy, Phryxus, stuck fast, and came to the kingdom of Colchis. There Æetes, the king, received him hospitably, sacrificed the ram to Jupiter, and hung up his golden fleece in a consecrated grove, where a winkless dragon kept watch and ward. The report spread of the golden fleece—faster than the reports of American oil wells or Australian nuggets. There was a fortune to be found if anybody could only catch the dragon asleep, and appropriate the treasure. Several young men of spirit—Jason, Hercules, Theseus, Orpheus, Nestor—should form a sort of limited liability company, and row their boat *Argo* to Colchis. Captain Jason had much to contend with,—brazen-foot bulls breathing fire, over whose necks a charmed yoke was to be slipped; a sowing of dragons' teeth, cropping up as armed men, to be set quarrelling amongst themselves; the ever watchful dragon to be soothed to slumber. He did it all, but not without a woman's help, that of the beautiful, treacherous Medea, daughter of King Æetes, who, after helping him to the treasure, ran off with him to share the spoil. To your second question, Messrs. Cassell, Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, have published a very good book on the "Outlines of Botany."

**A THEATRE-LOVING YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN**  
—The series will shortly be resumed.

**ETHEL.**—Coloured pastel drawings may be set in the same way as black chalk drawings. Nine yards of mohair and eleven yards of silk will be required for the gored skirt.

**H. S. L.**—Many alphabets designed for marking handkerchiefs, &c., have already appeared; but we will not forget your request.

**AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.**—Our musical supplements are for the present discontinued: when they are resumed we shall be glad to hear from you.

**ROSE.**—What kind of fancy work do you refer to?

**F. O.**—Apply to Mdme. Goubaud, 33, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, for specimens.

**J. F. W.**—The best material for heraldic illumination is the cardboard known as "London board." The card of the most suitable thickness is that known by the term "three or four-sheet." The colours prepared by Messrs. George Rowney & Co., 29, Oxford Street, are the best.

**LADYBIRD.**—Without great natural ability no amount of instruction qualifies for the stage. You can no more learn to be a player than you can to be a poet.

**B. C. K.**—A considerable number of women are employed in the tailoring trade; the "strike" will probably increase the number. A good waistcoat maker can earn a very good living at the trade.

**A READER.**—As a nursery governess, it is not probable you would get more than £20 a year. Thoroughly accomplished governesses sometimes receive as much as £80 or £100 per annum.

**NELLY.**—Your handwriting is cramped, and there are two m's, not one only, in recommend. Both spelling and handwriting should be improved.

L. F. S. is a trifle too philosophic for us, she will have nothing but facts and figures. Now nothing can be more illusive than *figures*; and as for *facts*, Pepper's Ghost is quite as life-like as life. Never mind (that is more English than *n'importe*), we can be philosophical on an occasion. To wit: It is often curious to note how the one part of the world is overstocked with that which another part can supply in redundancy. Case in point:—Cats are said to be at this moment in great demand at Lucerne, in Switzerland, and to be selling at a high price, in consequence of a malady which has greatly thinned their numbers. The head of the animal swells rapidly, the poor creature refuses all nourishment, and soon drops down dead. At the same time, it has been ascertained that there are 43,600 cats alive and kicking in Buffalo. The census was taken by the local editor of the *Commercial*, who went home the other night at a late hour, when the people were in bed and the cats were out. In passing through four streets he counted 399 cats, and presuming that this was a fair average, and knowing the whole number of streets in Buffalo, he readily came to the conclusion above stated. If he made the number of cats 400 in the streets that he passed through, it would have been easier to reckon the aggregate, but he would not tell a lie for one cat, so it stands at just 399.

TIP.—Thanks for your recipe and patterns. Printed calicoes should be laid in cold salt and water (two handfuls of salt to the pail), and left all night; then wash in lukewarm soft water, and yellow, not mottled, soap; dry quickly, and iron with a cool iron. Articles inserted in the Magazine are paid for. Information and recipes for the "Drawing-Room" in this Magazine, and the "Conversazione" in the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, are volunteered by subscribers, and we are not answerable for the correctness of any statement or recipe.

AN UNWILLING DRONE.—Your desire to turn your ability to account is worthy of all praise, but we fear that your chances of success in the direction you aim are very small. Translations require something more than a mere knowledge of the language to be translated—it requires literary skill. The translations of a writer unaccustomed to the work would, in all probability, be useless for publication. We can offer you no encouragement in this line.

L. E.—The Editor is always pleased to receive patterns; if inserted, they are paid for, but he cannot undertake to return rejected designs. A written description must accompany every pattern.

BIRDIE.—The song you write about is very pretty, and has been published some few weeks by Messrs. Cramer & Co. We shall be pleased to procure it for you, on receipt of stamps, or you can have it from the musical firm direct. By mentioning the name of this Magazine, you will receive it at a lower rate. The title is, "Singing in the Rain," but the composer of the music has not printed all the verses. They are six in number, and as the poem is a charming piece of verse, we give it here in full.

Where the elm-tree branches by the rain are stirred,

Careless of the shower, swings a little bird;

Clouds may frown and darken, drops may fall in vain;—

Little heeds the warbler, singing in the rain!

Silence, soft, unbroken, reigneth everywhere,  
Save the rain's low heart-throbs pulsing on the air,—

Save the song, which, pausing, wins no answering strain;—

Little cares the robin, singing in the rain!

Not yet are the orchards rich with rosy snow,  
Nor with dandelions are the fields aglow;

Yet almost my fancy in his song's sweet flow  
Hears the June leaves whisper, and the roses blow!

Dimmer fall the shadows, mistier grows the air;  
Still the thick clouds gather, darkening here and there:

From their heavy fringes pour the drops again;

Still the bird is swinging, singing in the rain.

Oh, thou hopeful singer, whom my faith perceives

To a dove transfigured, bringing olive-leaves,—  
Olive-leaves of promise, types of joy to be;  
How, in doubt and trial, learns my heart of thee!

Cheerful summer prophet! listening to thy song  
How my fainting spirit groweth glad and strong  
Let the black clouds gather, let the sunshine wane,

If I may but join thee, singing in the rain.

**ELBA.**—Our Christmas Annuals.—We shall be happy to receive any MSS. you may choose to submit, under our ordinary regulations, namely, that we cannot guarantee their return in case of their being unsuitable.

**GOOD LOOKS.**—To what **BEAUTY-SPOT** inquires, we give what Mrs. Stowe wrote a few days ago, and Mrs. Stowe is accounted by some as precise and puritanical: "For our own part, we are not of the class of those who think it is no sort of matter how one looks if one is only good. You may be pretty to look at as well as good for use. Our kind Father in heaven has set us the example of making all his useful works ornamental. A peach-tree might have been made to bear good peaches without having any ornament about it, in fact, peaches might have been made just as peaches come into market—in rough bushel-baskets; but, instead of that, only see the beauty that is lavished on a peach-tree! There is no flowery shrub that one can get for one's front-door yard that is more beautiful. There is, first, the beauty of its long, narrow, green leaf, which grows with so rich a luxuriance; and then the beauty of its lovely pink blossoms, and after that the charming velvet peach, coloured so beautifully with a rosy bloom on one side. And so, in the same manner, apple and pear-trees are, in the spring of the year, covered with the most delicate and delicious flowers. Now, as not more than one in a dozen of all these thousands of blossoms ever sets for fruit, it is plain that our good Father meant them for ornament alone. And so the impulse which makes men and women wish to ornament themselves and the houses they live in, and to wear delicate and beautiful clothing, is quite in agreement with the will of our Great Creator, who has made everything beautiful in its season. It is not wrong for you, my girl, who reads this, to wish to look pretty, any more than it is wrong to wish to be good; and it is not in the least true that it is of no importance how you look if you are only good. It is true, though, that it is a great deal more really beautiful to be good than to have a pretty face or be well dressed. Think this over by yourself, and see if you do not find it so. You have two schoolmates, one of whom is very pretty and wears the prettiest of clothes, and the other of whom is plain and wears plain clothes. At first you like the pretty one best. But if she is ill-tempered and cross, if she frowns and scolds and is disobliging, by and bye she

really begins to look homely to you. And if your plain friend is always bright and cheerful, good-tempered and ready to oblige you, you begin to think her quite pretty; she looks pretty to you because you love her. Now the great trouble about girls and women is, not that they think too much of outside beauty, but that they do not think enough of inside beauty. If you think of nothing but how to dress yourself, if your whole mind is taken up with thoughts about your clothes, you would be on the way to lose your best beauty, and the most lasting one—a sweet and unselfish disposition. So there is not the least harm, also, in loving to be adorned, especially if you prefer the admiration of your own dear, true friends, to that of strangers. There are some young girls who do not care how they look at home, who do not care that their fathers and mothers and brothers should see them with tumbled and torn dresses, and rough hair, while they will spend hours and hours in getting ready to shine at some party or ball. But the real, lasting delight is to have your mother pleased, your father happy, and to see that your brothers are proud of you."

#### TO MY WIFE.

AH, wifey dear, we're growing old,  
And crosser perhaps,—for certain, fatter;  
Yet, dear! our love's not growing cold,  
And, granted that, why, then, what matter?  
What, if we're getting old and stout?  
What, if I sometimes get the gout?

'Twas long ago I courted you;  
But still is strong as e'er that tether;  
Our love, dear, now is nothing new;  
We've climb'd the hill of life together  
Full forty years; and near the crest  
We now can sit us down to rest.

How pleasant is the prospect now  
That lies behind us in the distance!  
Methinks we've had of joys enow  
To ever gladden our existence.  
To think of pleasures that are past  
Will gladness on our future cast.

M. I. ROSENTHAL has our best thanks. The opinion expressed with regard to our **YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN** is, we are very glad to say, fully endorsed by a very large number of subscribers.

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# THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN.



## A PRIZE MARRIAGE.

### CHAPTER III.

IN one thing, at least, Uncle Martin was mistaken. Carry Lintott had no intention of marrying without her mother's consent, and to gain that was now her great task. Nor was Mr. Rubelstein so utterly a friendless alien as at the first shock of disappointment the Lintott family had been disposed to believe. He had no relatives in England, but he had many friends. When Carry's first burst of tears were shed upon her mother's bosom, she had many things to tell which helped to soften the hard, harsh truth. And very soon Mr. Rubelstein came to visit them. To be sure, there was something saddening—almost disheartening—in the manner of his coming. The Lintotts were all on the *qui vive*, not openly, but secretly; Laura, and Martha—who was at home on a visit—peering through the window-curtains to catch a first glimpse of the stranger. And to see him, as he approached the house, partly leaning on the arm of an elder friend, with his head erect, and his spiritless eyes turned up towards the light they could never hope to see, was almost an affliction in itself. The two sisters could not but pity him, but sisterly and affectionate as they were, how much more they pitied "poor Carry!" It could scarcely be called selfishness in them, if they secretly congratulated themselves upon their own better choice.

But Mr. Rubelstein was a different man when seated in the room, and the embarrassments of introduction were over. He was then perfectly at his ease, and was so quick in his discrimination of sounds, that he turned to every speaker in succession, and evidently knew by the tone of the voice every individual present, before he had been half an hour their guest. Then, although a German by birth, he had lived in England from his boyhood, and spoke English, with a foreign accent it is true, but with perfect fluency. Moreover, his very deprivation of sight seemed to remove numberless causes of difficulty out of his way, and allow him to speak with a freedom and an absence of restraint which none but a blind man could have attained to in so short a time. His eyes were open, and for an instant one might suppose that they flashed with the intelligence of his speech, but the next moment it would be evident that they were without fire or expression, and did not, even in their motions, respond to the words upon

his tongue. Still, Mr. Rubelstein made a decidedly favourable impression upon the Lintott family. He had a handsome, expressive face, with a profusion of light, curling hair; and, although he had little animation in his movements, he was not awkward, and so far as his sightless condition would admit of their exhibition, had decidedly the manners of a gentleman. In short, he was quick, fluent, and intellectual; was prepossessing in manners and appearance; and if these were the only qualifications requisite or desirable in a son or a brother-in-law, no visitor could have been more welcome; but—ah, that “but!” In that little word were crowded a host of condemnations, any one of which threatened destruction to the hopes of the suitor—Mr. Rubelstein was a foreigner; he was a man without realized resources; his profession was a precarious, and sometimes an ill-rewarded one; and he was blind! The last disability was more crushing than all the preceding ones put together, and it was the one of them all for which there was no remedy. Altogether it was a hapless case.

But Carry’s resolution was not to be shaken. She had set her faith, her hope, her whole heart upon this union, and was not to be coaxed, or entreated, or threatened out of her design. She coaxed and pleaded in her turn, and supported her wish with such arguments as were deeply ingenious, if not profoundly wise. She was never anything but patient and humble under the flood of advice, and almost reproach, which poured upon her from her mother’s and her sisters’ lips, but it did not turn her from her purpose by one hair’s breadth. Nor was Rubelstein, on his part, at all wanting in the energy and dignity demanded by the occasion. He was no ignoble suitor. He did not attempt to underrate the difficulty of his position; he did not deny his comparative poverty; but he urged, on the other hand, his probity, his recognized talents, and his known steadiness of character.

“What am I to do, George?” cried Mrs. Lintott, in her extremity, appealing to her brother.

“You must let them have their own way,” answered Uncle Martin, balancing himself before the fire, with his hands behind his back. “There’s no help for it, Mary; and we must hope for the best.”

“Perhaps their children will be born blind!” ejaculated Mrs. Lintott.

“Like puppies,” *thought* Uncle Martin, but he did not say so. What he did say was, “They are more likely to be born with good eyes in their heads, like Carry’s; and my advice is, let them be happy in their own way; they won’t be happy in any other.”

And so it was. Mrs. Lintott gave a reluctant consent, and Karl Rubelstein and Caroline Lintott were united in holy wedlock. It was a very quiet marriage. Nobody but the parties chiefly concerned were very proud, or very happy, in it; but the solemn, beautiful ceremony acquired additional force and character from the position of the bride, and the calamity which seemed to rest upon the bridegroom. A simple, unassuming, fervent pair were they, nevertheless, armed and comforted with the full reliance on the power and beneficence of that God whose help they sought in their prayers. And so they set out together on their fresh journey in life.

Very different were the nuptials of Laura, and Mr. Lunge, the banker’s son. Here, now, was an union full of rich promise, and upon which all parties might congratulate themselves. Here was no foreign element, no natural defect, no poverty, to mar the future of the happy pair. The bridegroom might be said to have condescended a little in marrying a girl with a dowry next to nothing; but then that was a chance which happened every day, and might be supposed to be compensated for by the many shining virtues and the beauty of the bride; but, for the bride herself, she was lifted into a sphere of prosperity to which she could scarcely have hoped to reach. Their marriage was a show. Carriage-wheels rumbled, and horses, proud in their white favours, rang their iron hoofs on the stones before the house on that eventful



morning. Servants in livery, with outrageous bouquets, lounged on the steps, and hung about the iron railings by the door. Bridesmaids, half a dozen at least, in white, and silver, and gold, with impossible flowers glittering in their hair, fluttered about the bride; and there was gorgeous company, a sumptuous breakfast, with no end of health-drinking in rich wines, and an open carriage, with blue and white-coated postillions, to carry the happy pair on their wedding tour. That was a prize marriage, if you like. The happiest day in two lives, and only far, far too short.

The marriage of Mr. Sampson and Martha Lintott was a very slow business. It was a long time before it came about, for Mr. Sampson could not make up his mind, and even at last required to be dragged, or pushed, or somehow stimulated into the expression of the unutterable bliss with which he would lead Miss Lintott to the altar. And that bliss awaited him,—indeed it had waited for him a very long time,—and when it came was a very dull and rather shabby affair. Altogether it took nearly two years, from the time that Uncle Martin offered his prize of a hundred pounds for the most successful marriage, to the day when Mr. Sampson handed his affianced into a hackney cab, which was to take him to the railway station, and thence, some hundred and fifty miles into the country, to his father's house in Hertfordshire.

The Lintott family was scattered. That was an inevitable result of the marriage of the three sisters; but it was no reason why they should be estranged. Yet this was the case, more or less, with all three, but most with one, and that one was Carry. In fact, Carry had never been forgiven for marrying the poor, blind, German teacher. It was, in a manner, a disgrace to the family. Carry herself was as dutiful and affectionate as ever, and Rubelstein warmly seconded her every thought and word. But they were not cordially received by their relatives, excepting, perhaps, poor Mrs. Lintott herself, who again was held back by the dread of her son-in-law, Mr. Lunge, who from the first had expressed his contempt for the "foreign jabber in languages."

The fact was, that the Rubelsteins were feared because it was supposed they were in want of help. It was known they were poor, and it was suspected that too much encouragement might incite them to become beggars. Carry had drawn out her little money on her marriage, and for aught her friends knew, it might be all spent long ago; and what could they earn by teaching? So the Rubelsteins were people to be avoided.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"I SHOULDN'T wonder," soliloquized Uncle Martin in his bachelor's chambers, "if I don't have to keep the hundred pounds in my pocket. I don't see the winner."

This was nearly twelve months after the last marriage,—that of Martha.

"As for Carry," continued the good man, "I never hear anything of her, and I suppose she's a gone goose. Then there's Martha; she and her husband—that walking-stick, Mr. Sampson—opened a school at Hertford, and made a regular smash of it; and now Sampson and his wife have gone back to the father—them sort of people always go back to the father—to play humble usher in the old man's school. And now comes Mr. Lunge—look, what he wants?"

Uncle Martin held an open letter in one hand, and as this query suggested itself to his mind, he smote it vindictively with the back of the other.

"Wants to borrow fifty pounds of me, does he? Like his impudence! Let him go to the bank for it, and see what they'll say to him. I can tell him what they'd say to him. They'd let him know he was an extravagant fellow, and that they'd cut his credit short altogether. That's what they'd say to him."

This was Uncle Martin's honest opinion, and it was as near the truth as it could well be. Young Lunge *was* an extravagant fellow, and like most men of the same class.



got very little for his money after all. Then, if Mr. Lunge was a banker's son, he was not the bank; and he might as well have been one of the humblest clerks at the desk so far as his control of the bank property was concerned. If he had been as industrious as the said humble clerks, it would have been some kind of set-off for his other great failing. But he was idle as well as extravagant, and nothing but his position as son of the banker saved him from dismissal.

It is the peculiarity of reckless expenditure, that the abundance of money upon which it feeds never exists but once, and that for a very short time. Afterwards, it is all scramble and subterfuge to make both ends meet. An extravagant rich man is not near so well off as a provident poor man, nor in possession or enjoyment of so many luxuries. The gulf once created, everything tumbles into it, and not all the wealth of the world would make it full.

Mr. Lunge stood upon the edge of just such a gulf; and although in receipt of more than enough to gratify all reasonable desires, he was continually under pressure for ordinary necessities; and pinched and driven into a corner for a few pounds. And thus it was that he wrote to Uncle Martin for a loan.

"I'll have a look at him, first," muttered Uncle Martin to himself, as he buttoned up his coat. "If he really wants it, perhaps I'll lend him fifty pounds, but—"

Uncle Martin left an ominous blank here in lieu of finishing the sentence, and strode off to his sister's, Mrs. Lintott.

The first face which met his eye as he entered the parlour was that of his niece, Martha, now Mrs. Sampson. She was well in health, but looked harassed, though resigned.

"Well, Martha," cried Uncle Martin, gaily, "all comfortable at home?"

Yes, all was comfortable at home, Martha said, with a little sigh; only old Mr. Sampson was so cross sometimes.

"I should think he was," thought Uncle Martin.

It was so hard, Martha explained, to establish a new business, and Mr. Sampson hadn't the nerve. He might have done very well in Hertford if he had kept on; but it was so much trouble, and he hadn't the nerve, and so he gave it up.

"The more chicken he," thought Uncle Martin.

It was a great expense, Martha went on to say, but Mr. Sampson had paid everybody. And now he was conducting, or rather helping to conduct, his father's school; and perhaps, some day, when——"

"I see," thought Uncle Martin, "waiting for a dead man's shoes. May the old gentleman live long!"

Uncle Martin took an unusual interest that day in the official and commercial announcements in the *Times*. He had a copy of the day's paper in his pocket. He began at the bottom and read upwards, through the Dissolutions of Partnerships, the Scotch Sequestrations, the Declarations of Dividends, and so came slowly, and by gentle degrees, to the List of Bankrupts. But it wasn't there. No; he read the list twice down, but the name he sought was not to be found, and he laid down the paper with a grim smile.

"I might have expected," thought Uncle Martin, "that they wouldn't let it go quite so far with Mr. Lunge."

Then, by way of distraction, Uncle Martin got among the general advertisements and presently cried "Hulloa!" in quite a startling manner, as he came upon the name of "Rubelstein." It was repeated, not twice, nor thrice, but, at least, a dozen times—a string of advertisements a quarter of a column long, each commencing with the name of "Rubelstein;" and all of them had reference to music, some in French, some in German, some in English. Here was "*Rubelstein's Chante Heroïque*;" there "*Der*

*Heimath: Neue Melodie, von Karl Rubelstein;*" again, "*Rubelstein's Twilight: A Fantasia for the Piano-forte;*" and so on.

"Astonishing!" cried Uncle Martin. "I never heard of this before. I must go and see about this."

Then he showed the advertisements to his sister, Mrs. Lintott, who understood it as little as he did; and both felt a little ashamed, for both were conscious that they had neglected and even slighted "those poor Rubelsteins," as they were called.

"I'm going to Laura's," said Uncle Martin, "and I'll take Rubelstein on my way back."

He found Mr. Lunge at home—he lived in a stylish villa at Bayswater—confined to his room by a sick-headache. Laura met him in *déshabille*, looking very haggard and unhappy. The house was well furnished, showily furnished, but was heavy, sombre, and untidy. Mr. Lunge was not at home to anybody else, but of course he was at home to Uncle Martin.

"That's how a fellow gets served," cried Mr. Lunge, tossing a letter to his visitor, after the usual salutations. Uncle Martin read it. It was a short, severe note from Mr. Lunge, the older, declaring that, as Mr. Lunge, the younger, could not conform to the rules of the office, he had filled up his place, and should henceforth allow him (Mr. Lunge, the younger) only so much—a poor sum—in lieu of his usual salary.

"What do you think of that, now, for a poser?" cried the exasperated but dolorous Mr. Lunge; "after one has used all one's energies in the service, that's the reward one gets!"

Uncle Martin did not respond to this pathetic appeal in the manner that was expected of him; and he told a very great story immediately afterwards, when he informed Mr. Lunge that he was extremely sorry he could not help him with fifty pounds just then. It was particularly unfortunate, he said, that he happened to be very short of cash, or nothing would have given him so much pleasure. And so he took his leave.

The Rubelsteins lived in some obscure street in Chelsea, so Uncle Martin had been given to understand. He had never been there, nor had any of the family, for it was understood that the Rubelsteins lived in lodgings, and might not be prepared to receive company. Moreover, as had been said, the family had no particular desire to visit the Rubelsteins. Uncle Martin had his misgivings, and when he came to the small, dingy house to which he had been directed, he felt more than half inclined to turn back; but he could not for very shame. What was his relief when a homely, respectable woman, informed him, in answer to his summons, that Mr. Rubelstein had left, and now lived in a neighbouring "Terrace," to which she directed him. This was in the main road, and the house indicated was a small, bright, cottage-built residence, with trees and a pretty garden in front. As Uncle Martin tripped up the stone footway, he heard the tones of a piano, pealing in no uncertain melody, from the slightly open window. Nor did he wait long at the door; for almost before he could give his usual authoritative rap, Carry stood ready to receive him. She had seen him from the window, and could not wait for ceremony. Never was there such a welcome from both Karl and Carry; and not five minutes had elapsed before Uncle Martin sat in the plainly-furnished but neatly-ordered parlour, with the chubbiest of little babies on his knees, whose bright, large, dark eyes were a perfect wonder.

"Not born blind, then," thought Uncle Martin, "like the puppies."

Carry was quite in a flutter of excitement, and laughed and almost cried by turns, and Rubelstein himself was no less demonstrative in his delight. Then they had such good news to tell Uncle Martin. Karl had been *so* successful; he had more teaching than he could well attend to, and he had made quite a hit in musical composition. Had

Uncle heard? Yes, Uncle had heard, and was as much pleased as he had been surprised. It was a sight to see Rubelstein, sitting quite upright in his chair, with his hands spread along his knees, his head thrown back, his eyes, lustreless as they were, turned towards the light, and his handsome face lighted up with unalloyed pleasure.

"I'm delighted," cried Uncle Martin, dancing the chubby baby on his knee, "to see you so comfortable."

Rubelstein laughed aloud.

"Comfortable!" he exclaimed, "I should think so—why not?"

"Oh, uncle," was Carry's tearful response, "we *are* happy!"

It came out, upon explanation, that the successful musical compositions were joint productions. Rubelstein, although gifted with rare perceptions of melody, was only an ordinary player; but, stimulated by his love for his wife, and his sense of duty, he had endeavoured to cultivate his natural ability for music in his leisure hours, with the view of making it yield profitable employment in the future. In this effort Carry had assisted him by her own musical acquirements, and encouraged him by her sympathy and praise. His task-work soon yielded fruit; he overflowed with melody; and Carry, who could write down music by ear with perfect ease, became without difficulty his musical amanuensis; and together they had succeeded.

"And now, Karl's pieces," cried Carry, having concluded this little explanation, "make a little income in themselves."

"Why, Carry," said Uncle Martin, laughing heartily at the idea, "you'll be getting quite rich."

"That we shall," answered Carry, seriously, although she laughed too; "and as it is, we want for nothing."

Uncle Martin's eyes twinkled with unusual light, and then he suddenly relapsed into gravity.

"Ah!" he said, possibly with a reflective glance at two other homes he had visited that day, "it all depends upon whether one has the resolution to succeed. Once get that into one's head and one's fingers, and one soon finds out the way."

Uncle Martin stayed to tea, and went home happy. The idea of the prize marriage was constantly in his mind, but he had never once referred to it: he had his reasons.

"I'll invite them all to dinner," said Uncle Martin, as he strode towards home, "and make the award publicly. The Rubelsteins have won it, there's not a doubt about it. The other two will be vexed, of course; but I can't help that. They'll get a good dinner, at any rate."

He carried out his plan to the letter, and presented his prize with the dessert. He made a neat little speech, too, but it did not tell all he thought: only just a sort of first season.

"For," Uncle Martin explained, "I would not, as a rule, recommend young women to marry blind husbands; even that is better, of course, than if husband and wife were both blind, for then, 'shall they not fall into the ditch?' whereas, supposing the first case, it is only like being blind of one eye. But this I do say: our dear friends, Carry and Karl, notwithstanding a certain obscurity of vision, have managed to see their way before them exceedingly well."

It certainly was a strange pass to come to, that the rich banker's son should borrow money of the poor, despised foreign teacher; and that the reserved Mr. Sampson should so far find "nerve" as to become a debtor in the same quarter. But so it was; and in the end, Uncle Martin's marriage-prize of a hundred pounds became about equally divided between the three families. And Karl and Carry cared not, "but went on their way rejoicing."

## LINES FROM EASTERN POETS.

### THE WORST PASSION.

ALL other passions you may yoke in steel,  
But not the dropping eye of envy heal.

### TWO TALISMANS.

Two words unveil the peace of heaven and earth, I know :  
Affection to the friend, politeness to the foe.

### SELF-SUFFICING WORTH.

Will sparkling diamonds, in the sunshine raised,  
Grow dark and worthless if they be not praised ?

### HEROIC EXAMPLES.

For right or freedom when man strives or bleeds,  
The seed is sown for truest lords and earls ;  
Then love and glory be to those whose deeds  
Have set the bracelet of the world with pearls.

### THE BRIGHT-HOOFED CHARGER.

The new moon is a horse-shoe of gold, wrought by God,  
And therewith shall the steed of Abdallah be shod.

### THE DOUBLE-FLAVOURED APPLE.

In Shiraz grows a tree within the Sultan's bower,  
Which bears an apple, one-half sweet and one-half sour.  
Ah ! such an apple is the world. How sweet it tastes  
In joy : how sour when turning round to grief it hastes.

### NATURE AND THE MYSTIC.

Transfusing Allah's beauties, how shall I compare ?  
The Day is his sweet face; the Night his streaming hair.

### THE SAFE SECRET.

A proverb says, that what to more than two is known  
Has ceased to be a mystery, and public grown.  
The proverb's sense is this : those two are but thy lips ;  
A secret is quite free when once through them it slips.

### IMAGINATION'S POWER.

Where but a single ray of Mahmoud's genius strikes and stops,  
The common granite crumbles into rubies, like pure drops.

### A FORMER LIFE. (*From Kalidasa.*)

The king, Dushyanta, torn from fair Sakuntala by fate,  
In tender mood, all silent musing, in his garden sate.  
Upon his meditations unexplained emotions stole,  
And with the most unutterable longings filled his soul :  
Then looking in the soft and vasty blue above him domed,  
And seeking for the source of the strange madness which he feels,  
He sighs, "Perchance it is the vague remembrance o'er me steals  
Of dearest friends with whom in other lives and spheres I roamed."

## The fashions.

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295, 296. THE MEDJIDIE JACKET.—This jacket is made of black gros-grain silk and ornamented with an elegant pattern in red silk braid-work, mixed with embroidery in fine black chenille and jet beads. The jacket is fastened round the

295. THE MEDJIDIE JACKET (BACK),

Full-sized patterns of which are given in the pattern sheet accompanying this number.

## The fashions.

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neck with a silk cord and tassels, and edged round the bottom with a fringe formed of tassels of red and black silk. A similar fringe is placed round the bottom of the sleeve.

296. THE MEDJIDIE JACKET (FRONT),

Full-sized patterns of which are given in the pattern sheet accompanying this number.

## LETTERS FROM "DEAR OLD GRANNY."

### VIII. HOUSEHOLD GOOD.

"She was a woman . . . . .  
Whose heart was in her house."—WORDSWORTH.

. . . . . "Nothing lovelier can be found  
In Woman than to study household good."—MILTON.

**M**Y DEAR GRAND-CHILD,—I saw a print the other day called "My First Pudding." It showed me a girl of some ten or eleven years old, busy as a bee, and looking about as grave as a Lord Chancellor; she was making a pudding, learning how to furnish forth the table, and the little woman was evidently taking great interest and delight in her work. Ah! thought I, she will be a good housewife—cook, and make, and mend, and darn, and, as the old rhyme has it, "what she don't know she'll be willing to *larn*." That's the way a girl should be trained. I would not myself volunteer any suggestion as to how a young princess should be educated; Mrs. Hannah More has done so, and doubtless her work is well done. Now-a-days, let us be thankful to say, the Queen and mother who occupies the throne—and God save the Queen to us for many a long year—requires no help in this matter, but in the home life at Windsor, Osborne and Balmoral, has set English matrons an example of what should be a daughter's training. Yes; her most gracious Majesty has brought up her daughters as a domestic Englishwoman should, and our young Englishwomen may safely look at the royal princesses as good examples. Of course there is a difference between court life and common life, and you, my dear child, are not expecting to wear a crown, and are not called upon to hold drawing-rooms. Well, you are saved much anxiety, trouble, ay, and temptation, by your private station; but endeavour to adorn that private station with the graceful deportment and studious attention to duty which those who are accounted truly princely observe in a grander sphere. So many people fancy they can do great things when they neglect to do little things, are so confident of success if they had the opportunity, and so careless about the improvement of the opportunities they have, that the first test I should like to put anybody to would be the discharge of some very homely, plain duty. It was the rule of one of our West-end clubs, I have heard say, to put this question to their *chef-de-cuisine* on his introduction to office: "Can you boil a potato?" If he could, "Well;" if not, not all the knowledge of the mysteries of made-dishes would secure him the place. An aspiring actor, who wanted to play Macbeth and Hamlet, was majestically rebuked by the manager to whom he applied, "Sir, you are no actor; I once entrusted you with a banner, and you carried it wrong side before!" These small matters make up what people sometimes call their "destiny;" and, therefore, the proper plan is to study trifles, or what seem to be trifles to trifling people. There now, I am getting, perhaps, by rather a circuitous course into the gist of the matter.

By and by, dear child, not yet awhile, but some day, Mr. Right will come a-wooing, and you will love him very much indeed, and your cheek will rival roses in his presence. You will listen to what he has to say, some quiet time, and breathe out an answer that will make him the happiest of men. Then will come all the busy whirl of preparation,



all the tuning up for the wedding-march, then white gloves and rosettes, and a great church, and orange blossoms, all tremulous with the excitement of the wearer as a little golden circle is slipped over your dainty finger. Blessings on you, "my bonnie, bonnie bride," and may I be there to see you. Now after all this is over, after the honeymoon has filled her horn, you will have to make the man you have made so happy *comfortable*; and "there's the rub." Do you know how? Have you studied household good so closely as to be able to manage your house, your servants, and get things to work together as harmoniously as two thousand voices and no end of fiddlers answer to the baton of M. Costa?

Whether you have little or much, you must learn to manage it well. It may seem easier to deal with £20,000 a-year rather than with £300, but I am not at all satisfied that you would find it so. The probability is that you will not try the greater; that economy will be really as necessary as it is always proper. My advice then is, that you should practice housekeeping now, and avail yourself of every opportunity of making yourself practically acquainted with how things ought to be done. Home comfort is quite in a woman's hand, and many wives, I am sorry to know, spoil their own happiness and their husband's by inattention to household matters. The good man of the house returns after a weary day to an ill-dressed dinner, served up with negligence, and partaken of under the gloomy influence of sour looks and sharp answers, which finally break out into a long string of complaints, and perhaps a cataract of tears. Well enough do I know that the men are surly enough sometimes, and that they vent the ill-humour bred in the city on innocent folk at home. There are John Grumleys of all grades, who think there are no anxieties, or vexations or troubles so great as "hoeing 'tators," or whatever their occupation may be; who will have it that the women have nothing to do all day but to ventilate their finery and feed themselves with mutton and rice-pudding at the nursery dinner. Still, I would say, the best way to make these cross ones good-humoured is to have everything in order: nothing softens a man so much as a pleasant reception and a good dinner.

Some women there are who can do nothing, who seem to have been born with two left hands. They are the most dependent creatures imaginable, and, as a general rule, are the most exacting and dissatisfied. They cannot alter or re-make up a dress, they cannot make a pie or a pudding, they do not seem to know whether the table furniture is arranged correctly or incorrectly; if anything goes wrong they are in a flutter of excitement, but helpless; they seem to imagine that everything ought to go on smoothly without any effort on their part. I have a case in point, I may call the subject of it Mrs. Fretful. Her husband is in a good position, a medical man, making an income of ten or twelve hundred a-year, but there is constant trouble in his house, and he is hampered with difficulties. Mrs. F. attempts to do as others do with twice her means, regards herself as injured if another woman has a better bonnet or can afford more expensive jewellery. She knows how to do nothing, and is consequently unreasonable in her complaints both with cook and housemaid; she will take fits of meddling which keep the kitchen in a state of chronic rebellion, and "warnings" are given and taken pretty freely. She rises late and at uncertain hours, because her head won't bear "the bother;" in fact, she lives just as though she had no responsibility whatever, and that personal exertion and self-denial were only intended for other people. The secret of Mrs. F.'s utter failure as wife, mother, and mistress, is that she was never taught self-control, never permitted to engage in any household occupation, and that her education for all practical purposes had been entirely neglected. She can warble like a bird, and looks—when her brows are unknit—as pretty and buxom as one of Rubens' beauties, but a picture and a warbling bird are poor apologies for a bad dinner.

Mrs. Primrose, on the contrary, is just my pattern idea of what a *homely* woman



should be. She has a wonderful way of winning everybody's affections, and keeping them so that her *one* maid does cheerfully the work of two, and is never so happy as when she is contriving with "missus" how to make a little go a long way. Mrs. P. is not so rich by two-thirds as Mr. Fretful's wife, but she always looks nice, and what adds to it, has always a pleasant smile and a good-natured word, which are quite as becoming as jewels. She is an adept with her needle, and can "cut out" almost, if not quite, as well as your professional mantua-maker, so she makes the children's dresses and her own, with the exception of her best. You must not imagine that she is a "prude," or a "*bas bleu*," or anything of the sort: she attaches quite as much importance to the flow of a skirt and the set of a jacket as a woman ought to do; but she is not foolish on the subject, and hates—here, I think, the Johnsonian expression is quite right—hates with a good *Christian* hatred the extreme foppery of fashion. Mrs. P. knows how to cook—that's a great point. There is no affectation about her; she does her best, and always in a homely way. Do you remember the comical story where my fine lady has her "refreshments" at a party from a pastry-cook, and where the unsophisticated waiter [*ignoramus!*] when asked by her, "John, what are these?" responds, before company [*O ciel!*] "Raspberry, mum, a penny each!" No fear of that with Mrs. P.; she is as "wide-awake" [don't *you* use that expression] as any one can be—keenly susceptible of the ridiculous—and so she makes no show, and never enters on the dangerous race of vieing with her neighbours.

And how is it that Mrs. Primrose differs so widely from Mrs. Fretful? Dear heart! nothing can be easier to answer—the one was trained how to regard household good, and the other was not. Mrs. Primrose was well taught; her judicious mother taught her that she must literally and metaphysically make her own bed. It was the rule of the house that some part of domestic business should be entrusted to each one of their daughters; that each one in turn, so soon as they were old enough, should be house-keeper, week about. By this means they learned how to govern themselves, the primary step towards governing others. It was a matter of honour amongst them to do their best—a matter of pleasant rivalry.

So you see, my darling, from these rambling hints, so ill-strung together that I am almost ashamed to send them on to you, what a proper thing it is to be well conversed in domestic matters before we enter on domestic life. We have to deal in a commonplace way with common life; and there is more philosophy required in understanding this than in the settlement of many an apparently graver question. We are all apt to get a good deal too sentimental or too *dignified* [*bah!*] to do fairly what we have to do: it is positively uncommon to be common. But how much real happiness depends on it! Just to be simply what we ought to be—just to do what we have to do—never to mind Mrs. This, or That, or T'other—but to be our own plain selves, brings with it a lasting store of enjoyment. A great many people are foolish enough to think that happiness means wealth. It does not; of course, as Mrs. Micawber says, "it is impossible, even with the most rigid economy, to maintain a family on 2s. 9d. a fortnight;" still, with moderate means, it is by no means impossible to be very comfortable and happy. The great thing is to know how to spend, and how to manage, and these a careful daughter may surely learn from a careful mother without "soiling their fingers," or any disparagement to the dignity of either.

So no more just now. Don't be angry with me for my plain statements; there is reason, pretty one, in the roasting of eggs, and while you know we are cautioned not to teach our grandmother, she may be allowed to teach you, even though she be a little garrulous.

YOUR OWN TRUE GRANNY.

## PUDMUNDI.

A PAGE FROM RAJPOOT HISTORY.

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INDIA has in all ages been regarded with peculiar interest, a land of inscrutable mystery, and of a magnificence that surpasses the boldest flight of the wildest imagination. Its people divided among themselves by the insuperable barriers of caste, its singular philosophical and fantastic creeds, its wondrous stores of wealth, barbaric splendour, and immense resources, early served to make India a focus of attraction. According to old historians, Sesostris, King of Egypt, penetrated to India; but whatever conquests he made, they do not appear to have been permanent. Next came Darius, the Persian, who, on the authority of Herodotus, was successful enough to derive from the province of Hindostan an annual revenue equal to five thousand pounds. Alexander the Great, over-running the Persian Empire, carried his arms northward as far as Bactria, and followed up these successes by the invasion of India. He had read in the ancient fables of Greece that Bacchus and Hercules had attempted a similar exploit, and he was not to be outdone by gods or men. On entering India the petty princes of the country made submission, declaring the invader to be nearly related to the gods, to recognize in him a son of Jupiter; but Alexander soon found that even all the thunderbolts of his supposed sire would be of small account in subduing a country doubly defended by nature and art. Every victory was costly, and only led the way to further toil, until the chivalry of Macedonia, at last exhausted by fatigue, fell back, and the death of Alexander was speedily followed by the downfall of his Eastern Empire.

India:—the traditions of wealth and beauty surround the downfall of the empire. About it everything was related that could excite the passions or warm the imagination. It was a glorious dream-land—the earth of gold, the trees bearing precious stones, the rivers of richest wines, the palaces of silver and marble, and over all a delicious perfume instead of air. There the inhabitants dwelt in supine and voluptuous indolence. All this had its effect in inciting the adventurous with the desire of subjugating a country so wealthy and so prolific, and Hindostan became the prey of foreign invaders. Mahmound of Ghizni invaded India twelve different times. The fierce herds of barbarians came down like vultures on a battle-field, and set up the Patan empire; then came that wily Mogul, Zingis Khan, who left as traces of his march whole miles of slain, and smoking ruins; next to him came Tamerlane, who pursued his triumphant march to Delhi, and gave that city up to sack and pillage. The conquest of Timour, however, was not permanent; Sultan Baber was more fortunate, for he it was who laid the foundation of the Mogul Empire, whose last representative so notoriously figured in the Sepoy rebellion.

Of the quarrels and wars between the Mogul princes and the native princes previous to the creation of the empire many curious and interesting traditions still remain. Many of these refer to a princess remarkable alike for beauty, intelligence, and devotion. Her name was Pudmundi. She, all unwillingly, incited more poets to sing her praises and more warriors to draw their swords than any lady since the days of Helen. One story about her may be introduced here; the time is A.D. 1275—an age of chivalric romance all the world over.

Cheetore is the ancient capital of the principality of that name. It is about sixty-

eight miles distant from Oodipoor, and stands on the summit of a sharp rock. When good Bishop Heber visited it, he tells us that it was still what would be called in England a tolerably large market-town, with a good many pagodas and a meanly-built, but apparently busy, bazaar. Formerly it was celebrated both for its splendour and riches, and it still boasts many interesting relics. Its historians narrate several sieges which it sustained, and how more than once—notwithstanding its stony strength—it was stormed, sacked, and its people treated with remorseless barbarity.

A boy prince reigned over the province of Cheetore—he was a mere child, and consequently the government was entrusted to the stronger hand of his uncle, Bheemsi, a true man, with a soul as far from fraud “as earth from heaven.” Bheemsi was himself in the prime of life, handsome, accomplished; he had seen service, and bore a high repute both for wisdom and valour. He was the espoused of the beautiful Pudmundi. She had preferred him to all her other suitors; his honest face, his manly bearing had won her heart, and she had made him very happy in her choice—ay, and proud, for it was not by bow and spear that he had possessed himself of the woman who was “the admiration of one sex and the envy of the other.”

Now the Patan Emperor, Alla-o-din, had heard of the extreme beauty of Pudmundi. He had proposed to make her his own, and his indignation was roused when he heard that she was the wife of Bheemsi. His words were fierce and hot against the Rajpoot prince, with whom he had been on terms of friendship, and he swore that he would be avenged. Nothing could pacify him. We may imagine him in his gorgeous court, unhappy, chafing under this supposed wrong, and refusing to be comforted by his servants and hand-maidens. A swarthy king, with snowy beard, and turban resplendent with jewels; his seat a golden throne, upon the seven steps of which his grandees wait in humble postures, with fans of peacock plumes, and cooling drinks in chalices of glass and amber. The curtains, light in texture, but exquisite in design, shut out the glare of sunshine from his royal presence, but let it fall in mid-day splendour on a group of slaves, so richly attired that they seem to be weighed down by gems and gold—slaves who, on silver trumpets, on lutes and harps, with drums and cymbals, fill the air with music, while costly spices are burnt, and, like incense, flung before the presence of Alla-o-din as though he were a god. The women are there in all the beauty of all the earth; slaves from afar, perfect in symmetry, captivating in their great wealth of charms, while eunuchs in robes that are all aglow with gold and colour stand in picturesque groups, with pages, small of stature and black as night, holding fans or casting perfume. There are dogs, and peacocks, and apes, and white clouds of muslin, hand-maidens waiting on the hand-maidens; there is everything to gratify the senses, but Alla-o-din will not take pleasure in it. He has set his heart on Pudmundi.

Quite unexpectedly, Bheemsi, in the midst of his happiness, received the news that Alla-o-din had declared war against him, and was rapidly advancing upon Cheetore. Intelligence not being transmitted by electricity in those days, the army of Alla-o-din appeared very shortly after the news of its approach, and, having arrived, settled down before the walls of Cheetore. Bheemsi was in much anxiety. He sought the presence of Pudmundi, and she gave him all the confidence he required. Her look of love made him valiant, her smile re-assured him, her detestation of the dark face and the white beard that had wooed her and lost her was convincing; so Bheemsi, in an heroic speech, called on the Rajpoots to defend their country, and to drive out the invader. They were ready to do both—to laugh the siege to scorn.

In the midst of these military preparations came a flag of truce to the Rajpoot governor from the army of Alla-o-din. The herald stated that his master, the mighty Alla-o-din, was unwilling to occasion uneasiness to any Rajpoot, but that, being one who, with all the world, had heard of the celestial beauty of Pudmundi, he respectfully

besought an opportunity of gazing for a few moments on the lady. It was a mere matter of curiosity, which courtesy, without impropriety, might gratify. Time was taken for consideration. The councillors were divided, some willing to accede, others only anxious to fall on the soldiers of Alla-o-din, and put them to the sword. Discretion prevailed; the matter was referred to Pudmundi, and she, to save bloodshed and to seal peace, agreed on condition that Alla-o-din should not behold herself, but should be permitted to see her image in a mirror. The result of the discussion was communicated to Alla-o-din, who expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and, in order to show his confidence and sincerity, came unarmed and alone into the city of Cheetore.

Alla-o-din was received with all honour. The state officers conducted him to the palace, where he was received by Bheemsi, and led into the chamber which had been prepared for his reception. There mirrors had been so arranged that he could see distinctly the Princess Pudmundi, seated on a divan, surrounded by her attendants, whom she as far exceeded in beauty as the moon exceeds the stars. He stood for many minutes wrapt in ecstasy, murmuring words of admiration; then, as a curtain fell, and shut the vision from his sight, he sighed deeply, and departed in silence.

The Rajpoot prince, not to be outdone in confidence, insisted upon accompanying his visitor not only through the streets of Cheetore, but he would even descend the incline when the gates were passed, many compliments passing on both sides. At the foot of the fortress, as the two princes were taking final farewell, Bheemsi was suddenly made prisoner. Alla-o-din, counting on his courtesy and good faith, had an ambush in waiting, so the prince was hurried to the Tartar camp, and a message sent to Cheetore to the effect that the life of Bheemsi was dependent on the surrender of Pudmundi.

Despair reigned in Cheetore when it was known that the beautiful and beloved Pudmundi was demanded as a ransom for the Rajpoot prince. When the princess was made aware of the distress of the people, she signified her willingness to sacrifice herself. The chiefs of the house held a private meeting, and an intimation was sent to Alla-o-din that Pudmundi, on condition of being received with all respect, and being allowed to have with her her own female attendants, would surrender herself into his hands. Alla-o-din promised that the ladies should be unmolested, and that he would not presume to dictate as to their number. At the appointed time no less than seven hundred covered litters were borne into his camp. The last to arrive was the litter of the princess, and into this Bheemsi was permitted to enter to take final farewell of his bride. As half an hour elapsed, and the interview was still unended, Alla-o-din rudely drew the curtain, and discovered that no Pudmundi was there, but a couple of stout Hindu guards in company with Bheemsi. At the same instant, from every one of the litters there sprang forth well-armed warriors. The battle was fiercely contested, and but a few of the brave band who had thus ventured into the midst of Alla-o-din's army escaped alive. As for Bheemsi, the bard says of him:—

“On a gory bed of honour, he spread a carpet of the slain,  
A barbarian prince his pillar, he laid him down and slept.”

The boy prince, the nephew of Bheemsi, who had shared the dangerous enterprise, escaped alive, and from him Pudmundi heard that she was widowed.

“Badud, how did my lord behave?”  
“How shall I describe his deeds,” was the answer,  
“When he left no foe to dread or admire him.”

Swiftly her commands were issued to prepare her funeral pyre. “My lord,” she said, “will chide my delay.”

So Pudmundi the beautiful died as Hindoo widows were wont to die, springing into the flames with a joyful smile upon her face.

at the sea-side, it is well to have some warm garment for them. Our pattern is suitable for such cases. It is made of blue and white *drap de laine*, stitched with white, and fastened with large pearl buttons in front. There are small pockets in front.

work diamond pattern, with a scalloped-out straw border and straw grelots. Garland of field-flowers and wheat-ears in front, and bunch of field-poppies at the side. Narrow straw-coloured ribbon strings, tied at the back under the chignon.

302. BEAD  
TRIMMING FOR  
PALETOT (300).

in round jet beads. No. 302 shows one of these patterns in full size. The paletot is edged round the bottom and round the sleeves with silk fringe. It is also fastened at the neck with a plait of silk cord and tassels.

300, 301, ARABELLA PALETOT.

This paletot is quite loose-fitting, and made of black gros-grain silk. The trimming consists of vandykes of different sizes made of fancy silk braid, arranged as seen in illustrations, and of small patterns worked

## A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GAYWORTHYS," "FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD," ETC.

### VIII.

THE "little red" was at the door of the Green Cottage. Frank Scherman had got the refusal of it the night before, and early in the morning Madame Routh's compliments had come to Mrs. Linceford, with the request, in all the form that mountain usage demanded, that she and the young ladies would make part of the expedition for the day.

Captain Jotham Green, host and proprietor, stood himself at the horses' heads. The Green Cottage, you perceive, had double right to its appellation. It was both baptismal and hereditary, surname and given name—given with the coat of fresh, pale, pea-green paint that had been laid upon it within the year, and had communicated a certain tender, newly-sprouted, May-morning expression to the old centre and its outshoots.

Mrs. Green, within, was generously busy with biscuits, cold chicken, dough-nuts fried since sun-rise, and coffee richly compounded with cream and sugar, which a great tin can stood waiting to receive and convey, and which was at length to serve as cooking utensil in re-heating upon the fire of coals the pic-nickers would make up under the very tassel of Feather-Cap.

The great waggons were drawn up also before the piazza of the hotel; and between the two houses flitted the excursionists, full of the bright enthusiasm of the setting-off, which is the best part of a jaunt, invariably.

Leslie Goldthwaite, in the hamadryad costume, just aware—which it was impossible for her to help—of its exceeding prettiness, and of glances that recognized it, pleased with a mixture of pleasures, was on the surface of things once more, taking the delight of the moment with a young girl's innocent abandonment. It was nice to be received so among all these new companions; to be evidently, though tacitly, *voted* nice, in the way girls have of doing it; to be launched at once into the beginning of apparently exhaustless delights—all this was superadded to the first and underlying joy of merely being alive and breathing, this superb summer morning, among these forests and hills.

Sin Saxon, whatever new feeling of half-sympathy and respect had been touched in her towards Miss Craydocke the night before, was, in her morning mood, all alive again to mischief. The small, spare figure of the lady appeared at the side-door, coming out briskly towards them along the passage, just as the second waggon filled up and was ready to move.

I did not describe Miss Craydocke herself when I gave you the glimpse into her room. There was not much to describe; and I forgot it in dwelling upon her surroundings and occupations. In fact, she extended herself into these, and made you take them involuntarily and largely into the account in your apprehension of her. Some people seem to have given them at the outset a mere germ of personality like this, which must needs widen itself out in like fashion to be felt at all. Her mosses and minerals, her pressed leaves and flowers, her odds and ends of art, and science,



and prettiness which she gathered about her, her industries and benevolences—these were herself. Out of these she was only a little elderly thread-paper of a woman, of no apparent account among crowds of other people, and with scarcely enough of bodily bulk or presence to take any positive foothold anywhere.

What she might have seemed in the days when her hair was golden, and her little figure plump, and the very unclassical features rounded and rosy with the bloom and grace of youth, was perhaps another thing; but now, with her undeniable "front," and cheeks straightened into lines that gave you the idea of her having slept all night upon both of them, and got them into longitudinal wrinkles that all day was never able to wear out; above all, with her curious little nose (that was the exact expression of it), sharply and suddenly thrusting itself among things in general from the middle plane of her face with slight preparatory hint of its intention—you would scarcely charge her, upon suspicion, with any embezzlement or making away of charms intrusted to her keeping in the time gone by.

This morning, moreover, she had somehow given herself a scratch upon the tip of this odd, investigating member; and it blushed for its inquisitiveness under a scrap of thin pink adhesive plaster.

Sin Saxon caught sight of her as she came. "Little Miss Netticoat!" she cried, just under her breath, "*With a fresh petticoat, and a red nose!*" Then, changing her tone with her quotation—

" 'Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,  
Thou'st met me in a luckless hour!'

"Thou always dost! What *hast* thou gone and got thyself up so for, just as I was almost persuaded to be good? Now—*can* I help that?" And she dropped her folded hands in her lap, exhaled a little sigh of vanquished goodness, and looked round appealingly to her companions.

"It's only," said Miss Craydocke, reaching them a trifle out of breath, "this little parcel—something I promised to Prissy Hoskins; and *would* you just go round by the Cliff, and leave it for me?"

"O, I'm afraid of the Cliff!" cried Florrie Arnall. "Creggin's horses backed there the other day. It's horribly dangerous."

"It's three-quarters of a mile round," suggested the driver.

"The 'little red' might take it. They'll go faster than we—or can, if they try," said Mattie Shannon.

"The 'little red' 's just ready," said Sin Saxon. "You needn't laugh. That wasn't a pun. But O, Miss Craydocke!"—and her tone suggested the mischievous *apropos*—"what *can* you have been doing to your nose?"

"O, yes!"—Miss Craydocke had a way of saying "O, yes!"—"It was my knife slipped as I was cutting a bit of cord, in a silly fashion, up towards my face. It's a mercy my nose served to save my eyes."

"I suppose that's partly what noses are for," said Sin Saxon, gravely; "especially when you follow them, and 'go it blind.'"

"It was a piece of good luck, too, after all," said Miss Craydocke, in her simple way, never knowing, or choosing to know, that she was snubbed or quizzed. "Looking for a bit of plaister, I found my little parcel of tragacanth that I wanted so the other day. It's queer how things turn up."

"Excessively queer," said Sin, solemnly, still looking at the injured feature. "But as you say, it's all for the best, after all. 'There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.' Hiram, we might as well drive on. I'll take the parcel, Miss Craydocke. We'll get it there somehow, going or coming."

The waggon rolled off, veils and feathers taking the wind bravely, and making a gay



moving picture against the dark pines and gray ledges as it glanced along. Sin Saxon tossed Miss Craydocke's parcel into the "little red" as they passed it by, taking the road in advance, giving a saucy word of command to Jim Holden, which transferred the charge of its delivery to him, and calling out a hurried explanation to the ladies over her shoulder that "it would take them round the Cliff—the most wonderful point in all Outledge; up and down the whole length of New Hampshire they could see from there, if their eyes were good enough!" And so they were away.

Miss Craydocke turned back into the house, not a whit discomfited, and with not so much as a contrasting sigh in her bosom, or a rankle in her heart. On the contrary, a droll twinkle played among the crow's-feet at the corners of her eyes. They could not hurt her, these merry girls, meaning nothing but the moment's fun, nor cheat her of her quiet share of the fun either.

Up above, out of a window over the piazza roof, looked two others, young girls—one of them at least—also upon the scene of the setting-off.

I cannot help it that a good many different people will get into my short story. They get into a short time, in such a summer holiday, and so why not? At any rate, I must tell you about these Josselyns.

These two had never, in all their lives, been away pleasuring before. They had nobody but each other to come with now. Susan had been away a good deal in the last two years, but it had not been pleasuring. Martha was some five or six years the younger. She had a pretty face, yet marked, as it is so sad to see the faces of the young, with lines and loss—lines that tell of cares too early felt, and loss of the first fresh, redundant bloom, that such lines bring.

They sat a great deal at this window of theirs. It was a sort of instinct and habit with them, and it made them happier than almost anything else—sitting at a window together. It was home to them, because at home they lived so—life and duty were so framed in for them—in one dear old window-recess. Sometimes they thought that it would be heaven to them by and by. That such a seat, and such a quiet, happy out-look, they should find kept for them together, in the Father's mansion, up above.

At home, it was up three flights of stairs, in a tall, narrow city house, of which the lower floors overflowed with young, boisterous half-brothers and sisters—the tide not seldom rising and inundating their own retreat—whose delicate mother, not more than eight years older than her eldest step-daughter, was tied hand and foot to her nursery, with a baby on her lap, and the two or three next above with hands always to be washed, disputes and amusements always to be settled, small morals to be enforced, and clean calico tyers to be incessantly put on.

And Susan and Martha sat up-stairs and made the tyers.

Mr. Josselyn was a book-keeper, with a salary of eighteen hundred dollars, and these seven children. And Susan and Martha were girls of fair culture, and womanly tastes, and social longings. How does this seem to you, young ladies, and what do you think of their up-stairs life together, you who calculate, if you calculate at all, whether five hundred dollars may carry you respectably through your half-dozen city assemblies, where you shine in silk and gossamer, of which there will not be "a dress in the room that cost less than 75 dollars," and come home, after the dance, "a perfect rag?"

Two years ago, when you were perhaps performing in tableaux for "the benefit of the Sanitary," these two girls had felt the great enthusiasm of the time lay hold of them in a larger way. Susan had a friend—a dear old intimate of school-days, now a staid woman of eight-and-twenty—who was to go out in yet maturer companionship into the hospitals. And Susan's heart burned to go. But there were all the little tyers, and the A, B, C's, and the faces and fingers.

"I can do it for awhile," said Martha, "without you." Those two words held the sacrifice. "Mamma is so nicely this summer, and by and by Aunt Lucy may come, perhaps. I can do *quite* well."

So Martha sat, for months and months, in the upstairs window alone. There were martial marchings in the streets beneath; great guns thundered out rejoicings; flags filled the air with crimson and blue, like an aurora: she only sat and made little frocks and tyers for the brothers and sisters. God knew how every patient needle-thrust was really also a woman's blow for her country.

And now, pale and thin with close, lonely work, the time had come to her at last when it was right to take a respite; when everybody said it must be; when Uncle David, just home from Japan, had put his hand into his pocket and pulled out three new fifty-dollar bills, and said to them in his rough way, "There, girls; take that and go your lengths." The war was over, and among the rest here were these two women-soldiers, honourably discharged, and resting after the fight. But nobody at Outledge knew anything of the story.

There is almost always at every summer sojourn some party of persons who are to the rest what the mid-current is to the stream; who gather to themselves and bear along in their course—in their plans, and pleasures, and daily doings—the force of all the life of the place. If any expedition of consequence is afoot, *they* are the expedition; others may join in, or hold aloof, or be passed by; in which last cases, it is only in a feeble, rippling fashion that they go their ways and seek some separate pleasure in by-nooks and eddies, while the gay hum of the main channel goes whirling on. At Outledge, this party was the large and merry school-girl company with Madame Routh.

"I don't see why," said Martha Josselyn, still looking out, as the "little red" left the door of the Green Cottage—"I don't see why those new girls who came last night should have got into everything in a minute, and we've been here a week and don't seem to catch to anything at all. Some people are like burs, I think, or drops of quicksilver, that always bunch or run together. We don't *stick*, Susie. What's the reason?"

"Some of these young ladies have been at Madame Routh's; they were over here last evening. Sin Saxon knows them very well."

"You knew Effie Saxon at school, too."

"Eight years ago. And this is the little one. That's nothing."

"You petted her, and she came to the house. You've told her stories hundreds of times. And she sees we're all by ourselves."

"She don't see. She doesn't think. That's just the whole of it."

"People ought to see, then. You would, Sue, and you know it."

"I've been used to seeing—and thinking."

"Used! Yes, indeed! And she's been *used* to the other. Well, it's queer how the parts are given out. Shall we go to the pines?"

A great cliff-side rearing itself up, rough with inaccessible crags, bristling with old, ragged pines, and dark with glooms of close cedars and hemlocks, above a jutting table of rock that reaches out and makes a huge semi-circular base for the mountain, and is in itself a precipice-pedestal eighty feet sheer up from the river-bank. Close in against the hill-front, on this platform of stone, that holds its foot or two of soil, a little, poor, unshingled house, with a tumble-down picket-fence about it, attempting the indispensable door-yard of all better country dwellings here where the great natural door-yard or esplanade makes it an utter nonsense. This is the place at which the "little red" drew up, ten minutes later, to leave Prissy Hoskins's parcel.

Dakie Thayne jumped down off the front seat, and held up his arms to help Leslie

out over the wheel, upon her declaring that she must go and do the errand herself, to get a nearer look at Hoskins's life.

Dakie Thayne had been asked, at Leslie's suggestion, to fill the vacant sixth seat beside the driver, the Thoresbys one and all declining. Mrs. Thoresby was politic: she would not fall into the wake of this school-girl party at once. By and by she should be making up her own excursions, and asking whom she would.

"There's nothing like a boy of that age for use upon a pic-nic, Mrs. Linceford," Leslie had pleaded, with playful parody, in his behalf, when the lady had hinted something of her former sentiment concerning the encroachments and monopolies of "boys of that age." And so he came.

The Haddens got Jim Holden to lift them down on the opposite side, for a run to the verge of the projecting half-circle of rock that, like a gigantic bay-window or balcony in the mighty architecture of the hills, looked up and down the whole perspective of the valley. Jim Holden would readily have driven them round its very edge upon the flat, mossy sward, but for Mrs. Linceford's nerves, and the vague idea of almost an accident having occurred there lately which pervaded the little party. "Creggin's horses had backed," as Florrie Arnall said; and already the new-comers had picked up, they scarcely knew how, the incipient tradition, hereafter to grow into an established horror of the "Cliff."

"It was nothing," Jim Holden said; "only the nigh hoss was a res'less crittur, an' contrived to git his leg over the pole; no danger with *his* cattle." But Mrs. Linceford cried out in utter remonstrance, and only begged Leslie to be quick, that they might get away from the place altogether.

All this bustle of arrival, and discussion, and alighting had failed, curiously, to turn the head of an odd, unkempt-looking child, a girl of nine or ten, with an old calico sun-bonnet flung back upon her shoulders—tangled, sun-burnt hair tossing above it—gown, innocent of crinoline, clinging to lank, growing limbs—and bare feet, whose heels were energetically planted at a quite safe distance from each other, to insure a fair base for the centre of gravity—who, at the moment of their coming, was wrathfully "shoo-ing" off from a bit of rude toy-garden, fenced with ends of twigs stuck upright, a tall Shanghae hen and her one chicken, who had evidently made nothing, morally or physically, of the feeble enclosure.

"I wish you were dead and in your grav-ies!" cried the child, achieving, between her righteous indignation and her relenting towards her uncouth pets at the last breath, a sufficiently queer play upon her own word. And with this, the enemy being roused, she turned face to face with Dakie Thayne and Leslie Goldthwaite, coming in at the dilapidated gate.

"They've scratched up all my four-o'clocks!" she said. And then her rustic shyness overcame suddenly all else, and she dragged her great toe back and forth in the soft mould, and put her forefinger in her mouth, and looked askance at them from the corners of her eyes.

"Prissy? Prissy Hoskins?" Leslie addressed her in sweet, inquiring tones. But the child stood still with finger in mouth, and toe working in the ground, not a bit harder nor faster, nor changing in the least, for more or less, the shy look in her face.

"That's your name, isn't it? I've got something for you. Won't you come and get it?" Leslie paused, waiting—fearing lest a further advance on her own part might put Prissy altogether to flight. Nothing answered in the girl's eyes to her words; there was no lighting up of desire or curiosity, however restrained; she stood like one indifferent or uncomprehending.

"She's awful deaf!" cried a new voice from the doorway. "She ain't that scared. She's sarcy enough, sometimes."

A woman, middle-aged or more, stood on the rough, slanting door-stone. She had bare feet, in coarse calf-skin slippers, stringy petticoats differing only from the child's in length, sleeves rolled up to the shoulders, no neck garniture—not a bit of anything white about her. Over all looked forth a face sharp and hard, that might have once been good-looking, in a raw, country fashion, and that had undoubtedly always been, what it now was, emphatically Yankee-smart. An inch-wide stripe of black hair was combed each way over her forehead, and rolled up on her temples in what, years and years ago, used to be called most appropriately “flat curls”—these fastened with long horn side-combs. Beyond was a strip of desert—no hair at all for an inch and a half more towards the crown; the rest dragged back and tied behind with the relentless tightness that gradually and regularly by the persistence of years, had accomplished this peculiar belt of clearing. It completed her expression; it was as a very halo of Yankee saintship crowning the woman who, in despite of poverty and every discouragement, had always hated, to the very roots of her hair, anything like what she called a “sozzle,”—who had always been screwed up and sharp set to hard work. She couldn't help the tumble-down fence; she had no “men-folks” round, and she couldn't have paid for a hundred pickets and a day's carpentering, to have saved her life. She couldn't help Prissy's hair even; for it would kink and curl, and the minute the wind took it “there it was again;” and it was not time yet, thank goodness! to harrow it back and begin in her behalf the remarkable engineering which had laid out for herself that broad highway across all the thrifty and energetic bumps up to Veneration, (who knows how much it had had to do with mixing them in one common tingle of mutual and unceasing activity?) and down again from ear to ear. Inside the poor little house you would find all spick and span; the old floor white and sanded, the few tins and the pewter spoons shining upon the shelf, the brick hearth and jambs aglow with fresh “redding,” table and chairs set back in rectangular tidiness. Only one thing made a litter, or tried to; a yellow canary that hung in the window and sang “like a house a-fire,” as Aunt Hoskins said, and flung his seed about like the old “Wash at Edmonton,” “on both sides of the way.” Prissy was turned out of doors in all pleasant weather; so otherwise the keeping-room stayed trim, and her curly hair grew sunburnt.

“She's ben deaf ever sence she hed the scarlet-fever. Walk in,” said the woman, by no means satisfied to let strangers get only the outside impression of her premises, and turning round to lead the way without waiting for a reply. “Come in, Pressy!” she bawled, illustrating her summons with what might be called a beckoning in broad capitals, done with the whole arm from finger-tips to shoulder, twice or thrice.

Leslie followed over the threshold, and Prissy ran by like a squirrel, and perched herself on a stool just under the bird-cage.

“I wouldn't keep it if 't warn't for her,” said Aunt Hoskins, apologetically. She was Prissy's aunt, holding no other close domestic relation to living thing, and so had come to be “Aunt Hoskins” in the whole region round about, so far as she was known at all. “It's the only bird she can hear sing of a morning. It's as good as all outdoors to her, and I ain't the heart to make her do without it. I've done without most things, but it don't appear to me as if I *could* do without them. Take a seat, do.”

“I thank you, but my friends are waiting. I've brought something for Prissy, from Miss Craydocke, at the hotel.” And Leslie held out the package which Dakie Thayne, waiting at the door, had put into her hand as she came in.

“Lawful suz! Prissy! if 'taint another book!” cried the good woman, as Prissy, quick to divine the meaning of the parcel, the like of which she had been made accustomed to before, sprang to her aunt's side within hearing of her exclamation! “If she ain't jest the feelingest and thoughtfulest—Well! open it yourself, child; there's no good of a bundle if you don't.”

Poor Prissy was thus far happy that she had not been left in the providence of her little life to utter ignorance of this greatest possible delight—a common one to more outwardly favoured children—of a real parcel, all one's own. The book, without the brown paper and string, would have been as nothing, comparatively.

Leslie could not but linger to see it untied. There came out a book—a wonderful big book—Grimm's tales, and some little papers fell to the floor. These were flower-seeds—bags labelled "Petunia," "Candytuft," "Double Balsam," "Portulaca."

"Why, Prissy!" shouted Miss Hoskins in her ear, as she picked them up, and read the names; "them's elegant things! They'll beat your four-o'clocks all to nothin'. It's lucky the old Shankhigh did make a clearin' of 'em. Tell Miss Craydocke," she continued, turning again to Leslie, "that I'm comin' down myself, to—no, I *can't* thank her! She's made a *life* for that air child, out o' nothin', a'most!"

Leslie stood hushed and penetrated in the presence of this good deed, and the joy and gratitude born of it.

"This ain't all, you see; nor 'taint nothin' new. She's ben at it these two year: learnin' the child to read, an' tellin' her things, an' settin' her to hunt 'em out, and to do for herself. She was crazy about flowers, allers, an' stories; but lor, I couldn't stop to tell 'em to her, an' I never knew but one or two; an' now she can read 'em off to me like a minister. She's told her a lot o' stuff about the rocks—I can't make head nor tail on't; but it 'ud please you to see her fetchin' 'em in by the aporn-full, an' goin' on about 'em, that is, if there was reely any place to put 'em afterwards. That's the wust on't. I tell you it *is* jest *makin'* a life out o' pieces that come to hand. Here's the girl, an' there's the woods an' rocks; there's all there was to do with, or likely to be; but she found the gumption an' the willingness, an' she's done it!"

Prissy came close over to Leslie with her book in her hand. "Wait a minute," she said, with the effort in her tone peculiar to the deaf. "I've got something to send back."

"If it's convenient, you mean," put in Aunt Hoskins, sharply. "She's as blunt as a broom-stick, that child is."

But Prissy had sprung away in her squirrel-like fashion, and now came back, bringing with her something really to make one's eyes water, if one happened, at least, to be ever so little of a geologist—a mass of quartz rock as large as she could grasp with her two hands, shot through, at three different angles, with three long, superb, columnar crystals of clear, pale-green beryl. If Professor Dana had known this exact locality, and a more definite name for the "Cliff," wouldn't he have had it down in his Supplement, with half-a-dozen exclamation-points after the "beryl!"

"I found it a-purpose!" said Prissy, with the utmost simplicity, putting the heavy specimen out of her own hands into Leslie's. "She's been a-wantin' it this great while, and we've looked for it everywheres!"

"A-purpose" it did seem as if the magnificent fragment had been laid in the way of the child's zealous and grateful search. "There were only the rocks," as Aunt Hoskins said; in no other way could she so joyously have acknowledged the kindness that had brightened now three summers of her life.

"It'll bother you, I'm afeard," said the woman.

"No, indeed! I shall *like* to take it for you," continued Leslie, with a warm earnestness, stooping down to the little girl, and speaking in her clear, glad tone close to her cheek. "I only wish *I* could find something to take her myself." And with that, close to the little red-brown cheek as she was, she put the period of a quick kiss to her words.

"Come again, and we'll hunt for some together," said the child, with instant response of cordiality.



"I will come—if I possibly can," was Leslie's last words, and then she and Dakie Thayne hurried back to the waggon.

The Haddens had just got in again upon their side. They were full of exclamations about the wonderful view up and down the long valley-reaches.

"You needn't tell *me*!" cried Elinor, in high enthusiasm. "I don't care a bit for the geography of it. That great aisle goes straight from Lake Umbagog to the Sound!"

"It is a glorious picture," said Mrs. Linceford. "But I've had a little one that you've lost. You've no idea, Leslie, what a lovely tableau you have been making—you and Dakie, with that old woman and the blowsy child!"

Leslie blushed.

"You'll never look prettier, if you try ever so hard."

"Don't, Mrs. Linceford!"

"Why not?" said Jeannie. "It's only a pity, I think, that you couldn't have known it at the time. They say we don't know when we're happiest; and we *can't* know when we're prettiest; so where's the satisfaction?"

"That's part of your mistake, Jeannie, perhaps," returned her sister. "If you had been there you'd have spoiled the picture."

"Look at that!" exclaimed Leslie, showing her beryl. "That's for Miss Craydocke." And then, when the first utterances of amazement and admiration were over, she told them the story of the child, and her misfortune, and of what Miss Craydocke had done. "*That's* beautiful, I think," said she. "And it's the sort of beauty, may be, that one might feel as one went along. I wish I could find—a diamond—for that woman!"

"Thir garnits on Feather-Cap," put in Jim, the driver.

"O *will* you show us where?"

"Well, 'tain't nowhers in partickler," replied Jim. "It's jest as you light on 'em. And you wouldn't know the best ones when you did. I've seen 'em—dead, dull-lookin' round stones that'll crack open chock full o' red garnits as an egg is o' meat."

"Geodes!" cried Dakie Thayne.

Jim Holden turned round and looked at him, as if he thought he had got hold of some new-fashioned expletive—possibly a pretty hard one.

They came down on the other side of the Cliff, and struck the ford. This diverted and absorbed their thoughts, for none of the ladies had ever forded a river before.

"Are you sure it's safe?" asked Mrs. Linceford.

"Safe as meetin'," returned Jim. "I'd drive across with my eyes shot."

"O, don't!" cried Elinor.

"I ain't agoin' ter; but I could—an' the hosses too, for that matter."

It was exciting, nevertheless, when the water in mid-channel came up nearly to the body of the waggon, and the swift ripples deluded the eye into almost conviction that horses, vehicle, and all were gaining not an inch in forward progress, but drifting surely down. They came up out of the depths, however, with a tug, and a swash, and a drip all over, and a scrambling of hoofs on the pebbles, at the very point aimed at in such apparently side-long fashion—the wheel-track that led them up the bank and into the ten-mile pine-woods through which they were to skirt the base of the Cairn and reach Feather-Cap on his accessible side. It was one long fragrance, and stillness, and shadow.

They overtook the Routh party at the beginning of the mountain-path. The pine-woods stretched on over the gradual slope, as far as they would climb before dinner. Otherwise the midday heats would have been too much for them. This was the easy part of the way, and there was breath for chat and merriment.

Just within the upper edge of the woods, in a comparatively smooth opening, they halted. Here they spread their picnic; while up above, on the bare, open rock, the young men kindled their fire, and heated the coffee; and here they ate and drank, and rested through the noontide.

Light clouds flitted between the mountains and the heavens later in the day, and flung bewildering, dreamy shadows on the far-off steeps, and dropped a gracious veil over the bald forehead and sun-bleak shoulders of Feather-Cap. It was "weather just made for them," as fortunate excursionists are wont to say.

Sin Saxon was all life, and spring, and fun. She climbed at least three Feather-Caps, dancing from stone to stone with tireless feet, and bounding back and forth with every gay word that it occurred to her to say to anybody. Pictures! She made them incessantly. She was a living dissolving-view. You no sooner got one bright look or graceful attitude than it was straightway shifted into another. She kept Frank Scherman at her side for the first half-hour, and then, perhaps, his admiration or his muscles tired, for he fell back a little to help Madame Routh up a sudden ridge, and afterwards, somehow, merged himself in the quieter group of strangers.

By and by, one of the Arnalls whispered to Mattie Shannon, "He's sidled off with her, at last. Did you ever know such a fellow for a new face? But it's partly the petticoat. He's such an artist's eye for colour. He was raving about her all the while she stood hanging those shawls among the pines, to keep the wind from Mrs. Linceford. She isn't downright pretty either. But she's got up exquisitely!"

Leslie Goldthwaite, in her lovely mountain-dress, her bright bloom from enjoyment and exercise, with the stray light through the pines burnishing the bronze of her hair, had innocently made a second picture, it would seem. One such effects deeper impression, sometimes, than the confusing splendour of incessant changes.

"Are you looking for something? Can I help you?" Frank Scherman had said, coming up to her, as she and her friend Dakie, a little apart from the others, were poking among some loose pebbles.

"Nothing that I have lost," Leslie answered, smiling. "Something I have a very presumptuous wish to find. A splendid garnet geode, if you please!"

"That's not at all impossible," returned the young man. "We'll have it before we go down—see if we don't!"

Frank Scherman knew a good deal about Feather-Cap, and something of geologizing. So he and Leslie—Dakie Thayne, in his unanswering devotion, still accompanying—"sidled off" together, took a long turn round under the crest, talking very pleasantly—and restfully, after Sin Saxon's continuous brilliancy—all the way. How they searched among loose drift under the cliff—how Mr. Scherman improvised a hammer from a slice of rock—and how, after many imperfect specimens, they did at last "find a-purpose" an irregular oval of dull, dusky stone, which burst with a stroke into two chalices of incrustated crimson crystals—I ought to be too near the end of a long chapter to tell. But this search, and this finding, and the motive of it, were the soul and the crown of Leslie's pleasure for the day. She did not even stop to think how long she had had Frank Scherman's attention all to herself, or the triumph that was in the eyes of the older girls, among whom he was excessively admired, and not very disguisedly competed for. She did not know how fast she was growing to be a sort of admiration herself among them, in their girl's fashion, or what she might do, if she chose, in the way of small, early belleship here at Outledge with such beginning—how she was "getting on," in short, as girls express it. And so, as Jeannie Hadden asked, "Where was the satisfaction?"

"You never knew anything like it," said Jeannie to her friend Ginevra, talking it all over with her that evening in a bit of a visit to Mrs. Thoresby's room. "I never saw

anybody take so among strangers. Madame Routh was delighted with her; and so, I should think, was Mr. Scherman. They say he hates trouble; but he took her all round the top of the mountain, hammering stones for her to find a geode."

"That's the newest dodge," said Mrs. Thoresby, with a little sarcastic laugh. "Girls of that sort are always looking for geodes." After this, Mrs. Thoresby had always a little well-bred venom for Leslie Goldthwaite.

At the same time, Leslie herself, coming out on the piazza for a moment after tea, met Miss Craydocke approaching over the lawn. She had only her errand to introduce her, but she would not lose the opportunity. She went straight up to the little woman, in a frank, sweet way. But a bit of embarrassment underneath the real respect that made her timid, perhaps a little nervous fatigue after the excitement and exertion of the day, did what nerves, and embarrassment, and reverence itself, will do sometimes—played a trick with her perfectly clear thought on its way to her tongue.

"Miss Graywacke, I believe?" she said, and instantly knew the dreadful thing that she had done.

"Exactly," said the lady, with an amused little smile.

"O, I *do* beg your pardon," began Leslie, blushing all over.

"No need—no need. Do you think I don't know what name I go by, behind my back? They suppose because I'm old, and plain, and single, and wear a front, and don't understand 'Rats' and the German, that I'm deaf, and blind, and stupid. But I believe I get as much as they do out of their jokes, after all." The dear old soul took Leslie by both her hands as she spoke, and looked a whole world of gentle benignity at her out of two soft gray eyes, and then she laughed again. This woman had no *self* to be hurt.

"We stopped at the Cliff this morning," Leslie took heart to say; "and they were *so* glad of your parcel—the little girl and her aunt. And Prissy gave me something to bring back to you—a splendid specimen of beryl that she has found."

"Then my mind's at rest!" said Miss Craydocke, cheerier than ever. "I was sure she'd break her neck, or pull the mountain down on her head some day looking for it."

"Would you like—I've found—I should like you to have that too—a garnet geode from Feather-Cap?" Leslie thought she had done it very clumsily, and in a hurry, after all.

"Will you come over to my little room, dear—number fifteen, in the west wing—tomorrow some time, with your stones? I want to see more of you."

There was a deliberate, gentle emphasis upon her words. If the grandest person of whom she had ever known had said to Leslie Goldthwaite, "I want to see more of you," she would not have heard it with a warmer thrill than she felt that moment at her heart.

## IX.

It was a glorious July morning, and there was nothing particular on foot. In the afternoon there would be drives and walks, perhaps; for some hours now there would be intensifying heat. The sun had burned away every cloud that had hung rosy about his rising, and the great gray flanks of Washington glared in a pale scorch close up under the sky, whose blue faded in the flooding presence of the full white light of such unblunted day. Here and there, adown his sides, something flashed out in a clear, intense dazzle, like an enormous crystal cropping from the granite, and blazing with reflected splendour. These were the leaps of water from out dark rifts into the sun.

"Everybody will be in the pines to-day," said Martha Josselyn. "I think it is better when they all go off and leave us."

"We can go up under our rock," said Sue, putting stockings and mending-cotton



into a large, light basket. "Have you got the chess-board? What *should* we do without our mending-day?"

These two girls had bought new stockings for all the little feet at home, that the weekly darning might be less for the mother while they were away; and had come with their own patiently cared-for old hose, "which they should have nothing else to do but to embroider."

They had made a sort of holiday, in their fashion, of mending-day at home, till it had come to seem like a positive treat and rest; and the habit was so strong upon them that they hailed it even here. They always got out their little chess-board when they sat down to the big basket together. They could darn, and consider, and move, and darn again; and so could keep it up all day long, as else even they would have found it nearly intolerable to do. So, though they seemed slower at it, they really in the end saved time. Thursday night saw the tedious work all done, and the basket piled with neatly folded pairs, like a heap of fine white rolls. This was a great thing, and "enough for one day," as Mrs. Josselyn said. It was disastrous if they once began to lie over. If they could be disposed of between sun and sun, the girls were welcome to any play they could get out of it.

"There they go, those two together. Always to the pines, and always with a work-basket," said Leslie, sitting on the piazza step at the Green Cottage, by Mrs. Linceford's feet, the latter lady occupying a Shaker rocking-chair behind. "What nice girls they seem to be—and nobody appears to know them much, beyond a 'good morning!'"

"Henny-penny, Goosie-poosie, Turkey-lurky, Ducky-daddles, and Chicken Little!" said Mrs. Linceford, counting up from thumb to little finger. "Dakie Thayne and Miss Craydocke, Marmaduke Wharne, and these two—they just make it out," she continued, counting back again. "Whatever you do, Les, don't make up to Fox Lor at last, for all our sakes!"

Out came Dakie Thayne, at this point, upon them, with his hands full. "Miss Leslie, *could* you head these needles for me with black wax? I want them for my butterflies, and I've made *such* a daub and scald of it! I've blistered three fingers, and put lop-sided heads to two miserable pins, and left no end of wax splutters on my table. I haven't but two sticks more, and the deacon don't keep any; I must try to get a dozen pins out of it, at least." He had his sealing-wax and a lighted "homespun candle," as Leslie called the dips of Mrs. Green's manufacture, in one hand, and a pin-cushion stuck full of needles waiting for tops, in the other.

"I told you so," said Mrs. Linceford to Leslie. "That's it, then?" she asked of Dakie Thayne.

"What, ma'am?"

"Butterflies. I knew you'd some hobby or other—I said so. I'm glad it's no worse," she answered, in her pleasant, smiling way. Dakie Thayne had a great liking for Mrs. Linceford, but he adored Leslie Goldthwaite.

"I'd like to show them to you, if you'd care," he said. "I've got some splendid ones. One great Turnus, that I brought with me in the chrysalis, that hatched out while I was at Jefferson. I rolled it up in a paper for the journey, and fastened it in the crown of my hat. I've had it ever since last fall. The asterias worms are spinning now—the early ones. They're out on the carrot-tops in shoals. I'm feeding up a dozen of 'em in a box. They're very handsome—bright green, with black and yellow spots—and it's the queerest thing to see them stiffen out and change."

"*Can* you? Do they do it all at once?" asked Etty Thoresby, slipping into the rocking-chair, as Mrs. Linceford, by whom she had come and placed herself within the last minute, rose and went in to follow her laundress, just then going up the stairs with her basket.

"Pretty much. It seems so. The first thing, you know, they stick themselves up by their tails, and spin a noose to hang back their heads in, and there they are, like a papoose in a basket. Then their skin turns a queer, dead, ashy colour, and grows somehow straight and tight, and they only squirm a little in a feeble way now and then, and grow stiffer and stiffer, till they can't squirm at all, and then they're mummies, and that's the end of it till the butterflies are born. It's a strange thing to see a live creature go into its own shroud, and hang itself up to turn into a corpse. Sometimes a live one, crawling round to find a place for itself, will touch a mummy accidentally; and then, when they're not quite gone, I've seen 'em give an odd little quiver, under the shell, as if they were almost at peace, and didn't want to be intruded on, or called back to earthly things, and the new-comer takes the hint, and respects privacy, and moves himself off to find quarters somewhere else. Miss Leslie, how splendidly you're doing those! What's the difference, I wonder, between girls' fingers and boys'? I couldn't make those atoms of balls so round and perfect, 'if I died and suffered,' as Mrs. Hoskins says."

"It's only centrifugal force," said Leslie, spinning round between her finger and thumb a needle to whose head she had just touched a globule of the bright black wax. "The world and a pin-head—both made on the same principle."

The Haddens and Imogen Thoresby strolled along together, and added themselves to the group.

"Let's go over to the hotel, Leslie. We've seen nothing of the girls since just after breakfast. They must be up in the hall, arranging about the tableaux."

"I'll come by and by, if you want me; don't wait. I'm going to finish these—properly;" and she dipped and twirled another needle with dainty precision, in the pause between her words.

"Have you got a lot of brothers at home, Miss Leslie?" asked Dakie Thayne.

"Two," replied Leslie. "Not at home, though, now. One at Exeter, and the other at Cambridge. Why?"

"I was thinking it would be bad—what do you call it?—political economy or something, if you hadn't any, that's all."

"Mamma wants you," said Ginevra Thoresby, looking out at the door to call her sisters. "She's in the Haughtleys' room. They're talking about the waggon for Minster Rock to-night. What do you take up your time with that boy for?" she added, not inaudibly, as she and Imogen turned away together.

"Oh dear!" cried blunt Etty, lingering, "I wonder if she meant me. I want to hear about the caterpillars. Mamma thinks the Haughtleys are such nice people, because they came in their own carriage, and they've got such big trunks, and a saddle-horse, and elegant dressing-cases, and ivory-backed brushes! I wish she didn't care so about such things."

Mrs. Thoresby and her elder daughter had taken a sort of dislike to Dakie Thayne. They seemed to think he wanted putting down. Nobody knew anything about him; he was well enough in his place, perhaps; but why should he join himself to their party? The Routh girls had Frank Scherman, and two or three other older attendants; among them he was simply not thought of, often, at all. If it had not been for Leslie and Mrs. Linceford, he would have found himself in Outledge, what boys of his age are apt to find themselves in the world at large—a sort of waif or stray, not provided for anywhere in the general scheme of society. For this very reason, discerning it quickly, Leslie had been loyal to him; and he, with all his boy-vehemence of admiration and devotion, was loyal to her. She had the feeling, motherly and sisterly in its mingled instinct, by which all true and fine feminine natures are moved on behalf of the man-nature in its dawn, that so needs sympathy, and gentle con-

sideration, and provision, and that certain respect which calls forth and fosters self-respect;—to be allowed and acknowledged to be somebody, lest for the want of this it should fail, unhappily, ever to be anybody. She was not aware of it; she only followed her kindly instinct. So she was doing, unconsciously, one of the best early bits of her woman-work in the world.

The pin-cushion was well filled with the delicate, bristling, tiny-headed needles, when Miss Craydocke appeared, walking across, under her great brown sun-umbrella, from the hotel.

"If you've nothing else to do, my dears, suppose we go over to the pines together? Where's Miss Jeannie? Wouldn't she like it? All the breeze there is haunts them always."

"I'm always ready for the pines," said Leslie. "Here, Dakie, I hope you'll catch a butterfly for every pin. Oh, now I think of it, have you found your *elephant*?"

"Yes, half-way up the garret-stairs. I can't feed him comfortably, Miss Leslie. He wants to eat incessantly, and the elm-leaves wilt so quickly, if I bring them in, that the first thing I know, he's out of proper provender and off on a raid. He needs to be on the tree; but then I should lose him."

Leslie thought a minute. "You might tie up a branch with mosquito-netting," she said.

"Isn't that bright? I'll go right and do it—only I haven't any netting," said he.

"Mrs. Linceford has. I'll go and beg a piece for you. And then—if you'll just sit here a minute—I'll come, Miss Craydocke."

When she came back, she brought Jeannie with her. To use a vulgar proverb, Jeannie's nose was rather out of joint since the Haughtleys had arrived. Ginevra Thoresby was quite engrossed with them, and this often involved Imogen. There was only room for six in Captain Green's waggon, and nothing had been said to Jeannie about the drive to Minster Rock.

Leslie had hanging upon her finger, also, the finest, and whitest, and most graceful of all possible little splint-baskets, only just big enough to carry a bit of such work as was in it now—a strip of sheer, delicate grass-linen, which needle and thread, with her deft guidance, were turning into a cobweb border, by a weaving of lace-lines, strong, yet light, where the woof of the original material had been drawn out. It was "done for odd-minute work, and was better than anything she could buy." Prettier it certainly was, when, with a finishing of the merest edge of lace, it came to encircle her round fair arms and shoulders, or to peep out with its dainty revelation among the gathering treasures of the linen-drawer I told you of. She had accomplished yards of it already for her holiday-work.

She had brought the netting, as she promised, for Dakie Thayne, who received it with thanks, and straightway hastened off to get his "elephant" and a piece of string, and to find a convenient elm-branch which he could convert into a cage-pasture.

"I'll come round to the pines afterwards," he said.

And, just then, Sin Saxon's bright face and pretty figure showing themselves on the hotel piazza, with a seeking look and gesture, Jeannie and Elinor were drawn off also to ask about the tableaux, and see if they were wanted, with the like promise that "they would come presently." So Miss Craydocke and Leslie walked slowly round, under the sun-umbrella, to the head of the ledge, by themselves.

Up this rocky promontory it was very pretty little climbing, over the irregular turf-covered crags that made the ascent; and, once up, it was charming. A natural grove of stately old pine trees, with their glory of tasselled foliage and their breath of perfume, crowned and sheltered it; and here had been placed at cosy angles, under the deepest shade, long, broad, elastic benches of boards, sprung from rock to rock, and

nade secure to stakes, or held in place by convenient irregularities of the rock itself. Pine-trunks and granite offered rough support to backs that could so fit themselves; and visitors found out their favourite seats, and spent hours there, with books or work, or looking forth in a luxurious listlessness from out the cool upon the warm, bright valley-picture, and the shining water wandering down from far heights and unknown solitudes to see the world.

"It's better so," said Miss Craydocke, when the others left them. "I had a word I wanted to say to you. What do you suppose those two came up here to the mountains for?" And Miss Craydocke nodded up, indicatively, towards the two girl-figures just visible by their draperies in a nook of rock beyond and above the benches.

"To get the good of them—as we did—I suppose," Leslie answered, wondering a little what Miss Craydocke might exactly mean.

"I suppose so, too," was the reply. "And I suppose—the Lord's love came with them! I suppose He cares whether they get the full of the good. And yet I think He leaves it, like everything else, a little to us!"

Leslie's heart beat quicker, hearing these words. It beat quicker always when such thoughts were touched. She was shy of seeking them; she almost tried, in an involuntary way, to escape them at first, when they were openly broached; yet she longed always, at the same time, for a deeper understanding of them. "I should like to know the Miss Josselyns better," she said, presently, when Miss Craydocke made no haste to speak again. "I have been thinking so this morning. I have thought so very often. But they seem so quiet, always. One doesn't like to intrude."

"They ought to be more with young people," Miss Craydocke went on. "And they ought to do less ripping, and sewing, and darning, if it could be managed. They brought three trunks with them. And what do you think the third is full of?"

Leslie had no idea, of course.

"Old winter dresses. To be made over. For the children at home. So that their mother may be coaxed to take her turn and go away upon a visit when they get back, seeing that the fall-sewing will be half done! That's a pretty coming to the mountains for two tired-out young things, I think!"

"O dear!" cried Leslie, pitifully; and then a secret compunction seized her, thinking of her own little elegant, odd-minute work, which was all she had to interfere with mountain-pleasure.

"And isn't it some of our business, if we could get at it?" asked Miss Craydocke, concluding.

"Dear Miss Craydocke!" said Leslie, with a warm brightness in her face, as she looked up, "the world is full of business; but so few people find out any but their own! Nobody but you dreamt of this, or of Prissy Hoskins, till you showed us—or of all the little Wigleys. How do you come to know, when other people go on in their own way, and see nothing—like the priests and Levites?" This last she added by a sudden occurrence and application, that half answered, beforehand, her own question.

They reached the benches now; they saw the Josselyns busy up beyond, with their chess-board between them, and their mending-basket at their feet; they would not go now and interrupt their game.



### 303, 304. HANGING BAMBOO FLOWER BASKET.

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### 303. HANGING BAMBOO FLOWER BASKET.

17 blue. Repeat from \*.

4th round.—  
\* 2 yellow (the 2nd on the 1st of the 3d of the preceding round), 1 blue, 2 yellow (the 1st yellow on the 3rd yellow of the preceding round), 3 blue, 2 yellow, 4 blue, miss 1 between the 3rd and 4th, 2 yellow, 3 blue. Repeat from \*.

5th round.—  
\* 1 yellow on the 1st of the next 2 yellow of the preceding round, 3 blue, 1 yellow, 2 blue, 4 yellow, 2 blue. Repeat from \*.

6th round.—2 yellow, \* 1 blue on middle of 3rd blue of preceding round, 18 yellow. Repeat from \*, at end of round crochet 16 yellow.

7th round.—\* 5 yellow (the 3rd on the 1 blue of the preceding round), 5 black, 3 yellow (one on the 8th, 9th and 11th of the 18 yellow of the preceding round, missing the 10th), 5 black. Repeat from \*.

8th round.—\* 3 yellow, 1 in 2nd, 3rd, and 4th of the 5 yellow of preceding round, 5 black, 5 yellow, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th on the 3 yellow of preceding round, 5 black. Repeat from \*.

9th round.—  
\* 1 yellow on middle of the 3 yellow of preceding round, 4 black on 5 st. of preceding round, 2 yellow (the 2nd yellow on the 1st yellow of the 5 of preceding round), 3 blue, 2 yellow (the 1st on the last of 5 yellow of the preceding

round), 4 black on 5 stitches of preceding round. Repeat from \*.

10th round.—  
\* 4 black, \* 2 yellow (the 2nd on 1st of the 2 yellow of preceding round), 5 blue (the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th on the 3 blue of preceding round), 2 yellow (the 1st on the last 2 yellow of preceding round), 7 black. Repeat from \*, but work 3 black at end of round.

The work can be continued from the illustration, which shows the pattern clearly. The decreases need

### 305. LADY'S CROCHET PURSE.

not be mentioned particularly, as they result quite naturally from the pattern itself. When both halves of the purse are completed, they are joined together with yellow silk in double crochet, and trimmed with the following edging worked in 3 rounds.

1st round.—Crochet with black silk in every 3rd st. of outer border 2 treble, divided by 3 chain.

2nd round.—Yellow silk in each scallop of preceding round, 1 double 3 treble, 1 double, 1 double between 2 treble of 1st round.

3rd round.

Black silk, 1 double in every stitch of preceding round; between the scallops insert the needle underneath the 2 treble of the 1st round.

The purse is then completed, and requires only the lining and steel clasp.

### 304. PATTERN FOR FLOWER BASKET.

## “THE COQUETTE” AT “THE HAYMARKET.”

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“THERE is nothing new under the sun,” and a “Marble heart,” and a “Dead heart”—hearts cold and dead, but not with age—have more than once furnished a theme for poets and play-wrights, from Alfred Tennyson’s “Lady Clara Vere de Vere” down to the Countess Blanche de Raincourt, the exquisitely fascinating heroine of M. Lambert Thiborest’s successful drama produced last year at the Théâtre de Vaudevilles, Paris, and adapted to the English stage by the popular actors, Mr. T. Mead and Walter Gordon, for an actress who is decidedly one of the most elegant, accomplished, and versatile of the present day—Miss Amy Sedgwick.

We had not the pleasure of witnessing the performance of the celebrated French actress, Madame Doche, the original representative of the part in Paris, but we take leave to doubt if any could equal, much less surpass, the charming and truthful impersonation, at the little theatre in the Haymarket of this dear, tormenting creature—

“—— too good,  
For human nature’s daily food;”

and who, with all her faults and caprices, extracts from us alternately at her own sweet will—

“Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.”

We are not, as a general rule, admirers of adaptations from the French. Usually the language and phraseology are changed, while the *couleur locale* remains in all its force and intensity; but in this particular instance the story is pleasing, full of dramatic interest, and natural—this last quality not being impaired by an attempt at changing the scene of action, which usually results in failure.

To give the mainspring, or *deus ex machinâ* of the action, we must glance back a little before the commencement of the play, and witness an episode in the early life of the coquette. At seventeen she was wooed and won by a youthful lover, Meurice, to whom she gave unreservedly the rich treasures of her young heart and virgin love; but his family became ruined, and he, to retrieve his fallen fortunes, made a *mariage de convenance* with the daughter of a rich planter. Not alone despair, but a still colder and deeper feeling seized upon the heart of the young girl, betrayed by the man she had fondly and guilelessly loved. As she listened to the music of their wedding-bells, she felt something in her own heart harden, and she determined to break those of any of his sex who should come within her toils, in revenge for his heartless desertion. She herself, too, forms a union with a rich and elderly husband, who soon dies and leaves her the inheritor of his large fortune. This helps to dazzle the swarm of butterflies who flutter and bask in the sunshine of her charms.

Among her numerous admirers there is one who is devotedly and disinterestedly attached to her. This is Alphonse de Baudoine, whom, by her beauty, fascination, and coquettish wiles, she has lured to the very verge of distraction. Resolved at last



to be trifled with no longer, but to know his fate, he obtains an interview with his fair enslaver at a rustic inn, where she has halted during a tour she has undertaken to the Pyrenees, followed by a train of satellites, and ardently pleads his cause, beseeching her to dismiss her crowd of suitors, and reward his devoted attachment by becoming his wife on her return to Paris. He tells her death would be preferable to her contempt and indifference. She answers mockingly that this is an old, old story she has often heard before, but never found come true. "No, no; men do not die for love: that is left for their victims." The heartless coquette so jeers at his misery, that when, at his request, she bestows upon him as a parting gift, and with a flippant *au revoir*, a sharp, bright, Borgia-looking dagger, which serves this modern Lucrezia as a paper-knife, and he wildly rushes from her fatal presence, exclaiming, "*Adieu!* not *Au revoir!*" we are not surprised to find it is for the purpose of self-destruction. This catastrophe, which has not at present come to the knowledge of the causer of it, ends the first act.

Among the Countess's fellow-travellers, though not exactly of her party, is a rather mysterious personage, a great lover of field-sports, and whose determined indifference to her captivations piques her resolve to add him to the list of her conquests. It is only when, by the general consternation, it becomes known that a tragic event has occurred in the village of St. Sauveur, that he apparently capitulates, and accepts a gaily-offered challenge to accomplish his return to Paris in the Countess's company, and withstand, as best he may, her efforts to enslave him. He is travelling incognito, and known only as Monsieur Augustus; but we are conscious that he is the brother of the ill-fated Alphonse, whose unhappy and misplaced attachment he has long compassionated, and for whose murderess, as he esteems the Countess Blanche, he has conceived a bitter hatred and contempt.

In the second act, the scene of which is laid in the brilliant mansion of the Countess at Paris, her victory appears to have been signal. Alphonse has seemingly capitulated, and become the most humble and devoted of her adorers, and it is easy to see that his love is returned, and that the icy coldness of the coquette has melted like snow before the summer's sun. This aids the accomplishment of his aim—to cause her to feel those bitter pangs of unrequited love which she has made others suffer, and avenge his brother's death. It is said that the false and heartless have no friends; but our flirting Countess has still a staunch one. Doctor Alexandre, who views with suspicion this new, and apparently successful, candidate for her hand, travelling under an assumed name, and hints to her that a certain casket which accompanies him everywhere, and the key of which he wears constantly about his person, contains the portrait of a female.

The Countess, now stung with jealousy, implores her faithful old friend to procure—no matter by what means—a sight of this ominous casket. This he accomplishes by bribing Baptiste, Augustus' valet, and also a fervent though a humble admirer of the Countess's bright eyes; and just as her wish is fulfilled, Augustus enters, and is astonished at being met with a torrent of reproaches for his perfidy. He as vehemently denies the accusation that the casket contains the portrait of a lady, and on hearing Blanche's impassioned confession of her love for him, which she can no longer restrain, he agrees to relinquish to her the key, that she may convince herself, on one condition, which is, that before all her guests assembled at the ball about to be given by her, she will take his hand, acknowledge her love for him, and present him as her chosen husband. She accepts, and with a coy shyness that adds to her attractiveness, performs her part. The key is yielded to her eager, trembling grasp. The lock gives way beneath the pressure, the lid opens, and reveals to her conscience-stricken sight, not the features of some living unknown rival, but the well-known lineaments of the

dead—her heart-broken lover, his own brother, who had died by his own hand, maddened by the same scorn with which her accepted husband now rejects and spurns her.

This situation, which forms the climax of Act 2, is intensely exciting and dramatic. The heart-rendering despair and grief of the unhappy Countess, when flung aside by the man to whom she has again wholly surrendered her heart, is most touchingly and powerfully depicted by the gifted actress, the exponent of the part; and the deep pathos imparted to this scene, is the more striking when contrasted with the airy *insouciant* elegance, and arch vivacity of the preceding ones.

The uncontrollable burst of emotion—"I love him, I love him!" when taxed by the good Doctor with her eagerness to view the inside of the casket, might rival in tragic intensity the "*We fail!*" of Mrs. Siddon's *Lady Macbeth*, or the equally famous "*Do it!*" of Miss Fanny Kemble's *Julia*.

The third and last act is based upon an incident not unfamiliar to play-wrights and librettists. In two operas "*L'Etoile du Nord*" and "*Martha*," the heroine and hero are respectively made the subject of an experiment to restore their reason, aberrated by mental grief, by placing them in imagination, at least, amid the scenes of their former happiness; and as truth is ever "stranger than fiction," it may not be irrelevant to remark that such an experiment is about to be tried in real life, the medical men sitting in council on the condition of the young, beautiful, and most unhappy Empress Charlotte of Mexico, having recommended as a final attempt to restore that noble mind o'erthrown by poignant anguish and anxiety, to transport her suddenly and expeditiously into the midst of her youthful home and pleasures in the palace of Laeken.

But to return. At the opening of the third act, as may be premised from our prologue, we find the Countess Blanche her

"——noble and most sovereign reason,  
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh,"

living beneath the roof and under the medical care of her still kind and pitying friend Dr. Alexandre.

A mutual sympathy has banished the feud between him and Augustus, who, when sent for and informed of the fearful retribution that has fallen on Blanche, repents of having carried his chastisement for her offence so far; for he feels, too, that after all he has not escaped heart-whole, and eagerly joins the Doctor in his proposed attempt to effect her cure by reproducing the scene and incidents of the ball-room.

As in the former act, we are a little reminded of the "vendetta" of Fabian dei Franchi, in "*The Corsican Brothers*," so here we have a slight reminiscence not only of the two operas of Meyerbeer and Flotow, but of the touching incident in the "*Sonnambula*," where the heroine is recalled to consciousness and joy by the touching of her lover's hand and the sound of his voice. A very thrilling scene occurs when the poor grief-crazed Countess enters, bewailing her sorrow and desertion, and, addressing the miniature which she wears next her heart, implores pardon of the dead original.

"Augustus said," she sobs, "till you forgave me, he never would." The picture seems to smile upon her. In imagination, she is again the cynosure of the ball-room; again Augustus casts her from him, while she clings to him with agonized entreaty; again she strives to open the casket, which once more yields to her pressure; but this time it is not the portrait of Alphonse that meets her gaze, but that of Augustus, and while she is apostrophizing it in terms of the most endearing tenderness, she feels,—oh! rapture—his arms encircling her waist; his loving words are whispered in

## "THE COQUETTE"

her ear: her friends surround  
complete.

Her faults, serious as they were,  
must be pardoned and overlooked.  
Amy Sedgwick sues for forgiveness  
by her express permission, we sub

While in the spring  
By heaven planted  
And nurtured by  
Fell blighted ere  
How many such  
With hearts grown  
How many such  
Have found that  
Here is my friend  
Oh, let me hope  
Smile at my fault  
My only advocate

## TEM

TEMPT me no  
Yet they fall  
Pass on, and  
Counting the

My wreath of  
Its flowers  
Only its wither  
And they die

Gather not roses  
No kindness  
Go, let them  
Seek thou

## COUNTRY

306. Leghorn hat  
ribbon and cherries  
A mohair dress.  
front and length  
the waistband: it  
ruche which simu  
back. The upper  
the bottom with a p  
under-skirt. White  
le neck,

307. Straw hat w  
row turned-up brim  
ribbon bow on the  
crown, from which  
ribbons tied under  
with ends.

The dress is con  
tunic and under-ski  
of muslin, trimmed  
ing edged with lac  
sides. Rosettes and  
of ribbon. The bod  
quite low, with a high  
misette of pleated t  
light muslin. Sleeve  
a Juive."

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uze vei  
Stripes  
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Afterne  
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Summ  
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Muslin  
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Plain

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wide p

## COUNTRY TOILETS.

306. Leghorn hat, adorned with coloured ribbon and cherries.

A mohair dress. The bodice is low in

## THE F

THE toilets now are those wearing at places, whether inside.

A greater amount always allowed for those of the as various as they

There is the excursion costume for walking on the ing dress for ball casino.

To this list must ing negligé costume dress, which latter subject to the mode.

The travelling like should be similar colours. Camlet, one colour, or of same colour, look very *distingué*—the dress and paletot brown, trimmed plaits of a darker and an under-skirt the trimming, or fawn colour. The of the same colour with brown or green with pheasants' or

The excursion much gayer colours shapes. We have styles of costume sea-side, and for sions about the that we have but description.

A skirt and lace and blue plaid p scalloped out and

## SHIONS.

st thought of just  
that are meant for  
ashionable watering-  
and or by the sea-

nt of *fantaisie* is  
such toilets than  
own; and they are  
are elegant.

avelling dress, the  
the afternoon toilet  
pier, and the even-  
or concerts at the

be added the morn-  
e, and the bathing  
has also become  
vicious rule of la

stume, to be lady-  
ple and of quiet  
oplin, or foulard of  
two shades of the  
est. The latter is  
instance, a short  
of light Bismarck  
ith cross strips or  
shade of the same,  
t of the colour of  
be same in grey or  
straw hat should be  
also, and trimmed  
y tinted foliage, or  
ocks' feathers.

stume may be of  
, and more fanciful  
noticed so many  
for wearing at the  
aking short excur-  
fis or on the shore,  
to select a few for

ee jacket of white  
plinette, the skirt  
sund with blue, and

a cross strip of blue silk stitched  
with white above the scallops.

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## THE FASHIONS.

dr leaf cut out of black gros-grain silk, piped with brown, and embroidered beads; the scallops are edged with a black silk and jet fringe. The high throat sleeves, of the same material as the upper-skirt, is edged with a similar band round the neck, the waist, and arm-holes; the coat-sleeves are green, with red wristbands to correspond with the under-skirt. Brown straw hat, with golden-brown feathers, and bound with brown velvet. Long green pl.

They look so well for gored dresses that they are still in great favour, although at the beginning of the season it was said they would be given up, and they will soon be. Upon dresses are made with sweeping trains behind, but short enough to show the feet in front.

The way of making a *gaze de Chambéry* dress is this: Skirt as above described; bodice of clear-pleated muslin—plain white, with a lace quilling round the neck and narrow insertion, through which is run a ribbon of the same colour as the skirt. Full white muslin sleeves, with epaulettes and wristbands of *Chambéry*. If the material of the dress has a flower pattern, care should be taken to place one of the large flowers upon the epaulette, and one upon the wristband, which is finished off with lace. A wide sash of gros-grain ribbon is fastened round the waist, and falls in two long ends either at the back or side.

Card dress can be made in this way also; and a foulard paletot will be pleasant over the muslin bodice out of doors.

Short dresses have double skirts and a good deal of trimming, long ones are made very plain, especially figured gauzes and muslins. Silk dresses are trimmed with strips of the same material, arranged in different ways. Patterns in silk embroidery are also a favourite style of trimming, and silk fringes with a banding placed so as to simulate a tunic or double skirt.

Summer ball-toilets differ but slightly from winter ones. They are, however, generally simple, and flowers are more frequently used as a trimming than gold or beads. This is worn also, which of late years has been quite discarded for winter ball-

A muslin dress with a long train is trimmed with patterns in embroidery, which cover each of the gored widths. The bodice partly covers the shoulders, but is very low both in front and at the back, and the sleeves are very short. The bodice is edged with lace; a bow with four loops of rose-coloured ribbon is in the middle of the back, and finished off with long streamers. The sleeves are trimmed with a ruche of the same ribbon and narrow lace.

Gored dresses of soft-coloured glacé silk, with low bodices, are worn with a collar of white guipure lace, without sleeves, and trimmed with coloured ribbons to the dress. This composes a nice toilet for a concert, or for a *fête* at the house of some fashionable watering-place.

Hairs are becoming higher than they were this winter; the hair is raised up very high from the back, and arranged in a round or helmet-shaped chignon. In front the hair is waved or curled, and fastened with a ribbon or a garland of flowers. Curls or flowers all about the neck.

Evening *négligé* costumes are no less elegant than others. White muslin or organdy dresses are worn over slips of blue, pink, mauve, or maize-coloured silk.

The model is made thus: Demi-long skirt, with a deep pleated flounce edged with lace round the bottom, and a strip of insertion in embroidery round the top. Then comes a second strip of insertion, and then two of the same go up over each of the gored widths. Jacket-bodice, with basques cut out in square tabs, and pointed sleeves; the whole being trimmed with lace and insertion. Under-slip of





THE LATEST FRENCH FASHIONS

Modelled for

**The Young Englishwoman**

AUGUST 1867

maize-coloured silk. Cap formed of an oval piece of Venetian guipure, with maize ribbon lappets.

The sea-bathing costumes are also quite coquettish this year. Some are of blue and white flannel, and consist of a sort of short frock or blouse, fastened with a waist-band, and trimmed with vandyked strips of white flannel, and wide trousers fastened at the ankles.

Some costumes are white; the blouse is merely rounded at the bottom—it is trimmed with strips of red or blue cashmere. A sash of the same material is tied round the waist. When a long bathing-dress is preferred, it is also trimmed in the same manner.

Garments to wear after bathing are made of fine flannel. They are gored so as to be wide at the bottom and get narrower towards the top; they have a round hood, and long coat-sleeves; the trimming, consisting of a double pinked-out ruche of white flannel, divided in the centre by a bright blue or red cross-strip, is put round the bottom, up the sides, in front, and in the centre of the back; round the hood, and over the outer seam of the sleeves. White flannel or cashmere jackets, whether plain or embroidered, are also more than ever fashionable for the sea-side.



## DESCRIPTION OF OUR FASHION-PLATE.

*Left-hand Figure.*—COUNTRY TOILET.—A Leghorn straw hat, bound with black velvet, and adorned with coloured feathers fastened by a little *pompon*. The whole costume—jacket, dress, and petticoat—are of coloured poplin, edged and trimmed with black velvet and buttons. The petticoat is terminated by three equal pleatings, bound with velvet. This pretty toilet may equally well be made of coloured foulard. Boots to match.

WALKING TOILET.—The bonnet is of Belgian straw, trimmed round with a cordon of metallic foliage and small bunches of beads. The embroidered tulle scarf is edged with blonde, and fastened in front with a bunch of foliage and beads. The short violet silk paletot has two long-pointed lappets hanging on the skirt, and finished off with black tassels. The whole is bound and trimmed with black silk velvet. The dress is of muslin, with mauve flowers.

COSTUME FOR A LITTLE GIRL FIVE YEARS OLD.—A white muslin dress trimmed with pink silk bands, and terminated at the bottom by two small flounces. Pink silk tunic, ornamented with silk pleatings and balls.

## LOVELIEST WORDS.

### THE PICTURE OF THE DESERT.

A PICTURE, good ! my brow I shade with the hollow of my hand ;  
The curtains of mine eyes I close. Lo ! there the desert's burning sand,  
'The camping-places of my tribe, appear : arrayed in lurid light.  
Robed in her burning widow-weeds, Sahara bursts upon my sight.

Who travelled through the lion-land ? Of claws and hoofs the prints appear ;  
'Timbuctoo's caravan ! Behold, far in the distance, gleams the spear.  
There banners wave, while through the dust the Emir's purple floats along.  
And with a sober stateliness the camel's head o'erpeers the throng.

Where sand and sky together blend, onward in close array they sweep ;  
Now the horizon's sulphurous mist engulphs them in its lurid deep.  
'The vestige broad thou still canst trace distinctly of the flying train,  
As gleam, at intervals dispersed, their relics o'er the sandy plain.

Look yonder : like a milestone grim, a dromedary dead lies there ;  
Upon the prostrate bulk are perched, with naked throats, a vulture pair.  
Intent upon their ghastly meal. For yon rich turban what care they,  
By some young Arab left behind in that wild journey's desperate way ?

Fragments of costly housings float the tamarisk's thorny bushes round ;  
And near, an empty water-skin lies foul and gaping on the ground.  
Who's he who treads it 'neath his feet ? The Sheik it is, with dusky hair :  
'The Sheik of Bikdulgerid, who gazes round with frantic stare.

He closed the rear ; his charger fell ; behind he's left upon the sand :  
O'ercome with thirst his favourite wife doth from his girdle drooping hang.  
How flashed her eye as she crewhile in triumph rode before her lord !  
Across the waste he trails her now, as from a baldric trails a sword.

'The burning sand ! swept o'er at night by the grim lion's tail alone,  
Is by the waving tresses now of yonder helpless woman strewn ;  
It gathers in her tangled locks, dries on her lip the spicy dew,  
And with its sharp and cruel flints her tender skin it pierces through.

And now, alas ! the Emir falls ; throbs in his veins the boiling blood.  
His eye-balls glare, in lurid lines swells on his brow the purple flood.  
With one last kiss, one burning kiss, he wakes to life his Moorish bride.  
Then flings himself, with frantic curse, on the red desert by her side.

But she, amazed, looks wildly round. " My lord, awake !—Thou sleepest here !  
'The sky, but now like molten brass, like polished steel gleams cold and clear.  
Where now the desert's yellow glare ? A radiance gleams my eyes before ;  
It sparkles like the sea, whose wave at Algiers breaks along the shore.

" Its grateful moisture cools my brow ;—yonder its flowing waters gleam ;  
A giant mirror, there it shines ;—awake, perchance 'tis Nilus' stream.  
Yet no ; we travelled south, I'm sure ; the Senegal it then must be ;  
Or are yon heaving waves indeed the billows of the surging sea ?

“ No matter, it is water still ! Awake, my lord, oh, let us hence ;  
 My robe I’ve cast aside ; oh, come, this deadly scorching fire to quench !  
 A cooling draught, a quickening bath, will with new strength our limbs endue ;  
 Yon towering fortress once achieved, to all our toils we’ll bid adieu.

“ Its crimson banners proudly wave defiance round its portals gray ;  
 Its ramparts bristled o’er with spears,—its mosque within—I all survey.  
 High-masted vessels in the road securely ride, in stately rows ;  
 Its shops and caravansaries a crowd of pilgrims overflows.

“ My tongue is parched ! Wake up, beloved ! Already nears the twilight now.”  
 He lifts his eye, and murmurs hoarse, “ It is the desert’s mocking show,  
 More cruel than the hot simoom ! Of wicked fiends the barbarous play.”  
 He stops,—the baseless vision fades,—she sinks upon his lifeless clay !



## BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US.

THE time for toil has past, and night has come,  
 The last and saddest of the harvest eves ;  
 Worn-out with labour long and wearisome,  
 Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,  
 Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the labourers, thy feet I gain ;  
 Lord of the harvest ! my spirit grieves,  
 That I am burdened and not so much with grain  
 As with a heaviness of heart and brain ;—  
 Master, behold my sheaves !

Few, light, and worthless—yet their trifling weight  
 Through all my frame a weary aching leaves ;  
 For long I struggled with my hapless fate,  
 And strayed and toiled till it was dark and late,—  
 Yet these are all my sheaves.

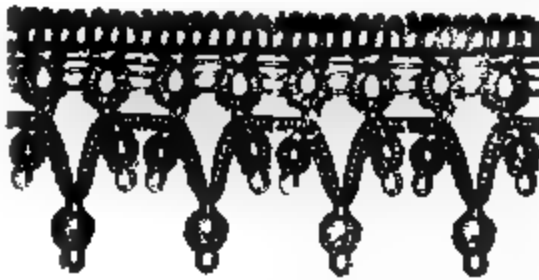
Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,  
 Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves,  
 Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet  
 I kneel down reverently and repeat  
 “ Master, behold my sheaves ! ”

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily,  
 With evening dew upon their folded leaves,  
 Can claim no value or utility,—  
 Therefore shall fragrancy and beauty be  
 The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew ;  
 For well I know thy patient love perceives  
 Not what I did, but what I strive to do ;  
 And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,  
 Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

### 308, 309. LINEN BAG FOR TATTING.

This pretty linen bag is meant to keep tatting and such work from being soiled before it is completed. The bag is drawn together round the top. Its size depends upon what you wish to put into it. The original pattern is 3½ inches deep, and 3 inches wide, it is hemmed round the top, and trimmed with a narrow tatted lace, consisting of large and small circles. The bag seen in illustration No. 309, is meant to keep the cotton for working couvrette; it consists of a round piece, measuring 6 in. across, which is hemmed all round, and trimmed with a tatted lace. It is drawn together at top, like bag in illustration 308.



310. TATTED BORDER.

#### 310. TATTED BORDER.

Begin this pretty border with 2 rows of tatting, in the following manner:

1st row. 2 double, 1 purl, 3 double, 1 purl, 3 double, 1 purl, 2 double; draw these stitches up into a circle, and repeat the circle at a very short distance, till the border is long enough; but instead of working the

first purl of each circle, you must join the circle to the preceding one; the purl on the

#### 308. LINEN BAG FOR TATTING, ETC.

the cotton on the shuttle of the right hand. Then take up again the left hand shuttle, and join the circle to the middle purl of the 1st circle of the 1st row by drawing the cotton through the purl like a loop, and then drawing the cotton in the right hand through this loop. \* 7 double, 1 circle, 7 double, joined to the middle purl of the next circle of the 1st row; 1 circle, 5 double, 1 circle, joined on the middle purl of

sides of the circle must therefore be longer than that in the middle.

For the 2nd row take another shuttle, make a loop on the left side with the cotton, and work with this end of cotton over the cotton in the right hand, which is also to be held between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand. Then work in the following way:—2 double, then 1 circle consisting of 3 double, 1 purl, 3 double; to form this circle, let the cotton in the left-hand shuttle fall downwards, and make a loop round the left hand with



311

#### TATTING.

the following circle; repeat from \*.

The upper edge of the border is worked in 2 crochet rows, in the following manner:—

1st row.—\* 3 treble, divided by 1 chain in the 1st circle of the 1st row of tatting; 2 chain; repeat from \*.

2nd row.—\* 1 treble in the 1st chain of the preceding row, 1 purl (3 chain, 1 slip stitch in the 1st)

#### 312. PATTERN FOR CIGAR STAND (313).

miss 1 stitch of the preceding row under it; repeat from \*.

### 311. MIGNARDISE AND TATTING.

Patterns formed of mignardise and tatting are of quite new style, and look very pretty. The insertion is easy to work by the following process: — make first a circle, as follows: 1 plain stitch, 2 double, 1 purl, 6 double, 1 purl, 2 double, 1 plain; fasten the cotton on to one side of the mignardise, at the distance of about  $\frac{5}{8}$ ths of an inch, by taking 2 hops of it together; work a 2nd circle at a short distance from the first, and so on. When the strip of insertion is sufficiently long, work in the same manner on the other side of the mignardise. This kind of work is destined to become very popular, and nothing can be more light and graceful than the union of mignardise and tatting.

### 309. LINEN BAG FOR COTTON.

a strip of Java canvas, embroidered from pattern No. 312. This pattern is worked in black and red wool, in cross-stitch, over four squares of the canvas. The black stitches are crossed again with maize-coloured silk. In the two small outer borders long stitches of red wool are worked on either side between the cross stitches.

### 312, 313. BAMBOO CIGAR-STAND.

**MATERIALS.** — 15 inches of Java canvas,  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. of black wool,  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. of red ditto, 1 skein of maize-coloured purse silk. Bamboo mounting.

This cigar-stand is made of light-coloured bamboo canes; it is 7 inches high, and 8 in. wide. It is flat at the back, so that it may be hung up against the wall. The intervals between the bamboo canes are filled up by

## OUR FERNERY.

### CHAPTER I.

**B**EFORE we are fairly started, I must give the names and describe the three principal groups—mark, only three—into which ferns have been divided. They are cryptogamic, or flowerless, and are called FILICES.

This order, Filices, has been divided into three sub-orders, which sub-orders have been again divided into *genera*, or families, the names of which we will learn as we come to them.

1. Sub-order—*Polypodiaceæ*.
2. Sub-order—*Osmundaceæ*.
3. Sub-order—*Ophioglossaceæ*.

Now I am rather sorry these are such hard-looking words, but a very little trouble will enable any one to remember them.

The head of the tribe of *Polypodiaceæ* is very common; I think everybody must have seen it. One of its peculiarities is, that it frequently grows on the moss-grown trunks of living trees as a parasite, and on old thatched roofs. I have seen it growing luxuriantly on the trees on the banks of the Erne, at Ivy Bridge, Devonshire, whence we brought one or two of ours; but it grows plentifully very much nearer London than that, luxuriating on most shady, sandy banks. The places where we have procured the most have been in the neighbourhood of Esher and Cobham, but then that is because we are often visiting our old friend who resides at Cobham. The personal name which it bears is that of the Common Polypody (*Polydium Vulgare*). When you have once been introduced, you will never mistake it; it is one of the very easiest ferns to recognize. The principal characteristics of this plant, and of its brother, *Polypodiaceæ*, are as follows. And here, if you do not remember what *thecæ* are, you had better glance at the Introduction, as I have not space for more than one explanation of any terms I may feel obliged to use,

If you can, procure a frond of the Common Polypody; you will see that the sori are collected on the back of the frond; in some of the species of *Polypodium* they are on the margin. Each spore-case is surrounded by a ring, more or less complete, which, when mature, straightens; thereby, as you will perceive, pulling open the spore-case, and thus scattering the spores. The vernation is circinate.

The second sub-order is *Osmundaceæ*. The best known of this family is the Osmund Royal, or *Osmunda Regalis*. It is not at all rare, being found throughout the United Kingdom. It does not flourish except in moist, shady districts, and attains its greatest perfection on the shaded banks of rivers and lakes. I have seen it in Devonshire, growing on the banks of a small stream on Dartmoor, quite six feet high, but I believe it is sometimes from nine to eleven feet in height. Like the Common Polypody, when you have once seen it, you will never forget it. The fronds are quite distinct in their appearance from those of all other British ferns. If you remember, I gave you the *Osmunda Regalis* as an example of when the clusters of *thecæ* are called panicles, not sori. This is the principal distinguishing feature of the tribe *Osmundaceæ*, the spore-cases have no ring, or in other words, are not annulated.

The third and last sub-order is by no means so generally known—*Ophioglossaceæ*. I have never met with either the Lesser (misprinted before Leper), or Common Adders' Tongues, except in Covent Garden, whence I procured mine; I mean, I never saw them



growing wild. In this tribe, as in the preceding, the clusters of thecae are associated in spikes, and are called panicles.

As I said above, the three British specimens of this tribe are the only British ferns which are not circinate when in the bud; that is, the fronds and parts of the fronds are not coiled as you see the young fronds of other ferns, but are folded up straight. The spore-cases have no ring, and are two-valved.

I think we had better take the ferns in regular succession, not as we added them to our fernery; so we will begin with the first sub-order, *Polypodiaceæ*, the first genus or family of which is *Polypodium*.

The distinguishing characteristics of the *Polypodiums* are, that the sori are circular, in patches on the under surface of the frond, without any apparent indusium.

Most of the ferns have several synonyms; these I shall always give at the commencement of my descriptions.

**THE COMMON POLYPODY.**—*Polypodium Vulgare*: Linnæus. *Ctenopteris Vulgaris*: Newman.—As I said before, this is very common and easily recognized; but though so common and apparently hardy, it is a difficult thing to transplant. I think this arises more from the way in which it is replanted, than from any great delicacy in the fern itself. The rizoma runs along just on the surface of the ground, branching in all directions; if it has been long established, the branches interlace one with the other. I think the best way to get up a clump of this sort is by running a garden-fork under it and raising it from beneath; then, on getting it to your fernery, simply lay it on the surface of the ground, and press it slightly with your hand. I find, that when transplanted in this manner, it scarcely seems to notice the moving.

This fern is very nice for a covered fernery, as, if protected from the frosts, it retains its old fronds till nearly Midsummer; the new growth rises quickly and almost simultaneously. In the depth of winter, the foliage is in perfect condition. The young fronds begin to appear in May.

For the Common Polypody it is best to mix with the soil used for the rest of the fernery a good proportion of decayed wood and moss. The decayed wood, looking like dark mould, you can get in plenty from the hollow of any old tree.

With regard to the general appearance of this fern, the fronds are what are lance-shaped, or lanceolate, deeply pinnatifid (see Introduction). The segments are linear-lanceolate, that is, they are of the same breadth throughout, except at one end, which becomes gradually narrower: they are also rounded at the end, so are what is called obtuse; sometimes they are notched along the margin. They are not set quite in opposite pairs on either side of the rachis. There are several varieties chiefly distinguished by the divisions and notches of the segments.

Amongst others, there is the Welsh Polybody (*P. V. Cambricum*), a very beautiful plant. Linnæus, who was the first to describe it, considered it a distinct species; but I believe it is now known to be only a variety of the Common Polypody, from which it differs in the fronds being broader, and the segments, instead of being simple, are deeply and irregularly cleft. It is always barren; no instance being known of its having been found with sori on the back of the frond.

The Irish Polypody (*P. V. Hibernicum* and *Similaorum*) resembles the Welsh Polypody, but differs from it in being fertile, the fronds are bi- or tri-pinnatifid. It is not confined to Ireland alone. I have not room for the description of any more varieties, but I think a complete list of them, with the varieties of other species, is to be found in "Moore's Handbook of British Ferns."

**MOUNTAIN POLYPODY.**—*Polypodium Phegopteris*: Linnæus. *Polystichum Phegopteris*: Roth. *Lastrea Phegopteris*: Newman. *Gymnocarpium Phegopteris*. *Phegopteris Polypodioides*. *Phegopteris Vulgaris*.

The fronds of the Mountain Polypody, or, as it is sometimes called, the Beech-fern, are of a triangular shape, terminating in a long narrow point, pinnate for the first two pairs of branches, afterwards becoming pinnatifid—this is called being sub-pinnate. The pairs of pinnae, on either side of the rachis, are usually opposite, the lowest pair are at a little distance from the others, droop towards the root, and project forwards, whilst those above incline gradually more and more upwards; it is by this peculiarity that it is readily recognized. The pinnae are like the segments of the Common Polypody linear-lanceolate, pointed, deeply pinnatifid, usually placed opposite to each other. They are of a pale green colour, and hairy. The fleshy and very brittle stripes occupy more than half of the frond; near its base are some small, almost colourless, scales. The segments of the pinnae are entire, that is not cleft, and are rounded at the ends. The sori are almost marginal, that is, the clusters of thecae nearly project beyond the edge of the segments. The rizoma, or creeping stem, is of a dark colour, slender, and slightly scaly, creeping in every direction, with its black wiry roots forming a lace-work over the face of the rocks on which it grows. The fronds appear about the same time as those of the Common Polypody, and grow to from five inches to a foot high.

The favourite haunts are shady rocks, in the neighbourhood of mountains, waterfalls, streams, and lakes. It is found in the mountain and rocky districts of England, Wales, and Scotland, but seldom met with in Ireland. It is deciduous, very delicate, succumbing to the first light frost of Autumn. In the fernery it flourishes best on damp, shady rock-work: if exposed to the sun, for ever so short a time, it becomes brown, and is soon destroyed.



### AN OCCUPATION FOR YOUNG LADIES.

**W**E very willingly insert the following notice in connection with the colouring of photographs, which will answer many inquiries put to us, and suggest to some of our readers a remunerative occupation:—

Any employment which has its main requisites in delicacy of manipulation, patience, and carefulness, with a greater or less degree of refined or artistic taste, is pre-eminently suited for women—and this is precisely the character of photography. It requires no manual strength, only skill, not difficult to attain. Taste and dexterity of finger in delicate work are woman's natural gifts; patience and perseverance are also peculiarly her attributes. It is the possession of such qualities, rather than any deep researches into chemistry and optics, which makes the successful practical photographer. It is therefore not surprising that women have been very successful in the practice of this fascinating and useful art. Ladies of the highest rank have practised it as an amusement. It is said that her Majesty has displayed considerable photographic skill. The late respected Lady Hawarden carried off the London Society's gold medal, the first prize in the art. Few professional photographers have gained as much fame, or more honours, than Mrs. Cameron. It is therefore not a little surprising that there are few female names in the long list of London photographers, although numbers of women are employed in almost every London photographic studio. One well-known artist and photographer, who stands high in his profession, and exercises unusual care in the printing of his pictures, has never employed any but female labourers in this department of his art, and has given his reason for so doing, that he could only meet with the necessary care, attention, delicate manipulation and patience, in female printers. Similar statements were made some time since in one of the public journals by another

photographer of note. The same qualities that would enable women to print would also enable them to do the whole process as well at least, if not better, than any of their male rivals; but in very many studios they are not permitted to learn or to practise the higher branches of the art. In photography, as in almost every other trade or profession, men will thankfully employ women as their subordinates, while they are jealously careful and anxious to exclude them from the knowledge which might permit them to practise the art independently. Women are graciously permitted to labour at the drudgery, while men reserve to themselves the easy task of directing the work and of taking the profit.

I lately met with a lady, recently left a widow with two children, who was anxious to engage in some employment for their support. Before her marriage she had been employed for five years in a photographer's studio, long enough to learn the profession in all its branches. If she had been properly taught she might have established a business for herself, and so have supported her children, but during that time she had learned only to "touch" and mount, for which but little remuneration is given. Unless the glass-plate on which the photograph is taken is very equally and completely covered with collodion, little white spots and stripes appear in the photograph, and these must be carefully painted in by the hand. This is called "touching." If the clumsy fingers of an operator leave many of these spots to be filled up, the girls who do it require to possess such a degree of taste and neatness as would enable them to learn all the other processes of photography, if they were properly taught. I know one young lady, who was lately employed in a studio of no mean note, in painting defective photographs, and who could with much less labour have taken much better originals, had she been permitted. It seems, therefore, most desirable that a photographic school should be established, in which women might be thoroughly taught every branch of the profession.

When we recommend photography as an employment for women, it is often alleged that the art has had its day, that its profitableness and usefulness are nearly over, and that even if it were taught to women, they would not easily find sufficient employment. Those who make this objection think of photography as mere portrait-taking, and do not sufficiently consider the numerous purposes to which it is at present applied, or the still more extensive usefulness that may be expected of it in future.

In connection with book-illustration, photography has as yet made comparatively slow progress; but there are various improvements now in the course of being perfected which, it is expected, will enable it to rival wood engraving. Besides, it is probable that photography would be much more extensively used for book-illustration, if really good photographs could be produced sufficiently cheap for this purpose; and this cheapness might be in a great measure secured by the exclusive employment of female artists, who usually charge less for their work.

The indefatigable society, which has already done so much to promote the employment of women, have had their attention called to the suitable field for female labour afforded by photography. By the generosity of some of the members of this society, a sum of money has been subscribed in aid of the establishment of a Ladies' School of Photography. Premises have been taken in Belgravia, which are now open, under the superintendence of Miss Gauntlett, and under the patronage of the Society for the Promotion of the Employment of Women.

All that are favourable to the cause of female employment, are earnestly requested to pay a visit to the Studio, 10, Lower Belgrave Place, nearly opposite the Grosvenor Hotel, Victoria Station. If this establishment be successful, it is proposed that branch establishments shall be formed on the co-operative principle in various other districts of the metropolis, so as to allow the female workers to participate in the profits of their work.

## 314. Boy's Frock.

**314. FROCK  
FOR BOY FROM 3  
TO 5 YEARS OLD.**

This frock is made of black and white striped leno; it is trimmed with narrow cross strips of the same material, piped with blue silk, and flat pearl buttons. The waistband and rosette are also of the same material.

**315. BROWN  
HOLLAND APRON  
FOR GIRLS, FROM  
2 TO 4 YEARS.**

This pretty little apron is worked all round in button-hole stitch, with red wool; it is fastened by 2 strings, 14 in. long, which are sewn on the two upper corners of the bib, crossed

## 315. HOLLAND APRON.

at the back, and buttoned on the apron at the sides, as seen in illustration.

**316. LOW SILK  
BODICE FOR A  
LITTLE GIRL,  
FROM 8 TO 10  
YEARS OLD.**

This bodice is made of blue silk, bound with blue velvet, and edged with crystal grelots. The side-pieces are lengthened into very long lap-peta, which are tied loosely, like a sash, at the back. There are bows of blue ribbon on the shoulders. A bodice of pleated white muslin, trimmed with blue ribbon and lace round the neck and sleeves, is worn underneath.

**316. LOW SILK BODICE.**

## Young Lady's Costume.



### 317. COSTUME FOR A YOUNG LADY, FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD.

The costume consists of the under-skirt, short upper-skirt, and bodice. It is made of white alpaca, and trimmed with narrow cross strips of blue silk, with a row of chalk beads running through the middle of them. The bodice is fastened with pearl buttons; it is not sewn on to the skirt, so that it may be replaced by a white muslin one. The waistband is put on over it, and hooked under a rosette. The cross strips on the under-skirt are wider than those on the dress, and are edged on either side with chalk beads.

## THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN'S RECIPE-BOOK.

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**PLAIN CAKE.**—Ingredients: Beef dripping, flour, salt, soda, tartaric acid, butter, sugar, currants, candied peel, eggs. Cost, 1s. 3d. Mode: Clarify some dripping over night. Take one pound and a half of flour, one small spoonful of salt, soda, and tartaric acid; rub them well into the flour; six ounces of clarified dripping, two ounces of butter, also well rubbed into the flour; half-pound of sugar, half-pound of currants, two ounces of candied peel, two eggs. Beat up well; add to them a little lukewarm milk, sufficient to make the flour about the consistence of a good plum-pudding. Bake it in a quick oven one hour.

**CHEESE FONDUE.**—Ingredients: Cheese, butter, eggs, salt, pepper, mustard. Average cost, 7d. Grate four ounces of cheese, add a small piece of butter, and beat to a paste; break separately four eggs, mix the yolks with the cheese, adding a little salt, pepper, and mustard; then beat the whites with a tablespoonful of milk to a stiff froth. Butter a pie-dish, stir the whites quickly into the cheese, mix thoroughly, and bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

**FOR PICKLING A TONGUE.**—One pound of common salt, one ounce of saltpetre, half-pound of treacle. Mix well together. Wipe well and dry every part of the tongue; then rub it well every day for four days with the pickle, and put it in a deep pan well covered. It will be ready for use in a fortnight. When boiling, put in with the tongue any scraps of meat or fat that you may have, and bones which have been used for making soup, as this softens the tongue greatly. Boil from three to four and a half hours, according to the size of the tongue.

**PICKLED HERRINGS.**—Steep for ten or twelve hours in water to remove the salt, dry them, oil them, and cook on a gridiron as before. Serve them with a purée of peas or lentils.

**RED HERRINGS.**—Cut off their heads, split in two, and soak well in a plate of olive oil, and then place on the gridiron for two or three minutes only.

**FRESH HERRINGS, A LA CREOLE (CAREME).**—Prepare twelve herrings as before, placing the milts or roes in an earthen pan, with salt, pepper, and lemon juice. Put in a saucepan some good oil, minced carrots, shalots, parsley, thyme, basil, bay leaves, two cloves, one or two sprigs of sweet marjoram, a clove of garlic, a pinch of salt, and a little of cayenne pepper. When these ingredients begin to redden, gently moisten them with half a bottle of white Bordeaux wine, and let them simmer for a quarter of an hour, then squeeze and pour into a stew-pan large enough to hold twelve herrings. As soon as the mixture begins to boil, place the herrings in. Cook over a gentle fire or over a stove. A quarter of an hour will suffice to cook the herrings. An instant before cooking the herrings, you will have washed six ounces of rice; place it on the fire with double its bulk of water, and a pinch of salt; boil it until the water is dried, and the rice yields under the pressure of the finger; add then two ounces of butter, a teaspoonful of powdered saffron; mix this and the butter well with the rice, place it on the fire, and surround the stew-pan with red coals. A quarter of an hour or twenty minutes will suffice for the entire cookery; by that time the rice should be firm, and the grains detached, although soft. Let the herrings drain before serving up, lightly crumble bread over the milts or roes, and fry them in oil to garnish round the herrings. Mix a spoonful of flour with two small *plats* of butter, to stiffen the dressing of the herrings, from which you will have drained the fat. Add citron juice, and send up boiling. Send up at the same time the rice in a separate dish.

## OUR DRAWING-ROOM.

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THE request of CLARA is complied with. Her friends should congratulate you on the possession of the Magazine they laugh at. Surely they "speak without knowledge" who discourage a young girl in the desire to help and improve herself in that most useful of women's occupations—needlework. We beg to assure Clara that the Magazine in question is no advertisement for anybody, but a *bonâ fide* work, begun because the demand for cheap and useful books for young girls was great; continued because it is in every sense a success. It is a help, a comfort, to thousands; letters of thanks are constantly being received. As to the "foolish questions," let Clara think if, among all her girl-acquaintances, there are not one or two "foolish virgins." If in her small circle there is one such, let her think of all the little circles, each with one or two foolish girls, and she will readily account for many foolish questioners among the thousands who subscribe to that Magazine. As long as girls are girls, there will be silly triflers among them. If the editor ruthlessly crushes all nonsensical notes, the modest wise-ones will fear to put their doubts to paper, and much wheat will be lost by refusing to sift the chaff; and in this weary world, Clara will find that what is nonsense and foolishness to one, is a worrying doubt or a real necessity to another.

ELIZA.—The guipure tulle you want is now called Cluny-net. Miss Kate Duffie, 100, Oxford Street, supplies this, and keeps it in bodices made up; she also sells it by the yard, and will forward it to you on application.

K. N. T.—Abd-el-Kader is the third son of a Marabout of the Arab tribe of Hasham. In 1828, he had not only acquired the reputation of a scholar, but that of a saint, from his having twice made pilgrimage to Mecca, the birthplace of the prophet. In England, however, he is best known by the determination with which he resisted the French encroachments on his territory. For a period of fifteen years he was successful in the defence of his native land, but in 1847 he was compelled to surrender himself

a prisoner to General Lamoricière. He was imprisoned for four years at Toulon, and liberated by Napoleon in 1852, on condition of his not conspiring against France.

M. H. P. sends a recipe for Cocoa-Nut Candy: Grate all the white part of the nut, spread it out on a dish, and leave it in the air for two or three days. Then put two pounds of white sugar into a china-lined saucepan with not quite a pint of water; boil for ten minutes, throw in the cocoa-nut, and boil for twenty minutes more, or until on putting a little on a plate it quickly becomes pretty hard. Then pour it on a dish and cut into pieces whilst hot. Do not boil it on too hot a fire, and be careful to keep it stirred from the time you put in the nut, as it is very apt to turn brown.

ROSA C.—We know of nothing that would suit you, but should recommend you to advertise in one of the daily papers.

BERTHA.—Persons of literary ability are sometimes employed to prepare the MSS. of authors for the press; but the work of practised authors require no such revision. Press readers correct all literal errors, and query any doubtful words. Authors, in nearly all instances, read their own proofs after the press corrections have been made.

YOUNG DRESSMAKER.—Dresses are made plain in front, and all the rest gathered—the gathers longer at the back than elsewhere; this is the latest fashion. Another way is, one plain, not box-pleat at the back; the front width plain, and the rest gathered. The newest loop catches up the dress at the sides only, and is formed of a band, one inch and a-half wide, piped, and fastening underneath the dress; it is put in with the skirt into the waist-band. Another way is a gimp giselle with gimp bands, looping the dress in a similar way. Short dresses are now so much worn, that looping up is seldom required.

TOPSY.—Your request is unreasonable; we cannot comply.



NINETEEN.—Nonsense about woman's suffrage; what's the use? Is there any woman worth trusting with a vote who cannot make two men vote her way if she will?

ELLEN.—Dido was the queen and founder of Carthage. She was crossed in love—according to Virgil and Ovid—with Æneas, and finally committed suicide:—

“When Dido found Æneas would not come,  
She wept in silence, and was Di-do-dum(b).”

J. C. B.—For the preservation of furs we know of nothing better than camphor. Let it be pounded and sprinkled liberally all over the furs, which should be taken out, shaken, and re-sprinkled every month.

JOSEPHINE.—What do you mean by “old womanish ways?” Plainly it is not intended for a compliment to the gentlemen; but why use these expressions? Listen to what a judicious writer has said on this matter:—If a whimsical or ridiculous story is told of any one, it is sure to relate to an old woman. If a man lacks wit, or is in any way eccentric in his ideas of neatness and propriety, he is called an old woman. A deficiency of firmness of purpose, or timidity in intercourse with the world, subjects one to a similar epithet; and yet what does the common sense of this saying amount to? Simply this, that a man is like his mother! And who, pray, is a real mother? A being filled with devoted and disinterested love for her offspring. Did any one ever hear of a selfish mother?—of one who would not practise self-denial that she might minister to her children? Here, then, is a trait which is, in reality, old-womanish, and the only one in our mind that distinguishes the peculiarities of the venerable females from those of selfish, bombastic man!

ANNETTE.—Belgium takes its name from the ancient inhabitants of this country, the Belgæ. At different times from the fifteenth century, it has formed part of the dominions of Austria and Spain. In 1795, it was conquered by the French, and at the peace of 1814, was joined to Holland till the autumn of 1830, when, after a revolution of a few days, it gained its independence. Belgium has been called the battle-field of Europe from its having so frequently been the scene of the conflict of nations.

NELLY.—Properly to execute Italian bravuras requires a voice full and flexible, a thorough knowledge of music, and many other qualities which do not fall to the common lot. As you say your ballad-singing is always admired, but that objection has been taken to your florid style, our advice is, remain faithful to the ballads, they are universal favourites—anybody can understand them.

#### “AT THE WEDDING.”

I'm in the organ-loft to-day,  
Hid there behind the crimson curtain;  
A heavy “tip” I've had to pay—  
For what?—To suffer pain, that's certain.  
For as I peep and look adown  
The solemn aisle into the chancel,  
I see dear little Alice Browne,  
Or rather now she's Alice Mansell!  
She's married!—is she really though?  
I have her letters in my pocket—  
Married?—my heart is throbbing “No!”  
The wedding-bells chime out to mock it:  
It's not twelve months ago she said,  
“Yes! Harry dear, I love you dearly!”  
And now she lifts her little head,—  
I hear Jack Mansell kiss her, clearly!—  
I've held her little hand in mine—  
That hand which now the book is signing—  
I've kissed her lips—they seemed divine—  
And yet up here alone I'm pining.  
What if I've clasped her tiny waist,  
Since now I cannot touch her finger?  
Better I'd never had a taste,  
Since o'er the sweets I must not linger!  
Mansell is short, and cross, and old,  
I—well, I won't be egotistic—  
He certainly has got some gold,  
I have to work—so 'tis not mystic  
Why I am left up here alone!  
You've heard it oft in love-songs lilted;  
The “golden touch” I do not own,  
Jack does—he's blessed, and I am jilted!

A. A. D.

A. Z.—1. You can obtain the materials at Madame Goubaud's, 33, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street. 2. Your suggestion will probably be adopted. 3. The smaller the bonnet, the larger the *chignon*. 4. Pitman's system of shorthand is not difficult; you may easily acquire it from his shilling handbook without the help of a teacher.

ANN.—We cannot hold out any hope of accepting poetical contributions. You may occasionally obtain the insertion of your verses, which are of average merit, but the idea of thereby adding anything considerable to your income is visionary. There are thousands of tolerable verse-makers who are well content to be paid with the publicity of print. Poets are scarce; what a poet may do—what fortune he may command—who shall say? But we never heard of a rich poet except one, and he was professionally a banker.

A. B. C.—Letters written on vellum or paper, are gilded in three ways: in the first, a little size is mixed with the colours, and the letters written as usual; when they are dry, a slight degree of adhesiveness is produced by breathing on them, whereupon the gold leaf is immediately applied, and by a little pressure, is made to fasten with sufficient firmness. In the second method, Japanese gold size may be used, and allowed to dry, or so far dry as to be only sticky; the gold leaf is then applied. The last method is to use gold ink, or to mix up some gold powder with size, and use by means of a brush. This was most probably the method adopted by the monks in the illumination of ancient manuscripts.

A CONSTANT READER.—Far from being idolaters, the Mohammedans hold all forms of idolatry in detestation. The first great doctrine of their faith is the unity of God. "There is no deity but God. He is God—one God. God is eternal. He begetteth not, neither is He begotten. There is none equal to Him." They declare that God has revealed himself through apostles and prophets. The six acknowledged prophets of God are, Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Mohammed. They believe in the immortality of the soul, a general resurrection at the last day, and final rewards and punishments. You should read Sale's translation of the Koran.

J. L.—Accompaniments are sometimes *ad libitum*, that is, they may be dispensed with in the performance; and sometimes *obligato*, that is indispensable to the proper effect of the whole. *Cantoris* is a term used in cathedral music to indicate the passages intended to be taken by those singers who are placed in the side of the building where the cantor or precentor sits, that is, on the left-hand side on entering the choir from the nave.

tor sits, that is, on the left-hand side on entering the choir from the nave.

YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN.—To sport with a man's feelings is no jest; if you lead him to believe his suit may be successful, while you, at the same time, ultimately mean to reject him, your conduct is anything but honourable.

"Over the goblet, filled to the brim,  
She sends a bewildering glance to him.

"Over the sea of pink-foaming wine  
He reels in the light of her beauty divine.

"Deeper and deeper she dreamily dips  
In the rose-tinted wine her rose-tinted lips;

"While over the glass she airily laughs  
A pledge which he eagerly catches and quaffs;

"And he drinks in a madness wilder than wine.  
Through her smile, and her eyes' bewildering shine.

"He drinks in delirium, danger, and death,  
As over the goblet comes floating her breath;

"As over the flagon of rose-coloured bliss  
She wickedly, witchingly, wafts him a kiss.

"Then laughing a laugh derisive and sweet,  
She is gone while he kneels in despair at her feet."

These lines refer to a syren; but there are some syren-like women who have acted in the same way,—ruined a man's peace of mind, and blighted his prospects, in their own utter heartlessness.

WILL some of our obliging correspondents respond to the following inquiries:—

E. H.—How to clean white kid gloves?

FRANCES.—How to make Dutch buns, "same as made in Hastings?"

F. W.—How to make potato cake?

L. L. B.—How to remove ink-stains from linen?

B. C. W.—Your silk may be revived and made to look almost as good as new. Sponge the silk with warm water and soap, then rub with a dry cloth on a flat board; afterwards, iron on the inside with a smoothing iron. A black silk may be improved by sponging it with spirits; in this case, the ironing may be done on the right side, thin paper being spread over to prevent glazing.

M. W. J.—No; ladies will not be allowed to vote according to present arrangement. We notice, however, that the electors at the Universities are described as "persons," so that the Dons have only to be gallant enough to open their halls to ladies for a vote to be insured.

NORA is remarkably sprightly about a lock of hair which she says was sent to us sometime since, in order to have our opinion on its colour. We have so many "locks of hair" forwarded, that we cannot possibly remember; but we would not mind giving NORA half-a-dozen out of the boxful to make amends for her loss and disappointment, only that unfortunately we destroyed the lot the other day in clearing up. We decline throwing aside our *incognito*. An Editor is "We." As to kissing: well, it is an ancient practice, and will probably continue for a long time. We have heard the shape of this form of salutation described as e-lip-tical.

HOME FOR LITTLE RAGGED BOYS.—Our attention has been specially called to one of these useful institutions recently opened at Dublin. It has been doing and is still doing a brave work in rescuing the poor outcast boys from a life of misery and vice:

"His parish the alley, the cellar, the lane;  
His pillow the doorstep, in cold and in rain;  
Untaught and uncared for, unclothed and  
unknown—  
Poor, lost little fellow, will none the child  
own?"

The smallest contribution towards the support of this Institution will be thankfully received by Miss Mary Ann Kincaid, 12, D'Olier Street, Dublin, and Miss Sarah Davies, 8, Merrion Square North, Dublin.

F. B. W.—Adelaide is of German derivation, and has the meaning of a *princess*; Adeline is only a different form of the same name. Eleanor is of Saxon derivation, and signifies *all fruitful*. Grace is from the Latin, and signifies *favour*.

"You may toast your charming *Sue*,  
Praise your *Mary's* eyes of blue,  
Choose whatever name you will,  
Your fancy or your verse to fill  
In my line no name has place  
But the lovely one of GRACE."

J. E. F. (Ipswich).—The following calculation may give you some idea of what you lose by the "extra nap."—The difference between rising every morning at six and eight, in the course of forty years amounts to 29,200 hours, or three years one hundred and twenty-one days and sixteen hours! It's a long reckoning worth thinking about.

FANNY F.—It is very improper to encourage the attentions of a gentleman, when you are "quite resolved from the first never to marry him." He cannot be supposed to be aware of your decision; and deceived by your syren smiles and agreeable acceptance of his courtesies, he is led to believe that you are in love with him. That you should express surprise and indignation when he ventures to propose is unjust and cruel. In our opinion the gentleman has been badly used.

ALSIE.—The name of the author of "The Gayworthys" is unknown. Your request shall be complied with as soon as is possible.

MARIA.—Husband-hunting is a sport followed by some ladies in earnest, but like other sports it has its risks. You may not secure your prey after all your trouble; you may be thrown in the chase; you may find yourself sadly disappointed, even if you run down your prey and bag him. Our opinion of husband-hunting is, that it is extremely unworthy of any sensible woman; that the best plan is to wait till the right man appears and solicits the honour. Suppose he never appears, is it so very terrible to be an old maid?

SCHOOL-GIRL.—A glacier is formed first of melted snow; but melted at so low a temperature that it is not converted into water, but into a puddle of ice about the consistency of wet sand. This mass of ice-mud glides slowly down the steep hills, carrying with it heaps of gravel and stones, with fragments of large rocks, broken off by the frost, and tumbled into the thick stream. Some of these fragments are of gigantic size, and sometimes the detritus entirely conceals the ice-stream which floats it onward. Professor Forbes speaks of a rock so floated down, one hundred feet long, and forty or fifty feet high, and another which contained at least 250,000 cubic feet of slate.

# MADAME GOUBAUD'S PRICE-LIST OF PAPER MODELS.

Full-sized paper models, tacked together and trimmed, can be had of all the below-mentioned articles. The prices are affixed to each pattern. All communications in connection with these patterns to be addressed to Madame Adolphe Goubaud, 31, Bathhouse-place, Oxford-street, London, W.]

Issued

Novave Jacket	each	2	0
Quatre Jacket		2	0
Quatre Vest		2	0

New Cloaks and Mantles, tacked together and trimmed, 3s. 6d. each, including a flat pattern to cut from.  
Children's Mantles, 2s. 6d. each, with a flat pattern.

Under-Linen.

Chemise	2
Do., with shaped front and perfectly plain back	2
Nightdress	2
Drawers	2
Ladies' Knickerbockers, for scarlet dannel	2
Petticoat Body	1
Nightcap, with strings	1
Summer ditto, without strings	1
Petticoat Band	1
Set of Under-Linen, including the above-named articles	2
Train-gored Crinoline	2
Nightdress, with Revers	2
Filled gored Petticoat	2
Ditto, with band complete	2
The new-shaped Collars and Cuffs, including Habit-shirt and Sleeve	1
Bathing Dress, complete	3

CHILDREN'S PATTERNS.

Little Girl's Improved (Garibaldi Costume) (high)	2
Ditto ditto ditto (low)	2
Ditto Chemise Blouse	2
Ditto Peplum	1
Ditto Mantles	each 2
Ditto Pinafores	each 1
Ditto Aprons	each 1
Boy's Knickerbocker Suit	2
Jacket and Waistcoat for out-door wear	1
Tunics, high and low	each 2
Boy's Pinafores	each 1
Little Boy's out-door Jacket, with rag-top sleeve (from two to eight years of age)	2
Little Boy's Inverness Cape	2
Child's Gipsy Cloak	2
Children's Pelisses, including cape, body, and skirt	2
Children's Nightgowns, Chemises, Drawers,	each 1
Little Girl's Fancy Knickerbockers	1

INFANTS' CLOTHING.

A Complete Set of Things for a Baby's Layette, including eight articles	8
Or with Cloak	10
Baby's Cloak, separately	2

\*.\* A flat pattern is given, when necessary, with each article.

# THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN.



## THE DIARY OF A DISAPPOINTED YOUNG MAN.

ST. SEBASTIAN-ON-SEA, *Aug. 13th*, 186—.

**W**HY did I come here? Why? The proximate cause was, that London is hateful and a bore; hot and dusty, and altogether intolerable. And it seems to me that it is a case of Scylla and Charybdis.—(Hang that hackneyed phrase! Why doesn't somebody invent a new one to the same purpose?). St. Sebastian is hot and dusty, and hateful, and a bore too. But then, is there any place on the face of this crooked and perverse earth worth going to? Bad as this is, I suppose it is as good as any other. Staring, and glaring, and noisy, it is resonant with German bands, and swarming with a Bedlam-broke-loose of girls gone mad on cockatoo hats and striped petticoats. Still St. Sebastian is probably as good as any other place. And, for one thing, if I cannot keep out of the way of the perambulating brass-bands, I *can* of the other nuisance—the walking man-traps. (I counted thirty of them on my way up from the station. Why on earth *did* I count them?). I have chosen the quietest and most retired lodgings in St. Sebastian, and I can shut myself up and read; and only sally forth at night, when the birds of prey have gone to roost, and left the Parade to me and some half-dozen other quiet cigar-smokers.

*Aug. 14th.*—Adieu to all fond, delusive dreams of quiet and retirement! I was seduced into taking these rooms by the treacherous promise of a stretch of green lawn beneath the windows, “quite private,” as the landlady assured me. “No fear of being overlooked *here*,” I said to myself; for if there is one thing I hate more than another, it is that impertinent sea-side freedom which looks into your windows and leaves its own wide open; and turns the vaunted privacy of the Englishman's castle into the street, in the promotion of a sort of *al-fresco* life, which is supposed to be so charming and delightful after the stiffness and constraint of town ceremony. Well! at least, I thought I had secured an immunity from these unpleasant freedoms in the retirement of these lodgings; when, lo! no sooner am I fairly installed in them, than immediately after breakfast this morning the lawn, which was so tranquil yesterday, is alive with croquet and chatter. Creatures in looped-up skirts and fast little hats literally swarm beneath my window, and carry on vociferous discussions on blue, red, and white, and hoops, and mallets, and everything else besides. Jupiter! how is a man to read or write, or pursue any rational employment, with such a senseless babble in

his ears? I suppose I must shut down the windows, and submit to be stifled, in order to gain a sort of half-quiet. Down it goes! A girl with a grey feather looks up to see who did it, and seeing a young man in a morning-dress, with a saturnine expression of countenance, looks down again and colours up, going through a little farce of modesty. Ugh! I say to myself, as I stride back again to my desk! I'm too old a bird now to be caught with any amount of chaff. Experience has its value, disagreeable as the process of gaining it is. Thanks to Amy Marchmont, I wear armour of proof now.

Confound those croquet-balls! And my windows being on the ground-floor, I have the satisfaction of seeing the whole progress of the game; and of being seen besides. Let me choose what corner of the room I may. This is overlooking and being overlooked with a vengeance. Ring for the landlady.

"I thought you told me these lawns were private?"

"Yes, sir," with an odious cheerfulness; "and so they are. Only the family opposite and ourselves have the right of entrance."

"Why there are a dozen people there now"—trying to scowl down the offensive geniality of manner.

"A dozen, sir!" going to the window. "Oh yes, sir—it's all right; they're all out this morning, and they are a large family. Such a nice family too, sir; I'm sure they make the lawn quite lively."

"A little too lively for me," I retort, firmly. "I must find something a little less so at the end of the week."

"Very well, sir," the landlady returns, and quits the room, her exuberant cheerfulness only a little abated. What the deuce can the woman have to be cheerful about?

*Aug. 15th.*—The "lively" family are at it again. Con—— bless them, I mean! and I believe they have increased and multiplied during the night. Instead of a dozen, they seem to be twenty, this morning. I live in a state of siege—windows closed, blinds drawn down. By the way, I may as well reconnoitre, and ascertain precisely the enemy's force. So! Girl in grey; do. do.; Hobbledehoy in deer-stalker, and got up no end; young prig; girl in nankeen, with blue feather; do. in pink—pretty ankles—knows it; wears short skirts and swell boots. Boy in knickerbockers; do.; creature with tawny hair flowing all over her shoulders—rather pretty—hair very much so, especially when the light catches it—like rippling gold. Hope it'll grow darker as she gets older, or turn orange colour (any other sort of red is simply gold), or do something to prevent its turning out a glittering net to catch men-fish in. Pretty little creature it is too! like one of Millais' children; the way she tripped across and stopped the rolling of that ball, whilst the sunlight played in her long hair as it floated behind her, was—upon my word—quite natural. Such grace the child has! Let us hope, in the interest of mankind, that she may get the small-pox, or twist her spine, or something, before she grows up. Pity it's a sin to assist nature in this way! We crush noxious insects in the larvæ, we nip pernicious plants in the bud; but we let the embryo flirt and jilt develop into fatal beauty, to sting our hearts, and poison our lives, all for want of a little merciful and seasonable cruelty.

*Aug. 17.*—I have been reading deeply these last two days—chiefly in the cynical school of philosophy. What knowing fellows those old heathens were! and how thoroughly they understood life! And women! Modern writers may sentimentalize and babble as they like about the social status of woman marking the progress and advancement of the nation. No country can get on if it is woman-ridden; no man can rise who is clogged and held down by a woman. Didn't Cleopatra ruin Marc Antony, and was not Coriolanus betrayed by his own wife and mother? Could I not multiply instance upon instance of the misery and destruction that these "weak impediments"



we wrought in the grand projects and designs of men? Is not the great country of the West—great by reason of the strong, active brains of its sons, ever ready to push forward and onward in the vast field of progress—is it not rendered in a measure ridiculous by the presumptuous claims and the ambitious aspirations of its women? Depend upon it the Mussulman is right when he shuts them up in household cages, and keeps down their mischievous intellect below the par of that of British school-children. I began life with that sort of chivalrous folly which exalted woman on a pedestal, and bowed down to her as to a goddess, or an angel. But that folly is past and over for ever, thanks to a clear and vigorous understanding, and to—*to—Amy Marchmont.*

I could rave at the weak folly which makes me shrink from writing that name, which makes me writhe as I see it lying harmlessly enough on the paper before me. She is a thing of the past,—that false, treacherous syren, with her thousand spells and fascinations to lure men on to shipwreck. She is my embodied *experience*; the treasure which I have saved out of the sinking of the good ship Faith and Trust—a treasure worth the saving too. And now I start afresh on the journey of life, with experience for my guide, and ambition for my mistress. Hal Netherclift may mount the woolsack yet,—thanks to Amy Marchmont! There was a time when she threatened to come between me and all the great aims of life; now the road is clear and unencumbered again. Onward then!

I seize Blackstone straightway, as the first step on the high road which leads to the goal I have set before my eyes, when just as I am deep in study, a sound of tongues comes up from the lawn. I pitch my book across the room, and groan, “Women again!”

I lift the end of the blind, just to see if the girl with the pretty ankles is out this morning. Not that I care; only that, being idle, I am inclined to wonder about something. Yes, there she is, and there are the whole family, disgustingly “lively” as Mrs. What’s-her-name says. Yes, there they are—three greys, and a pink, and a blue, and a hobbledehoy; and two knickerbockers, and the golden-haired fairy of a child—every mother’s son and daughter of them. And there they have been all day long, ever since I came here. Don’t they bathe, I wonder? Don’t they take their work down to the beach? Don’t they dress themselves out, and walk up and down at the Band? Don’t they hire basket-carriages, and take drives into the country?

No, they don’t. They don’t do anything but inhabit the lawn. They sew there, walk there, talk there, transact all their family business there, excepting eating, drinking, and sleeping (in fact, I have known them take their luncheon there in a sort of picnic, and even their tea one hot night), and carry on their amusements, all in the lawn, which I was led to believe would be “strictly private” to me!

Mrs. Murton, my landlady, explains their indifference to the gaieties of the place by the fact of their being residents, and, she says, “The residents don’t mix with the visitors.” Here’s a new caste! I thought snobbery had gone as far as it could go, without this. “Lord! what fools these mortals be!” as Puck says. The “residents” get up a supposed superiority to the visitors, looking upon them as adventurers, &c.; and the visitors, in return, get up *their* superiority to the residents, classing them, as a body, as lodging-house keepers. So, so! what a pitiable, laughable thing this poor little human conceit is; into what absurd littlenesses it leads men.

Aug. 18.—Mrs. Murton has been giving me a long account of the Lawn Family, as I have got to call them. She is rather a talkative, presuming sort of person, and she treats me in a sort of compassionate, coaxing way, which is, to say the least of it, provoking. “Let me take it in, Mary,” I heard her say yesterday, to the “slavey,” who was bringing me another chop, the first having been sent to table unfit to eat;

"let me take it into the poor young gentleman. *I'm a mother myself.*" What the deuce did she mean? What had her being a mother got to do with my chop? And what makes her treat me like a sick baby? "The poor young gentleman!" Surely I haven't got "jilted" written on my forehead for all the world to read. *Disappointed* is the cant word for it, I believe, but not the right one; jilted, fooled, tricked, if you will, but assuredly not *disappointed*! No, Miss Marchmont, I can think of you without the least feeling of disappointment; with some indignation, with a good deal of contempt, with more gratitude for the merciful escape I have had, but, I repeat it again, with no disappointment.

But for Mrs. Murton's account of the family. She was clearing away the breakfast things, and taking orders for dinner, when her quick eyes wandered to the garden. "A sole, sir? Yes, sir. And then I should recommend a curry; I can make a curry with any one, I assure you, sir. You shall try it to-day, and if you don't like it, why then, sir, you needn't have it again, that's all. But I learnt to make it from General Sinclair's own man, who had been in India with his master. The General lodged with me here for two seasons running. Oh! there's Miss Diana out again. I *am* glad—to be sure! She looks but poorly yet poor thing! but then she never *was* so hearty-looking as her sisters; more delicate-looking altogether. But I'm glad to see her back again." Leaving her tray altogether now, and going up to the window—"A sweet creature she always was, to be sure; and they're a nice family altogether—so full of life! Miss Jeannette and Miss Eve, the two eldest young ladies, lodged here when they first came, three years ago—that is, they slept here, because their Ma and Pa was living with them at that time, and they hadn't bedrooms enough; and my house was so convenient, just across the garden, that they didn't mind running across night and morning. And Miss Die—as they call her—used to come too, and all of them in turn. And they often step across to see me now, and have a chat; and dear me! they quite wake me up, they do, they're so full of fun. There's nothing like young people for taking the world on its best side. I know all about it; I'm a mother myself. But begging your pardon, sir, for running on so with my chatter, and you wanting to be busy." Exit Mrs. Murton, with the tray.

Bless the woman's tongue! she does run on with a vengeance; no amount of indifference checks her. And what *does* she mean by "being a mother herself?"

So there is another member of this inexhaustible family turned up. An invalid, it seems. Is she like the rest, I wonder?

I have been to the window to see. No, she is not like the others—not like the grey girls, or the pink, or the blue; at least she is something like the yellow-haired fairy. I had a good view of her, for there happens to be a garden-bench just opposite my window, and they had brought out cushions, and made quite a throne there for this new-comer. They all cluster about her like a swarm of bees, and the buzz of chatter is worse than the everlasting croquet-balls. Miss Diana,—wasn't that the name?—is really quite a sweet-looking creature; she has not the horridly rampant, robust characteristics of the rest. She is fair, her hair is golden brown, and her eyes so deep and dark even at this distance; she sits amongst her cushions like a drooping lily, and the rest wait upon her as if she were a queen. But bah! why have I wasted a whole half-hour in looking at a pale girl? Is it worth the future Lord Chancellor's while to descend to such toys and trifles?

*Aug. 18th.*—Mrs. Murton has just been in to inquire if I would object to a lady "just looking round the room?" With the view of taking it, of course. The lady has been in, bowing, and smirking, and apologizing, as earnestly as if the process involved turning me bodily out of the window, amongst the croquet-hoops! She seemed pleased with the apartments. Well, on the whole so am I. The woman is obtrusively cheerful,

out then she is a good cook, and scrupulously clean, and my experience of chambers, teaches me to know the value as well as the rarity of these advantages; and then, the family out there on the lawn are certainly not so annoyingly lively as they were at first, or, perhaps, I have got accustomed to the annoyance. It amounts to the same thing in the end, whichever way you take it. I don't care to move—moving is a bore, and I might not find the move for the better. I wonder if those two women have concluded any bargain yet. Ring for the “slavey.” “Ask your mistress to come here for a moment.”

“Mistress is engaged, sir, with a lady—about the apartments.”

Confound the idiot! As if I didn't know *that*! Women of all classes are inferior in intellect; but in the lower classes, their inferiority brings them almost on a level with the brute creation.

“My good girl,” I reply, speaking slowly and deliberately, that I may not be accused of irritation, “that is exactly why I want to see her. I am not going to leave the apartments.”

“Oh sir!”—with a bounce—“then I'll tell misses so.”

Which she does at once, as I am a witness. The two women, having by this time reached the hall, and the door of my room being open, I overhear the “slavey” making a dash at it.

“If you please, ma'am, the gentleman in the parlour says he doesn't mean to go.”

This brings Mrs. Murton into my presence.

“I have decided to keep on the apartments,” I say, in rather a defiant tone.

“Oh, well, sir,” with a lurking relief in her tone, “then of course I couldn't turn you out, sir.”

Is it the motherly instinct in Mrs. Murton, which makes her prefer to retain me as a lodger, or is it as the slavey in her simplicity has since hinted, that the smirking lady only wanted the rooms for a fortnight, when she knows that I have six weeks at my command? What does it matter which it is? What does *anything* matter as far as that goes?

There goes the croquet-balls again! I wonder who is playing to-day, and whether Miss Diana is out. Yes, there she is, installed in state on her bench. She is wrapped in a crimson shawl, and her pale, fair face shows well against it. She makes an interesting figure. I wonder what's the matter with her?

Aug. 18.—Mrs. Murton tells me that poor Miss Die is suffering from a “disappointment.” “Such a nice young man as he seemed, to be sure,” she said, “and Miss Die and he seemed so happy together. I used to watch them, many's the time, out here in the garden together. But it's all off, now. I don't know the rights of it, but the housemaid gave me to understand he hadn't behaved well, and he's gone off to India now. Miss Die took ill just after, and she's only just got about again.” Humph! Then it's not consumption, but heart-break, and she has survived it. “Men have died, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.” And so, women. At all, events I have one thing to be thankful for, that I have come in for this stage of the affair rather than for the other, when they made love in the garden under my nose—windows, I mean. A pair of lovers, deceiving and deceived, would have been a delectable prospect—worse than croquet-hoops—worse than the Babel of tongues going on at this moment. Does Miss Die talk, I wonder? Is that compatible with heart-ache? I lift the blind, and look out to ascertain. Yes, she talks, and smiles; and to-day she is busy, like the rest, with several yards of blue muslin, which they are manipulating, I suppose with the intention of converting it into some garment or another. Heart-break in women, then, does not suspend any of the natural functions, does not affect the social capabilities, does not produce misanthropy, or savagery, or cynicism. Observe the distinc-

tion between the sexes. Miss Die has an illness, and has done with it; a man, under the same circumstances, would probably—ahem!—act very differently!

Curious study this girl! I believe I shall not find it unprofitable to vary Blackstone and Coke a little with the peculiar idiosyncrasies of human nature. A lawyer, of all men, should understand the workings and windings of the human mind. I should like to know if that girl's eyes are blue or brown, and whether it is the shade of the lashes which makes them so dark. Rather pretty—as well as I can see at this distance—that contrast of dark eyes and golden-brown hair. What colour are they? Stay; I have my opera-glass in the next room. There, lifting the edge of the blind cautiously, and drawing the curtain forward as a sort of screen, I can manage to reconnoitre without being perceived. So! Well! she's a pretty creature. Can't tell the colour of her eyes, but they are large and lustrous. Dainty little hands, too. I like pretty hands—they are a *feature*; delicate, feminine hands these; Amy Marchmont's were large, bony, cruel, made up of muscles it seemed to me; white enough, perhaps, but as different from those graceful little fingers out yonder as the flesh of a spring chicken is from that of a full-grown Cochon-China. It's a warm day, and she has taken off her bonnet and tossed it on to the grass; and Fairy has just gone behind her and taken the comb—or whatever held it up—out of her hair, and it ripples down below her waist in a golden shower. Such lovely, exquisite hair! I don't wonder that that mischievous Fairy dances and claps her hands with glee at the sight.

“Any fish to-day, sir?”

I start round, and there stands Mrs. Murton. I pocket my glass surreptitiously, and I feel myself turning very red as she repeats her question—

“Any fish to-day, sir?”

“Yes, yes,” I reply testily. “a chop.”

“It was *fish*, sir, I was asking about; the man's waiting, only I couldn't make you hear before, sir. I suppose it was the noise in the garden. And you ordered a fowl this morning, if you remember, sir, not a chop.”

Confound the woman! How long had she been there, I wonder? “Couldn't make me hear,” she said. It's not exactly agreeable to be caught looking through an opera-glass at one's neighbours. Women always were in the way, and always will be!

Aug. 30.—We have progressed wonderfully during the last fortnight. I am actually acquainted with all the Travers' family affairs—that is their name, it seems; and being an idle young man, awfully bothered to get rid of the time which hangs heavy on his hands, I have condescended to interest myself in these matters, just to pass the time, as our neighbours over the water say; and besides, they really are an interesting family, these Travers. I have got to know them all intimately, excepting the old folks, and they never show up,—not on the lawn, at all events, and I don't frequent the Parade, or the streets, but live the life of a hermit here. And the Travers family have become to me something like what Picciola, or the Prison Flower, was to What's-his-name, or what the mouse was to the other prisoner-fellow.

Once I saw a cap—and a face under it—at one of the windows of the house opposite—a worn, anxious face, as my glass told me. I suppose it was the mother's. The father—I have never seen. He is a speculative, visionary sort of individual, always busy about some grand scheme or project, which is to astonish the world; and make his own fortune: for they are poor I find, and always just on the point of success when the bubble bursts and precipitates him into a despair. The young prig in the deer-stalkers had to be removed, for want of funds, from the military tutor's, where he was preparing to pass his examination for a commission, and he is now idly lounging about at home, wasting his energies, and growing rapidly too old for the profession he has set his heart upon. Consequently, he does a great deal of grumbling, curses the

family "luck," in terms which distress his sisters, and declares no good will ever come to them—the family.

Then Fairy's music-lessons have had to be given up for want of a piano—the handsome 180-guinea Broadwood, which they brought from "dear old Horwood," (wherever that is,) having had to be sold lately, to supply fuel to the ever-devouring fire of speculation which burns in the father's brain; and those grey dresses are last year's pattern, and now they are getting quite shabby, but Jeannette proposes to turn them, and "do them up" themselves, and then she says they will do very well for the rest of this summer; and new dresses are quite out of the question, everybody agrees. The blue muslin was for Fairy; but then it was a "remnant" (what on earth's that?) which Jessie saw cheap, and Fairy wants so little to make her a skirt, and poor little thing! she hadn't a single cool dress for this burning weather.

And I have found out that, in the furtherance of his great designs, the Paterfamilias demands solitude and quiet, wherefore his docile family vacate the house, and leave him the premises to himself.

How have I discovered all this? In the simplest possible manner. This last week has been intolerably hot, so that I have been compelled to open my windows, keeping the blinds always carefully drawn down, and the Travers girls have, through the same cause, been constrained to move their favourite bench into the shade of some trees—immediately under my windows, in fact. And as sound ascends, and the girls speak in a clear, ringing, youthful treble, I have the benefit of all the family details.

I am not a spy—whatever some ill-conditioned caviller may choose to insinuate—I am not an underhand listener to other people's affairs. I scorn the base insinuation! I defy the slander! I am the confidential friend of the family, in whose faithful breast their secrets are as safe as in their own, and whose brain is perpetually at work to help theirs in making a way out of their difficulties. Did I not lie awake all night because Eustace (the first knickerbocker boy) had to be removed from the care of the private tutor, with whom he has been studying, because "papa cannot afford to keep him there," and Eve and Die were sighing over the necessity all last evening, as they sat on the bench, as close together as love-birds on a bough, plying their busy tasks of needlework, whilst the rest disported themselves among the croquet-hoops.

"Oh, Eve," says Die again, presently, "I wish we women could make money. Why must it always be the men who do all the great work in the world, and get all the pay?"

"I don't know," says Eve; "still I think we are of some use, Die, slow work as it is. When we do all the needlework of the house, and make our old dresses look as well as new—I'm sure those grays are most satisfactory—we certainly save a great deal. Don't you remember the milliner's bills that used to come in at Horwood? and the dress-maker always in the house?"

"Yes," responds Die, more cheerfully, "certainly we are of some use. But it doesn't seem to go far enough, Eve—we are so many, you see."

There is something very interesting to me in this new type of woman, as seen in Die, so fair and delicate. My standard of feminine perfection has been Amy Marchmont. (the name comes less coyly than it used to my pen). But these simple, innocent-minded creatures, occupied with their unselfish cares and thoughts for others, are quite a different creation to that bold, brilliant beauty, living for admiration and for self-exaltation. Yes, Amy Marchmont, with her fashionable airs and graces, with her flashing jewels and her sparkling wit, and Die Travers with her sweet, winning simplicity, are as different as the glare of noonday sunshine on the Parade of St. Sebastian is to the calm beauty of moonlight bathing the rippling waves below it.

I am getting sentimental, by Jove!—*poetical* almost. See the result of three weeks' solitude in a sea-side lodging!

## Mantilla Paletot.

329. MANTILLA PALETOT (BACK).

329, 330. MANTILLA PALETOT.—This is a very new pattern for a paletot. It is shaped like a mantilla in front, and comes down in two long lappets; the side

**Mantilla Paletot.****330. MANTILLA PALETOT (FRONT).**

pieces are short and cut out into narrow tabs at the bottom. The original paletot was of black gros-grain silk, and trimmed with guipure lace, passementerie, and a fringe with jet grelots.



## THE FOUR SEASONS.

AND A LITTLE ABOUT THEIR FLORA.

### AUTUMN.

**G**OLDEN-RODS, the same that peered over the stone walls in the last days of August, are still nodding to us in the warm September days, climbing up higher and higher in a thick tangle of greenness. For these autumn flowers do not hurry away, as did the delicate Anemones, the wind-flowers,—opening to the wind, then floating off upon its breezes. They are all stout herbs, that will not care when the hot days of early September give way to chill and cold, and the warm afternoons suddenly fall into damp evenings. These September afternoons! they are among the most charming of the year. The grass is still soft and green, the vines are still hanging in full rich clusters along the roadsides, while the September sun comes in aslant under the trees, and lights up everything with a golden glow. As we ride along the lanes, a rich apple odour comes to us from the orchards; there is a feeling of harvest in the air in the midst of the summer-like heat; we put out our hands, trying to grasp and hold this sunny warmth, which has been gladdening us all summer, and has not merely rejoiced us, but has set growing all these wide fields, these leafy lanes, this rich luxuriance of fruit. For all these, dear Sun, we have to thank you. You have called up the tall trees out of the little seed, and brought the green into the leaves, and the gay colours into the flowers, and the soft ripeness into the fruit. Before you go slanting away into the winter solstice, to look at us only over your shoulder, you give us one more warm greeting, another hot touch to the red sides of the apples, another yellow glow to the pumpkins and squashes.

But these afternoons are short. Suddenly the sun disappears; then all the plants send up into the air their wet vapour that his hot rays have been drawing out; the leaves that have fallen from the trees cling moist among the bushes; and we come home hurriedly, trailing along our large bunches of Golden-Rods, Asters, the last of the Blue Vervain, perhaps some Cardinal-flowers, and great boughs of Clematis with its fleecy seed, drooping to the ground,

One of the most beautiful bunches of flowers I can remember was made up of autumn flowers,—of the gay garden flowers, to be sure, which are well fitted to be brilliant and showy, but have not the same soft charm of spring and summer flowers, the very fleetness and transient nature of which gives them a beauty that the stiffer, long-lived Dahlias and garden Asters cannot have. But the charm of this bunch I speak of was in the exquisite way in which it was arranged. The delicate yellow, late-appearing blossoms of the Madeira-Vine, and its shining, graceful leaves, gave a wonderful grace. It seemed to have picked up all the mellowness of the autumn days along with their gay colouring, and it dwells in my memory among the joys that last for ever.

And of this power of arranging flowers I desire to speak. Flowers are so beautiful that it seems as though they might arrange themselves, if the vase were pretty enough.

—as they do in the meadow or on the hillside,—just where they ought to be. But no: I think they like best those who love them, and look happier if a kind, thoughtful hand is caring for them. It does not do to give them a thrust all at once into a vase, although it be ever so pretty; they prefer to be taken one by one, and set deep into the

water, where they may miss as little as possible their natural food. There is nothing provokes you so much, perhaps, as to be scolded as "those children" and "those boys" who have done so and so, when you know perfectly well that you have each been acting quite differently from the rest, in your own favourite way, however much you may have seemed to be joining with the others. So with these flowers. They must think it was not quite worth while for you to pick them from their pretty homes, just to let them lie littering the steps, to be trodden on by the first-comer, or else to be put into a pitcher, all in a heap, half of their stems out of the water, broken and torn. It is an art to arrange flowers, and an art that must begin by being loved, like all other arts. There must be a pleasure in setting each flower where it will look prettiest in contrast to the rest,—each with a separate touch of the hand and a thought of the spot where it grew. This power will give more pleasure than many others; for there is almost nothing more pleasing than a gracefully arranged bunch of flowers.

In arranging our autumn bouquet we shall find there is a bewildering variety of these Golden-Rods. Some of them shoot up into tall plumes; others hang gracefully, the flowers rising from the upper side of the stalk,—small flowers of various forms gathered in *racemes*, or clusters. The leaves, too, of different plants differ in shape; and it is a pleasant study to find all the varieties of the *Solidago*, or Golden-Rod, as it leads us along pleasant lanes and hedges in these glowing autumn days.

It belongs to the Composite Family, which is a very difficult one to get acquainted with, because it is so very large. We might have been studying them all summer long, for ever since the much-loved Dandelion made its appearance there have been members of this family about. The Succory, Thistle, Sunflower, White-Weed, our late friend, the Joe-Pye-Weed, and all the kinds of Asters, are of this family. You must look at them very closely. What you have picked for one flower, and have called a Daisy, is a bunch of many flowers closely crowded into a head, and the green that surrounds this head is not the calyx, but an involucre. Look at the Succory; you will see it is composed not only of many flowers, but of two different kinds,—those of the centre or disk, and the ray-flowers. Each of these last "strap-shaped" flowers, you will see, consists of five petals showing five teeth on the extremity, united at their edges except on one side, and then lying *spread out flat*; and each of these rays bears both *stamens* and *pistils*. You see from these different flowers in one head what a puzzling family theirs must be; and many of the flowers are exceedingly small and difficult to make out.

We associate the Asters with autumn, but some of their tribe appear in the summer. Yet autumn is the time when they are in their greatest glory, as they show then a surprising variety,—purple, lilac, and white; some with yellow disks; in some the purple creeps into the centre: sometimes the rays are broad and few, sometimes many, and fine as a thread. There is small, white, starry kind, with many heads crowded on the many branches, and a large, showy purple one, with broad rays. There are all shades of lilac, all sizes of the white. When all other flowers have gone, and when the shrubs and other herbs are suddenly touched and withered by the frost, one may see a gay field of Asters, in countless varieties, looking up fresh and joyous into the clear blue sky, a perfect tangle of colour. Even after the Golden-Rod has gone, one may pick a bright and variegated bouquet of Asters alone.

Happy those who, in the September days, can find the Fringed Gentian, as its sky-blue corolla lights up the sandy slope that shut in some mountain road! This flower grows on a tall footstalk, with a calyx as long as its bell-shaped tube, out of which press its fringed edges. It looks straight up into the sky, but it is of a purpler tinge than the sky, though we call it sky-blue, and though Bryant says of it.

"Blue, blue, as if that sky let fall  
A flower from its cerulean wall!"

There are other varieties of the Gentian in this region, of which the Soap-wort Gentian, sometimes called Barrel Gentian, with its corolla closed at the mouth, is more common.

Among the glories of meadow, hedge, and wood are the bright-coloured berries; especially the Barberry bush near the sea-shore; the red juice that deepens into its coral berries glows all along its leaves, and its laden branches hang gracefully with their drooping fruit. There are the orange and scarlet berries of the Bittersweet, whose leaves have a fresh, yellowish, spring-like greenness late into the fall. In some places there are the showy milk-white berries of the Cohosh, or White Baneberry, and the Red Baneberry, with oval, cherry-coloured fruit. There are the deep red seeds of the Dwarf Cornel, sometimes called Bunch-berries, each set, as the flower was, in a frame made by four or five oval leaves,—the brilliant berries of the Solomon's Seal, and, until late in the autumn, the black-purple fruit of the Elder. And to these may be added the hips of the Sweet-Brier and Wild Rose, greatly varying in shape,—some of them even urn-like in form. A charming doll's tea-set one may make of these, sitting on a broad stone door-step, with the climbing vine still trailing overhead; the long oval hips, with the help of a pin or two, can easily be turned into coffee-pots, and the rounder ones to tea-pots, or cut apart into cups and saucers. Down in the garden close by, you may see the thick grape-vines, heavy with fruit, and the orchard trees, loaded with pears or apples.

Fruit and seed,—we tasted and saw in the summer some varieties of them, but now is the harvest-time; now we can see and taste all that the summer has been preparing for us, and what has been the work of all the green things. We have seen how

“The folded leaf is wooed from out the bud,  
With winds upon the branch, and there  
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,—  
Sun-steeped at noon, and in the moon  
Nightly dew-fed; and, turning yellow,  
Falls, and floats adown the air.  
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,  
Drops in a silent autumn night.  
All its allotted length of days,  
The flower ripens in its place,  
Ripens, and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,  
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.”

How have all this fruit and these berries ripened from the flowers? How, we should not be able to say, but we can see from what part of the flower the fruit has come. Of these juicy pears, it is the calyx into which we are plunging our teeth, and you can see little traces of its stamens on top, and can remember the green thing that held the flower. Here is indicated the Rose Family, and you see that, instead of the hard red urn of which we made the coffee-pot, with fuzzy seeds inside, we have a soft, delicious fruit, whose true seeds in the middle are polished brown, and done up in papery *carpels*. The Apple too, *Pyrus malus*, is of the Rose Family, and comes under the same head as the Pear, *Pyrus communis*. A *Pome* is the name given to the product of the pear, apple, and quince trees, which belongs to the *first* kind of fruits I mentioned,—the *Fleshy* fruits. If you hold up to the light a thin slice of an apple cut across the core, you will see marked in it the form of the apple-blossom,—a little picture of what it was in the spring. But these are not the remnants of the petals, for they long ago died away above the fruity calyx. This must be only a fanciful resemblance,—an image of the flower still lingering round the seed.

Other big berries are the marrows and pumpkins that lie green or golden close to the

feathery asparagus; cucumbers and melons, with their cool, delicious fruit, have a similar rind and soft inner portion, and all are *gourds*.

To the second kind of fruits, the *Stone* fruits, the peach belongs. Here the outer wall of the ovary, the *pericarp*, is soft, and the inner is hard like a nut. Its seed lies within its fruit, and is known as its stone.

I have spoken of the *Achenium*, which belongs to the third kind of fruits, the *Dry* fruits,—which we found on the *outside* of the strawberry, and *inside* the Rose-hip; the fruit of the Composite Family is an achenium. That of the Thistle is crowned with a *pappus*,—a tuft of fine hairs, the remains of a limb of the calyx, which wafts the seed away. Something like this form of fruit is found in the valuable *Cereals*. We must not forget these among the important seeds.

“ You nor I nor nobody knows

How Oats, Peas, Beans, and Barley grows !”

Therefore it would be well to inquire. The fruit is called a *Caryopsis*, or grain. The fruit and seed are incorporated in one, forming the *farinaceous* substance for which we are so grateful. We eat the rich store of food which had been laid up for the seed, when it should lie waiting in the ground, the little germ not quite ready or strong enough to put out into the earth after other food, or to start up into the air for light and water. Ceres, the goddess of grain and wheat, gives her name to this tribe. You remember how her daughter, Proserpine, was forced to pass one third of her time down in the lower regions, and allowed to spend only two thirds in the light and air with her mother and all her friends. So the little seeds of wheat and grain lie hidden underground a third of the year, and then rejoice us the rest of the year with the springing grain, the full corn in the ear, and the harvest.

On many plants hang pods, on bushes and trees hang nuts, with a hard crusty wall.

The involucre of the fertile flowers of the Oak forms the cup of the acorn in ripening. This is called a *Cupule*, and gives to this family the name *Cupuliferæ*.

Another form of fruit is the *Samara* or *Key* fruit, like the winged fruit of the Red Maple, which in the spring foretold some of the glowing autumn beauty of the leaves.

You will see that many of the seeds are furnished with wings to carry them away. Such are the light seeds of the Dandelion and of the Thistle, the fuzz of the Rose-hip, the feather seeds of the Clematis, and these wings of the Maple, Ash, and Elm. And where are they going? Clearly the little seed has no doubt or terror when he separates from the branch, and goes floating off on the wind, now here, now there, sometimes lighting on a spire of grass, sometimes dipping into a brook, or lost in its waters, sometimes blown away by a child's breath who is trying to find out “if her mother wants her,” sometimes snugly laid into the bottom of a nest for a bed for the bird's eggs, or sometimes carried far away from where it grew, and torn, and combed, and teased, and wetted, and dried, and plunged into a hopper and out again, and pulled and twisted and spun, finer and finer, stronger and stronger, then woven and smoothed, and sold and sewn, till it is turned into dresses for you and me. That is what comes to the downy wings and feathers,—but the seed itself? Perhaps the birds carry it off; no matter; forget them as we will, they find their way at last into the ground. Some fall by the wayside, and the fowls of the air devour them up, and some on stony ground, where there is not much earth, and spring up, and when the sun is up, they are scorched, and because they have no root they wither away. Some fall among thorns that choke them, so that they yield no fruit; and others fall on good ground.

Let us follow one of the Maple keys, which one spring hung gaily on the Red Sugar-Maple. As it danced on the high branches, looking off over the glittering water of a pond, its wings grew and grew, and at last separated it from the tall tree. Away it went, now high and now low, now nearly falling into the deep water, now carried off

into the branches of a Birch-tree. There it stayed awhile, till there came along a bird that snapped it up in her beak to weave it into her nest along with twigs and moss. A very comfortable home this, with the little speckled eggs for companions, and by and by, the chattering little birds.

"When I lived on a tree"—began the Maple-seed, and spread its little wings as though it were a bird.

"What kind of bird were you?" asked the others, "and why did not you have a nest of your own?"

"I was not exactly a bird," explains the seed. "but I am quite glad I have wings like a bird, for I can go where I please. Just now, I please to stay here."

"But *we* don't please to stay here," scolded the small birds, one and all.

"I had such a stiff dragon-fly, just now," said one, "I could hardly swallow him. If I could only catch my own dinner, I would not have so many of these hard-winged things."

"Almost everybody has wings," said the Maple-seed.

"All but caterpillars," answered one of the little birds, "and they are very soft and nice to eat. Only I have to share and share them with the others, they are so large. Now I like a little bit to myself."

"If we could only catch beetles on the wing, as our parents do!" said another.

"Your wings are not yet very large," suggested the seed. "It takes large wings to fly with."

"So I suppose," screamed out all the four wide-opened beaks, and some large May-bugs were tucked in before they could shut them.

The pin-feathers grew at last, and the wings came, and the four little birds tumbled and hopped out of the nest, and went out into the wide world. But the seed was tucked in among the twigs. In vain it stretched its wings, after the rest of the family.

"There, after all, I shall never be a Maple, only a mattress for four birds, and that is the end of it. There is one comfort,—I don't have to fly after my food, like the birds: it is all stored up in my chest, for the time I shall want it."

Great winds came, and tossed about the Birch-branches, and turned up the white linings of the leaves, and at last hustled the nest to the ground. And more wind came, and tore it apart, and at last the seed found itself lying on a gravelly bank sloping to the pond. Winter was coming, and this would have been an exposed place for a seed with nothing but two tattered remnants of wings to protect it, had not some rains sent down more gravel over the bank, and over the little seed too.

It is in its grave, buried deeper and deeper. Perhaps you trod on it that day you scrambled down the bank after hazel-nuts. It is all in the dark, with no use for its little faded wings. Alone and in prison! But the seed bethinks itself of the nice little store of food the mother-tree laid up for it. It will begin life all fresh with that. Only meanwhile it must wait all winter long under the earth,—under the earth, and under the snow that comes to wrap it up, and tuck it in out of the cold winter airs, till spring shall come. Yes, spring, with the returning sun, with moist days and hot days. She calls to the little seed, and up come two narrow, green leaves. If this very little seed had fallen into our hands, we might have cut it open, after soaking it in water, and then drying it. We should have found the little plant ready formed,—a pair of leaves like the first seedling leaves, on a little stem, coiled up within the coat of the seed.

No wonder that the seed could stay patiently all the winter, till the sun was ready for it! It had only then to push forward and grow, to send up its little stem into the light and air, where its leaves would unfold, and from the opposite end push down its root into the soil. And in every seed lies just such a little plant concealed, and when you lay it open you will find it more or less visible.



These two first leaves of the Maple are the *Cotyledons*, of which we have spoken before, and the little bud that appears between them is called the *Plumule*. It does not appear in the Maple till some days after the seed-leaves; but soon it rises on a stalk that lifts it far up, putting on a pair of minute leaves. It now consists of two pairs of leaves, the seed-leaves being of a different shape from all the succeeding leaves, which, as you may observe in the Bean, are very plainly the seed split apart.

Later a third pair of leaves is formed, rising on a third joint of the stem, which proceeds from the top of the second as that did from the first. And in this shape, this very autumn, you can find many little Maple-trees. They have changed their few leaves to the brilliant red that all the large Maples have put on. Little as it is, the plant wears the family colours, and is a complete miniature tree. If you pull it up by the roots, you will see how much it is like a tree.

But if you think of its being our little seed, you will leave it to grow. No need now of its wishing for wings. It would rather now stay "fast-rooted in the fruitful soil." It is sending down its little roots to hunt for food, to pick out and choose what will be needed for its little stem, and its roots will hold it firm. For now it is to be a great tree. Year after year it will reckon up its age by putting on each year a new ring of growth. For this is one of the outside-growers, the *Ergens*.

Had it been of the *Endogens*, like the grass that grows by its side, now as tall as the little Maple, it would have sent up but one little leaf at first. And this can be seen in the seed itself. If you examine some grains of Indian corn, after soaking them in water, each will show one cotyledon and one plumule, ready to shoot up from the base. The cotyledon remains in the seed, while its base comes out to make room for the plumule, which shoots up and forms the first leaves of the plant. These appear one above the other in succession, the first in the form of a scale, the second or third and the succeeding ones being the real leaves of the plant, while the roots thrust themselves down in the other direction.

The nourishment in the Maple-seed lasted just long enough to provide for sending up the little stem to the air, to seek after what it wants there, and to start the root in the other direction; and then it could shift for itself. It will stretch up higher and higher, passing by the little grass-blade, reaching up till in time it shall toss its own winged seeds in the air, to flutter above the breezy pond, a full grown tree.



331, 332.

**WORK-BASKET  
WITH BAMBOO  
MOUNTING.**

Bamboo cane mountings are so fashionable that they are now preferred for most articles of fancy work. The covering of the basket is, as usual, of Java canvas embroidered with silk.

No. 332 shows the pattern in full size, it is worked in black, crimson, and maize colour. The lower part of the basket is trimmed with a straight strip of canvas. The four divisions of the

cones are cut out and worked separately, and then joined together. The basket is lined with crimson silk, and ornamented on the outside with silk tassels.

**331. WORK-BASKET WITH BAMBOO MOUNTING.**

foundation is then worked in darning stitch and *point d'esprit*, and ornamented with wheels. The insertion is fastened upon the material, which is trimmed with button-hole stitch.

**333. INSERTION  
IN DARNED  
NETTING.**

Begin the netted foundation, which is worked over a mesh measuring two-fifths of an inch round. Commence with 2 stitches and increase 1 at the end of the next 5 rows. The strip is then wide enough; now increase 1 at the end of one row, and decrease 1 at the end of the next. When the strip is long enough, decrease 1 at the end of every row till 2 stitches only are left. The



## 334. CROCHET INSERTION.

This insertion is worked the long way, and is suitable for different purposes, according to the size of cotton used.

Work on a sufficiently long foundation chain a row of double, 1 stitch in every stitch of the foundation.

2nd row.—1 treble, 1 chain, missing 1 stitch under it.

3rd row.—\* 1 double in the next treble of the preceding row, 1 purl (4 chain, 1 slip stitch in 1st), miss 1, repeat from \*. Then work on other side of foundation the—

4th row.—In every stitch 1 extra long treble, for which the cotton must be wound 4 times round the needle. A border of 3

rows like 1st 3 completes insertion. Draw a ribbon or velvet through from illustration.

333. INSERTION  
X DARNED NETTING.

334. CROCHET INSERTION.

## 335, 336. CROCHET MAT.

**MATERIALS.**—For one pair: 1 oz. single posed of brass rings covered with double crimson Berlin wool, 3 skeins of shaded red, 1 stitches in shaded red wool. Afterwards work 1 skein of black, 3 skeins of white, and 1 of yellow, 2 pieces of cotton cord, 16 brass rings  $\frac{1}{16}$ ths of an inch across.

Mats of this kind are useful for placing under scent bottles, flower vases, or ornamental flower stands. The centre is worked in double crochet over cotton cord. Begin in the middle and work in rounds, covering the end with tight double crochet in crimson wool. Work 15 rounds like this, increase and keep work flat. The border is com-

posed of brass rings covered with double crimson Berlin wool. Afterwards work 1 round in black wool. In each ring work a cross in white wool 3 times double, make a cross stitch with yellow wool in centre of cross. No. 335 shows a ring in full size. The rings are joined together and placed round edge of mat, 16 are required for each mat. In centre of mat work a flower with 8 petals. Each petal is formed of 4 stitches of white wool. The centre is worked in point d'or in yellow silk. The flower is edged with 2 circles of chain-stitch in black wool.

335. RING FOR MAT 336.  
FULL SIZE.

## 336. CROCHET MAT.

## A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GAYWORTHYS," "FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD," ETC.

### X.

THE seat which the Josselyns had chosen, because it was just a quiet little corner for two, was a nook scooped out, as it were, in a jut of granite; hollowed in behind and perpendicularly to a height above their heads, and embracing a mossy little flat behind; so that it seemed like a great solid arm-chair into which two could get together, and a third could not possibly intrude.

Miss Craydocke and Leslie settled themselves, and both were silent. Presently Leslie spoke again, giving out a fragmentary link of the train of thought that had been going on in her. "If it weren't for just one thing!" she said, and there she stopped.

"What?" asked Miss Craydocke, as not a bit at a loss to make out the unseen connection.

And then they sat still again—it matters not how many minutes. The crisp green pines rustled dreamily over their heads; the wild birds called to each other, far back in the closer lying woods; the water glanced on, millions of new drops every instant making the self-same circles, and gushes, and falls, and the wealth of summer sunshine holding and vivifying all. Leslie had word and scene stamped together on her spirit and memory in these moments.

Martha Josselyn and her sister sat, and played, and mended on.

By and by Dakie Thayne came; said a bright word or two; glanced round, in restless boy-fashion, as if taking in the elements of the situation, and considering what was to be made out of it; perceived the pair at chess; and presently, with his mountain stick, went springing away from point to point, up and around the piles and masses of rock and mound that made up the broadening ascent of the ledge.

"Check to your queen," said Sue.

Martha put her elbow up on her knee, and held her needle suspended by its thread. Sue darned away, and got a great hole laid lengthwise with smooth lines, before her threatening move had been provided for. Then a red knight came with gallant leap right down in the midst of the white forces, menacing in his turn right and left; and Martha drew a long sigh, and sat back, and poised her needle-lance again, and went to work; and it was Sue's turn to lean over the board with knit brows and holden breath.

Something peered over the rock above them at this moment. A boy's head, from which the cap had been removed.

"If only they'll play now, and not chatter!" thought Dakie Thayne, lying prone along the cliff above, and putting up his elbows to rest his head between his hands. This'll be jolly, if it don't turn to eaves-dropping. Poor old Noll; I haven't had a game since I played with him!"

Sue would not withdraw her attack. She planted a bishop so that, if the knight should move, it would open a course straight down towards a weak point beside the red king.

"She means to 'fight it out on that line, if it takes all summer,'" Dakie went on to himself, having grasped, during the long pause before Sue's move, the whole position. "They're no fools at it, to have got it into a shape like that! I'd just like Noll to see it!"

Martha looked, and drew a thread or two into her stocking, and looked again. Then she stabbed her cotton-ball with her needle, and put up both hands—one with the white stocking-foot still drawn over it—beside her temples. At last she castled.

Sue was as calm as the morning. She always grew calm and strong as the game drew near the end. She had even let her thoughts go off to other things, while Martha pondered and she wove in the cross-threads of her darn.

"I wonder, Martha," she said now suddenly, before attending to the new aspect of the board, "if I couldn't do without that muslin skirt I made to wear under my *pina*, and turn it into a couple of white waists to carry home to mother? If she goes away, you know——"

"Aigh!"

It was a short, sharp, unspellable sound that came from above. Sue started, and a red piece rolled from the board. Then there was a rustling, and a crashing, and a leaping, and by a much shorter and more hazardous way than he had climbed, Dakie Thayne came down and stood before them. "I had to let you know! I couldn't listen. I was in hopes you wouldn't talk. Don't move, please! I'll find the man. I do beg your pardon—I had no business—but I so like chess—when it's any sort of a game!"

While he spoke, he was looking 'about the base of the rock, and by good fortune spied and pounced upon the bit of bright-coloured ivory, which had rolled and rested itself against a hummock of sod.

"May I see it out?" he begged, approaching, and putting the piece upon the board. "You must have played a good deal," looking at Sue.

"We play often at home, my sister and I; and I had some good practice in——" There she stopped.

"In the hospital," said Martha, with the sharp little way she took up sometimes. "Why shouldn't you tell of it?"

"Has Miss Josselyn been in the hospitals?" asked Dakie Thayne, with a certain quick change in his tone.

"For the best of two years," Martha answered.

At this moment, seeing how Dakie was breaking the ice for them, up came Miss Craydocke and Leslie Goldthwaite.

"Miss Leslie! Miss Craydocke! This lady has been away among our soldiers—in the hospitals—half through the war! Perhaps—did you ever——" But with that he broke off. There was a great flush on his face, and his eyes glowed with boy-enthusiasm, lit at the thought of the war, and of brave men, and of noble, ministering women, of whom he suddenly found himself face to face with one.

The game of chess got swept together. "It was as good as over," Martha Josselyn said. And these five sat down together among the rocks, and in half-an-hour, after weeks of mere "good-mornings," they had grown to be old friends. But Dakie Thayne—he best knew why—left his fragment of a question unfinished.

The "by-and-by" people came at last—Jeannie, and Elinor, and Sin Saxon, and the Arnalls, and Josie Scherman. They wanted Leslie—to tell and ask her half a hundred things about the projected tableaux. If it had only been Miss Craydocke and the Josselyns sitting together, with Dakie Thayne, how would that have concerned them—the latter comers? It would only have been a bit of "the pines" pre-occupied: they would have found a place for themselves, and gone on with their own chatter.

But Leslie's presence made all the difference. The little group became the nucleus of the enlarging circle. Miss Craydocke had known very well how this would be.

They asked this and that of Leslie which they had come to ask; and she would keep turning to the Josselyns and appealing to them; so they were drawn in. There was a curtain to be made first of all. Miss Craydocke would undertake that, drafting Leslie and the Miss Josselyns to help her; they should all come to her room early to-morrow, and they would have it ready by ten o'clock. Leslie wondered a little that she found *work* for them to do: a part of the play she thought would have been better; but Miss Craydocke knew how that must come about. Besides, she had more than one little line to lay and to pull, this serpent-wise old maiden, in behalf of her ultimate design concerning them.

I can't stay here under the pines and tell you all their talk this summer morning—how Sin Saxon grew social and saucy with the quiet Miss Josselyns; how she fell upon the mending-basket and their notability, and declared that the most foolish and pernicious proverb in the world was that old thing about a stitch in time saving nine; it might save certain special stitches; but how about the *time* itself, and *other* stitches? She didn't believe in it—running round after a darning needle and forty other things, the minute a thread broke, and dropping whatever else one had in hand, to let it ravel itself all out again; “she believed in a good big basket, in a dark closet, and laying up there for a rainy day, and being at peace in the pleasant weather. Then, too, there was another thing; she didn't believe in notability itself, at all: the more one was fool enough to know, the more one had to do, all one's life long. Providence always took care of the lame and the lazy; and, besides, those capable people never had contented minds. They couldn't keep servants: their own fingers were always itching to do things better. Her sister Effie was a lamentable instance. She'd married a man—well, not *very* rich—and she had set out to learn and direct everything. The consequence was, she was like Eve after the apple—she knew good and evil; and wasn't the garden just a wilderness after that? She never thought of it before, but she believed this was exactly what the old poem in Genesis was written for.”

How Miss Craydocke answered, with her gentle, tolerant common-sense, and right thought, and wide-awake brightness; how the Josselyns grew cordial and confident enough to confess that, with five little children in the house, there wasn't a great necessity for laying up against a rainy day, and with stockings at a dollar and a half a pair one was apt to get the nine stitches, or a pretty comfortable multiple of them, every Wednesday when the wash came in; and how these different kinds of lives, coming together with a friendly friction, found themselves not so uncongenial, or so incomprehensible to each other after all;—all this, in its detail of bright words I cannot stop to tell you; it would take a good many summers to go through one like this so fully; but when the big bell rang for dinner, they all came down the ledge together, and Sue and Martha Josselyn, for the first time in four weeks, felt themselves fairly one with the current interest and life of the gay house in which they had been dwellers and yet only lookers-on.

Mrs. Thoresby, coming down to dinner, a few minutes late, with her daughters, and pausing—as people always did at the Green Cottage, without knowing why—to step from the foot of the stairway to the open piazza-door, and glance out before turning towards the dining-room, saw the ledge partly just dividing itself into its two little streams, that were to head, respectively, for cottage and hotel.

“It is a wonder to me that Mrs. Linceford allows it!” was her comment. “Just the odds and ends of all the company here. And those girls, who might take whatever stand they pleased!”

“Miss Leslie always finds out the nicest people, and the best times, I think,” said

Etty, who had dragged through but a dull morning behind the blinds of her mother's window, puzzling over crochet—which she hated, because she said it was like everlastingly poking one's finger after nothing—and had caught, now and then, over the still air, the laughter and bird-notes that came together from among the pines. One of the Miss Haughtleys had sat with them; but that only “stiffened out the dullness,” as Etty had declared, the instant the young lady left them.

“Don't be pert, Etty. You don't know what you want, or what is for your interest. The Haddens were well enough by themselves; but when it comes to Tom, Dick, and Harry!”

“I don't believe that's elegant, mamma,” said Etty, demurely; and there isn't Tom, Dick, nor Harry; only Dakie Thayne, and that nice, *nice* Miss Craydocke! And—I *hate* the Haughtleys!” This was a sudden explosiveness at the last, after the demureness.

“Etty!” and Mrs. Thoresby intoned an indescribable astonishment of displeasure in her utterance of her daughter's name. “Remember yourself. You are neither to be impertinent to me, nor to speak rudely of persons whom I choose for your acquaintance. When you are older, you will come to understand how these chance meetings may lead to the most valuable friendships, or, on the contrary, to the most mortifying embarrassments. In the mean time, you are to be guided.” After which little sententious homily out of the Book of the World, Mrs. Thoresby ruffled herself with dignity, and led her brood away with her.

Next day, Tom, Dick, and Harry—that is to say, Miss Craydocke, Susan and Martha Josselyn, and Leslie Goldthwaite—were gathered in the first-named lady's room, to make the great green curtain. And there Sin Saxon came in upon them—ostensibly to bring the curtain-rings, and explain how she wanted them put on; but after that she lingered.

“It's like the Tower of Babel upstairs,” she said, “and just about as likely ever to get built. I can't bear to stay where I can't hear myself talk. You're nice and cosy here, Miss Craydocke.” And with that she settled herself down on the floor, with all her little ruffles, and flounces, and billows of muslin, heaping and curling themselves about her, till her pretty head and shoulders were like a new and charming sort of floating-island in the midst.

And it came to pass that presently the talk drifted round to vanities and vexations—on this wise.

“Everybody wants to be everything,” said Sin Saxon. “They don't say so of course. But they keep objecting, and unsettling. Nothing hushes anybody up but proposing them for some especially magnificent part. And you can't hush them all at once in that way. If they'd only *say* what they want, and be done with it! But they're so dreadfully polite! Only finding out continual reasons why nobody will do for this and that, or have time to dress, or something, and waiting modestly to be suggested and shut up! When I came down they were in full tilt about the “Lady of Shalott.” It's to be one of the crack scenes, you know—river of blue cambric, and a real, regular, lovely property-boat. Frank Scherman sent for it, and it came up on the stage yesterday—drivers swearing all the way. Now they'll go on for half-an-hour, at least; and at the end of that time I shall walk in—upon the plain of Shinar—with my hair all let down—it's real, every *bit* of it, not a tail tied on anywhere—and tell them, I—myself—am to be the “Lady of Shalott!” I think I shall relish flinging in that little bit of honesty—like a dash of cold water into the middle of a fry. Won't it sizzle?”

She sat twirling the cord upon which the dozens of great brass rings were strung, watching the shining ellipse they made as they revolved—like a child set down upon

the carpet with a plaything—expecting no answer, only waiting for the next vagrant whimsicality that should come across her brain—not altogether without method, either—to give it utterance.

"I don't suppose I could convince you of it," she resumed; "but I do actually have serious thoughts sometimes. I think that very likely some of us—most of us—are going to the dogs. And I wonder what it will be when we get there. Why don't you contradict—or confirm—what I say, Miss Craydocke?"

"You haven't said out yet, have you?"

Sin Saxon open wide her great, wondering, saucy blue eyes, and turned them full upon Miss Craydocke's face. "Well, you *are* a oner! as somebody in Dickens says. There's no such thing as a leading question for you. It's like the rope the dog slipped his head out of, and left the man holding fast at the other end, in touching confidence that he was coming on. I saw that once in New York. Now I experience it. I suppose I've got to say more. Well, then, in a general way, do you think living amounts to anything, Miss Craydocke?"

"Whose living?"

"Sharp—as a knife that's just cut through a lemon! *Ours*, then, if you please; as girls', for instance."

"You haven't done much of your living yet, my dear." The tone was gentle, as of one who looked down from such a height of years that she felt tenderly the climbing that had been for those who had it yet to do.

"We're as busy at it, too, as we can be. But sometimes I've mistrusted something like what I discovered very indignantly one day when I was four years old, and fancied I was making a petticoat, sewing through and through a bit of flannel. The thread hadn't any knot in it!"

"That's all very well, too, until you knew just where to put the stitches that should stay."

"Which brings us to our subject of the morning, as the sermons say sometimes, when they're half through, or ought to be. There are all kinds of stitches—embroidery, and plain over-and-over, and whippings, and darns! When are we to make our knot and begin? and which kind are we to do?"

"Most lives find occasion, more or less, for each. Practised fingers will know how to manage all."

"But—it's—the—proportion!" cried Sin, in a crescendo that ended with an emphasis that was nearly a little scream.

"I think that, when one looks to what is really needed most and first, will arrange itself," said Miss Craydocke. "Something gets crowded out with us all. It depends upon what, and how, and with what willingness we let it go."

"Now we come to the superlative sort of people—the extra good ones, who let everything go that isn't solid duty; all the ornament of life—good looks—tidiness even—and everything that's the least bit jolly, and that don't keep your highmindedness on the strain. I want to be *low-minded*—*weak-minded*, at least—now and then. I can't bear ferociously elevated people, who won't say a word that don't count; people that talk about their time being interrupted (as if their time wasn't everybody else's time, too), because somebody comes in once in awhile for a friendly call; and who go about the streets as if they were so intent upon some tremendous good work, or big thinking, that it would be dangerous even to bow to a common sinner; for fear of being waylaid and hindered. I know people like that; and all I've to say is, that if they're to make up the heavenly circles, I'd full as lief go down lower, where they're kind of social."

There can scarcely be a subject touched, in ever so light a way—especially a moral or a spiritual subject—in however small a company of persons, that shall not set in motion



varied and intense currents of thought—bear diverse and searching application to consciousness and experience. The Josselyns sat silent with the long breadths of green cambric over their laps, listening with an amusement that freshened into their habitual work-day mood, like a wilful little summer breeze borne out of blue morning skies, unconscious of clouds, to the oddities of Sin Saxon; but the drift of her sayings, the meaning she actually had under them, bore down upon their different knowledge with a significance whose sharpness she had no dream of. “Plain over-and-over,”—how well it illustrated what their young days and the disposal of them had been! Miss Craydocke thought of the darns; her story cannot be told here; but she knew what it meant to have the darns of life fall to one's share—to have the filling up to do, with dexterousness, and pains, and sacrifice of holes that other people make!

For Leslie Goldthwaite, she got the next word of the lesson she was learning—“*It depends on what one is willing to let get crowded out.*”

Sin Saxon went on again.

“I've had a special disgust given me to superiority. I wouldn't be superior for all the world. We had a superior specimen come among us at Highslope last year. She's there yet, it's commonly believed; but nobody takes the trouble to be positive of it. Reason why, she took up immediately such a position of mental and moral altitude above our heads, and became so sublimely unconscious of all beneath, that all beneath wasn't going to strain its neck to look after her, much less provide itself with telescopes. We're pretty nice people, we think; but we're not particularly curious in astronomy. We heard great things of her beforehand; and we were all ready to make much of her. We asked her to our parties. She came, with a look upon her as if some unpleasant duty had forced her temporarily into purgatory. She shied round like a cat in a strange garret, as if all she wanted was to get out. She wouldn't dance; she wouldn't talk; she went home early—to her studies, I suppose, and her plans for next day's unmitigated usefulness. She took it for granted we had nothing in us *but* dance, and so—as Artemus Ward says—‘If the American Eagle could solace itself in that way, we let it went!’ She might have done some good to us—we needed to be done to, I don't doubt—but it's all over now. That light is under a bushel, and that city's hid, so far as Highslope is concerned. And we've pretty much made up our minds among us to be bad and jolly. Only sometimes I get thinking—that's all.”

She got up, giving the string of rings a final whirl, and tossing them into Leslie Goldthwaite's lap. “Good-bye,” she said, shaking down her flounces. “It's time for me to go and assert myself at Shinar. ‘*Moi, c'est l'Empire!*’ Napoleon was great when he said that. A great deal greater than if he'd pretended to be meek, and want nothing but the public good!”

“What gets crowded out?” Day by day that is the great test of our life.

Just now, everything seemed likely to get crowded out with the young folks at Outledge, but dresses, characters, and rehearsals. The swivel the earth turned on at this moment was the coming Tuesday evening and its performance. And the central axis of that, to nearly every individual interest, was what such particular individual was to “be.”

They had asked Leslie to take the part of Zorayda, in the “Three Moorish Princesses of the Alhambra.” Jeannie and Elinor were to be Zayda and Zorahayda. As for Leslie, she liked well enough, as we know, to look pretty; it was or had been, till other thoughts of late had begun to “crowd it out,” something like a besetting weakness: she had only lately, to tell the whole truth as it seldom is told, begun to be ashamed, before her higher self, to turn, the first thing in the morning, with a certain half-mechanical anxiety towards her glass, to see how she was looking. Without studying the separate causes of complexion and so forth, as older women given to these



things come to do, she knew that somehow there was often a difference; and beside the standing question in her mind as to whether there were a chance of her growing up to anything like positive beauty or not, there was apt often to be a reason why she would like *to-day*, if possible, to be in particular good looks. When she got an invitation or an excursion was planned, the first thing that came into her head was naturally ~~what~~ she should wear; and a good deal of the pleasure would depend on that. A party without an especially pretty dress didn't amount to much; she couldn't help that; it did count with everybody, and it made a difference. She would like, undoubtedly, a "pretty part" in this tableaux; but there was more in Leslie Goldthwaite, even without touching upon the deep things, than all this. *Only* a pretty part did not quite satisfy; she had capacity for something more. In spite of the lovely Moorish costume to be contrived out of blue silk and white muslin, and to contrast so picturesquely with Jeannie's crimson, and the soft snowy drapery of Elinor, she would have been half willing to be the "discreet Kadiga" instead; for the old woman had really to look *something* as well as *somehow*, and there was a spirit and a fun in that.

The pros, and cons, and possibilities were working themselves gradually clear to her thoughts, as she sat and listened, with external attention in the beginning, to Sin Saxon's chatter. Ideas about the adaptation of her dress-material, and the character she could bring out of, or get into, her part, mingled themselves together; and Irving's delicious old legend that she had read hundreds of times, entranced, as a child, repeated itself in snatches to her recollection. Jeannie must be stately; that would quite suit her. Elinor—must just be Elinor. Then the airs and graces remained for herself. She thought she could illustrate with some spirit the latent coquetry of the imprisoned beauty; she believed, notwithstanding the fashion in which the story measured out their speech in rations—always an appropriate bit, and just so much of it to each—that the gay Zorayda must have had the principal hand in their affairs—must have put the others up to mischief, and coaxed most winningly the discreet Kadiga. She could make something out of it: it shouldn't be mere flat prettiness. She began to congratulate herself upon the character. And then her ingenious fancy flew off to something else that had occurred to her, and that she had only secretly proposed to Sin Saxon—an illustration of a certain ancient nursery ballad, to vary by contrast the pathetic representations of "Auld Robin Gray" and the "Lady of Shalott." It was a bright plan, and she was nearly sure she could carry it out; but it was not a "pretty part," and Sin Saxon had thought it fair she should have one; therefore Zorayda. All this was the reason why Leslie's brain was busy, like her fingers, as she sat and sewed on the green curtain, and let Sin Saxon talk. Till Miss Craydocke said that "something always gets crowded out," and so these words came to her in the midst of all.

The Josselyns went away to their own room when the last rings had been sewn on; and the curtain was ready, as had been promised, at ten o'clock. Leslie stayed, waiting for Dakie Thayne to come and fetch it. While she sat there, silent, by the window, Miss Craydocke brought out a new armful of something from a drawer, and came and placed her Shaker rocking-chair beside her. Leslie looked round, and saw her lap full of two little bright plaid dresses.

"It's only the button-holes," said Miss Craydocke. "I'm going to make them now, before they find me out."

Leslie looked very uncomprehending.

"You didn't suppose I let those girls come in here and spend their morning on that nonsense for nothing, did you? This is some of *their* work—the work that's crowding all the frolic out of their lives. I've found out where they keep it, and I've stolen some. I'm Scotch, you know, and I believe in brownies. They're good to believe in.

Old fables are generally *all but* true. You've only to 'put in one to make it so,' as children say in odd and even." And Miss Craydocke overcasted her first button-hole energetically.

Leslie Goldthwaite saw through the whole now, in a minute. "You did it on purpose, for an excuse!" she said; and there was a ring of applauding delight in her voice which a note of admiration poorly marks.

"Well, you must begin somehow," said Miss Craydocke. "And after you've once begun, you can keep on." Which, as a generality, was not so glittering, perhaps as might be; but Leslie could imagine, with a warm heart-throb, what in this case Miss Craydocke's "keeping on" would be.

"I found them out by degrees," said Miss Craydocke. "They've been overhead here this month, nearly, and if you *don't* listen nor look more than is ladylike, you can't help scraps enough to piece something out of by that time. They sit by their window, and I sit by mine. I cough, and sneeze, and sing, as much as I find comfortable, and they can't help knowing where their neighbours are; and after that, it's their look-out, of course. I lent them some books one Sunday, and so we got on a sort of visiting terms, and lately I've gone in sometimes, and sat down awhile when I've had an errand, and they've been here; and the amount of it is, they're two young things that'll grow old before they know they've been young, if somebody don't take hold. They've only got just so much time to stay; and if we don't contrive a holiday for them before it's over, why—there's the 'Inasmuch'—that's all."

Dakie Thayne came to the door to fetch Leslie and the curtain.

"It's all ready, Dakie—here; but I can't go just now, or not unless they want me *very* much, and then you'll come, please, won't you, and let me know again?" said Leslie, bundling up the mass of cambric, and piling it upon Dakie's arms.

Dakie looked disappointed, but promised, and departed. They were finding him useful upstairs, and Leslie had begged him to help.

"Now give me that other dress," she said, turning to Miss Craydocke. "And you—couldn't you go and steal something else?" she spoke impetuously, and her eyes shone with eagerness, and more.

"I've had to lay a plan," resumed Miss Craydocke, as Leslie took the measure of a button-hole and began. "Change of work is as good as a rest. So I've had them down here on the curtain among the girls. Next, I'm going to have a bee. I've got some things to finish up for Prissy Hoskins, and they're likely to be wanted in something of a hurry. She's got another aunt in Portsmouth, and if she can only be provided with proper things to wear, she can go down there, Aunt Hoskins says, and stay all winter, get some schooling, and see a city doctor. The man here tells them that something might be done for her hearing by a person skilled in such things, and Mrs. Hoskins says, 'There's a little money of the child's own, from the vandoo when her father died,' that would pay for travelling and advice, and 'ef the right sort ain't to be had in Portsmouth, when she once gets started, she shall go whuzzever 'tis, if she has to have a vandoo herself!' It's a whole human life of comfort and usefulness, Leslie Goldthwaite, may be, that depends!—Well, I'll have a bee, and get Prissy fixed out. Her Portsmouth aunt is coming up, and will take her back. She'll give her a welcome, but she's poor herself, and can't afford much more. And then the Josselyns are to have a bee. Not everybody; but you and me, and we'll see by that time who else. It's to begin as if we meant to have them all round, for the frolic and the sociability; and besides that, we'll steal all we can. For your part you must get intimate. Nobody can do anything, except as a friend. And the last week they're here, is the very week I'm going everywhere in! I'm going to charter the little red, and have parties of my own. We'll have a pic-nic at the Cliff, and Prissy will wait on us with raspberries and

cream. We'll walk up Feather-Cap, and ride up Giant's Cairn, and we'll have a sunset at Minster Rock. And it's going to be pleasant weather every day!"

They stitched away then, dropping their talk. Miss Craydocke was out of breath; and Leslie measured her even loops with eyes that glittered more and more.

The half-dozen button-holes apiece were completed! and then Miss Craydocke trotted off with the two little frocks upon her arm. She came back, bringing some two or three pairs of cotton-flannel drawers.

"I took them up just as they lay, cut out and ready, on the bed. I wouldn't have a word. I told them I'd nothing to do, and so I haven't. My hurry is coming on all of a sudden when I have my bee. Now I've done it once, I can do it again. They'll fall out it's my way, and when you've once set up a way, people always turn out for it."

Miss Craydocke was in high glee.

Leslie stitched up three little legs before Dakie came again, and said they must have her upstairs.

One thing occurred to her, as they ran along the winding passages, up and down, and up again, to the new hall in the far-off L.

The Moorish dress would take so long to arrange. Wouldn't Imogen Thoresby like the part? She was only in the "Three Fishers." Imogen and Jeannie met her as she came in.

"It is just you I wanted to find," cried Leslie, sealing her warm impulse with immediate act. "Will you be Zorayda, Imogen—with Jeannie and Elinor, you know? I've got so much to do without. Sin Saxon understands; it's a bit of a secret as yet. I shall be so obliged!"

Imogen's blue eyes sparkled and widened. It was just what she had been secretly longing for. But why in the world should Leslie Goldthwaite want to give it up?

It had got crowded out, that was all.

Another thing kept coming into Leslie's head that day; the yards of delicate grass-linen that she had hem-stitched, and knotted into bands that summer—just for idle-work, when plain bindings and simple ruffling would have done as well—and all for her accumulating treasure of reserved robings, while here were these two girls darning stockings, and sewing over heavy woollen stuffs, that actual, inevitable work might be despatched in these bright, warm hours that had been meant for holiday. It troubled her to think of it, seeing that the time was gone, and nothing now but these threads and holes remained of it to her share.

Martha Josselyn had asked her yesterday about the stitch—some little baby-daintiness she had thought of for the mother who couldn't afford embroideries and thread-laces for her youngest and least of so many. Leslie would go and show her, and, as Miss Craydocke said, get intimate. It was true there were certain little things she could not do, except as a friend.

Meanwhile, Martha Josselyn must be the Sister of Charity [in that lovely tableau of "Consolation."

It does not take long for two young girls to grow intimate over tableaux, plans, and fancy stitches. Two days after this Leslie Goldthwaite was as cosily established in the Josselyns' room as if she had been there every day all summer. Some people are like drops of quicksilver, as Martha Josselyn had declared, only one can't tell how that is till one gets out of the bottle.

"Thank you," she said to Leslie, as she mastered the little intricacy of the work upon the experimental scrap of cambric she had drawn. "I understand it now, I think, and I shall find time somehow, after I get home, for what I want to do." With that she laid it in a corner of her basket, and took up cotton-flannel again.

Leslie put something twisted lightly in soft paper beside it. "I want you to keep

that, please, for a pattern, and to remember me," she said. "I've made yards more than I really want. It's nothing," she added, hastily interrupting the surprised and remonstrating thanks of the other. "And now we must see about that scapulary thing, or whatever it is, for your nun's dress."

And there was no more about it, only an unusual feeling in Martha Josselyn's heart, that came up warm long after, and by and by a little difference among Leslie Goldthwaite's pretty garnishings, where something had got crowded out.

This is the way, from small to great, that things sort themselves.

"No man can serve two masters," is as full, and true and strong, upon the side of encouragement as of rebuke.



### LONGING.

Of all the myriad moods of mind  
That through the soul come thronging,  
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,  
So beautiful as Longing?  
The thing we long for, that we are  
For one transcendant moment,  
Before the Present, poor and bare,  
Can make its sneering comment.

Still, through our paltry stir and strife  
Glow down the wished ideal,  
And Longing moulds in clay what Life  
Carves in the marble real;  
To let the new life in, we know  
Desire must ope the portal;—  
Perhaps the longing to be so  
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will  
With our poor earthward striving;  
We quench it that we may be still  
Content with merely living;  
But would we learn that heart's full scope  
Which we are hourly wronging,  
Our lives must climb from hope to hope  
And realize our longing.

Ah! let us hope that to our praise  
Good God not only reckons  
The moments when we tread His ways,  
But when the spirit beckons,—  
That some slight good is also wrought  
Beyond self-satisfaction,  
When we are simply good in thought,  
Howe'er we fail in action.

### 337, 338. POINT-RUSSE EMBROIDERY.

These patterns are suitable for trimming *lingerie*, jackets, children's clothes, &c. They are worked in single or double purse silk in several shades of one colour, or in different colours that contrast well. No. 337 is ornamented with beads.

#### 337. POINT-RUSSE EMBROIDERY.

#### 339. WHITE MUSLIN BODICE

This bodice is made of muslin in strips of linen, sewed either side of narrow fabric, divided by a band of insertion. Collar, cuffs, and band, to be

trimmed with blue cashmere, and the same side, with a d out of are sewed over the overs the r as the

pinking. The seam of the strips is covered with a blue silk ribbon 2-5ths of an inch wide, ornamented with crystal beads; the ribbon is edged on one side with *point russe*, in blue wool. No. 340 shows a part of the trimming in full size. The strips are sewn on in front on either side of the button-holes and blue silk

340.

TRIMMING FOR BODICE 340.

341.

TRIMMING FOR BODICES.

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342. WHITE ALPACA BODICE.

## THE EARLY YEARS OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT.

COMPILED, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, BY LIEUT.-GEN. THE  
HON. C. GREY. LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, & CO.

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**T**HIS is the first portion of a literary monument to the memory of the Prince Consort. It is a tribute of affectionate regard from the widowed Queen of England; its genuine pathos will re-awaken sympathy for the royal mourner, and the narrative itself will be read with interest. Whether anything it contains can heighten the esteem in which the memory of the Prince is held is not the question, though, if any confirmation were needed of the excellent qualities of his Royal Highness, it would be found in the noble testimony of his bereaved partner to his many virtues.

The book was originally intended for private circulation only, but it was feared that some incorrect copy might find its way to the public, and it was deemed prudent to avert this danger by the publication of a duly authorized edition.

This instalment of the work consists of a compilation of letters and memoranda, which trace the career of the Prince from his own birth to that of his eldest daughter, the Princess Royal. After the introductory remarks, in which there are said to be "unmistakeable touches of the Queen's own hand," we have an interesting account of the ancestors of Prince Albert. He was the second son of Duke Ernest I. of Saxe-Coburg Saalfeld and of the daughter of the last Duke of Gotha. He was born on the 26th of August, 1819, and was baptized the September following by the names of Francis Charles Augustus Albert Emmanuel. He is said to have been an extremely beautiful child; this is borne out by the portrait prefixed to the volume, and which represents him at the age of four, and by his mother's description of him, where she contrasts her two boys:—"Ernest est bien grand pour son âge, vif et intelligent. Ses grands yeux noirs pétillent d'esprit et de vivacité. . . . Albert est superbe—d'une beauté extraordinaire; a de grande yeux bleus, une toute petit bouche—un joli nez—et des fossettes à chaque joue—il est grand et vif, et toujours gai. Il a trois dents, et malgré qu'il n'a que huit mois, il commence déjà à marcher." There is a detailed account of his education, and he appears to have been studious, shy, tender-hearted, remarkable for moral purity and for sweetness of disposition. He was not, we should imagine, one of those gay and lively spirits that captivate hearts and turn heads. When he was a child, five years old, he declined to dance at a fancy ball with a fascinating little partner, screaming lustily, and refusing to move a step. When he was nineteen his conduct at a ball called forth this doubtful compliment:—"Voilà un prince dont nous pourrions être fiers. La belle danseuse l'attend, le savant l'occupe." With regard to the ladies, it is most probable his thoughts were early directed to the Princess Victoria, "the Flower of May," as she was affectionately called. It is said that his nurse apprized him of his future bride when he was but three years old, and it is known that this union was the earnest wish of the Dowager Duchess of Coburg, and Leopold, King of the Belgians.

In 1836 Prince Albert visited England with his father and brother, and was entertained at Kensington Palace, then the residence of the Duchess of Kent. There he spent most of his time in drawing, playing on the piano, and otherwise pursuing his studies, in the company of the Princess Victoria. From that time, although there was no positive engagement, it was understood that the Prince and Princess in due time were to be joined in holy matrimony. It is pleasant to watch the ripening of affection, even in humble circumstances, still more pleasant when it is seen in those spheres from



hich, in common, affection is forgotten in formality, and congeniality of sentiment sacrificed to State policy. When, the year following the Prince's visit, the death of William IV. placed the maiden on the throne, he wrote to her a touching and prudent letter; subsequently sending her such small gifts as he knew she would most appreciate—sketches he had drawn, flowers he had gathered, souvenirs he had collected. The Queen has them still, and values them above all her treasures, bringing back to her the memory of bright and happy days. Are we not told by the poet that "the course of true love never did run smooth." There seems for awhile to have been a sort of coldness between these royal lovers. The Prince became anxious lest his Queen should forsake her first love. He knew the temptations that surrounded her, and, to add to his apprehension, she was a very irregular correspondent. The Queen recalls that time with unaffected regret, and declares that she cannot now think without indignation against herself of her wish to keep the Prince waiting for three or four years until she might feel inclined to marry. "The only excuse the Queen can make for herself is in the fact, that the sudden change from the secluded life of Kensington to her independent position as Queen Regent at the age of eighteen, put all thoughts of marriage out of her mind, which she now most bitterly repents. A worse school for a young girl, or one more detrimental to all natural feelings and affections, cannot well be imagined than the position of a Queen at eighteen without experience, and without a husband to guide and support her. This the Queen can state from painful experience, and she thanks God that none of her dear daughters are exposed to such danger."

In 1838 the Prince came to England, and his doubts and fears were soon ended. One morning during her stay at Windsor the Queen summoned him to her room, and, after a few minutes' conversation, offered him her hand, declaring, in a genuine outburst of love and affection, that Albert had gained her whole heart, and would make her intensely happy if he could make her the sacrifice of sharing his life with her; the only thing, she said, that troubled her was that she was not worthy of him. We can well understand the extremely delicate nature of this communication, but the position of the Queen rendered it necessary that the proposal of marriage should emanate from herself. Joyously the Prince received the intimation, the Queen says, "without any hesitation, and with the warmest demonstrations of kindness and affection." It was a love-match, and when the "mellow wedding bells" rang for the wedding, there was no mockery in the music—they had never sounded for a happier union. The Queen and Prince were lovers true, and in love "the eye sees heaven opened, and the heart swims in happiness."

We have some bright pictures of the happy life of the royal pair. The Queen says she always wore a bracelet containing a portrait of the Prince, and it gave her courage at the council. The Prince was deeply devoted to her who was doubly his Queen, though, as a wife, the Queen would ever remind herself that to obey was part of her marriage vow. She felt how true was the almost paternal expression of Lord Melbourne when she first told him of her intended marriage:—"You will be much more comfortable: a woman cannot stand alone for any time, in whatever position she may be." The royal mourner adds, "Alas! the poor Queen now stands in that painful position!"

Expressions, such as these, of fond regret—expressions which show how bitterly the separation from her beloved husband is still felt—are frequent in the book. It is throughout a grand tribute of the purest and strongest natural affection on the part of her Majesty; and there is very much in the record of his daily life that raises still higher, if it be possible, our estimate of that good and great Prince, for whom Queen and people mourn together, and whose memory will be cherished by the generations to come.

## 343. INSERTION IN DARNED NETTING.

For the netted foundation, which is six holes wide, begin at one corner with 2 stitches, work 5 rows, at the end of each of which increase 1 stitch, continue to work the strip with the same number of stitches, alternately decreasing 1 at the end of one row and increasing 1 at the end of the next. For decreasing net 2 stitches together, for increasing

net 2 stitches in the same hole. When the strip is sufficiently long, complete it by decreasing in the same proportion as you increased at the beginning. As the darned pattern is so clearly shown in the illustration, it will be very easy to work. The insertion is finished on either side with a row of button-hole stitches.



344. TATTED LACE.

This very simple lace consists of scallops which look as if they were slightly gathered. It must be worked with soft cotton. Each scallop consists of 5 plain, 1 purl, 5 plain, then alternately 5 purled stitches, 5 plain, 1 purl, 5 purled stitches, draw up these stitches till the cotton between the 1st and last stitch is 2-5ths of an inch long, and work a 2nd similar scallop at a short distance from the 1st. But in the following scallops



345. CROCHET GUIPURE LACE FOR TRIMMING LINGERIE.

Work this lace, meant for trimming collars or sleeves, on a foundation chain made in the following manner:—\* 3 chain, in the 1st 1 long double this forms a loop, repeat from \*.

1st row.—1 long treble in the 1st loop of the foundation chain, \* 1 chain, 1 purl (that is 1 chain in the 1st slip stitch), 1 chain, 1 purl, 1 chain, 1 purl, 1 chain, 1 slip stitch = 1 row.

### 347. CENTRE OF A TATTED COUVRETTE.

Illustration 347 shows the centre of a tatted couvrette in full size, and measuring 11 inches across. Separate rosettes like the pattern may be joined together with smaller ones, and form a very pretty couvrette. Our pattern is worked in rounds. Begin the rosette with a circle, consisting of 4 double, 1 purl, 6 double, 1 purl, 6 double, 1 purl, 4 double. Take up another shuttle, and work over the cotton on it, fas-

ten the end on the last double of the circle and work over it, beginning close to the circle, 6 plain; 1 circle like the 1st worked with the 1st shuttle, and which is fastened on the last purl of the 1st circle at the place of the 1st purl; 6 plain, and continue to work so alternately till you have 7 circles divided by 6 plain stitches. Draw up very tightly the cotton over which you work, so that the circles form a rosette, which is closed by sewing together the two corresponding purl of the first

### 347. CENTRE OF A TATTED COUVRETTE.

### 348. STRIPED BERLIN WOOL PATTERN.

This pattern is suitable for a chair, a cushion, or carpet-bag. Either of the stripes may be worked separately for a border.

and last circle. Both the ends of the cotton over which you have worked are knotted together. For the 2nd round, fasten the cotton on one shuttle on the middle purl of a circle, work a circle like those of the 1st round, take up the 2nd shuttle, and work on exactly as in the 1st round, only work 8 plain between the circles over the cotton on the 2nd shuttle. The 2nd round consists of 15 circles, the cotton with which you work must be fastened at the required places on the middle purl of a circle of the preceding round. The 3rd and following rounds are worked in the same manner, the number of circles must be such as to keep the couvrette quite flat. In our pattern the 3rd round has 26 circles. Fasten the cotton well after each round.



## H E B E,

I SAW the twinkle of white feet,  
 I saw the flash of robes descending ;  
 Before her ran an influence fleet,  
 That bowed my heart like barley bending.

As, in bare fields, the searching bees  
 Pilot to blooms beyond our finding,  
 It led me on, by sweet degrees,  
 Joy's simple honey-cells unbinding.

• Those Graces were that seemed grim Fates ;  
 With nearer love the sky leaned o'er me ;  
 'The long-sought Secret's golden gates  
 On musical hinges swung before me.

I saw the brimmed bowl in her grasp  
 Thrilling with godhood ; like a lover  
 I sprang, the proffered life to clasp ;—  
 The beaker fell ; the luck was over.

'The earth has drunk the vintage up ;  
 What boots it patch the goblet's splinters ?  
 Can Summer fill the icy cup,  
 Whose treacherous crystal is but Winter's ?

Oh, spendthrift, haste ! await the gods ;  
 Their nectar crowns the lips of Patience ;  
 Haste scatters on ungrateful sods  
 The immortal gift in vain libations.

Coy Hebe flies from those that woo,  
 And shuns the hands would seize upon her ;  
 Follow thy life, and she will sue  
 To pour for thee the cup of honour.

## LETTERS FROM "DEAR OLD GRANNY."

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### IX. SPENDING.

"Money is like manure, of very little use, except it be spread."—BACON.

"The injury of prodigality leads to this, that he that will not economize will have to agonize."—  
CONFUCIUS.

**M**Y DEAR GRAND-CHILD,—I daresay you are of the general opinion that there is nothing easier than to spend money; one can so very readily get rid of superfluous cash. As to the getting rid of the money, that is true enough; and if you substitute waste for spend, nothing can be easier than to empty your purse. But to spend money prudently requires no common care; and I suppose, therefore, that a few words about it will not be unacceptable to you.

*Money is not to be despised.* Some people affect to despise it, and in talk depreciate the "yellow dross." As a rule, I do not find the conduct of these people running parallel with their precepts, and in many cases it reduces itself to a modern instance of the "Fox and Grapes;" they attempt to depreciate that which they have not got, and are not likely to get. There are a few people who love money for the money's sake—people of the Daniel Dancer school. Such folk I have always looked upon as demented. I do not believe that there is any sane miser. That point, however, we need not discuss now. The majority of people have a liking for money just for what money can do, and that it can do a great deal nobody can doubt. There is no objection to being rich; it is a comfortable thing to have a good balance at your banker's, and to feel that you can freely give and spend, without running the risk of being unjust to anybody or falling into indigent circumstances. Perhaps this may sound mercenary in your ears, but *you*, at least, will acquit me of that charge. I only want to put the matter fairly, and to do so I must say, "Money is a good thing;" it is not money, but the inordinate love of it, that is the root of evil.

Now, the first thing with regard to spending money is *not to spend it all*. It may look satisfactory in a report to show that the income and expenditure exactly tallied, but it looks a great deal better to have something in hand. I would not advise anyone to be niggardly, mean, or shabby,—these terms, by-the-bye, are often applied unreasonably and unwarrantably,—but I would have people to be prudent.

The next point to be noted is that *in spending money we should buy what we want*. Jane Taylor's maxim, "Can I do without it?" may safely be employed, always supposing it be not carried to too great an extreme. There are many things we *can* do without, which are nevertheless harmless in themselves, if consistent with our station. We may deny ourselves any luxury, and content ourselves with the plainest of food, clothing, and furniture. We may never buy a book or an article of *vertù*; never, at our own charges, indulge in any amusement. If we travel, it may be at the cheapest rate, and we may select lodgings with an eye only to the "lowest tariff." All this we *may* do, but much of it in many cases is very unbecoming; and, besides this, it is not just. However paradoxical it may appear, what is ours is not our own. It is as much our duty to spend as it is to give, or, within reasonable bounds, to save. How are sellers to live if there be no buyers? The false economy—economy means *management*, I think—which cuts off all that is not absolutely essential, would paralyze trade and put an

end to commerce. People—the grown-ups—can do without Peter Robinson's richly coloured striped glaces, Paris silk poplins, new mantles and jackets, woven Paisley reversible shawls, &c.; they can do without Rowland's Kalydor, Macassar Oil and Odonto; they can do without Rimmel's delicious and permanent perfumes, the Nuova Odoratissima, toilet vinegar, &c.; they can mourn deeply without consulting Messrs. Jay; might possibly quiet maternal anxiety—and the baby—without Johnson's American Sotting Syrup; they can do without jupons, patent sansflectum, gemmas, Pompadour, or Piccadilly puffs; they need not play croquet, nor ride in the Row, nor go to ~~concert~~ opera, or ball; and as for people not grown up, they might be made to do without ~~any~~ one of Cremer's toys—without any help from his doll's hospital—in fact, they might be made to do without anything except a cheap education, which includes everything for £30 a-year, and "no extras." Regarded in this light, it is astonishing what people, old or young, can do without who want no extras; but the extras are the support of other people. They are, moreover, enjoyable—nay, proper—for not to be well dressed, well tabled, well housed, well servanted, well taught, or well entertained, when these things can be afforded, is not only very foolish, but wrong. Spend and live according to your means and station. What would be consistent with £10,000 a-year is extravagant with £5,000, and improvident with £1,000; what would be proper with £120 per annum would be the *acmé* of shabbiness with £1,000.

Then this leads me to notice that *we should spend what we can afford*. And what can we afford? I have many times heard people decline spending or giving on the score that they could not afford it, when I knew very well that they could afford to be generous or charitable—if they liked. I have known many people who would purchase articles they neither wanted nor cared for only because the articles were offered at a low price; and, in consequence of these foolish purchases, been compelled to say they could not afford what was really essential. I may quote an illustration of this from very humble life, but which has its counterpart in the "best" (?) society. A working woman says she called in the other day upon a neighbour, and could not help remarking on the litter and confusion the room appeared to be in. Some good articles of wearing apparel were thrown upon a table and chair in such a way that the visitor felt sure the husband's coat and the wife's best gown would be creased and wrinkled, to say nothing of the dust and flue. "I wonder," said she, "you don't get a small chest of drawers to put your things away in. I just now passed Snelgrove's, the broker's, where I saw a nice chest, that would suit you, marked 18s." "Ah!" is the answer; "that's just like you, always wanting to have everything tidy; but what's the use of talking to me about a chest of drawers? If they were only half the money you mention, I am quite sure that we can't afford it." After a little the visitor fixed her eyes upon four gaudily coloured prints, misrepresenting the progress of the Prodigal Son, in very tawdry frames. She noticed also some mock alabaster ornaments upon the chimney-piece. "You have some dashing pictures yonder," said she, "and some fine chimney ornaments." "Yes," is the answer, "ain't they pretty? Joe's very fond of them sort of things, and sometimes picks 'em up at a sale. He got them four pictures for 11s.; and the auctioneer declared that the frames alone were worth the money. The chimney ornaments he bought at another time, and for them he only gave 6s. 9d., which was as cheap as dirt." Thus there was 17s. 9d. spent upon articles of no use whatever, while a neat chest of drawers, which would have lasted their lifetime, and have kept things neat and tidy, was denied them, on the plea that they could not afford it." A great deal of this goes on in high as well as low life. Expensive nick-nacks take the money that should be spent in something really good and lasting.

Here I would call to your recollection the statement of the good Vicar of Wakefield the hero of that novel *par excellence*, of which even novel-haters approve. Says he,

## LETTERS FROM

"I chose my wife as she did her wedding such qualities as would wear well." To she spent her money in what was really there are a good many people who do very inferior in quality to goods that their extreme shrewdness. For the best stocks are almost always—see the post alarming sacrifice, something under price cleared, no reasonable offer is refused, the premises should be closed on Saturdays the bargain-lovers hasten things that will neither wear nor wash buyer. One should always consider that a fair price given for material that will be paid for that which may look as well as

*A safe way to spend money is to deal* When you are well served, nothing is in the prospect of being served better custom, are much more likely to be honest a chance customer. My advice, therefore probable that the tradesmen you patronize they deal in, and that they will be ready Where you can manage it, the most exact quantity of such material as you consume all this sort of thing—always in request certainly obtainable at a much lower price bought a few yards at a time. With this work out this plan. You can do it if you have a box of gloves than to buy your gloves open to question for several reasons. This applies to jewellery, to articles of much more profitable to spend your money in inexperienced eyes, looks as if it were worth money; paste and electro-plate.

And now let me suggest that it is a knack has the knack of disappearing very quickly that, only ninepence for this, sixpence for else, and another half-a-crown's worth of oddities, and there goes half-a-sovereign people never make up their minds to know how.

*Lastly, as the preachers say when they let credit take the place of cash.* If you tell you have. There are a good many how irksome and laborious is the journey must charge accordingly. You cannot buyer pays—and ought to pay—more the case if crisp notes and bullion set have not ready money, wait; better autumn than the most fashionable at

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The paletot has no sleeve. It is made of very light-coloured silk, now cross-strips, edged with a very small ruche. The points on each off with tassels. (The same paletot can also be made of muslin.) M

## 350. WALKING TOILET.

Tulle bonnet, adorned with violet-tinted metallic vine-foliage.

The dress is of mauve silk, trimmed with *guipure*, silk cord, and skirt being crossed over on the left side.

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## THE FASHIONS.

his style continues to be much in favour for all sea-side toilets.

is a most sensible rule which confines sweeping trains to full-dress skirts alone. much preferable to have a short dress for out-walking, especially in the country ; the sea-side ; but a full train is more graceful and dignified in a drawing-room.

dress of Bismarck-coloured *poult de soie* is trimmed with cross-strips of satin of same colour, simulating a deep peplum basque upon the skirt, and ornamented buttons of oxydized silver ; similar buttons, but of a larger size, fasten the dress ont from top to bottom. The trimming forms *revers* upon the sleeves, and a lace upon the bodice.

dress of gray foulard, in the Princess shape, with a low bodice, is ornamented a treble row of crimped silk fringe, of the same shade as the dress, arranged in ops, simulating a tunic in front, and coming down to the bottom of the skirt at ack. Braces are added to the low bodice—they are considerably wider upon the ders ; the sleeves are ample, and open from the shoulders ; both the braces and s are trimmed with fringes to correspond with the skirt. The sleeves are lined white foulard ; inside, high chemisette of white muslin, arranged in narrow on. Each bouillon is divided by a strip of insertion lined with blue ribbon ; s to correspond. Necklace and coiffure of blue ribbon.

re will not probably be any change in bonnets before next month. At present er bonnets are still worn.

ichons of spangled silk gauze are ornamented with gold aigrettes.

toquet of Bismarck-coloured crape, trimmed with a garland of brown-tinted eaves, and with small bunches of black grapes, veil of black lace, with lappets ; the back.

iadem toquet of white straw, with a border of blue velvet and white marabout rs, and wide lappets of white tulle, dotted with crystal beads.

Vatteau bonnet of maize-coloured straw and crape, with a bow of blue satin , the ends of which are tied under the chignon, and a wreath of wild oats. ts of straw-coloured crape are fastened in front with a cravat bow of blue satin, small bunch of wild oats, to correspond with the trimming of the bonnet.

onnet of Bismarck-coloured tulle, with an aigrette of golden-brown feathers in ornamented with cross-strips of silk of the colour of the tulle, embroidered et beads ; for strings, plaits formed out of three cross-strips of Bismarck-d silk, and edged with a narrow black lace border.

ergère bonnet of rice-straw, with a border of blue velvet, a garland of green leaves, and long pear-shaped grelots of turquoise-blue crystal.

anchonette of rose-coloured tulle, spangled with crystal, ornamented with cross-strips of silk of the same colour, edged with small olive-shaped grelots of ap. The front border is covered with lilies of the valley, and a bunch of the ves of these flowers is placed like a drooping feather on one side. Lappets of ured tulle, and narrow ribbon strings of the same colour, tied under the

ier, of yellow silk passementerie, imitating open-work straw, but much finer, th white silk, and trimmed with a garland of acacia blossoms, the ends of e continued upon lappets of white blonde.

er waist-bands are fashionable to wear with travelling costumes ; like all others, scalloped out.

fricaine parure, such as we have illustrated here and in the *Englishwoman's Magazine*, consisting of the necklace, girdle, epaulettes, and waist-band, ver all dresses, either in soutache or bead-work.

s, made of white foulard, and embroidered in black, or of one bright colour,



THE NEW FASHIONABLE FASHION

Modeled for

The Young Englishwoman.

SEP 1895

have become very numerous. They are useful to wear with any dress. Soon, however, they will be exchanged for garments of cashmere flannel, and the plushy cloth called *molleton*.

If bonnets are composed of very little material of any kind, it is not the same with dresses.

We conclude with the description of two very elegant toilets, that are being prepared for the autumn festivities at Compiègne, and destined for a lady of the court.

A dress composed of an upper skirt of blue silk, with a vandyked border of black silk, 10 inches deep, round the bottom; upon each scallop there is a rosette formed of flat loops of blue ribbon, with a star of jet in the centre. The bodice is of black silk, with a basque forming a sort of short tunic, scalloped out and bound with blue. Coat sleeves, with blue *revers*. Black English straw-hat with a coronet of blue corn-flowers, and lappets of black lace.

The second toilet is thus composed—under skirt of white foulard, trimmed round the bottom with plaits of green ribbon. Upper skirt of Bismarck-coloured foulard, looped up with similar plaits. The under part of the bodice is Bismarck-coloured, the upper part is green, and trimmed with cross-strips of white foulard. Coat sleeves, ornamented to correspond. Short paletots of Bismarck-coloured foulard, edged with black lace. Sleeves *à la juive*, lined with white, and bound with green straw, hat trimmed with a garland of green-tinted foliage, and Bismarck-coloured ribbons.



## DESCRIPTION OF OUR FASHION-PLATE.

*Right Hand Figure.*—COUNTRY VISITING TOILET.—Watteau bonnet of rice-straw, with a very low round crown, trimmed with a narrow mauve ribbon, the ends of which fall at the back. The border is covered in front and at the sides. A bandeau of ribbon, with a rose in front, completes the ornamentation. Wide mauve ribbon strings, fastened with a rose.

White alpaca dress. Bodice open, in the shape of a heart, and crossed at the bottom. It is trimmed with a strip of alpaca, piped with silk, and embroidered with coloured silks. Epaulette made of a network of gimp, and edged with fringe. Muslin chemisette and sleeves. Sash tied at the back, with two long lappets, trimmed with a cross-strip of silk.

Long plain under skirt. Short upper skirt, trimmed down with cross-strips, put on so as to simulate widths overlapping one another. The bottom of the skirt is scalloped out, and edged with cross-strips, under which hangs a long silk fringe. Silk embroidery patterns following the outlines of the trimming.

*Left Hand Figure.*—COUNTRY TOILET.—Empress hat of Leghorn straw, with a low crown, and flat and rather wide brim. Garlands of foliage are placed round the crown, and come down on each side, so as to cross one another under the chignon, with long, trailing sprays. Foulard dress. Low, round bodice, with sleeves "*à la juive*," the corners at the bottom being cut off. The under skirt is trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbons, forming wide rounded scallops; the short upper one is scalloped out and rounded off in front, curved in at the sides, with the corners slanted off. On either side a wide cross-strip, with velvet ribbon, forms a bow with two ends. Plain sleeves and chemisette of muslin; narrow black velvet ribbons ornament the chemisette.

## LOVELIEST WORDS.

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### THE ROSE. A BALLAD.

#### I.

IN his tower sat the poet  
Gazing on the roaring sea,  
"Take this rose," he sighed, "and throw it  
Where there's none that loveth me."  
"On the rock the billow bursteth  
And sinks back into the seas;  
But in vain my spirit thirsteth  
So to burst and be at ease.  
"Take, O Sea, the tender blossom  
That hath lain against my breast;  
On thy black and angry bosom  
It will find a surer rest.  
"Life is vain, and love is hollow,  
Ugly death stands there behind;  
Hate, and scorn, and hunger follow  
Him that toileth for his kind."  
Forth into the night he hurled it,  
And with bitter smile did mark  
How the tempest whirled it  
Swift into the hungry dark.  
Foam and spray drive back to leeward,  
And the gale, with dreary moan,  
Drifts the helpless blossom seaward,  
Through the breakers all alone.

#### II.

Stands a maiden, on the morrow.  
Musing by the wave-beat strand,  
Half in hope and half in sorrow,  
Tracing words upon the sand:  
"Shall I ever then behold him,  
Who hath been my life so long,—  
Ever to this sick heart fold him,—  
Be the spirit of his song?  
"Touch not, Sea, the blessed letters  
I have traced upon thy shore,  
Spare his name whose spirit fetters  
Mine with love for evermore!"



Swells the tide and overflows it,  
But, with omen pure and sweet,  
Brings a little rose, and throws it  
Humbly at the maiden's feet.

Full of bliss, she takes the token,  
And, upon her snowy breast,  
Soothes the ruffled petals, broken  
With the ocean's fierce unrest.

"Love is thine, O heart! and surely  
Peace shall also be thine own;  
For the heart that trusteth purely  
Never long can pine alone."

## III.

In his tower sits the poet,  
Blisses new and strange to him  
Fill his heart, and overflow it  
With a wonder sweet and dim.

Up the beach the ocean slideth  
With a whisper of delight,  
And the moon in silence glideth  
Through the peaceful blue of night.

Rippling o'er the poet's shoulder  
Flows a maiden's golden hair;  
Maiden's lips, with love grown bolder,  
Kiss his moonlit forehead bare.

"Life is joy, and love is power,  
Death all fetters doth unbind,  
Strength and wisdom only flower  
When we toil for all our kind.

"Hope in truth—the future giveth  
More than present takes away—  
And the soul for ever liveth  
Nearer God from day to day."

Not a word the maiden uttered,  
Fullest hearts are slow to speak,  
But a withered rose-leaf fluttered  
Down upon the poet's cheek.





## 353. BRIOCHE CUSHION.

land well stuffed, and a piece of pasteboard, red with black glazed calico, is placed under it.

## I. MAT FOR PRESERVING THE TABLE-CLOTH.

MATERIALS.—Dark brown and light grey cloth, wool, ribbon  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inch wide.

This mat is so easy to work that a mere child can make it. It may be used as a mat for decanting glasses, dishes, &c.; it is made of dark brown and light grey cloth, and is trimmed all round with ruches; the under ruche is 3 inches wide, and made of pinked-out cloth, the upper one is made of worsted braid  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inch wide. Cut first

12 strips in brown and as many in grey cloth, each strip must be  $\frac{3}{5}$ ths of an inch wide and 19 inches long, then cut 18 strips in brown and 15 strips in grey cloth, of the same width as the preceding ones, but only 13 inches long. Then fasten the long strips at one end upon stiff pasteboard, placing alternately 3 brown strips and 3 grey together, and plait them with the shorter strips, also alternately 3 brown and 3 grey strips, so as to produce the pattern shown in illustration. The mat may be lined with cardboard, so as to make it firmer. Round it off at the corners, bind it with worsted braid, and trim with above-mentioned ruches.

## OUR FERNERY.

### CHAPTER II.

**THE OAK FERN.**—*Polypodium Dryopteris*, Linn. *Polystichum Dryopteris*, Roth. *Lastrea Dryopteris*, Newm. *Gymnocarpium Dryopteris*. *Phegopteris Dryopteris*.—

The fronds are smooth, of a light bright green, and ternate; that is, they are divided into three branches, one on each side, opposite, the third rising from between the two others. These branches are drooping, pinnate at the base, becoming pinnatifid towards the point. The pinnae also are almost pinnate at the base, and become pinnatifid above. The segments of the pinnae are obtuse, or rounded at the end. The rizome is very slender and creeping, forming a thick turf-like moss, as is the case with the preceding; the sori are almost marginal. The fronds are usually barren; those that are fertile rise higher than the others, and are distinguished by their narrower segments. The stipes is slender, brittle, and dark-coloured, clothed with a few scales at the base, and usually twice as long as the leaf part. It is principally by its smooth and ternate frond that the Oak Fern may be recognized among other polypodies. The latter feature is very noticeable when the fronds are but partly developed, each of the three branches being coiled separately, so that they resemble three little balls on slender wires. It likes dry, stony woods, and shady, rocky places in the north of England, in Scotland and Wales; but is rare in Ireland. It is not evergreen, the fronds appear in April, and die with the autumnal cold. They grow from three inches to a foot high. Shade is almost more necessary to the Oak Fern than to the Mountain Polypody, as the slightest exposure to sunlight soon robs it of its beautiful hue, and causes it to become rusty and withered. It must have a sufficient supply of moisture, but not too much, as we found to our grief and cost; for having obtained a very nice specimen during our Scotch tour, and being in raptures with the delicacy of its texture and its graceful growth, we were most anxious that it should flourish. Finding in one of our books that abundant moisture was necessary for it, we took especial care that the grand requisite was not wanting. But spite of our care, it soon faded, and eventually died, when we found that the rizome was quite decayed. We have now one that a friend brought us from the north of England, with which we have tried quite a different plan. It is watered with the others, but we have taken care the soil around is well drained, by putting plenty of pieces of broken flower-pot, &c. The result is that it is very flourishing, and the vivid green of its fronds is a great addition among the varied shades of foliage of our other ferns.

**THE LIMESTONE POLYPODY.**—*Polypodium Calcareum*, Smith. *Lastrea Robertiana*, Newm. *Gymnocarpium Robertianum*. *Phegopteris Calcareum*.—The fronds are nearly triangular, sub-ternate, or partially three-branched, erect, rigid, of a dull intense green. The surface is covered with small glands, which can be readily seen by the aid of a pocket magnifying-glass. The rachis is also glandular. The branches are pinnate, pinnatifid towards the apex, or point. When in the bud, the three branches do not, as in the Oak Fern (*P. Dryopteris*), resemble three little balls, but have their pinnae rolled up separately. The pinnae of the lower branches are pinnatifid, with obtuse segments; the lower ones of the upper or centre branch are pinnate, but become pinnatifid towards the top of the branch, and eventually almost entire. The sori are marginal. The frond is about equally divided as regards the stipes and leafy portion. The rizome is thicker, and less spreading than that of the Oak Fern. It is local, as it

affects calcareous or chalky soils, chiefly in the northern and western parts of England and Scotland. You will find it among broken limestone, growing with the grass and bushes, and averaging from about six inches to a foot in height. It does not succeed very well in the London fernery, as pure air, and not too much moisture, are necessary to its well-being. Lime-rubbish should be mixed with the other soil about where it is planted. It is not an evergreen. It is not uncommon in the rocky parts of Derbyshire, whence I procured one I had, which grew in our fernery for a short time, and then died off.

THE ALPINE POLYPODY.—*Polypodium Alpestre*, Koch, Sprengel, Moore. *Pseudothyrium Alpestre*, Newman. *Aspidium Alpestre*. *Athyrium Alpestre*. *Phegopteris Alpestris*.—The fronds grow in tufts from the crown of the root, varying in height from three-quarters to a foot and a half. They are deciduous, in form lance-shaped, bi-pinnate. The pinnules are linear-lanceolate, pinnatifid, with obtuse sharply serrated segments; sometimes the pinnules are so deeply pinnatifid as to be almost tri-pinnate. The rachis is leafy nearly to the base, and is covered with broad, pointed, brown scales. The rizome has a tendency to spread and branch. The position of the sori varies considerably, as they are sometimes nearly marginal; and at others, on either side of the mid-vein of each pinnule. The Alpine Polypody is common in the Highlands of Scotland; but, as it much resembles the Lady Fern (*Athyrium Filix-form.*), it has often been mistaken for a variety of this beautiful plant. The fronds appear in May and perish early in autumn.

With this fern, we come to the close of the genus *Polypodium*; the second genus still belonging to the sub-order *Polypodiaceæ* is

WOODSIA.—This genus is very small; it received its name in memory of Joseph Woods a British botanist. We have but two species in Britain, and these are very rare; considered by some to be only varieties of the same plant. The general characteristics are, that the sori are circular, the indusium is not used as a cover for the sori, but they rest in it as in a cup. The indusium, being thus attached under them, is called inferior. At an early stage it covers the sori, as do other indusia, but it soon splits into numerous jointed, hair-like scales, so that it cannot be very easily distinguished from the other hairs about the frond, without the assistance of the glass, the one great requisite in the study of ferns. No other British genera have indusia at all resembling those of the Woodsias, so that you will find no difficulty in recognizing them.

THE OBLONG WOODSIA.—*Woodsia Ilvensis*, R. Brown. *Acrostichum Ilvensis*, Linn. *Polypodium Arvonicum*, With. *Polypodium Ilvensis*, Swartz.—The fronds are lance-shaped and pinnate. The pinnæ are oblong and deeply pinnatifid, the lower ones opposite, the upper alternate, about from six to twelve on either side of the rachis, all covered above and beneath with small scales and hairs. The stipes, which is of a greenish colour, is also scaly. The sori are not quite marginal. The fronds, which are about a finger's length, grow in a tuft at the extremity of a very short rizome. It is deciduous; grows in the crevices of moist rocks, and about the summits of mountains. Some suppose it to be a difficult plant to cultivate, but all it needs seems to be air, no sunshine, though plenty of light and moisture; if it has these, and is planted in a compost of fibry peat, yellow loam, and silver sand, surrounded by broken bricks, lumps of charcoal, and other porous substances, it succeeds; but you will perceive, as it requires air, it will not answer well in a London fernery. It is not hardy enough to bear transplanting in the autumn, but must be moved in spring or summer, in order that it may be well established before winter sets in. Sometimes the mature fronds are not hairy.

ALPINE WOODSIA.—*Woodsia Hyperborea*, Brown, Smith, Hooker, and Arnott. *Woodsia Alpina*, Newm. *Woodsia Ilvensis*, (variety), Babington. *Acrostichum Alpinum*,

Bolton.—Fronds, linear lance-shaped, pinnate, growing in tufts from the crown, pinnae somewhat round, and at the same time triangular in form, pinnatifid, with rounded lobes. Alternate up the rachis, those near the base are at a greater distance from each other than those towards the top of the frond. The surface is nearly smooth. The roots are black and wiry, the stipes is somewhat of the same hue. It grows from a sixth to a quarter of a foot high, is deciduous, requires the same treatment as the former. It is found in similar situations, but more rarely; it seems at present to have been only met with in two or three places in Wales, the same number in Perthshire; and Dr. Balfour says he has found it in Glen Fiadh, Forfarshire, in Scotland. This closes the second genus—*Woodsia*.

THE LASTREAS, OR BUCKLER FERNS.—We have now come to the third genus of the sub-order *Polypodiaceæ*. You will always remember that the different genera of each sub-order all have the distinguishing features of their order, as well as their own peculiar characteristics. That of the Lastreas, or Buckler Ferns, is that the indusium is kidney-shaped, or reniform, and is attached to the frond at the notched part.

MARSH FERN.—*Lastrea Thelypteris*, Presl. *Aspidium Thelypteris*, Swartz, Smith-Hooker. *Hemestheum Thelypteris*, Newman. *Acrostichum* and *Polypodium*, Linn. *Polystichum Thelypteris*. *Thelypteris Palustris*.—The rizome is long and slender, creeping and branching in every direction. It is smooth and of a dark colour, with matted fibrous roots. The colour of the fronds is a delicate pale green, they never grow in tufts, and are of two kinds, fertile and barren. The latter appear about the beginning of May, or a little earlier, and are much shorter than the fertile ones, which you will find coming up in July; these attain to the height of two or more feet, while the barren are never higher than one foot. Both sorts are in form lance-shaped and pinnate, the pinnae alternate, except in the first pair; linear-lanceolate, deeply pinnatifid, oblong, and obtuse. The lobes of the fertile fronds are narrower, and much contracted when in seed. The sori are not quite marginal. As its name implies, it affects boggy and marshy places. It is not infrequent in England and Wales, but is rather rare in Scotland and Ireland. If you come upon one, you will generally find it abundantly about the spot, just as where there is one Brake (*Pteris Aquilina*) the ground is covered with it, and, from the same cause, its creeping rizome. It should be planted in peat and surrounded with brick-rubbish and stone.

MOUNTAIN BUCKLER FERN, OR HEATH FERN.—*Lastrea Oreopteris*, Presl. *Aspidium Oreopteris*, Swartz, Smith, Hooker. *Polypodium Montanum*, Vogler. *Lastrea Montana*, Newm. *Polypodium Fragrans*, Linn. *Polypodium Oreopteris*. *Polystichum Montanum*. *Hemestheum Montanum*. *Phegopteris Oreopteris*.—The fronds of this fern grow round the outside of the crown, having somewhat the appearance of a large shuttlecock. They are quite erect, lance-shaped, pinnate; leafy nearly to the ground. The lower pinnae become small, almost as much as do the upper ones, so that the broadest part of the frond is about midway between either end. The pinnae, which generally stand opposite, are linear-lanceolate, pinnatifid, covered with numerous tiny, glossy, gold-coloured, resinous glands on the lower surface; if you draw the fronds through your hand, they give out a strong balsamic fragrance. The sori are almost marginal. The rachis is covered with pale brown scales. This fern is not evergreen; the young fronds, to which the glands give a rich golden hue, appear in May, and die down towards winter. It grows from a foot to a foot and a half high, and is found on upland heaths, mountain sides, and woods, but is always in somewhat marshy ground, never on dry hills. In England, Wales, and Scotland, especially the latter, it is common, but is much rarer in Ireland. It succeeds best in the open air; still, if you transplant it carefully, with some of its own soil, and treat it as its fellows with regard to moisture, you will, I think, be able to

grow it in your London fernery, to w  
coloured glands above mentioned.

**MALE FERN, OR COMMON BUCKLE**  
*Filix-mas.*, Swartz, Smith, Hooker  
Newman. *Polystichum Filix-mas*  
*Filix-mas.*, which, with the except  
our English ferns; for who has ever  
the hedgerows or the ditches as he  
above the other herbage. I think,  
form of an old plant is very elegant  
tered from the wind. There is a ver  
on the stairs; we have had it ever  
about four feet high, of an erect, va

The fronds of the Male Fern are 1  
part of the pinnae, where they beco  
nation is circinate in the first two s  
and some others, is that the apex o  
the new fronds have very much the  
linear-lanceolate, the lower are m  
become so small as do those of *Ia*  
rachis, upon which they are set alt  
end, and serrated. The sori are 1  
near to its base, and distant from  
what is called chaffy; that is, cloth  
pale purplish hue, and become mo  
and scaly; the indusium is very a  
It grows in almost any kind of soil

There are a great number of v  
some, grows to a greater height  
larger. The pinnules are distan  
sori extend nearly the entire leng

**BORRERI.**—Another, is remarks  
and hairs. The fronds are narr  
two or three pairs at the base of

*Cristata* is very curious; each  
and apparently weighed down by  
The points of the fronds and of  
forms a noble mass of fronds, an  
a fernery; only, when the fern  
handsome ferns get too large for

355. MORNING CAP FOR  
LAD

This cap has the sh  
trimmed all round wit  
pattern is made of  
broidered in *applique*  
strips of insertion, le  
ribbon. A square la  
of the crown, the ribb  
top and fastened dow  
lappets of the border  
there is a rosette of <sup>STWED</sup> b



Bolt  
som  
lobe  
othe

# THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN'S RECIPE-BOOK.

sixt  
forn  
hav

**MUSHROOMS.**—Peel and put the mushrooms in a saucepan with a piece of  
This size of a walnut, a little mace, pepper and salt: let them simmer twenty

Th a tablespoonful of ketchup with a little flour and butter, give it one boil.  
sub ready.—*Another way:* Peel and rinse and dry the mushrooms in a cloth,  
each ounce of butter into a saucepan, and shake it over the fire till it begins to  
the in the mushrooms and shake over the fire for three minutes, add a very  
the pepper and salt, and then stew for half an hour and serve.

par—Take a pint of new milk, simmer in it a bit of lemon-peel, throw in  
A of sugar to dissolve, take the yolk of seven eggs, well beat them, pour  
How gradually on them, stirring it in, add half a pint of cream or milk, put it in  
stic over a slow fire, stirring one way: the moment it thickens take it off, pour  
and and stir till nearly cold.

fibr—One half pound of beef, one pint of water, scrape it into fine shreds.  
tuf water; let it boil up and immediately skim it, then let it boil for five  
nin mmming the whole time until there is not one piece of scum left, add a little  
wil, and serve.

bar **FILETS.**—*Ingredients:* One fowl, one egg, pinch of pepper and salt, tablespoon-  
nat *Made:* Cut up a fowl and bone it, form the legs, wings, breast, and merry-  
obl, six cutlets, flattening and giving them a good shape; take the meat from  
wher of the fowl and the liver, pound it in a mortar, with pepper, salt, and a  
anc gravy, brush the cutlet over with an egg, spread the forcemeat over them,  
Sec and cover with fried bread-crumbs, and fry them a light brown colour; serve  
abc round, and gravy in a separate dish.

wit **BITTERS.**—*Ingredients:* Two French rolls, one pint of cream, grating of a  
anc ounce of sugar, pinch of cinnamon, one egg. *Mode:* Cut the crumb of a  
l into lengths as thick as a finger, or into any form desired, warm a pint of  
Or rich throw one ounce of powdered sugar, a pinch of powdered cinnamon  
Ne stir well, and soak the roll in the mixture, letting it get cold; when well  
He nice brown, and serve for breakfast.

out **FINCH CAKE.**—One pound of flour, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, half a  
qui utter, six ounces of moist sugar, half a pound of currants, one ounce of  
sm or spice, *ad lib.*, two eggs, half pint of water. Mix thoroughly. Bake for  
abc three-quarters in a slow oven.

lin **SCURTS.**—One pound of flour, half a pound of fresh butter, half a pound of  
gla mp sugar, three quarters of an ounce of ground ginger, two eggs. Bake  
a s in a quick oven.

wit **HEAD NUTS.**—Two pounds of flour, two ounces of ground ginger, one pound  
gla le pound of moist sugar, one pound of treacle, teaspoonful mixed spice.  
fro egg with the treacle when warm. Mix all together. Bake five minutes  
anc ven.

W **CURTS.**—One pound of flour, salt butter size of walnut, rub in well, then  
It oughly, roll out very thin, and dock with the "docker": bake five minutes.  
ow o "docker," a tumbler will cut them, but holes must be pricked in them.

## OUR DRAWING-ROOM.

**INVESTIGATOR** is quite right to investigate; and to assist her investigations to the best of our ability is a labour of love, but Investigator must not be unreasonable in her demands. seven-and-thirty crooked little things that ask questions on four closely-written pages of foreign post would disturb the equanimity of the best-tempered of editors since Julius Cæsar took up his goose-quill and edited his own Imperial Gazette. Truly your questions are of interest; like yourself there are ever so many people who have not the least idea who the people were to whom you refer. We cannot, however, answer all—we have too many demands on our space. Here are a few replies—alphabetic—perhaps to be continued in our next. Sir Anthony Absolute, to whom Hazlitt alludes as being an evident copy after Smollett's Squire Bramble, is a character in Sheridan's comedy of "The Rivals." Acis, the hero—if the expression is allowable—of Handel's opera of "Acis and Galatea," is a mythological character—a Sicilian shepherd, beloved of the nymph Galatea, and crushed under a huge rock by Polyphemus the Cyclops—a green-eyed as well as a one-eyed monster. The blood of Acis gushing forth from under the rock was changed by the nymph into a river, the Acis, or Acinus, flowing at the base of Etna. Adonis was a beautiful youth, beloved of Venus and Proserpine, who more naturally disputed about right of possession. Jupiter settled the matter without appeal, giving him for eight months in the year to Venus and for four to Proserpine. He died of a wound received in the chase, and was turned into an anemone. The poets dearly love Adonis, solemn and colossal. Milton alludes to him—as you know—and has thereby puzzled you.

"Beds of hyacinths and roses  
Where young Adonis oft reposes,  
Waxing well of his deep wound  
In slumber soft."

Aimwell, is a gentleman of broken fortunes, master to Arches, in Farquhar's comedy of "The Beaux Stratagem." Andromache is a mythological character, the daughter of Eëtion,

and the fond wife of Hector. She is one of the noblest and loveliest female characters in Homer's Iliad. The passage you quote in Sir Walter Scott refers to Apemantus, a churlish philosopher in Shakespere's play of "Timon of Athens." Astarte is the Punic name of the Assyrian deity, Ashtaroth. Atticus is a poetical name given by Pope to Addison, in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, which forms the prologue to the Satires. Atticus was the term applied by the Romans to a person distinguished for learning or eloquence. Under this title Lord Chesterfield addressed a series of ironical letters to George Faulkner. *There*, that is all we can do for you—for the present. Your letter shall be kept in view, and we hope to give answers to all your questions in course of time.

**LADYBIRD.**—The following hints on how to finish a daughter may be useful to you; pray read them carefully:—1. Be always telling her how pretty she is. 2. Instill into her mind a proper love of dress. 3. Accustom her to so much pleasure that she is never happy at home. 4. Allow her to read nothing but novels. 5. Teach her all the accomplishments, but none of the utilities of life. 6. Keep her in the darkest ignorance of the mysteries of housekeeping. 7. Initiate her into the principle that it is vulgar to do anything for herself. 8. To strengthen the latter belief, let her have a lady's maid. 9, and lastly, having given her such an education, marry her to a clerk in the treasury upon £75 a-year, or an ensign that is going out to India. If, with the above careful training, your daughter is not finished, you may be sure it is no fault of yours, and you may look upon her escape as nothing short of a miracle. Now it seems to us, from your statement, that your education has been ruinous; but remember, for your comfort, that it is never too late to mend. Be a woman; bustle; give no heed to idle compliments; throw aside the trashy books, and foolish notions of gentility: you will be all the more the lady for it.

**Z. A.**—There is no impropriety in exchanging *cartes* with so intimate a friend.

A VERY GREAT BORE wishes to know—*First*, “whether it would be improper for three young ladies to walk about a mile to church of an evening without a gentleman, in the country, to hear a clergyman preach, with whom one of the young ladies is in love, and it is not certain that they would have to walk home alone, as a gentleman might be at church who would accompany them.” It is right to attend Divine worship; it is not improper to go unattended to church; being in love with the parson may seriously interfere with the maintenance of a becoming state of mind. There is no objection to a young man walking home with ladies after church. But our advice is—go to another church; if there is no other church near, stop at home in the evening. *Second*—Princess Frederick William of Prussia is the mother of four children—two princes and two princesses. *Third*—Both dark and fair gentlemen find ladies who prefer them: fair ladies generally like dark gentlemen, and dark ladies fair gentlemen. It is singular—we do not say that it is absurd—for a gentleman to shave off his whiskers, if he looks “infinitely” better with them on. Perhaps he is a lawyer, and thinks he cannot be too barefaced. *Fourth*—Flirting is altogether bad: in married ladies it is disreputable. *Fifth*—The use of slang phrases may not “shock people’s nerves,” but it must make those who employ them appear to disadvantage in the eyes of well-educated persons. *Sixth*—We have not seen the “Chignon Quadrille.” Godfrey’s music is always good, and we should recommend the quadrilles that bear his name. *Seventh*—Handwriting slovenly; there has been no proper training. *Eighth*—We think the majority of your questions frivolous, but we do not “vote” you—whatever that may mean—a very great bore. We are inclined to the opinion that you are a silly young woman, affecting smartness, and possessing the questionable vanity of being thought “fast!”

**TROUBLED.**—Steady application will enable you to overcome the difficulties. Do not try too much at once. A little at a time, and that well done, is the secret of successful progress.

A READER says:—To remove ink stains from linen, rub a little salt on the spot, then steep it in new milk, giving it a rub now and again till the stain disappears.

A SCOTCH SUBSCRIBER.—We are obliged to you for the suggestion, and will follow the hint you give us.

#### DON'T ALWAYS CHAFF.

Don't always chaff, dear Selena, pray spare me,  
Show me some mercy, O queen of the night!  
Think how your sarcasms pierce me and tear me,  
Think of my weakness, remember your night!  
Sometimes it's well at a fellow to laugh;  
Don't always chaff me though, don't always chaff!

Sometimes be merciful, sometimes remember,  
How one kind look all my troubles would wile;  
Sometimes be May to me, not cold December;  
Just for a treat sometimes give me a smile.  
Surely enough of your banter I quaff;  
Don't always chaff me, then, don't always chaff!  
Pardon my lack of politeness, excuse me  
If in my shyness I am but a “muff”;  
Give me instruction and do not abuse me,  
Help me on sometimes, don't always rebuff.  
Do at least this much, dear, on my behalf,  
Don't always chaff me so, don't always chaff!

A. A. D.

Y. Z.—The writing is not good. An article on the subject of finger-nails is in course of preparation.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—“They are Sleeping,” “The Ruined Tower,” “To a Song-bird,” “An Adventure on the Sands,” “Stanzas,” “A Dream, and what came of it.”

A. G. D. S.—The opinions you express are directly opposed to that of the large majority of the subscribers.

FAUST.—The desire of our correspondent has been complied with. The dramatic and operatic notices are resumed.

HELEN.—Be she ever so much admired—though like another Helen she might fire another Troy—should not be too presumptuous. We think she has behaved ill—that is to say, unkindly; for there is no doubt that the rejected one was led to anticipate another fate. Helen says this is the seventh—perhaps it is the last chance for her. Will anybody be sorry?

LITTLE NATTY will find Madame Gonbaud's paper patterns very useful to her. They are made up and properly trimmed, so that they are perfectly easy to work from.

JANE E.—In reading aloud, avoid rapidity and indistinctness of utterance; also a drawling, mincing, harsh, mouthy, heavy, affected, and self-complacent manner. Read just as you would naturally speak on the same subject, and under similar circumstances; so that if any one should hear you, without seeing you, he could not tell whether you were reading or speaking.

W. G. H.—The poem to which you refer is called "The Belle of the Ball," and was written by the late Albert Smith:—

"When Vane coarsely said she was 'stunning,'  
He wanted to stand in my shoes;  
She gave me a *deux temps* twice running,  
And threw over one of the Blues—  
And then she got rid of her brother  
So well when the supper-time came;  
And then we kept by one another,—  
At one time our plate was the same,—  
A very long way from her mother,  
Concealed by a *panier de crème*."

B. C. K.—The best preventive against mildew is to keep the plant subject to it occasionally syringed with a decoction of elder leaves, which will prevent the fungus growing on them.

TWENTY-ONE. — Sautéing is not another name for frying, but quite another cooking process. Soyer describes it: "Sauté means anything cooked in a very small quantity of butter, oil, lard, or fat, one side of the article at a time." This is certainly what we commonly call frying — thus we cook pancakes, chops, cutlets, &c. Frying is the insertion of any substance into boiling grease, "by which the surface of that substance becomes carbonized, and the heat which effects this object is sufficient to solidify the albumen and gelatine; or more commonly speaking, cooked. To do this properly the substance ought to be covered by the liquid, so that the heat acts all over it at the same time." You will gain so many useful instructions in housekeeping in "The Book of Domestic Management," that we advise you to procure a copy.

SARAH.—You can do very much in your character of helpmate to lighten your husband's cares and relieve him from anxiety. If he finds you looking closely after his interests, buying economically the food for his table; never wastefully sacrificing your old dresses in consequence of your thirst for new; always counting the cost of any object you may desire, you relieve his mind from a load of care which no man can carry without embarrassment. A man who feels that there is in his own house a leak which will absorb all he may earn, be that little or much, and that he has got to suffer it, and to suffer from it, or institute restrictions that will make him appear mean, the great stimulant and encouragement of his industry are taken away from him.

LOUISA.—Beads are now introduced into almost all kinds of fancy work; they blend exceedingly well with shades of Berlin wool:

"With a touch as delicate as the Spring's,  
Are wakened the beaded blooms;  
The fern that waves, and the moss that  
clings,  
Grow in the silken gloom;  
And a dew of steel is woven in  
By the noiseless finger-loom.

Airy festoons of swinging vines,  
And butterflies dipped in gold,  
And the meeting tunes of Gothic lines,  
Drawn in the days of old,  
Glitter in bright and pearly beads,  
By the quick, white fingers told.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—The exercise of your vocal powers is not likely to injure your health. The testimony of an eminent physician on the subject is of importance. Dr. Rush says, "The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption; and this, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them in vocal music, for this constitutes an essential branch of their education. The music-master of an academy has furnished me with a remark still more in favour of this opinion. He informed me that he has known several instances of persons who were strongly disposed to consumption restored to health by the exercise of their lungs in singing." You need, therefore, be under no apprehension of evil consequences by keeping up your singing.

**SLEEPY ONE** should think of Dr. Watts' sluggard. He came to no good! Getting up early in the morning gives a degree of vigour to the system which nothing else can procure. Common maxims—maxims which have arisen from experience—all teach the importance of early habits. The best rule is to get out of bed soon after waking in the morning; the first turn, as the Duke of Wellington used to say, should be the turn-out. Lying late is not only hurtful by the relaxation it occasions, but also by occupying that part of the day at which exercise is most beneficial. Six hours' sleep is ample allowance, but "custom takes seven." Rising between five and six in the morning, our advice is, that you, being young and in good health, should take an hour's walk in the open air, rain or shine; a stout pair of boots and an umbrella will preserve you from the wet, and an extra shawl from the cold. Keep up this practice summer and winter for two years, and you will not readily relinquish it afterwards.

**T. M.**—Her Majesty's Theatre is said to rival San Carlo, Naples, and is little inferior in dimensions to La Scala, Milan. It will hold 2,500 people. There are five tiers of boxes. La Scala is the largest theatre in Europe.

**L. F.**—To make a sea-pie, first make a thick pudding crust, line a dish with it, or, what is better, a cake tin; put a layer of stored onions, then a layer of salt beef cut in slices, a layer of sliced potatoes, a layer of pork and another of onions, strew pepper over all; cover with a crust, and tie down tightly with a cloth previously dipped in boiling water and floured. Boil for two hours and serve *hot* in a dish.

**NORMA.**—The handwriting is legible but not elegant; it would be greatly improved by practice. That practice makes perfect is an old axiom, which will apply not only to your writing but to your singing also. If you are on friendly terms with the gentleman, there would be no impropriety in reminding him that he has omitted to send you his promised *carté*.

**BIRD OF PASSAGE.**—You will find much help in securing eligible accommodation by consulting the "Sea-Side Register," published by Messrs. Orban and Dickens, 27, Walbrook, London. The Register gives a list of houses and apartments to let; also boarding-houses

and hotels at the principal watering-places. The list contains nearly all the principal towns on the coast. It can be had for a postage stamp, and is published fortnightly.

**ANNA C.** wishes to be told the cause of the geranium leaves turning yellow at the edge. She says it can't be the gas that is doing it, I keep them always out on the window-sill; it is only this year that there has been anything of that kind, they were so fresh and covered with flowers last year.—I noticed in the "YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN" that some one wants to know how to remove ink stains from linen: the only way I know of, is to stretch the linen over a cap of hot water, and rub the salt-of-sorrel on it till it is completely removed, or the spirit-of-lemon. Either of them does.

### POLLIE.

MERRY little chit,  
Full of fun—not folly.  
Never cross a bit  
Is my pretty Pollie!

Eyes and hair like jet,  
Lips like Christmas holly,  
She's my little pet,  
Laughing, sunny Pollie!

Brow e'er free from care  
—Never melancholy—  
Such a girl is rare  
As blythe, little Pollie!

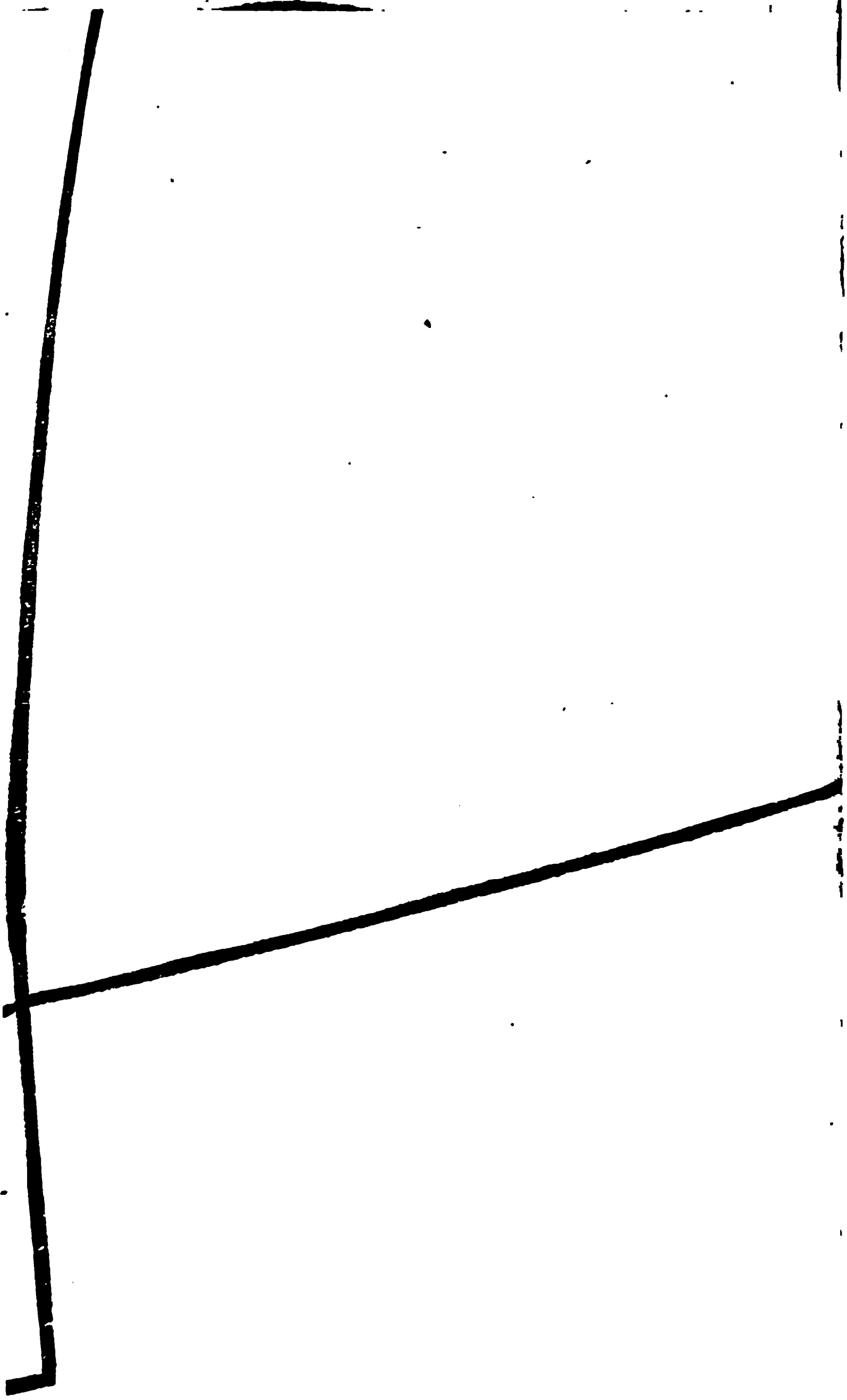
You may praise—in vain—  
Lizzie, Julia, Molly,  
Florence, Minnie, Jane—  
None come up to Pollie!

A. A. D.

**A REPLY TO E. H. FROM S. H.**—E. H. asks, "How to clean white kid gloves?" I always clean mine with Benzoline, or Benzine Collas. Lay the gloves on a flat surface, and rub them with a small piece of flannel dipped in the fluid, until all dirty marks are gone. The disagreeable odour soon passes off, if the gloves are left exposed. They will bear cleaning this way several times.—You tell B. C. W. that black silk may be improved by sponging with spirits. Strong black tea is better, and may be made good enough for the purpose by boiling the spent tea leaves, saved for two or three days.—S. H.

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F





# THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN.



## THE DIARY OF A DISAPPOINTED YOUNG MAN.



SEPT. 1st, 18—.—Letter from the Pater this morning, reminding me that the partridges are ready to be fired at, and begging me to run down to N—shire by an early train. He adds, in a postscript, that the Marchmounts are gone abroad for the autumn. Sorry to disappoint the paternal hopes, but I am not inclined to wear the willow of my native county, and the scenes amongst which a false-hearted woman befooled and deceived me are not exactly attractive to me at this time. And for the partridges, let them go. I fancy my time is better occupied, just now, taking into consideration my future profession of barrister—in collecting *data* for professional experience by the study of human nature, as exemplified in the Travers family.

Sept. 5th.—There is a flutter in the dove-cote this morning. A letter has been received from a certain old uncle at York, who proposes that two of the girls shall be sent to him, “to be properly introduced into society.” I have heard the letter read. The old gentleman offers some very gratuitous observations on the “unfortunate folly” of his brother, which is ruining his family, he says, and shutting them out of their proper position; in fact, as he proposes to do them a service, he evidently considers—as most of these charitable people do—that he has purchased the right to lecture them at the same time (I am not sure that he is wrong). At all events, his offer is a handsome one. “If you like to send me two of the girls,” he says, “I will introduce them—that is, my wife will—and provide for them for three years. If at the end of that time they are not married, they shall go back to you, and I will take two more on the same terms.”

The four eldest girls have talked it over in the family council-chamber—*i. e.*, the bench under my window—Bessie and Jannette, and Die and Eve. The younger ones were so tumultuous at the first broaching of the proposition that they had to be disposed of at a safe distance, and then the serious business of the consultation began. They have decided, as I expected, that the offer must be accepted; but, at the same time, they heartily wish it had never been made. They feel—poor dears!—that for “papa’s sake,” and for the sake of the boys who want education, it ought to be done; but it is a sore struggle to break up the home band. The two who are to go are looked upon as a sort of Roman sacrifice. And the great question, *which* two are to go? remains undecided yet. Upon my word, it was pretty and touching to hear the loving

contention that went on. Die offered herself first: poor Die, with her little ~~weak~~ heart, which wants the loving tendance of home so much; but this was instantly and peremptorily put down.

"Die to go away to a strange place! Die, who is hardly out of a sick-room! Die, who is mamma's counsellor and chief dependence! No, indeed!"

Bessie, Jannette, and Eve, all in one voice, offered themselves in Die's stead.

"I always get on so well with strangers, and Uncle and Aunt ~~are~~ ~~strangers~~ ~~you~~ know," was Bessie's argument, with a quiver in her voice which belied the ~~convincing~~ assertion of the words.

Jannette had no particular reason to give for her sacrifice, excepting that ~~she was~~ next eldest, after Die, and Uncle evidently meant to take them according to ~~their age~~. But Jannette was so indispensable at home, the rest declared: what was to become of the bonnets and hats, and the family wardrobe generally, without Jannette?

Jannette combatted this objection, rather weakly and faintly, I thought, by ~~maintain~~ing that Die could "cut out" and ~~manage~~ better than she could, and Eve had ~~so much~~ taste that she only wanted a little practice to make bonnets even better than ~~she did~~.

But Eve, not to be outdone in magnanimity, protested that Bessie and ~~she~~, being the twins (there is another pair in the family), should go together. And then, at ~~the~~ stage, the consultation suddenly broke up by a burst of tears all round. I don't ~~know~~ exactly who gave way first. I think it was Eve herself, for I have observed ~~that~~ although Eve and Bessie ~~are~~ twins, there is an especially tender friendship ~~between~~ Eve and Die, and they are oftenest to be seen *tête-à-tête* of any of the family. ~~At all~~ events, there was a hushed sound of weeping in the garden, like the soft patter of a summer shower amongst the leaves and flowers. And then the hobbled ~~boy~~ came forth from the house, with a vociferous summons to papa, and the little band ~~did~~ their eyes, and went slowly in.

I haven't had such a lump in my throat since I was a little boy. What can it ~~mean~~! I must have taken cold last night, in the moonlight, down by the beach. Poor ~~papa~~! taken cold! A six-footer, of herculean dimensions, with lungs like a Stentor's and limbs like an athlete, taking cold on a summer's night like a puny baby! Was a joke! But I'll swear my eyes *did* water, and my throat was "all stopped up," ~~as the~~ nephew Willie says, and I am curiously restless and unsettled besides—feverish I should say—and Blackstone lies on the window-sill unopened, and I tramp up and down the room, to the destruction of Mrs. Merton's new carpet of many colours.

I wonder which of those girls will go? Scissors! what a scene it was. Would the Amy Marchmounts of the world believe in it? Would I—who, a month ago, believed that the world was made up of Amy Marchmounts—have ever been undeceived if my good luck had not brought me to St. Sebastian's, and introduced me to the Travers family? I wonder which of them will go to York? Hang it! I can't settle to anything till I know.

Die is too delicate; surely the mother and father will see that. She is a poor little sensitive plant, and wants the tenderest sheltering. It would be folly, it would be cruelty, to send *her*, and yet she is the eldest, and the old uncle would naturally expect the two eldest now, and three years hence, if they don't marry. Confound it! I suppose they would be sure to marry. The old man writes like an autocrat. I can see he is a fellow of consequence up there, and he has no children, it seems, and could portion the girls off handsomely. And Die has been growing very lovely of late, since she recovered from her illness—lovelier every day. I suppose this is how she looked before—before she was *disappointed*. The recusant lover must have had very bad taste to have given her up—that's all. But then, in these cases, it is very often a matter of bad taste. For instance, Amy Marchmount, who . . . . .

*Sept. 2nd.*—Die is not to go—Die is not to go! They decided it on the lawn last evening by drawing lots, and promising beforehand to abide by the decision, whatever it might be. I saw the lots drawn. I wonder if any of the drawers felt more anxious than I did about the result?

Bessie and Eve drew the fatal numbers, and so Die was safe. Yes, and Jannette too. Poor little Jannette! She hardly seemed to know whether to be glad or sorry. I fancy this is the prevailing feeling of the family.

This morning they are all as busy as bees. "Uncle John" has done the thing handsomely. He has desired his brother to draw on his banker for whatever is needed to fit out his nieces, and wonderful preparations are going on.

*Sept. 6th.*—The lawn is still the rallying-point of the family, and a great part of the preparations are carried on there. Milliner's boxes are opened out, and new hats are tried on, and admired. It is so private and exclusive they think, poor little souls, and they have no suspicion of my closely-drawn blinds. I like to see how the natural feminine exultation over new finery asserts itself for a while, and is presently quenched in a burst of tears, and how the finery is then huddled back again into its box, and somebody is sure to exclaim, "After all, it isn't half as nice as what we used to make ourselves."

"Now, honestly," said Die, once, "I think it is a great deal nicer *in itself*; but then there is not the same feeling about it. What we have had trouble with we enjoy most, and perhaps that is why two of us are to go to York, just to make us value each other and home more through the trouble of parting."

"I'm sure," says Eve, tearfully, "we all love and value our home now."

"Perhaps not enough," gently suggests Die. "You will see how it will be that glorious day when you come back again." That day, under various forms, is the stay and support of the sisters.

*Sept. 8th.*—A difficulty has arisen. Uncle John has written to appoint Monday, the 15th, as the day for Bessie and Eve to go to York, and the new difficulty is an escort. Papa is just on the eve of completing a grand discovery; mamma never leaves papa; papa would collapse if she did; the hobbledehoy might do, for lack of a better, but he knows that he is only proposed at third hand, and as Hobson's choice, and he stands upon his dignity, and won't go. The whole family are sadly perplexed and worried, and they agree to leave the matter for the present, in the hope that something may "turn up" before the last moment.

*Sept. 9th.*—Something *has* turned up. *I* have turned up. *I* am going to take charge of the young ladies. A run down to York will be an agreeable variety enough, and this will happily solve all the difficulties over which the poor little girls are agonising. Not that they know it, but *I* know it, and the knowledge tranquillizes me, and sets the thing right, at all events. They will be taken care of, whether they are conscious of the care or not.

*Sept. 14th.*—Bessie and Eve have been paying their small round of farewell visits. Mrs. Merton was included in it. They were shut up in her "parlour" below for at least twenty minutes; but the doors being shut, *I* had no share in the interview, which I felt to be hard, considering that my valise is ready packed for to-morrow's journey, and that I am, after all, a much more confidential friend of the family than my landlady. That worthy personage "showed them out" through the little garden door, and although I was too honourable to listen, yet I heard her say, in that particularly hilarious treble of hers, and as she passed my door:

"He's so much better—quite a different creature. I'm sure he'd something on his mind when he first came, and that made him so snappy. I could see it in a moment. Why, miss, *I'm a mother myself!*"

*London, Sept. 15th, 10 p.m.*—So much of the journey happily accomplished. We came up by the 3 p.m. train from St. Sebastian, and we are to stay the night here—that is, Bessie and Eve at the house of an old friend of their mother's, who met them at the station, and I at the Great Northern Hotel, to be ready for the early express train in the morning. I believe I acquitted myself most honourably of my charge to-day. I supplied the young ladies with *Punch* and the *Illustrated London News*. I shifted the windows up and down, as seemed most agreeable to them, and I handed them out, took charge of their bouquet and other small parcels, all without presuming upon my little services sufficiently to enter into conversation. They fluttered and bowed very modestly and prettily as I took off my hat to them when their friend's carriage rolled off.

*Dec. 17th.*—My task is happily accomplished. I have delivered my charge into the hands of Uncle John, a pompous old personage in a wig and frilled shirt-front. A kind old fogey, I believe, though, from the hearty reception he gave the poor, half-frightened girls. Their spirits had gradually been sinking all the way from London; probably fatigue had something to do with it. I carefully abstained from getting into the same carriage with them at the station. The mother's friend saw them off, and it might have raised very unfounded but uncomfortable doubts in her mind if she had seen the same man who travelled with them from St. Sebastian waiting for them at the commencement of the next stage. So I ensconced myself in the next compartment, heard her give very particular injunctions to the guard, saw her enforce the injunctions with a very tangible reminder, and chuckled to myself at the supererogatory nature of the transaction. Then, at the first stoppage, I joined the young ladies. I saw them colour and brighten up when I appeared, and they whispered something to each other about "St. Sebastian." Poor little dears! The sight of a face ever so remotely connected with the place they had left seemed to bring a home feeling. And the journey being long, we did manage to get up a little conversation, chiefly about St. Sebastian.

"Have you been staying there long?" Bessie asked.

"About five weeks."

"In what part of the town?"

"Up on the hill, behind the Parade."

"Oh!" with a great expression of interest, and glancing at one another. "Which side of the hill? What was the name of the street?"

"You will think me very stupid," I replied, smiling, "but I never asked the name." And then, anxious to turn the conversation away from this dangerous point, "I like St. Sebastian amazingly."

"Oh, yes," sighs Eve, "so do we. It's a dear little place!"

And then a shadow falls on both the pretty young faces, and they sit looking out of the window, that I may not see the tears which fill their eyes.

I am such a coward, I that am reading for the bar, that I dared not bring the conversation any nearer to their home circle. There is a pretty reticence about them which gives a dignity to their simplicity, and which I respect, although it is inconvenient, and I do believe that I have won their gratitude and their kindly remembrance by the little services I have been so sedulously rendering them during these two days' journey. They smiled, and blushed, and thanked me in the prettiest manner when we parted, and they must have said something to their uncle, for the old fellow came toddling back along the platform to make me a Sir Charles Grandison bow, and to offer me the tips of three fingers to shake.

"Ha, sir! Beg to thank you, sir, for your attention to the young ladies. Going to make any stay in the neighbourhood?" (glancing at the card on the small port-

manteau in my hand) "Happy to see you at Stoneleigh Hall. Sir Walter Travers. My card, sir" (which I perfectly understood to mean a demand for *mine*, and responded to accordingly). "Evening, sir." And off he toddled again. Jolly old fluke!

I flatter myself that card will satisfy the aristocratic scruples which couldn't help showing themselves through the "fine old English gentleman's" courtesy and sense of obligation.

We Netherclifts can hold up our heads with a Travers any day. Is it worth while, I wonder, to stay up here a day or two, and improve this branch of the acquaintance? Well, hardly, I think. My task is accomplished. I feel like a knight-errant of old. The young ladies are safe, and now the less prosperous section of the family demands my attention. How does Die,—I mean how do they all bear the parting? I must put up at the hotel here for to-night, and to-morrow I shall get back, and see how she—how they all are.

Sept. 19th.—*St. Sebastian again.*—Die is disconsolate. She was in the garden, sewing away as usual, when I came back to my rooms to-day, but her poor eyes were red with crying, and she looked forlorn. She misses Eve—affectionate little thing! hard lines for her to lose her lover and her favourite sister both in one summer.

Sept. 20th.—Mrs. Merton came in last night to receive her week's rent. She was loquacious as usual, so I took advantage of the opportunity to satisfy my curiosity on one or two points connected with the Travers family. Die and that—that—brute were engaged six months; he was an officer, and she met him at her first ball—for she is only just twenty, and looks eighteen—and I suppose he took her little inexperienced fancy by his confounded military airs. Girls, even the best of them, *are* taken with red cloth. Then they were engaged, and I dare say he was very glad to boast at mess of his engagement to the prettiest girl in St. Sebastian. But his regiment was ordered out to India, and the brute found that Papa Travers had melted down the girls' dowries in his search after *his* particular edition of the philosopher's stone, and he didn't feel inclined to marry without some help from that quarter, and so it was given up. "Poor Miss Die! she was so fond of him," added Mrs. Merton; "but, you see, sir, an officer's life isn't much without money, and I think it was best for them both. Only I wonder he liked to give her up."

So do I. Hang him! Not that I believe she was "so fond" of him. An ignorant, talkative woman like Mrs. Merton would be sure to think that a girl must be violently in love with *any* fool who wore a red coat and moustache. And little, affectionate, tender creatures like Die have a way with them that looks like a vast amount of affection—a clinging, confiding way, which, after all, doesn't mean half as much as it looks like. And yet I fancy that Die can love well where it is worth while.

Bessie and Eve have written home for the first time, and the letter has been the occasion of a family jubilee. Die read it out to Fairy and the boys, and I heard it. Why should not I? Am I not the confidential friend of the family, entrusted with their escort, taking their troubles to heart as much as any one of them?

"First of all," writes Bessie, "you will be delighted to hear that uncle and aunt are as kind as kind can be. Uncle is a dear old thing, and he seems fond of us already, and aunt is very nice. At first she seems stiff and cold, and she rustles about in the most splendid shining silks and moirés, and is altogether very imposing. Eve and I were quite frightened when we were ushered into the big drawing-room to this splendid figure, but we soon got over it when we found how kind she was. She took us up to our rooms herself, and made us lie down and rest until the dressing bell rang for dinner. Such a lovely bed-room and dressing-room, all hung with pink and white, and with books and all sorts of pretty things about, like a fairy place. And uncle says that dear aunt has been busy for a fortnight, making it pretty and nice for us. And she



came in and kissed us after we were in bed at night, and told us we were to look upon her as our second mother, and to love her as she already loved us. I think, you know, that it has been a great disappointment to uncle and aunt, not having any children of their own, and that they quite enjoy having us. And Eve and I have made up our minds not to fret about you all, because it would grieve them so much, but to look upon it as our duty to be kind and loving to them, as if we were their own children. And it will not be difficult, for they are so kind. I only hope we shall not be utterly spoilt. But I have been rambling on, and telling you things just as they came, without beginning at the beginning—our journey. You heard of us from London. Mr. Metcalfe was to write as soon as she had seen us safely off. But you have not heard that we had quite an adventure. A gentleman travelled with us from St. Sebastian, and was very kind and polite, giving us newspapers to read, and handing out our parcels, &c. Well, soon after we had started from London, next day, who should come into our carriage but this very same gentleman. He was very kind again; got us refreshments, and troubled himself a great deal with Eve's flowers and my bird, when we had to change carriages and wait at the different stations, and think how it made our hearts beat when he told us he had been staying for some weeks at dear St. Sebastian. It was so nice; we felt quite a home-feeling towards him. And wasn't it odd? He came all the way with us. I wonder we never noticed him about at St. Sebastian. But, then, we went out so little, and there are such heaps of strangers always in the season. But I think if I had ever seen him—in church or anywhere—I should have remembered him. He is tall, and very handsome, I think, although Eve thinks it is more a clever face, and he has that sort of finished, *London* look, you know. And his manner is so respectful and thoughtful that one does not seem a bit afraid of taking any little attention from him, or even of talking to him. I think a *true* gentleman always has that sort of manner with ladies. If you remember, we always noticed that papa had when he would see people, which he won't now. Uncle has something of it, but in a bluffer way, if you understand. It is such a different thing to the rude, staring manner of the officers, which always made us quite afraid to go on the Parade. But I am rambling again; you know it always was my way. Perhaps this being away from you will do me good by teaching me how to write a proper letter. When we arrived at the Burington Station, uncle was there to meet us, and we told him how kind the gentleman had been to us, so he went back and thanked him, and gave him his card, and invited him to call at Stoneleigh, if he proposed making any stay in the neighbourhood. I was glad uncle did that, for he really was so kind, and it was rather awkward for young girls like Eve and me to thank him properly, although we *did* say something to him. He gave uncle his card, but said he was returning almost immediately. I wonder if he is going back to St. Sebastian! His name is Netherclift—Harry Netherclift, of Gray's Inn. Uncle says it is a very good name, and that he is evidently a gentleman, as Eve and I thought. But I have said so much about him that I must leave Eve to describe the house and the place generally to you, and go down to be ready to read the newspaper to uncle, as he likes me to do every evening when he wakes up from his after-dinner nap."

What an artless, innocent way that girl has of writing! They are a nice-minded family. Upon my word, I should like to make the acquaintance of—of other members of the family. Those two girls were interesting creatures, and I like the look of the others. But how is it to be compassed? Can't I waylay the young prig somewhere, and offer him a cigar? (he doesn't smoke, I know, for I heard Fairy say it made him sick, but he would appreciate the compliment all the more.) I'll try, at all events. It would be getting the thin edge of the wedge in.

*Sept. 25th.*—I have tried everything, and failed. The young prig took the cigar, and

a spirit of foolhardiness, I suppose, smoked it, and was ill before my eyes! Since which he has slunk away ignominiously whenever I appeared in sight, and so his forced conceit and vanity put a stopper on my advances from that quarter. Then I thought me that the garden, being as free to me, in my quality of Mrs. Merton's guest, as to the Travers' family, I might, perhaps, make something out of *that*. Accordingly I carried my book out very early one morning, and ensconced myself in a quiet corner, on a seat, shaded from the observation of the Travers' mansion. Presently it trooped the younger branches of the family. "Halloa!" shouted Knickerbocker No. 1, turning a corner suddenly, and coming upon me. And then they all stared at me, as if I had been an intruder on *their* privileged ground, and finally turned on their heels, and retreated as far as possible from my neighbourhood. Five minutes later, Diogenette, and a half-grown child-woman, whom they call Grace—the link between the Traverses and Fairy—came down the path, work-baskets in hand, and made for their usual place, beneath my windows. Thither trooped the small fry in an instant, chattering, bustling, and sticulating, pointing even towards me, where I sat, pretending to be completely absorbed in my studies, and watching proceedings out of the corner of my eye. The girls fluttered uneasily, but took up their work all the same. I was careful not to startle them. I kept my place and my position, and never stirred (although I cricked my neck most unmercifully) until the Travers' dinner-bell rang, and they all retired indoors, when I got up, stretched my legs, and reflected that I had not gained much. However, that will come, as the French say. I believe I am on the right tack. Let them get accustomed to my lay figure, and by-and-bye I can venture to move, and talk about, and then, who knows what may follow?

Sept. 27th.—This is what has followed. The girls have fled like a covey of frightened birds, and I am left alone on the lawn! Walking about, it is true, and monarch of all I survey, but alone! I see a face peeping out of a window sometimes, to see if I am alone, I suppose; but evidently I am regarded as some wild beast prowling about the garden, and making it unsafe for habitation. I feel this very keenly. But I have yet another card to play. Little Fairy crept back, after all the others had gone, for her doll. I saw a move just in time, and pocketed the plaything, taking care to let about three inches of its pink frock show. Then I seated myself on the bench just vacated by the young ladies. Fairy came timidly along the path, looking askance at the pink tresser, evidently regarding me in the light of a formidable giant-ogre, but inclined to dare much on account of the precious Tom 'Thumb I had pocketed. I feigned to be quite unconscious of her advance, and read on in deep abstraction, only folding my arms closely about Miss Dolly to guard against any sudden raid.

"Please give me my doll."

"Eh, what, your doll, little girl?" very gently, my object being propitiation; "and where is your doll?"

"In your pocket," pointing to the protruding pink.

"Dear me! so it is! I must have mistaken it for my pocket-handkerchief." This as I drew forth the interesting little stranger, legs foremost.

Fairy lushed indignant, and I saw that I had committed myself in a way which no subsequent raptures of admiration over Dolly's pink cheeks and flaxen curls could cover. She waited, with her hand outstretched, in manifest impatience, until I could no longer make any excuse for withholding her treasure from her, and then she grasped it eagerly, with a short "Thank you," and sped away back to the house, as if she dreaded pursuit and re-capture of her prize at my hands. And so I have played my last card, and lost the game!



### 370. WAISTBAND WITH LAPPETS.

This waistband is made of blue silk, trimmed with strips of guipure insertion and rosettes of blue silk. On either side there are one long and one short lappet trimmed with guipure insertion. They are joined together by four rosettes of blue silk placed at equal distances. The waistband is fastened under a similar rosette.

**371. FICHU MARIE ANTOINETTE.**

This fichu is made of muslin, net, or of the same material as the dress. Our pattern is made of white muslin trimmed with strips of guipure insertion, with embroidery patterns worked in appliqué and a lace border. The fichu is crossed in front and is tied behind. Our illustration clearly shows the arrangement of the trimming.

## A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GAYWORTHYS," "FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD," ETC.

### XI.

THE tableaux had to be put off. Frank Scherman was obliged to go down to Boston unexpectedly, to attend to business, and nothing could be done without him.

The young girls felt all the reaction that comes with the sudden interruption of eager plans. A stagnation seemed to succeed to their excitement and energy. They were thrown back into a vacuum.

"There is nothing on earth to do, or to think about," said Florrie Arnall, dolefully.

"Just as much as there was last week," replied Josie Scherman, common-sense-ically. Frank was only her brother, and that made a difference. "There's Giant's Cairn as big as ever, and Feather Cap, and Minster Rock, and the Spires. And there's plenty to do. Tableaux aren't everything. There's your 'howl,' Sin Saxon. That hasn't come off yet."

"'It isn't the fall that hurts—it's the fetch-up,' as the Irishman observed," said Sin Saxon, with a yawn. "It wasn't that I doted particularly on the tableaux, but 'the waters wild went o'er my child, and I was left lamenting.' It was what I happened to be after at the moment. When I get ready for a go out, I do hate to take off my bonnet and sit down at home."

"But the 'howl,' Sin! What's to become of that?"

"Ain't I howling all I can?"

And this was all Sin Saxon would say about it. The girls meant to keep her in mind, and to have their frolic—the half of them in the most imaginative ignorance as to what it might prove to be; but somehow their leader herself seemed to have lost her enthusiasm or given up her intention.

Leslie Goldthwaite felt neither disappointment nor impatience. She had got a permanent interest. It is good always to have something to fall back upon. The tableaux would come by and by; meanwhile there was plenty of time for their "bees," and for the Cliff.

They had long mornings in the pines, and cool, quiet afternoons in Miss Craydocke's pretty room. It was wonderful the cleverness the Josselyns had come to with little frocks. One a skirt, and the other a body—they made nothing of finishing the whole at a sitting. "It's only seeing the end from the beginning," Martha said, when Leslie uttered her astonishment. "We know the way, right through; and no way seems long when you've travelled it often." To be sure, Prissy Hoskins' delaines and calicoes didn't need to be contrived after Goubaud's fashion-plates.

Then they had their holiday, taking the things over to the Cliff, and trying them all on Prissy, very much as if they had been a party of children, and she a paper doll. Her rosy little face and wilful curls came out of each prettier than the last, precisely as a paper dolly's does; and when at the end of all they got her into a bright violet print and a white bib-apron, it was well they were the last, for they couldn't have had the heart to take her out of them. Leslie had made for her a small hoop, from the upper

half of one of her own, and laced a little cover upon it, of striped skirting, of which there was a petticoat also to wear above. These, clear, clean, and stiffened, came from Miss Craydocke's stores. She never travelled without her charity-trunk, wherein—put at once in perfect readiness for different use the moment they passed beyond her own—she kept all spare material that waited for such call. Breadths of old dresses, ripped, and sponged, and pressed, or starched, ironed, and folded; flannel petticoats shrunk short; stockings "cut down" in the old, thrifty, grandmother fashion; underclothing strongly patched (as she said, the "Lord's mark put upon it, since it had pleased Him to give her the means to do without patches"); odds and ends of bonnet-ribbons, dipped in spirits and rolled tightly upon blocks, from which they unrolled nearly as good as new;—all these things, and more, religiously made the most of for whomsoever they might first benefit, went about with her in this, the biggest of her boxes, which, give out from it as she might, she never seemed, she said, to get quite to the bottom of.

Under the rounded skirts, below the short, plain trousers, Prissy's ankles and feet were made shapely with white stockings and new stout boots. (Aunt Hoskins believed in "white stockin's, or go athout. Bilin' an' bleachin' an' comin' out new; none o' yer aggravations 'v everlastin' dirt-colour.") And one thing more, the prettiest of all. A great net of golden-brown silk that Leslie had begged Mrs. Linceford, who liked netting, to make, gathered into strong, large meshes the unruly wealth of hair brushed back in rippling lines from Prissy's temples, and showing so its brighter, natural colour from underneath, where the outside had grown sun-faded.

"I'm just like Cinderella—with four godmothers!" cried the child; and she danced up and down, as Leslie let her go from under her hands.

"You're just like—a little heathen!" screamed Aunt Hoskins. "Where's yer thanks?" Her own thanks spoke themselves, partly in an hysterical sort of chuckle and snuffle, that stopped each other short, and the rebuke with them. "But there! she don't know no better! 'Tain't fer every day, you needn't think. It's fer company to-day, an' fer Sundays, an' to go to Portsmouth."

"Don't spoil it for her, Mrs. Hoskins. Children hate to think it isn't for every day," said Leslie Goldthwaite.

But the child-antidote to that was also ready.

"I don't care," cried Prissy. "To-day's a great, long day, and Sunday's for ever and ever, and Portsmouth'll be always,"

"Can't yer stop ter kerchy, and say—Luddolight'n massy, I donno what to *tell* ye ter say!" And Mrs. Hoskins sniffled and gurgled again, and gave it up.

"She has thanked us, I think," said Miss Craydocke, in her simple way, "when she called us God-mothers!" The word came home to her good heart. God had given her, the lonely woman, the larger motherhood. "Brothers, and sisters, and mothers!" She thought how Christ traced out the relationships, and claimed them even to himself!

"Now, for once, *you're* to be done up. That's general order number two," Miss Craydocke said to the Josselyn girls, as they all first met together again after the Cliff party. "We've worked together till we're friends. And so there's not a word to be said. We owe you time that we've taken, and more that we mean to take before you go. I'll tell you what for when it's necessary."

It was a nicer matter to get the Josselyns to be helped than to help. It was not easy for them to bring forth their breadths and their linings, and their braids that were to be pieced, and their trimmings that were to be turned, and to lay bear to other eyes all their little economies of contrivance; but Miss Craydocke managed it by simple straightforwardness—by not behaving as if there were anything to be glossed over or ignored. Instead of hushing up about economies, she brought them forward, and gave them a most cheery and comfortable, not to say dignified air. It was all ordinary mat-

ter of course—the way everybody did or ought to do. This was the freshest end of this breadth, and should go down; this other had a darn that might be cut across, and a straight piecing made, for which the slope of the skirt would allow—*she* should do it so; that hem might be taken off altogether and a new one turned; this was a very nice trimming, and plenty of it; and the wrong side brighter than the right; she knew a way of joining worsted braid that never showed—you might have a dozen pieces in the binding of a skirt and not be noticed. This little blue frock had no trimming; they would finish that at home. No, the prettiest thing in the world for it would be pipings of black silk, and Miss Craydocks had some bits just right for covering cord, thick as a board, big enough for nothing else; and out they came, as did many another thing, without remark, from her bags and baskets. She had hooks and eyes, and button-fasteners, when these gave out; she used from her own cotton-spools and skeins of silk; she had tailors' twist for button-holes, and large black cord for the pipings; and these were but working implements, like scissors and thimble—taken for granted, without count. There was nothing on the surface for the most shrinking delicacy to rub against; but there was a kindness that went down into the hearts of the two young girls continually.

For an hour or two at least each day they sat together so, for the being together. The work was "taken up." Dakie Thayne read stories to them sometimes; Miss Craydocks had something always to produce and to summon them to sit and hear—some sketch of strange adventure, or a ghost-marvel, or a bright, spicy magazine-essay; or, knowing where to find sympathizers and helpers, Dakie would rush in upon them un-called, with some discovery, or want, or beautiful thing to show of his own. They were quite a little coterie by themselves. It shaped itself to this more and more.

Leslie did not neglect her own party. She drove and walked with Mrs. Linceford, and was ready for anything the Haddens really wanted of her; but Mrs. Linceford napped and lounged a good deal, and could spare her then; and Jeannie and Elinor seemed somehow to feel the want of her less than they had done—Elinor unconsciously drawn away by new attraction, Jeannie rather of a purpose.

I am afraid I cannot call it anything else but a little loss of caste which seemed coming to Leslie Goldthwaite just now, through these new intimacies of hers. "Something always gets crowded out." This, too—her popularity among the first—might have to be, perhaps, one of the somethings.

Now and then she felt it so—perceived the shade of difference towards her in the tone and manner of these young girls. I cannot say that it did not hurt her a little. She had self-love, of course; yet for all, she was loyal to the more generous love—to the truer self-respect. If she could not have both, she would keep the best. There came to be a little pride in her own demeanour—a waiting to be sought again.

"I can't think what has come over Les," said Jeannie Hadden, one night, on the piazza, to a knot of girls. She spoke in a tone at once apologetic and annoyed. "She was always up to anything at home. I thought she meant to lead us all off here. She might have done almost what she pleased."

"Everybody likes Leslie," said Elinor.

"Why, yes, we all do," put in Mattie Shannon. "Only she will take up queer people, you see. And—well, they're nice enough, I suppose; only there's never room enough for everybody."

"I thought we were all to be nowhere when she first came. There was something about her—I don't know what—not wonderful, but taking. 'Put her where you pleased, she was the central point of the picture,' Frank said." This came from Josie Scherman.

"And she's just dropped all to run after goodness knows what and whom! I can't see

through her!" rejoined Jeannie, with a sort of finality in her accent that seemed to imply, "*I* wash my hands of her, and won't be supposed accountable."

"Knew ye not," broke in a gentle voice, "that she must be about her Master's business?" It was scarcely addressed to them. Miss Craydocks just breathed audibly the thought she could not help.

There came a downfall of silence upon the group.

When they took breath again—"Oh, if she's *religious*!" Mattie Shannon just said, as of a thing yet farther off, and more finally done with. And then their talk waited under a restraint again.

"I supposed we were all religious,—Sundays at least," broke forth Sin Saxon suddenly, who, strangely, had not spoken before. "I don't know though. Last Saturday night we danced 'the German' till half-past twelve, and we talked charades instead of going to church, till I felt—as if I'd sat all the morning with my feet on the fender, reading a novel, when I'd ought to have been doing a German exercise or something. If she's religious every day, she's seven times better than we are, that's all. *I* think—she's got a knot to her thread!"

Nobody dared send Leslie Goldthwaite quite to Coventry after this.

Sin Saxon found herself in the position of many another leader,—obliged to make some demonstration to satisfy the aroused expectations of her followers. Her heart was no longer thoroughly in it; but she had promised them a "howl," and a howl they were determined upon, either with or against her.

Opportunity arose just now also. Madame Routh went off on a party to the Notch, with some New York friends, taking with her one or two of the younger pupils, for whom she felt most constant responsibility. The elder girls were domesticated and acquainted now at Outledge; there were several matronly ladies with whom the whole party was sufficiently associated in daily intercourse for all the air of chaperonage that might be needed; and one assistant-pupil, whom, to be sure, the young ladies themselves counted as a most convenient nonentity, was left in nominal charge.

Now or never, the girls declared with one voice it must be. All they knew about it—most of them—was that it was some sort of an out-of-hours frolic, such as boarding-school ne'er-do-weels delight in; and it was to plague Miss Craydocks, against whom, by this time, they had none of them really any manner of spite; neither had they any longer the idea of forcing her to evacuate; but they had got wound up on that key at the beginning, and nobody thought of changing it. Nobody but Sin Saxon. She had begun, perhaps, to have a little feeling that she would change it, if she could.

Nevertheless, with such show of heartiness as she found possible, she assented to their demand, and the time was fixed. Her merry, mischievous temperament asserted itself as she went on, until she really grew into the mood for it once more.

It took two days to get ready. After "the German" on Thursday night, the howl was announced to come off in Number Thirteen, West Wing. This, of course, was the boudoir; but nobody but the initiated knew that. It was supposed to be Maud Walcott's room. The assistant-pupil made faint remonstrances against she knew not what, and was politely told so; moreover, she was pressingly invited to render herself with the other guests at the little piazza-door, precisely at eleven. The matronly ladies, always amused, sometimes a little annoyed and scandalized, at Sin Saxon's escapades, asked her, one and another, at different times, what it was all to be, and if she really thought she had better, and among themselves expressed tolerably grave doubts about proprieties, and wished Madame Routh would return. The vague mystery and excitement of the howl kept all the house gently agog for this Tuesday and Wednesday intervening. Sin Saxon gave out odd hints here and there in confidence.

It was to be a "spread;" and the "grub" (Sin was a boarding-school girl, you know, and had brothers in college) was to be all stolen. There was an uncommon clearance of cakes, and dough-nuts, and pie, and cheese, from each meal, at this time. Cup-custards even disappeared—cups and all. A cold supper, laid at nine on Wednesday evening, for some expected travellers, turned out a more meagre promise on the arrival of the guests than the good host of the Giant's Cairn had ever been known to make. At bedtime Sin Saxon presented herself in Miss Craydocke's room.

"There's something heavy on my conscience," she said, with a disquiet air. "I'm really worried; and it's too late to help it now."

Miss Craydocke looked at her with a kind anxiety. "It's never too late to try to help a mistake. And *you*, Miss Saxon—you can always do what you choose."

She was afraid for her—the good lady—that her heedlessness might compromise herself and others in some untoward scrape. She didn't like these rumours of the howl—the last thing she thought of being her own rest and comfort, which were to be purposely invaded.

"I've let the chance go by," said Sin Saxon, desperately. "It's of no use now." And she rocked herself back and forth in the Shaker chair, of which she had taken possession.

"My dear," said Miss Craydocke, "if you would only explain to me—perhaps—"

"You *might*!" cried Sin, jumping up, and making a rush at the good woman, seizing her by both hands. "They'd never suspect you. It's that cold roast chicken in the pantry. I *can't* get over it, that I didn't take that!"

Sin was incorrigible. Miss Craydocke shook her head, taking care to turn it aside at the same moment; for she felt her lips twitch and her eyes twinkle, in spite of herself.

"I won't take this till the time comes," said Sin, laying her hand on the back of the Shaker chair. "But it's confiscated for to-morrow night, and I shall come for it. And, Miss Craydocke, if you *do* manage about the chicken—I hate to trouble you to go down stairs, but I daresay you want matches, or a drink of water, or something, and another time I'll wait upon you with pleasure—here's the door—made for the emergency—and I on the other side of it dissolved in tears of gratitude!"

And so, for the time, Sin Saxon disappeared.

The next afternoon, Jimmy Wigley brought a big basket of raspberries to the little piazza-door. A pitcher of cream vanished from the tea-table just before the gong was struck. Nobody supposed the cat had got it. The people of the house understood pretty well what was going on, and who was at the bottom of it all; but Madame Routh's party was large, and the life of the place; they would wink hard and long before complaining at anything that might be done in the west wing.

Sin Saxon opened the door upon Miss Craydocke when she was dressed for "the German," and about to go down stairs. "I'll trust you," she said, "about the rocking-chair. You'll want it, perhaps, till bedtime, and then you'll just put it in here. I shouldn't like to disturb you by coming for it late. And please step in a minute now, won't you?"

She took her through into the boudoir. There lay the "spread" upon a long table, contrived by the contribution of one ordinary little one from each sleeping-chamber, and covered by a pair of clean sheets, which swept the floor along the sides. About it were ranged chairs. Two pyramids of candles, built up ingeniously by the grouping of bedroom tins upon hidden supports, vine-sprays, and mosses serving gracefully for concealment and decoration, stood, one on each side, half-way between the ends and centre. Cake-plates were garnished with wreathed oak-leaves, and in the midst a great white Indian basket held the red, piled-up berries, fresh and fragrant.

"That's the little bit of righteousness to save the city. That's paid for," said Sin



Saxon. "Jimmy Wigley's gone home with more scrip than he ever got at once before; and if your chicken-heartedness hadn't taken the wrong direction, Miss Craydocke, I should be perfectly at ease in my mind."

"It's very pretty," said Miss Craydocke; "but do you think Madame Routh would quite approve? And why couldn't you have had it openly in the dining-room? And what do you call it a 'howl' for?" Miss Craydocke's questions came softly and hesitatingly, as her doubts came. The little festival was charming—but for the way and place.

"Oh, Miss Craydocke! Well, you're not wicked, and you can't be supposed to know; but you must take my word for it, that, if it was tamed down, the game wouldn't be worth the candle. And the howl? You just wait and see!"

The invited guests were told to come to the little piazza-door. The girls asked all their partners in "the German," and the matronly ladies were asked, as a good many respectable people are civilly invited where their declining is counted upon. Leslie Goldthwaite, and the Haddens, and Mrs. Linceford, and the Thoresbys were all asked, and might come if they chose. Their stay would be another matter. And so the evening and "the German" went on.

Till eleven, when they broke up; and the entertainers in a body rushed merrily and noisily along the passages to Number Thirteen, West Wing, rousing from their first naps many quietly-disposed, delicate people, who kept early hours, and a few babies whose nurses and mammas would bear them anything but gratefully in mind through the midnight hours to come.

They gained two minutes, perhaps, upon their guests, who had, some of them, to look up wraps, and to come round by the front hall and piazzas. In these two minutes, by Sin Saxon's order, they seated themselves comfortably at table. They had plenty of room; but they spread their robes gracefully—they had all dressed in their very prettiest to-night—and they quite filled up the space. Bright colours, and soft, rich textures floating and mingling together, were like a rainbow encircling the feast. The candles had been touched with kerosene, and matches lay ready. The lighting-up had been done in an instant. And then Sin Saxon went to the door, and drew back the chintz curtains from across the upper half, which was of glass. A group of the guests, young men, were already there, beneath the elms outside. But how should she see them, looking from the bright light into the tree-shadows? She went quietly back, and took her place at the head, leaving the door fast bolted.

There came a knock. Sin Saxon took no heed, but smilingly addressed herself to offering dainties right and left. Some of the girls stared, and one or two half rose to go and give admittance.

"Keep your seats," said Sin, in her most ladylike way and tone, with the unchanged smile upon her face. "*That's the howl!*"

They began to perceive the joke outside. They began to knock vociferously. They took up their cue with a readiness, and made plenty of noise; not doubting, as yet, that they should be admitted at last. Some of the ladies came round, gave a glance, saw how things were going, and retreated—except a few, parties from other houses, who had escorts among the gentlemen, and who waited a little to see how the frolic would end, or at least to reclaim their attendants.

Well, it was very unpardonable—outrageous, the scandalized neighbours were beginning already to say in their rooms. Even Sin Saxon had a little excitement in her eye beyond the fun, as she still maintained the most graceful order within, and the exchange of courtesies went on around the board, and the tumult increased without. They tree-toaded, they cat-called, they shouted, they cheered, they howled, they even hissed. Sin Saxon sat motionless an instant when it came to that, and gave a glance towards the

lights. A word from her would put them out, and end the whole. She held her *card* in reserve, however, knowing her resource, and sat, as it were, with her finger on the spring, determined to carry through coolly what she had begun.

Dakie Thayne had gone away with the Linceford party when they crossed to the Green Cottage. Afterwards, he came out again, and stood in the open road. ~~Some~~ ladies, boarders at Blashford's, up above, came slowly away from the uproar, ~~h~~ward. One or two young men detached themselves from the group on the piazza, and followed to see them safe, as it belonged to them to do. The rest sat themselves ~~down~~ at this moment, upon the steps and platform, and struck up, with one accord, "We won't go home till morning." In the midst of this, a part broke off and took up, ~~dis~~cordantly, the refrain, "Polly, put the kettle on—we'll all have tea;" others complicated the confusion further with "Cruel, cruel, Polly Hopkins, treat me so—oh! treat me so!" Till they fell, at last, into an indistinguishable jumble and clamour, from which they extricated themselves now and again, and prevailed, the choruses of "Updee," and "Bum-bum-bye," with an occasional drum-beat of emphasis given upon the door.

"Don't go back there, James," Dakie Thayne heard a voice from the retiring party say, as they passed him,—*"it's disgraceful!"*

"The house won't hold Sin Saxon after this," said another. "They were out in the upper hall, half a dozen of them, just now, ringing their bells and calling for Mr Biscombe."

"The poor man don't know whom to side with. He don't want to lose the whole west wing. After all, there must be young people in the house, and if it weren't one thing it would be another. It's only a few fidgets that complain. They'll hush up and go off presently, and the whole thing will be a joke over the breakfast-table to-morrow morning, after everybody's had a little sleep."

The singing died partially away just then, and some growling, less noisy but more in earnest, began.

"They don't *mean* to let us in! I say, this is getting rather rough!"

"It's only to smash a pane of glass above the bolt, and let ourselves in. Why shouldn't we? We're invited." The latent mob-element was very near developing itself in these young gentlemen, high-bred, but irate.

At this moment, a waggon came whirling down the road around the ledges. Dakie Thayne caught sight of the two white leaders, recognized them, and flew across to the hotel. "Stop!" cried he. At the same instant a figure moved hastily away from behind Miss Craydocke's blinds. It was a mercy the waggon had driven round to the front ~~hall~~ door.

A mercy in one way; but the misfortune was that the supper-party within knew nothing of it. A musical, lady-like laugh, quite in contrast to the demonstrative utterances outside, had just broken forth, in response to one of Sin Saxon's brightest speeches, when through the adjoining apartment came suddenly upon them the unlooked-for apparition of "the spinster." Miss Craydocke went straight across to the beleaguered door, drew the bolt, and threw it back. "Gently, young gentlemen! Draw up the piazza-chairs, if you please, and sit down," said she. "Mr. Lowe, Mr. Brookhouse, here are plates; will you be kind enough to serve your friends?"

In three minutes she had filled and passed outwards half a dozen saucers of fruit, and sent a basket of cake among them. Then she drew a seat for herself, and began to eat raspberries. It was all done so quickly—they were so entirely taken by surprise—that nobody, inside or out, gainsaid or delayed her by a word.

It was hardly done when a knock sounded at the door upon the passage. "Young ladies!" a voice called—Madame Routh's.

She and her friends had driven down from the Notch by sunset and moonlight.

Nobody had said anything to her of the disturbance when she came in; her arrival had rather stopped the complaints that had begun; for people are not malignant, after all, as a general thing, and there is a curious propensity in human nature which cools off indignation, even at the greatest crimes, just as the culprit is likely to suffer. Madame Routh had seen the bright light and the gathering about the west wing. She had caught some sounds of the commotion. She made her way at once to look after her charge.

Sin Saxon was not a pupil now, and there was no condign punishment actually to fear; but her heart stood still a second, for all that, and she realized that she had been on the verge of an "awful scrape." It was bad enough now, as Madame Routh stood there, gravely silent. She could not approve. She was amazed to see Miss Craydocke present, countenancing and matronizing. But Miss Craydocke *was* present, and it altered the whole face of affairs. Her eye took in, too, the modification of the room—quite an elegant little private parlour as it had been made. The young men were gathered decorously about the doorway and upon the platform, one or two only politely assisting within. They had taken this cue as readily as the other: indeed, they were by no means aware that this was not the issue intended from the beginning, long as the joke had been allowed to go on; and their good-humour and courtesy had been instantly restored. Miss Craydocke, by one master-stroke of generous presence of mind, had achieved an instantaneous change in the position, and given an absolutely new complexion to the performance.

"It is late, young ladies," was all Madame Routh's remark at length.

"They gave up their 'German' early on purpose; it was a little surprise they planned," Miss Craydocke said, as she moved to meet her.

And then Madame Routh, with wise, considerate dignity, took *her* cue. She even came forward to the table and accepted a little fruit; stayed five minutes, perhaps, and then, without a spoken word, her movement to go broke up, with unmistakable intent, the party. Fifteen minutes after, all was quiet in the west wing.

But Sin Saxon, when the doors closed at either hand, and the girls alone were left around the fragments of their feast, rushed impetuously across towards Miss Craydocke and went down beside her on her knees.

"Oh, you dear, magnificent old Christian!" she cried out, and laid her head down on her lap with little sobs, half laughter and half tears.

"There, there!"—and Miss Craydocke softly patted her golden hair, and spoke as she would soothe a fretted and excited child.

Next morning, at breakfast, Sin Saxon was as beautifully ruffled, ratted and crimped—as gay, as bewitching, and defiant as ever—seated next Madame Routh, assiduously devoted to her in the little attentions of the meal, in high spirits and favour; even saucily alluding across the table to "*our* howl, Miss Craydocke."

Public opinion was carried by storm; the benison of sleep had laid wrath. Nobody knew that an hour before she had been in Madame Routh's room, making a clean breast of the whole transaction, and disclosing the truth of Miss Craydocke's magnanimous and tactful interposition, confessing that without this she had been at her wits' end how to put a stop to it, and promising, like a sorry child, to behave better, and never do so any more.

Two hours later she came meekly to Miss Craydocke's room, where the "bee" was gathered—for mere companionship to-day, with chess and fancy-work—her flourishes all laid aside, her very hair brushed close to her pretty head, and a plain gingham dress on.

"Miss Craydocke!" she said, with an air she could not divest of a little comicality, but with an earnestness behind it shining through her eyes, "I'm good! I'm converted!"

"I want some tow-cloth to sew on immediately." And she sat down, folding her hands, waiting.

Miss Craydocke laughed. "I don't know. I'm afraid I haven't anything to be done just now, unless I cut out some very coarse, heavy home-spun."

"I'd be glad if you would. Beggars mustn't be choosers; but if they might, I should say it was the very thing. Sackcloth, you know; and then, perhaps, the ashes might be excused. I'm in solemn earnest, though. I'm reformed. You've done it; and you," she added, turning round short on Leslie Goldthwaite—"you've been at it a long time *unbeknownst* to yourself; and you, ma'am—you finished it last night. It's been like the casting out of the devils in Scripture. They always give a howl, you know, and go out of 'em!"

## XII.

SIN SAXON came heart and soul into Miss Craydocke's generous and delicate plans. The work was done, to be sure. The third trunk, that had been "full of old winter dresses to be made over," was locked upon the nice little completed frocks and sacks that forestalled the care and hurry of "fall work" for the over-burdened mother, and should gladden her unexpected eyes, as such store only can gladden the anxious family manager who feels the changeful, shortening days to come treading with their speedy demands upon the very skirts of long, golden, sunshiny August hours.

Susan and Martha Josselyn felt, on their part, as only busy workers feel who fasten the last thread, or dash a period to the last page, and turn round to breathe the breath of the free, and choose for once and for a while what they shall do. The first hour of this freedom rested them more than the whole six weeks that they had been getting half-rest, with the burden still upon their thought, and always waiting for their hands. It was like the first half-day to children when school has closed, and books are brought home for the long vacation. All the possible delight of coming weeks is distilled to one delicious drop, and tasted then.

"It's 'none of my funeral,' I know," Sin Saxon said to Miss Craydocke. "I'm only an eleventh-hour helper; but I'll come in for the holiday business, if you'll let me; and perhaps, after all, that's more in my line."

Everything seemed to be in her line that she once took hold of. She had little private consultations with Miss Craydocke. "It's to be your party to Feather-Cap, but it shall be my party to Minster Rock," she said. "Leave that to me, please. Now the howl's off my hands, I feel equal to anything."

Just in time for the party to Minster Rock, a great basket and box from home arrived for Sin Saxon. In the first were delicious early peaches, rose-colour and gold, wrapped one by one in soft paper and laid among fine sawdust; early pears also, with the summer incense in their spiciness; greenhouse grapes, white and amber and purple. The other held delicate cakes and confections unknown to Outledge, as carefully put up, and quite fresh and unharmed. "Everything comes in right for me," she exclaimed, running back and forth to Miss Craydocke with new and more charming discoveries as she excavated. Not a word did she say of the letter that had gone down from her four days before, asking her mother for these things, and to send her some money; "for a party," she told her, "that she would rather give here than to have her usual summer *fête* after her return."

"You quite eclipse and extinguish my poor little doings," said Miss Craydocke, admiring and rejoicing all the while as genuinely as Sin herself.

"Dear Miss Craydocke!" cried the girl, "if I thought it would seem like that, I would send and tip them all into the river. But you,—you *can't* be eclipsed! Your orbit runs too high above ours."

Sin Saxon's brightness and independence, that lapsed so easily into sauciness, and made it so hard for her to observe the mere conventionalisms of respect, in no way hindered the real reverence that grew in her towards the superiority she recognized, and that now softened her tone to a tenderness of humility before her friend.

There was a grace upon her in these days that all saw. Over her real wit and native vivacity, it was like a porcelain shade about a flame. One could look at it, and be glad of it, without winking. The brightness was all there, but there was a difference in the giving forth. She was intent upon new purpose; something to be *done* would not let her "stand upon the order" or the fashion of her doing. She forgot her little airs, that had been apt to detract from her very wit, and leave it only smartness; bright things came to her, and she uttered and acted them; but they seemed involuntary and only on the way; she could not help herself, and nobody would have had it helped. She was still Sin Saxon; but she had simply told the truth in her wayward way that morning. Miss Craydocke had done it, with her kindly patience that was no stupidity, her simple dignity that never lowered itself, and that therefore could not be lowered, and her quiet continuance in generous well-doing,—and Sin Saxon was different. She was won to a perception of the really best in life,—that which this plain old spinster, with her "scrap of lace and a front," had found worth living for after the golden days were over.

There were a few people at Outledge—of the sort who, having once made up their minds that no good is ever to come out of Nazareth, see all things in the light of that conviction—who would not allow the praise of any voluntary amendment to this tempering and new direction of Sin's vivacity. "It was time she was put down," they said, "and they were glad that it was done. That last outbreak had finished her. She might as well run after people now, whom she had never noticed before: it was plain there was nothing else left for her; her place was gone, and her reign was over." Of all others, Mrs. Thoresby insisted upon this most strongly.



## REMEMBERED MUSIC.

THICK-RUSHING, like an ocean vast  
Of bisons, the far prairie shaking,  
The notes crowd heavily and fast  
As surfs, one plunging like the last  
Draws seaward from its foamy breaking.

Or in low murmurs they began,  
Rising and rising momentarily,  
As o'er a harp Æolian  
A fitful breeze, until they ran  
Up to a sudden ecstasy.

And then, like minute drops of rain  
Ringing in water silverly,  
They lingering dropped and dropped again,  
Till it was almost like a pain  
To listen when the next would be.

## 372. INSERTION IN TATTING.

## 372. INSERTION IN TATTING.

Tatting is once more come into fashion, and the small black shuttle is seen upon every work-table. All the patterns of this style of work are composed of loops, trefoil leaves, or stars, which are joined together with a needle and thread. For the present pattern, work separately a sufficient number of small rosettes, each composed of six ovals of double stitches and puri. These ovals are worked first in a straight row, then they are joined into a circle and united in the centre by button-hole stitches. The rosettes are joined together with fine cotton. The crochet border is then worked on either side in chain stitches and treble crochet, as seen in illustration.

## 374. BEAD STAR FOR ORNAMENTS WAIST-BANDS, ETC.

This pattern, which can be repeated in straight or slanting rows, is worked in black jet beads and bugles; the centre is formed by a large cut jet bead.

## 373. NAPKIN

**MATERIALS.**—Cardboard, as and large garnet-coloured beads, garnet beads, scarlet pure silk, tie 2-4

This of 7 ci fasten band, with 1 ornam The is 1 2-5t those measu and the 4 smallest ones only  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an inch. Each circle consists of 2 parts of cardboard covered on one side with scarlet silk. The outside is edged round with button-hole stitch = scarlet silk, and ornamented with garnet-coloured beads from illustration. The centre of each circle is formed by a large garnet bead. When the upper piece of cardboard of each circle has been ornamented it is sewn over the other & over-cast st., leaving on each side of circle an opening 2-5ths of an inch wide to draw silk elastic through.

## 373. NAPKIN RING.





378. CROCHET INSERTION.

## 375-377. CLOTHES BAG.

This clothes bag is made of a piece of white Java canvas  $36\frac{1}{2}$  inches long, 20 inches wide, embroidered round the top and bottom with button-hole stitch in black Berlin wool. No. 376 shows part of the button-hole stitch border in full size, both the ends of white cotton are drawn through these stitches. The vandykes at the bottom are ornamented with a Berlin-work pattern in black wool, see Illustration 377. At the distance of about 1 inch above the vandykes the open-work pattern is begun (see No. 375, which gives a part in full size). This pattern is worked all the way up the bag, leaving only  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch plain at the top, it is finished off with an open-work seam, through which two ends of braid are drawn; they are ornamented with tassels. The bottom of the bag consists of a round piece of cardboard measuring 11 inches across, covered with calico; it is to be fastened underneath the vandykes of the bag, which must fall loosely over it.

376. BUTTON-HOLE STITCH FOR BAG 377.

## 378.

## CROCHET INSERTION.

This pattern is suitable for many purposes, for trimming fine linen or setting between squares of darned netting. It is worked on a foundation in two halves in the following manner:—\* double in the 1st st. of foundation chain, 3 purl (each purl consists of 5 chain, 1 double in the 1st), miss 3 of foundation under them, 1 double in 4th stitch, repeat from \*. The second half is worked in same way; only middle purl of 3 to be fastened on corresponding purl of other half, this is done by working first 2 chain for this purl, drawing needle out, inserting it downwards in opposite purl of 1st half, taking st. that has been cast off again on needle, cast it off with a ch. st. with above-mentioned purl, work 2 ch. and 1 double in 1st ch. of purl being worked.

## 379. PLAITING.

## 379. PLAITING.

This pattern for plaiting is suitable for curtain-holders, napkin-rings, &c. If it is made wider than illustration, it may be employed for a bell-rope, in which case it must be lined. The material employed depends on the style or article to be made: white cotton cord, coloured braid or cord, are equally suitable. 4 pieces of cord form a foundation, they hang down straight close to one another; work backwards and forwards with a 5th piece of cord across the four others, draw the cord straight across the 4 rows and wind it coming back round each row, as can be seen in illustration. The number of rows forming the foundation can of course be varied, and depends entirely upon the use you wish to make of it.

## 377. CLOTHES BAG.



## ABYSSINIAN COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

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**I**N Abyssinia the young people begin to think of marriage at a very early age. Mr. Mansfield Parkyns relates that he has seen brides of eight or nine years old; and boys at a proportionately youthful age are considered marriageable. When a lad wishes to marry, says the gentleman above-mentioned—and who, by-the-by, has written more, and to the purpose, concerning the habits and customs of the Abyssinians than any other traveller—he only enquires for a girl who possesses or can muster twice his own number of oxen, or their value. His proposals are made to the girl's father, and, unless there is some strong motive for rejecting him, he is accepted, and everything arranged without consulting the lady's taste or asking her consent. They are usually betrothed three or four months before marriage, during which time the bridegroom frequently visits his father-in-law elect, and occasionally propitiates him with gifts of honey, butter, a sheep or goat; but he is never allowed to see his intended wife even for a moment, unless by urgent entreaty or a handsome bribe, he induces some female friend of hers to arrange the matter by procuring him a glance at his cruel fair one.

For this purpose he conceals himself behind a door or other convenient hiding-place, while the lady on some pretext or other is led past it. Should she, however, suspect a trick and discover him, she would make a great uproar, cover her face, and screaming, run away and hide herself, as though her sense of propriety were greatly offended by the intrusion; although previously to his making the offer she would have thought it no harm to romp with him or any other male acquaintance in the most free and easy manner. For after she has been betrothed, she is at home to every one except to him: who most sighs for the light of her countenance. In Tigre, especially in Ghirie, a superstitious belief is entertained that if a girl leave her father's house during the interval between her betrothal and marriage, she will be bitten by a snake.

When the wedding-day approaches the girl is well washed, her hair combed and tressed, and she is rendered in every way as agreeable as possible. A day or two before that appointed for the marriage a "dass," or bower, is erected. It is made of a framework of stakes: the uprights are driven into the ground, and the horizontal stakes fastened to them by ligaments of bark or of supple shoots of trees, and covered with green branches to protect the interior from the sun. Of wet there is no fear, except in the season of the periodical rains. These bowers are made large or small, according to the number of visitors likely to assemble.

"During my stay at Adoua I was invited to several weddings. Among others I was invited to assist at the marriage of an Abyssinian woman to a man of the country. When the wedding takes place in a town, as was the case on this occasion, the crowd is excessive. Invited or uninvited, everybody comes who has nothing better to do or who is anxious to fill his stomach. A crowd of these hungry idlers crowd round the doors, and often endeavour to force an entrance where artifice or good words fail to procure it for them, and thus give a great deal of annoyance to the servants appointed to keep the entrances.

"These, however, are assisted by a number of young men from among the neighbours and friends of the house, who on such occasions volunteer their services as peace-keepers and waiters, or to make themselves generally useful. Several of these, armed

ke the door-keepers with long wands, remain in the 'dass' to keep order, to show people to their places, or to make way for new-comers by dismissing old ones.

"About two o'clock on the day preceding the wedding, 'Seedy Petras,' the father of the bride, sent a servant to conduct me to the scene of festivity; but on our arrival at the front entrance we found the street completely blocked up by the crowd, principally soldiers, who were endeavouring to force their way in, which, however, was prevented by barricading the gates and strongly guarding them. It was not till after a quarter of an hour's hard squeezing and fighting that we gained an entrance. During the struggle I was amused at the contrivances which the mob had recourse to in the hope of passing in with me and my people. One fierce-looking soldier assisted me very much; for, by striking some, and swearing at and threatening others, he succeeded in clearing a passage to the door. My people, however, were too well known for him to pass as one of them, and he was refused admittance till I, in consideration of his zeal, protested that for that day he was in my service. Another, who had an umbrella, walked close behind me, holding it over my head as if it belonged to me. At length we entered.

"The Abyssinian guests were squatted round the tables in long rows, feeding as if their lives depended on the quantity they could devour, and washing it down with floods of drink. I never could have believed that any people could take so much food; and certainly if the reader wishes to see a curious exhibition in the feeding line, he has only to run over to Abyssinia and be present at a wedding-feast. Imagine two or three hundred half-naked men and women in one room. All decorum is lost sight of; you see waiters, each with a huge piece of raw beef in his hands, rushing frantically to and fro in his eager desire to satisfy the voracious appetites of the guests, who, as he comes within their reach, grasp the meat, and with their long crooked swords hack off a lump or strip, as the case may be, in their eagerness not to lose their share.

"After the feast, the 'dass' being cleared of all but a select party of the invited guests of the house and their attendants, in all about a hundred persons, it was announced that the bride was to be presented to us. She was accordingly brought in—carried like a sack of flour—on the back of a male relative, who trotted in with her, preceded by a number of persons, each bearing a lighted taper, and followed by a number of women, who filled the air with their shrill cries of exultation. The bearer dropped his pack on a stool in front of the place where we Franks and the elders were sitting, and she received the benedictions of the party. Placing our hands on her head, one after the other, we each expressed some words for her future welfare and happiness, and got our hands well greased for our pains. Music and dancing then began."



## 380. ORNAMENTED STRIP FOR BODICE 381.

## 380-382. BLACK SILK BODICE.

This is a perfectly new and very elegant pattern for a bodice. The lower part is of black silk, and the upper part of black embroidered net. It is trim-

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Sleeve

No. 382 shows a part of the embroidery pattern upon the net in full size. Part of it is in tight darning stitch, and the remainder is formed merely by running the silk in and out of the meshes of the

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## 332. EMBROIDERED NET FOR BODICE 331.

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## 333. LADY'S MORNING JACKET.

## LETTERS FROM "DEAR OLD GRANNY."

### X. CONVERSATION.

"Though conversation in its better part  
May be esteemed a gift, and not an art,  
Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil,  
On culture, and the saving of the soil."—COWPER.

"Nature has left every man a capacity for being agreeable, though not of shining in company; and there are a hundred sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few faults, which they might correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable."—SWIFT.

"Of all the griefs that harass the distress,  
Sure the most biting is the scornful jest."—JOHNSON.

**M**Y DEAR GRAND-DAUGHTER,—I am going to talk about talking, because I have always felt it to be a matter of very great importance in all the social business of life. I am not going to write a grave essay on speech, nor "cram" you (not an expression for you to employ) with hints—generally impracticable—such as are to be found in the little hand-books to the "art" of conversation. All I wish to do, is to point out a few of the defects which render talk sometimes a very great and heavy burden, grievous to be borne.

There is, to begin with, the habit of excessive volubility, than which nothing is more offensive. No matter for the quality of the material if the speaker take up too large a share of what should be enjoyed by all. I have heard talkers—very brilliant ones, also, though rather too much given to the pronoun I—and they have rattled on from one thing to another, gay and grave, witty and wise, every other voice hushed, until I have longed for the presence of some person who could stay the flood. Fluency of speech is not to be taken as a test of talent. I think it was Dean Swift who used to say that when a man's words came out readily, it was like people coming easily out of church: it showed that there was no crowd within—no pressure at the door. Something or other to this effect is, I think, attributed to the Dean, who, by the way, never allowed himself in conversation to monopolize more than one minute at a time. The famous Dr. Johnson was a dreadful talker, silencing other people by his pompous and big words—crushing them under the chariot-wheels of his eloquence. It might have been fine speechifying if the Doctor had been on the rostrum, but in an arm-chair it was really too bad. There are talkers without a millionth part of the great dictionary-maker's ability who are just as prone to usurp the common right of conversation. You have heard of the American who, at a dinner-table, seized the dish of peas from the servant's hand, and emptied the whole of the contents into his plate, with the delicate remark, "I'm a whale at peas." The conduct of this American cousin is but a coarse illustration of the conversational monopolist. As a rule, women in company are not so prone to this sort of thing as men—but amongst themselves they *can* talk, as you and I, dear granddaughter, both know.

There is a very ugly feature in conversation sometimes, of which we should all be careful—I mean the saying of sharp, hard things. The wittiest things that are told of Douglas Jerrold were uttered in conversation, and were gross pieces of ill-breeding. There are a good many young women whose intellects enable them with keen, quick

variety to say sharp things; they get a sort of reputation for it that makes more enemies than friends. At first they do it playfully; they produce a laugh, which flatters them, and they soon get to do it wantonly. Wit of this sort is apt to get into personalities, and women, presuming upon the fact that they are women, take licence to say what they choose of each other. When you see a little knot of listeners gathered round the chair of one of these witty women—who have not wit enough to see their own folly—you may be sure that she is treading on very dangerous ground; she is the subject of great temptation, "speaking things she ought not," for personality forms the very zest of gossip. I have somewhere read, and the sentiment is my own, that women are harder in their judgment of their own sex than men are of their own or of women. This arises partly from jealousy—a wish to stand amongst the uppermost in the popular esteem. The praise of women poured into the ears of other women is not generally gratefully received; the disposition of many women is to judge harshly of each other, and I insist upon it that this is wrong. Be just and be generous in all you have to say; never be paltry enough to win applause for your own humour by exposing the weaknesses of your friends. Do not wound the feelings of your own sex by sharp criticisms. If you were one of the sharp ones given to the sayings of sharp things—which I know you are not—I should implore you to resist the habit. Better a great deal to be thought silly than spiteful; better never utter a witticism, if it can only be done at the cost of somebody else's feelings.

Another error in conversation is the habit of exaggeration. People of lively imaginations are very prone to this fault. A story is told of a gentleman who had travelled extensively, and told his adventures excellently well. In order to cure himself of the habit of exaggeration, he ordered his man-servant to keep close to his chair when he dined with his friends, and, should he exceed the bounds of truth, to give him a slight tap on the back. It was not long before an opportunity occurred. He was dining with some friends, and described a monkey he had seen in Borneo with a tail sixty feet long. The servant, remembering his instructions, instantly tapped his master on the back. "I am certain," he continued, "it was forty feet, at least." Another tap led to a further reduction. "To speak within compass, it must have been thirty, but I did not measure it." A third tap extorted the assertion, "I'm sure it was twenty." But the servant was not yet satisfied: he administered another tap, and his master turned angrily upon him. "What, man! would you have the monkey without any tail at all?" Now, I do not accuse the majority of talkers of so far setting truth at defiance, but sure am I that most great talkers are lenient with themselves as to the addition of a few circumstances; they are not proof against temptation when a little colour would so improve the narrative. Where there is no direct variation from the fact, words are often made to mislead: put "mansion and grounds" for "house and garden," describe a kitchen and wash-house as "domestic offices;" call a passage a "hall;" a one-horse chaise a "carriage;" a cheap trip to Paris a "Continental tour;" dining *en famille* at one or two o'clock in the day "a dinner party;" a carpet dance a "ball." All these expressions are exaggerations, and are just as foolish as they are common.

On the exaggeration of our common talk, let me just hint at our free use of hyperbole. It is a folly into which most young women fall. A pretty dress is very apt to be "perfectly splendid;" a disagreeable person is "a shockingly hateful creature;" a party at which the company enjoyed themselves is "the most dear, delightful thing ever seen;" a young man of respectable parts is "such a truly magnificent fellow." The extravagant employment of the adjectives renders them ultimately valueless. One thing is very evident: when a woman only deals in superlatives, it is a plain fact that her judgment is in abeyance to her feelings. She employs the same language to describe a pretty bonnet as she would use to speak of Thalberg's execution of a

Beethoven's symphony. A thoughtless and impulsive woman, when she praises, praises so lavishly as to deprive her criticism of all value. Hear the words of a wise man on this very subject: "Apply your terms of praise with precision; use epithets with some degree of judgment and fitness. Do not waste your best and highest words upon inferior objects, and find, when you have met with something which really is superlatively great and good, the terms by which you could distinguish it have all been thrown away upon inferior things—that you are bankrupt in expression. If a thing is simply good, say so; if pretty, say so; if very pretty, say so; if fine, say so; if grand, say so; if sublime, say so; if magnificent, say so; if splendid, say so. These words all have different meanings, and you may say them all of as many different objects, and not use the word 'perfect' once. *That is a very large word.*"

Now, having said my say on the matter, let me give you my idea of what conversation ought to be. I think it ought to be free—that is, that everybody should take their part in it who can, and should keep silent if they will. I think it ought not to be studied, so that some folks have brought a pet story with them, and others a bit of news, and others, again, a sharp retort; my idea is that it should be quite spontaneous, for, when this is not the case, it loses its principal charm. I think it should be as lively as it can be made, and as general as possible, and that it should owe nothing of its pleasantness to detraction. How many things we have in common that we can talk of pleasantly!—books and places, and men and women, and opinions and experiences, without giving the shadow of offence or casting the least stone at any. And when we have minds attuned with one another in this way, how thoroughly enjoyable is society!

There *must* in conversation, as in all other relations with our kind, be something of self-denial. Do you remember, dear, taking your song with you—the song you sing so well—to Mrs. B.'s party, and Miss J. singing it before you were asked? It was a sore trial, but you bore it bravely. This same sort of thing often happens in conversation. You hear a subject discussed with which you are perfectly familiar. Somebody says a good deal about it which you know to be wrong—wrong as Miss J.'s false notes—but you cannot interfere, and the subject has to die out. Well, this has to be borne. The real art—if it be an art—of pleasing in conversation consists in knowing when to be silent, and how to make others pleased with themselves. Need I add any more?

YOUR OWN DEAR GRANNY.





## OUR FERNERY.

### CHAPTER III.

**CRESTED BUCKLER FERN.**—*Lastrea Cristata*, Presl. *Aspidium Cristatum*, Swartz, Smith, Hooker. *Polypodium Cristatum*, Linn. *Polypodium Callipteris*, Ehrhart. *Lophodium*, Newm. *Polystichum Cristatum*. *Dryopteris Cristata*.—This is one of our rarest English ferns. It is only found on boggy heaths and moors. There are only four counties in which it is recorded to have been found, and not in many localities of those. The counties are Norfolk, Suffolk, Cheshire, and Nottinghamshire. The fronds are very erect, nearly bi-pinnate. The general figure of the frond and of the pinnæ is triangular, tapering towards the point, the pinnæ are short; deeply pinnatifid. Set on in distant and generally opposite pairs, the first pair are the largest and the only ones that are three times divided. The rachis is scaly, and more than one third up it is devoid of pinnæ. The rizome is stout and strong, sometimes branching in different directions. The fronds will continue green during the winter, if the weather be mild. *Lastrea Cristata* is more valued on account of its rarity than its beauty. It grows from one to two feet high. It is very easy of cultivation; the soil does not seem a most essential feature, though it flourishes best in turfy peat. Exposure to the sun does not appear at all to injure it; and, though naturally an inhabitant of damp situations, it seems to bear draught better than some others which are found in drier localities.

**RIGID BUCKLER FERN.**—*Lastrea Rigida*, Presl. *Aspidium Rigidum*, Swartz, Smith. *Lophodium Rigidum*, Newm. *Polypodium Rigidum*. *Polystichum Rigidum*.—The fronds are triangular, lance-shaped, bi-pinnate, covered with numerous small glands, which, when bruised, emit a slight and not unpleasant odour. The pinnules are oblong, obtuse, lobed, the segments broad and rounded, again notched into a varying number of teeth. The indusium is what is called persistent; that is, it does not fall away. The sori are principally confined to the upper part of the frond, and are on each side of the mid-vein of the pinnules. The fronds grow from a thick rizome, and are from three-quarters to a foot high. The lower part of the rachis is thickly covered with reddish-brown scales. This fern has been only found in limestone districts; in planting, it is well to imitate its natural tastes as much as possible, but it is not fastidious.

**NARROW PRICKLY-TOOTHED FERN.**—*Lastrea Spinulosa*, Presl., Babington, Moore. *Aspidium Spinulosum*, Smith, Hooker. *Lophodium Spinosum*, Newm. — Some authorities regard this plant as a variety of the Crested Fern (*Lastrea Cristata*), others, as a variety of the Broad Prickly-toothed Fern (*Lastrea Dilatata*). This latter it very much resembles. How well I remember a sunny day spent in the Esher woods, with a party of young fern-seekers! I never remember such sunny days anywhere as I have seen in those woods; but how is this to be wondered at, when I tell you it was there, at a pic-nic, that we first met, and found that no two people were so well suited to become one? Well, as I was saying, the day I first made the acquaintance of *Lastrea Dilatata* was most glorious: the lights and shades among the pine-woods are such as are to be seen in no others; the rabbits were sitting in the patches of golden sunlight in the glades, washing their faces; the squirrels were running round and round the trees after each other's tails; and the doves were cooing all about us. I had just found a comfortable resting-place, for I was tired, when an exultant cry from one of the boys brought me to my feet again. "A new fern! a new fern!" and there it was, growing in the stump of an old tree. It was about two feet high, and the

stump was about the same across; in that space there were three or four crowns. All applied to me as an authority for its name. I looked wise: "The Narrow Prickly-toothed Fern, by all that's fortunate! Well, we have had a lucky day." It was duly admired, and then carried off to the barrow we had with us. We sat down near it, discussed all its points of beauty—for it is really to my mind a very pretty fern—refreshed ourselves with a few sandwiches, and then took our way home, quite content with our day. We got out our books, and looked to the description of the Narrow Prickly-toothed Fern, but it did not quite answer to ours. The Narrow Prickly-toothed Fern is an erect-growing plant (this one certainly was not); the rizome is stout and creeping, branching in old plants in every direction, so that numerous crowns often form one mass. The fronds grow from two to three feet (so did this plant of ours), are bi-pinnate (so was this), long and narrow in general outline, the pinnae being of nearly equal length, except towards the sharp-pointed end of the frond. The pinnules are oblong, more or less deeply pinnatifid; the margins of the lower ones on the lowest pinnae are deeply cut. The lobes of the pinnules are deeply notched, spiny, and pointed. The indusium is persistent, not fringed. The sori are usually small; when the spore cases open, the sori often run one into the other. The scales on the rachis and leaf-stalk are semi-transparent, pale, broad, egg-shaped, and slightly pointed. The fronds appear in April. The stalk is of nearly equal length with the leafy portion. Alas, alas! for our hopes and our vanity—for was not our credit for the knowledge of ferns at stake?—this description would not quite agree with the specimen before us, and then came the positive and most apparent difference, which crushed our last hopes. The pinnules and lobes of the plant under our consideration were most undoubtedly very convex, and the fronds arched over in every direction, while the Narrow Prickly-toothed Fern was described as erect in its growth, and the leafy portion of the frond as being quite flat, *never* convex. There are several other differences, but this was what proved to us without a doubt that we had not found the rare *Spinulosa*, but, as afterwards was proved, the common Broad Prickly-toothed Fern. The Narrow Prickly-toothed Fern is principally found in wet woods and marshy places in the southern and western counties of England, though it is now and then met with in various parts of Great Britain. Though it will bear exposure if well watered, it attains a much greater beauty in moist, shady situations.

THE BROAD PRICKLY-TOOTHED FERN.—*Lastrea Dilatata*, Babington. *Lophodium Multiflorum*, Newm.—Spite of the grudge I owe *L. Dilatata* for having deceived me. I must own it is very pretty, and an old plant must be most handsome. I regret now that we did not leave the first plant we found in its original situation, only I suppose others would have disturbed it if we had not. Had all gone well with it, it would in some years' time have been a striking object, for the rizome does not creep or branch in the Narrow variety, but in very old plants forms a strong erect stipes, a miniature of that of the tropical ferns, of a foot or less high. In damp, shady situations, the fronds will grow to five feet high, being a foot and a half in their widest part. I have never seen such a one, but I should think it must be very elegant, as the fronds grow in a vase-like cluster and arch over; these, rising from stipes of a foot high, must have a beautiful effect. As I said above, even the common variety of this fern is very pretty. Some are extremely so; but shade and plenty of water are necessary to the full development of its beauty. The form of the fronds varies very much; it is usually egg-shaped, tapering towards the end, bi-pinnate, pinnules pinnatifid or pinnate, with notched, short, spiny-toothed lobes. The indusium, which soon disappears, is irregularly kidney-shaped, and fringed with stalked semi-transparent glands. The seed is ripe in August. The rachis and the leaf-stalk, which is of moderate length and becomes much thickened towards the base, are densely clothed with pointed scales, semi-transparent at the edges

and point, with a dark centre. It is evergreen, and soil and situation seem in no way to interfere with its growth, though it is more beautiful in the shade.

THE HAY-SCENTED FERN, RECURVED PRICKLY-TOOTHED FERN, BREE'S FERN.—*Lastrea Fenisecii*, Watson, Babington, Moore. *Aspidium Recurvum*, Bree. *Lophodium Fenisecii*, Newm.—It was the Rev. W. T. Bree who first described this fern as of a very distinct character in the "Magazine of Natural History," under the name of *Recurvum*; hence it has acquired its name of Bree's Fern. It grows from a foot to a foot and a half high, and is eminently suited in size and habit for your glass-covered fernery: so hie you to Covent Garden and obtain a plant; it will not be more than a shilling. It is very elegant, and of a drooping habit. The pale bright-green fronds grow in a circle from a broad crown, are curved, and in the form of a drawn-out triangle, tri-pinnate at the lower portion of the frond. The pinnules are pinnate, or deeply pinnatifid, with saw-like, spiny, pointed lobes. The indusium is jagged at the edge. The numerous scales which clothe the rachis and leaf-stalk are long, narrow, lance-shaped, jagged, pale-coloured, and semi-transparent. The edges of the lobes and pinnules are curved upwards, so that the frond has quite a curled appearance, and, as you will understand, the upper surface is concave, just as the Broad Prickly-toothed Fern is convex on the upper surface. The whole of the underneath of the frond is covered with small, round, stalkless glands, from whence proceeds the odour of new-made hay, which gives it its name, and by which you will easily recognize it. Dear is this fern to the Londoner; how often have I passed my hand up it, with closed eyes, seeing visions of happy children playing in the new-made hay—youths and maidens, regardless of the decorum mamma teaches indoors, and carts laden "sky-high" with their sweet-scented burden! Where has my sweet friend led me? away from the dry description, by the power of its sweet perfume. We will return to the description of the indusium. It is not generally persistent, is somewhat round, kidney-shaped, and irregularly jagged at the edge; sometimes it is fringed with similar glands to those on the rest of the under surface of the frond. This fern is of moderately frequent occurrence in the British Islands, though for some reasons it is supposed to have come originally from the Azores. It abounds most in the south-western counties of England and Ireland, whither the prevalent south-westerly winds may have wafted the spores. Its not having yet been found in the centre of Great Britain would seem to prove that it is not a native; but whether it is or no, it makes itself at home under all circumstances. It luxuriates most in damp woods, or under shelter of moist hedge-banks, but it is also found growing in the clefts of sandstone and other rocks in the most exposed situations. It is very hardy and evergreen.

There are other recorded species of the genus *Lastrea*, or Buckler Ferns, but they are so very doubtful that I shall not spare them a separate notice. With the Hay-scented Fern, therefore, we will leave Genus III., and go on to Genus IV.—*Polystichum*, or the Shield Ferns. These two, the Buckler and Shield Ferns, once formed one group, by name *Aspidium*, or Shield Ferns, but as the form of the indusium and the mode of its attachment differed, in some it was thought best to make two separate genera of them. The general characteristics of the Buckler Ferns being as given above, those of the Shield Ferns as follows: Sori, circular; indusium, also circular, not notched, or kidney-shaped, as in the Buckler Ferns (*Lastreae*), and attached by a little stalk in the centre of the under side. They are a small family, and all evergreen, of a very prickly and rigid appearance. The British species are so very closely allied that it is difficult to distinguish them. The stronger-growing kind are not very particular about soil or situation, but they are more luxuriant and of a richer green when not exposed to full sunshine. If you cannot get peaty soil, the larger kinds will grow in loam, or loam and leaf-mould mixed.

## 384, 385. CROCHET INSERTIONS.

Illustration 384 is a strip of insertion worked in rows backwards and forwards on a foundation chain of 27 stitches.

1st row.—Miss the last 3 stitches and count them as 1 treble, 1 treble in the next chain but 3, 3 chain, miss 3 stitches under them, 15 treble in the following 15 stitches, 3 chain, miss 3 stitches under them, 2 treble on the last 2 stitches.

2nd row.—3 chain, which count for 1 treble, 1 treble in the next treble, 3 chain, 4 treble in the follow-

## 384. CROCHET INSERTION.

ing 4 treble, 3 chain, 1 double in the middle one of the 15 treble, 3 chain, 4 treble on the last 4 treble of the 15, 3 chain, 2 treble on the last 2 treble of the preceding row.

3rd row.—3 chain, 1 treble in the next treble, 3 chain, 2 treble in the following 2 treble, 3 chain, 5 treble in the double stitch of the preceding row, 3 chain, miss 5 st. under them, 2 treble, 3 chain, 2 treble in the last 2 treble of the preceding

## 385. CROCHET INSERTION.

row. Work these 3 rows again but reversed, and then repeat the 6 rows as can be seen from illustration. The small scallops on either side of the insertion are worked the long way as follows:—1 double in the 1st treble, 5 chain, 1 double, 1 long double, 1 treble in the middle of the 5 chain, 1 double in the 2nd treble of the outer edge.

No. 385 is a strip of insertion worked the long way; work first the outer

## 386. FLOWER-POT STAND OF BAMBOO CANE.

edge. 5 chain, 1 treble in the 1st of the same, 1 purl downwards (6 chain, take the needle out of the stitch, insert it in the 1st of the 6 stitches and draw the cotton through the stitch, take the 6th stitch on the needle and cast off both loops as one stitch), 6 chain, 1 treble in the 1st of the same, 1 purl downwards, 5 chain, 1 treble in the 1st of the same.

2nd row.—\* 1 double in the next 5 chain, 3 chain, 1 purl downwards (the purl of

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this row consist of only 4 stitches), 3 chain, 1 purl downwards, 7 chain, 1 purl downwards, 3 chain, 1 purl downwards, 3 chain, 1 double in the next 5 chain of the preceding row, 4 chain.

3rd row.—2 double in the two first chains of the preceding row, \* 1 purl (4 chain, 1 slip stitch in the 1st of the same), 2 double in the 2 following chain, 1 purl, 3 double in the 3 chain behind the next purl placed downwards, 4 chain, 1 double in the middle of the 7 chain of the preceding row, 4 chain, 3 double in the 3 following chain, 1 purl, miss 1 chain, 2 double in the next 2 chain, 1 purl, miss 1 chain, 2 double in the following 2 chain, 4 chain, 1 double in the 2nd of the 4 chain of the preceding row, 4 chain, miss 4 stitches under them, 2 double in the following 2 chain of the preceding row.

4th row.—1 chain, 1 purl downwards, 2 chain, 1 purl downwards, 2 chain, \* 1 double in the next 4 chain of the preceding row, 4 chain, 1 double in the following 4 chain of the preceding row 3 times, 2 chain, 1 purl downwards, 2 chain.

5th row.—1 double in the 1st chain of the preceding row, 1 purl, 2 double in the following 2 chain, 1 purl, 2 double, \* 3 chain, 1 double in the 2nd of the next 4 chain of the preceding row, 3 chain, 3 times 2 double, 1 purl, 2 double. The first half of the insertion is thus completed, and 1 row over; repeat for the other half the 3rd, 2nd and 1st rows.

#### 386, 387. FLOWER-POT STAND OF BAMBOO CANE.

Bamboo flower-pot stands are more in favour than ever this year, and ladies delight to ornament them with Berlin work and embroidery patterns. Our present pattern is quite novel and elegant in shape. The framework and stand are all of unvarnished bamboo. A strip of Berlin work is passed between the bamboo canes round the top. No. 387 is the pattern of the Berlin work upon canvas. The stand is finished off with bright-coloured silk cords and tassels, which give it quite an Oriental character.



#### THE POOR CLERK.

THE year 1847 is still remembered as one which brought commercial ruin to thousands—ruin which involved in its widely-spread consequences not only the sanguine, the reckless, and the unprincipled speculator, but many who had uniformly held aloof from all undertakings which promised a great gain on the condition of a great risk.

Among this prudent, but nevertheless unfortunate class, was Stephen Warrenley. For a quarter of a century his house had been cited as a safe and flourishing establishment; but as the panic spread, and failures were announced to the amount of millions, it proved that all the caution which had marked the management of Warrenley and Co. could not save them from being drawn into the vortex, and the firm was declared insolvent. The principal lived only long enough to see the home he loved stripped of those comforts and elegancies with which he had thought himself justified in adorning it; and the very night that he and his family took possession of the poor lodging which was henceforth to be theirs, his proud heart broke. He had never learned the duty of submission to the will of God, and knew not, alas! where to look for help when the storm broke. Agreeable, hospitable, and a liberal patron of the arts, life had been pleasant to him; but he sank under the first blast of adversity.

He left a widow, whose health had always been delicate, and a son, Lionel, who, when



the crash came, was on the point of going to college—a creature full of talent and gifted with beauty, but who had been spoiled and petted by both his parents, neither of whom were capable of teaching him the stern duties of self-control and self-denial, and whose attention had been solely devoted to bestowing on their darling those accomplishments and advantages which seemed equally suited to his elegant exterior and his brilliant position.

Here, then, was this youth of eighteen called on to relinquish every hope of his heart, and without a single religious principle to stand, face to face, with that true sifter of the chaff from the wheat—the angel Poverty.

Oh, ye who revel in prosperity!—ye who plume yourselves on your high morality! and have naught but scorn and loathing for those less fortunate or less perfect than yourselves—little do ye know how hard it is for the unregenerate human heart to bear the inevitable consequences of a sudden transition from affluence to dependence; wonder not if this young man soon learnt to look on money as the chief good; start not if ye see him yearn to become rich at any cost; pity him if, tempted beyond his strength, ye behold him sacrifice his honour and his life in the desperate attempt. But I anticipate.

Stephen Warrenley had been the architect of his own commercial fortune; in early life he married a poor officer's daughter, whose beauty and extreme gentleness were her only dower. No subsequent provision had been made for future contingencies, and the widow's only possessions were the few jewels her husband had given her during the days of their increasing, and, as it seemed, lasting prosperity. The sale of these sufficed to provide the necessaries and many of the comforts which her failing health demanded, but was totally inadequate to defray the cost of a winter in the South, which the physician, whose friendly care had been unremitting, declared to offer as the only hope of arresting the progress of disease; and so, eighteen months after her husband's death, a rapid decline closed her days, and Lionel was left alone in the world.

The young man had worked hard all the while. As soon as his father's death was known, a clerkship was offered him by a rich banker, Richard Winslow, who owed his start in life to the ruined merchant, whose widow's last hours had been cheered by the visits of Ethel Winslow, and the excellent Christian woman who had supplied a mother's place to the young girl. Mrs. Winslow had died early, and her only child had been carefully reared and tended by Mr. Winslow's only sister, his senior by many years, and whom nothing but a sense of duty would have induced to quit her quiet country life for the bustle of a town.

Ethel and Lionel had been playfellows; and he had always felt it hard that, from the time of his father's death, they became almost strangers; but now that his mother, too, was gone, he saw the girl no more; for though the banker carried on his business in the same house in which he resided, the public and domestic departments were as distinct as good management could make them.

Mr. Winslow pitied the young man, and had determined, for his father's sake, to push him on, should his merits prove him worthy. He was pleased with his extreme diligence, and fully aware of the advantages which his education had given him over his fellows in the office; but whatever his intentions were, he kept them to himself, and the only distinction of which Lionel was sensible was, that when there was a press of work, his extra services were sure to be called for. No matter what amount of labour was required, it was well and promptly done, for he was too proud to give room for a fault to be found.

But at the time that all looked so smooth (and that the older clerks would have envied their junior's advancement but for that kindly feeling which, to the honour of humanity, always stirs for those who have seen better days), what was passing beneath the surface? Like Saul, he kicked against the pricks; he had soon perceived the great



gulf which his change of circumstances had fixed between him and his former aspirations, as between him and his former companions. His taste for the beautiful had been cultivated and fostered to the extreme; his exterior was graceful and winning; and up to eighteen years of age he had found it a pleasant thing to have money to spend, and friends to spend it with; he had been forced to bid farewell to all his hopes, and to begin life as a clerk at £50 a-year. How he chafed against this necessity, how he murmured at his fate, it would be difficult to describe; but when he saw his mother sick and die, as he believed for the lack of means to visit those sunny climes which have flattered and deceived so many, his misery, we might almost say his fury, knew no bounds. Gold! give me gold! was the insane cry of his soul.

No outward demonstration, meantime, revealed the war of the elements within: and many months wore on, and in sight of the glittering heaps that fed his discontent, he worked on—and on. Then came a day which brought an unusual press of business. On any other Mr. Winslow would have prolonged his labours for the morrow's morn'g far into the night; but it was his daughters' eighteenth birth-day, and invitations for a ball had been eagerly accepted, for the house had not been opened since Mr. Winslow's death.

To Lionel, then, Mr. Winslow explained the details of the important matters in hand; and as evening closed in, he installed him in his private office, and bidding him "good-night," went to prepare for the reception of his guests.

The clerk was soon absorbed in the calculations, and column upon column of figures testified to their result, but, by and by, the distant sounds of music caught his ear, and as he listened to the familiar waltzes and polkas, he thought of the time when he, too, was courted and invited; and he writhed in self-inflicted torture as he pictured the gay scene from which he was now excluded.

What business had a poor clerk at a ball given for Ethel, the rich man's child? What business should he ever have at the banquet of life?

Such were the thoughts that mingled with the figures he was adding together; but he strives to shut out the sounds that jar on his senses, and bends wearily over his labours. But the demon of discontent, to whose suggestions he has so often listened, is now fully aroused, lashed on by the contrast of his position with that of the young men, whose voices he can almost hear, the craving for wealth gnaws at his heart with ten-fold force. Why, then? Is there not gold in heaps—there—within his reach? The household is busy, or watching the ball; he has the night before him; escape is easy. Alas! for him! he listens to the tempter—till he yields—he loads himself with wealth—and flies—flies!

Muffled and panting, he just catches the train; the fog is thick; the men on duty few; he is sure he has not been recognized, and he reaches the distant port in safety. In safety, yes; but in terror unspeakable; in every sound he hears a pursuer, in every face he sees an officer of justice; he procures a few ready-made clothes, and a berth in a ship that sails that very day for a land, where with a new name and a large fortune, he shall be independent and happy.

The delusion lasts till the bustle of weighing anchor has subsided, and the vessel is fairly out at sea: weary with excitement, and worn out with fatigue, Lionel gathers his cloak over his face and lies on the deck to rest. To rest! ah! never more such balm shall wait his eyelids. The sin committed, the demon scoffs, as is his wont, at his deluded victim. Lionel knows that by this time his trusting master has discovered his faithlessness, he remembers his constant kindness, his fatherly "good-night," and the conviction flashes on him, that Mr. Winslow was proving him, that he might not always have been a poor clerk. He curses alike his ingratitude and his folly; he would give worlds to undo his woeful deed; but it is too late; already the name that

was his father  
mercant failure  
No! he will  
-restitution  
him.

The sea! by  
his cloak, and  
sand pieces till  
The lamp!  
sweat stood on

His first im-  
next, to fall on  
shown him with  
that a clear con-  
shudder at witness  
for his repining  
vowed to discharge  
duties, and his  
devotion to his

The wintry  
hours for his  
commended  
worked.

The trans-  
more intimate  
confidence, and  
threw himself  
from anything  
necessary to  
the American  
his master, and  
you!"

The business  
nearly two years  
brought into  
visions of the  
Lionel again.

Ethel, meeting  
till I am two  
proved to her  
uttered no re-  
hesitation in  
early preference

The kind  
thought he was  
as far beyond

Years after  
terrible night  
were growing  
the beginning  
shortcomings

388. WALKER. Trinelines. V

A bonnet of gray velvet with  
border except at the sides; a flow-  
on the right; blue satin strings,  
pine patterns, and a border of  
comes up straight in front  
and spreads itself out upon  
the bosom to form a sort of  
pelerine at the back. "Sleeves  
*à la Juive*."

Under skirt similar to the  
paletot. Dress of gray glacé  
silk. To produce the appear-  
ance of this skirt, which has  
a hem lined with stiff muslin,  
about 24 or 25 inches deep, it  
is necessary to take the skirt  
at the sides and raise  
it so as to form a flat  
tuck all round, and,  
with the help of a but-  
ton, to hold up the top  
of the hem, forming a  
hollow pleat  
back, then  
side out the  
the pleat,  
fall over the  
hem at the

ped, at the be-  
good deal of  
We have the  
a circular-ca-  
ves,—that is,  
is yet, howev-  
erally worn;  
shy kinds of  
ed with silk, s-  
We are still lo-  
tinue to be e-  
portion as the  
The mantilla-  
rogue some ti-  
white lace, acc-  
We notice black  
r the border,  
d'auve or pear  
feather, and  
Brown velvet  
oping pear-sh  
Besides fanche

## 388. WALKING TOILET.

A bonnet of gray velvet with a low round crown; there is no border except at the sides; a flower in the left side and a small bow on the right; blue satin strings. Paletot of blue cashmere with pine patterns, and a border of cashmere. This cashmere border comes up straight in front and spreads itself out upon the bosom to form a sort of pelerine at the neck, *à la Juive*.

Under all this is a paletot. It is of silk. To preserve the appearance of this a hem lined with about 24 or 25 rows is necessary at the side, and it is so as to tuck all round with the button, to hold up the hem hollow pleated back, then side out the pleat, and fall over the hem at the

## PARIS

**F**ASHIONABLE dress their colours this autumn leaves, and golden-brown are the toilet.

The Bismarck colour, reddish, some yellowish, the prettiest is the gold, particularly well in rich silk.

Upon the whole, the have just been examined beautiful than they have.

There are very silky, and many varieties of quality than those of more particularly, a tawny brown over a darker shade, a black one with white throwing a silvery glow.

Other materials, called *velours*, with extremely fine into them. These materials to be almost imperceptible brilliancy to the dress. brown, or dark blue, with ruby colour and violet.

Besides these, which there are *velours de laine*.

A new sort of rep, rib wool and silk chiné in brown and black are the

Some, called *figura*, in shades, black and white and violet; all very pretty.

The *crêtonnes*, a charming morning dresses, are striking tints being brown, violet.

With short self-coloured petticoats will be worn already seen some made round the bottom with a pattern is worked in braided. Scotland ought to be lavished on her tartans.

Costumes of dark blue are already being prepared trimmed with patterns in

This winter we shall

## 389. TRAVELLING TOILET.

Felt hat, with a flat brim, the crown being trimmed with coloured velvet. The paletot and dress are of grey rep, ornamented with cross strips, and pieces of silk cord placed slantways with a button at either end. The paletot is tight-fitting, round at the back, lengthened in front, and curved out at the sides. "Sleeves à la Juive." Gros-grain silk waistband. Short dress, rounded in front and behind. Under skirt of blue cashmere, with a tuck 2 inches wide over a



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des, or  
rasting

## FASHIONS.

as seem to have borrowed north from those of the the richest tints of red spicuous in every part of

as many shades: some his is Bismarck *malade*; -brown, which looks par-

w materials, of which we a collection, are more een for some years.

ains of magnificent tints, nickerbocker, of a finer st winter. We notice. of two shades of golden- of the same colour, also reads showing through, er it.

metallic, are woollen tis- ver or gold threadswoven : threads are so small as , but they give a strange The prettiest are black, golden threads, and dark h silvery threads.

re of quite a new style, nd *crotounes*.

d slantways, very pretty rials, among these the rettest.

s fawn-coloured, of two black and green, black

material, suitable for el or chiné, the prevail- et. or black and white.

al dresses, bright plaid this winter. We have up; they are trimmed lack border, over which a l of all the colours of the be proud of the favours

rn. green, or blue cloth. ed, they are elaborately fine black *soutache*.

itness the final downfall

Walking dresses will be scant and moderately short, round, not train-tails, as before. Most of them with double skirts.

A great variety is being introduced in the shape of the paletot.

to eight mantilla-paletot, the shawl-paletot, the *Mantilet Eugénie*—in shape like a Bretonne jacket in front. It has double-breasted sleeves over tight ones.

the short, loose paletot, or rather jacket, is that which is most common, and it is made just now, for the *demi-saison*, in a variety of pretty materials, pure white, white and gray, white and black, or white and red, and fastened with large buttons.

No looking forth, in vain, for something in the shape of a bonnet; bonnets are eclipsed by the chignon, the size of which appears to increase in exact proportion as the number of bonnets decrease.

On any *voilette* is a pretty adjunct to the small fanchon. It seems likely to be far in vogue, for we already see velvet bonnets with veils of this sort in black or of a colour to the colour of the velvet.

Woolen velvet bonnets with an *aigrette* of gilt metal leaves or flowers laid

on one side in front, and black lace veil and lappets.

gray or white terry velvet bonnets, trimmed with a flower or drooping veil and lappets of white blonde.

The fanchons, trimmed with golden-tinted foliage and berries, or long tulle-trimmed *grelots*.

As he finds there are various small round shapes, but nothing strikingly new to the scene.

fare toilets of the month:—

What empire dress of violet silk rep, with a trimming of long pear-shaped lace, and a long tunic open in front. The under part of the dress, that is

Such the trimming and the front width, are embroidered all over with small flowers. The bodice with jet buttons, and *grelots* round the epaulettes.

labours: under dress of grey cashmere, with a border worked in appliqué of green and blue *soutache*. The front of the high bodice, the top and sleeves are trimmed to correspond. Upper dress composed of a ten-fold corselet of green, blue, and black plaid. Round waist-band of grey with black.

Alas! short skirt and loose paletot of Bismarck rep, both cut out in square and with black velvet, under skirt of bright blue cashmere, trimmed with

Muffin in black braid work. Bonnet of brown crape, trimmed with brown silk, brown tinted leaves, and a golden *aigrette*.

In safe are very frequently of two colours, thus: under skirt of green silk, face deep flounce edged with a cross-strip of satin round the bottom, and a strip of the same; upper skirt in light buff-coloured silk; the pockets the front width are hidden by plaits of green satin; the waist-band

The bottom of the sleeves are trimmed with similar plaits. The bodice is fairly very low; a *chemisette* formed of bouillons of white tulle, divided by a strip of satin, is worn inside. This makes a pretty dinner toilet.

shall be composed of an under dress of violet silk, with a plain train-shaped skirt. Under coat sleeves, above this there is a short *fouveau* dress of gray silk with a plait. It is trimmed with cross-strips of the same material, piped with a gray sash, with similar piping, is tied round the waist, and falls in long folds.

would be all of a large size; ear-rings are very conspicuous with the small



THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS

Modelled for

The Young Englishwoman.

OCTOBER 1881



bonnets, and they are long enough to fall over the neck. Enormous square brooches are worn over the jacket or paletot. Enamel or mosaic are the most fashionable for wearing in the day-time. Ear-rings are square also, to match with the brooch. We do not mention this as graceful, but as being the fashion of the moment.

We are often asked to say a few words about mourning dresses. Having lately had occasion to see deep mourning toilets, we will describe them for the benefit of those of our readers for whom our description of coloured dresses can have no personal interest.

Cashmere dress, plain gored skirt, with a train at the back. Stitched cross-strips and buttons of the same material, to hide the slits of the pockets on either side of the front width. High plain bodice with stuff buttons; cross-strips similar to those of the pockets upon the top and bottom of the sleeves and round the neck. Crape collar with a stitched cross-strip all round, crape cuffs. Long cashmere shawl. Brooch of black carved wood, long ear-rings to match. Fanchon of black pleated crape, with a mantilla veil of the same, trimmed with a double cross-strip. This veil falls over the neck and shoulders, and is fastened in front with a small bow of black ribbon. Long crape veil fastened over the bonnet. Black kid gloves.

Dress of woollen poplin, made in the redingote shape, and fastened all the way down with buttons of the same material. Cross-strips, arranged in small vandykes, over the pockets and on the epaulettes. Paletot of woollen poplin; at the back it is short and loose, like common out-of-door jackets; in front it falls in long wide lappets. It is trimmed all round with stitched cross-strips. Two similar cross-strips are placed lengthwise in the centre of the back; they are divided by a row of buttons. In front, there is a double row of buttons. Crape bonnet, collar, and cuffs. Black kid gloves.



## DESCRIPTION OF OUR FASHION-PLATE.

**LEFT-HAND FIGURE.—*Walking Toilet*.**—Mauve tulle bonnet, trimmed with flowers. White ribbon strings. Paletot, dress and petticoat of gray silk, trimmed with cross-strips of mauve silk. The upper skirt is looped up on the side, and shows the mauve silk lining. The paletot is lengthened in front with two tabs hanging on each side of the skirt; it is short, and square at the back.

**RIGHT-HAND FIGURE.—*Visiting Toilet*.**—Black lace bonnet, trimmed with golden olive leaves. The strings are fastened under the chin with a golden leaf. Black silk paletot ornamented with gimp and jet, and terminated with a deep lace border. Plain Bismarck-coloured silk dress.

**COSTUME FOR A LITTLE GIRL FROM SEVEN TO EIGHT YEARS OLD.**—White felt hat, with narrow brim, the crown being surrounded by a wreath of blue feathers. Blue-gray rep dress, ornamented with blue silk cross-strips and buttons.

## LOVELIEST WORDS.

### A BRIDE.

'Tis fair shape is your bride to be?

This white vision you claim as yours?  
This is the household deity

You are to worship while life endures?

Surely a splendour, so strange and new.

Had in another sphere its birth;—  
How could a mortal man like you,  
Lure her down to this dull, cold earth?

Lovely? yes, there is not a flaw

Her perfect fairness to cloud or spoil;  
Nature for once has broken her law,  
And made a beauty without its foil.

'Could threads of gold be as finely spun.

They might shine like her drifting hair;  
And such a brow!—there was never one  
Half so queenly or half so fair.

Eyes which fill us with tender pain,

So bewitching their mellow shine,—  
Winning all gazers, again and again,  
To bow in vain at their lovely shrine.

Never were human lips before

So rarely moulded in any land;  
Never a shoulder such dimples bore,—  
And look at her dainty peach-bloom hand,

Flushing with young life, pure and rich,

Warm and pink to the pearly nails;  
The listening Venus in yonder niche  
Tries to rival their charm,—but fails.

Yet how pulseless and still she stands!

Never a blush is on her cheek!  
Never a tremble along her hands!  
Say can she love, or weep, or speak?

Was she spoken at once to life,

Every dimple, and print, and curl?  
Always a possible queen or wife,  
Never a babe or a bashful girl?

Faultless all, in her beauteous prime,

Stately, regal, if so you will,—  
Yet were she mine, I could wish, sometime,  
Her lip to quiver, her hand to thrill.

She is perfection, and nothing less,  
 Beauty's perfection, and nothing more :  
 Looking on her, I only guess  
 What your future may have in store.

Garlands of flowers from lands abroad,  
 Marvels of artificial bloom,—  
 Blossoms which never were in the bud,  
 Flaunt their falsehood in yonder room.

Petals of muslin, and silken woof,  
 Leaves of paper, and stems of wire,—  
 Flowers more brilliant and winter-proof  
 Than ever sprung from our earthly mire.

Won by their flattering falsity,  
 (Mark the warning my words disclose.)  
 I found this morning a famished bee  
*Dead, in the heart of a cambric rose !*



## A N S W E R   M E.

If you love me, friend, to-night,  
 Much and tenderly ;  
 Let me rest my wearied head  
 Here upon your knee :  
 And the while I question you,  
 Prithee, answer me,—

Answer me !

Is there not a gleam of peace  
 On this tiresome earth ?  
 Does not one oasis cheer  
 All this dreary dearth ?  
 And does all this toil and pain  
 Give no blessing birth ?

Answer me !

Comes there never quiet,  
 Once our hearts awake ?  
 Must they then for evermore  
 Labour, strive, and ache ?  
 Have they no inheritance,  
 But to bear—and break ?

Answer me !

## 390, 391. TOBACCO POUCH.

**MATERIALS.**—Fine crimson cloth, bits of coloured and white cloth for the pattern, pure-silk of various colours, white kid, brass rings, gimp cord, and silk tassels.

This pouch is cut in four pieces, two of which we give in full size; the two others must be worked after the same patterns. These patterns represent the attributes of a lover of tobacco; they are cut out of cloth and worked in appliqué over crimson cloth.

## 390. TOBACCO POUCH.

In No. 390 the outer chain stitch border is green. The knot from which the different articles are suspended is black, the cigar case yellow in cloth appliqué, the cigars brown in satin stitch. The case is crossed by two rows of chain stitch in blue silk, and edged all round with button-hole stitch, also blue. The two pipes are of white cloth, edged round with yellow silk; the shade is imitated by long stitches of gray silk. The upper part of the pouch is of blue cloth, with a white silk edging and yellow dots; the under part of brown cloth with a black edging and a pattern worked in chain stitch with white; the three tassels are embroidered with black and yellow silk.

In No. 391 the outer border is yellow, the knots black, the small pattern at the top of blue cloth edged with yellow; the pipes of white cloth edged with blue and shaded with gray. The bundle of cigars is of brown cloth, shaded with black silk stitches, and fastened on with double rows of chain stitch in yellow silk. The cigar case is of light green cloth, edged with white; the Grecian pattern and dots are embroidered over it with white silk also.

### 391. TOBACCO POUCH.

To make up the pouch, cut out the four pieces and join them together by seams, which are hidden under yellow soutache; cut out also and join in the same way four pieces of white kid for the lining, and fasten it on to the crimson cloth at the top only. Sew small brass rings round the top, and pass a double piece of crimson silk cord through them. Add silk tassels of various colours at the bottom of the pouch, and at each of its four corners.

## LAURA BASSI.

### A PAGE FROM THE HISTORY OF LEARNED BOLOGNA.

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**T**HE city of Bologna is the second in rank in the Papal States. Its University is one of the oldest and most famous in Italy; it was founded by the Emperor Theodosius, at the beginning of the fifth century, and was restored by Charlemagne. Bologna has won for itself the title of "the learned;" its coinage formerly bore the motto "Bonovia docet;" it is the birth-place of eight popes, about two hundred cardinals, and more than a thousand literary and scientific men and artists. Moreover, it is the birthplace of Laura Maria Catherine Bassi, the subject of the following sketch:—

This lady was born in the year 1711, in that happy condition of life which Agur of old desired, the comfortable medium between poverty and riches. She was a healthy, sprightly, well-looking, and well-made child, but from her earliest years remarkable for studious habits. Learning was no task to her, but a pleasure, and she turned as readily and cheerfully to her books as ordinary children seek their toys, and rejoice in the play-hour. Sooth to say, the pathway of knowledge seemed smoothed for her young feet, and the impediments which cause so many to halt, or turn back in dismay, appeared to vanish at her approach. "We have here a daughter worthy of learned Bologna," quoth the priest, Don Lorenzo Stregani. Stregani was a big man in Bologna, whose shovel-hat covered a multitude of tongues and sciences—a shrewd man, who never shook his head nor raised his finger without meaning in those simple movements—a man who never opened his mouth but there dropped out words of wisdom. Stregani was a visitor at the house of well-to-do Bassi; for him there was the chair of honour and the softest cushion, and the freshest fruits, and the heartiest of welcomes, and it was the custom of the good father, when a little over-wrought by the duties of his sacred office, to recruit himself in Bassi's comfortable parlour, and there none were better pleased to see him than little Laura.

That Laura was a daughter worthy of learned Bologna was at the first, perhaps, a pleasant way of saying that the child conquered the alphabet, and strung the letters together into small words, with no common facility. It meant more afterwards. Stregani began to instruct the child in the elements of Latin; was fairly astounded at her rapid progress. Next, he opened out to her the language of France, and she made it her own as readily as Cæsar subjugated Gaul. For the tongue which Cæsar spoke, however, she had a profound veneration; and not content with reading the Latin authors and translating many of them, she obtained so thorough a knowledge of the language as to speak and write it with elegance and fluency. Stregani was altogether unprepared for so complete a success. To say he was proud of his pupil would but very feebly convey an idea of his feelings—it filled him with a joyous amazement that is not to be expressed by words.

Now, had the excellent priest been indoctrinated with the teachings of some of our modern philosophers, he would have been angry with himself and sorry for his pupil. Is it not said that precocious children make adult dunces? Is it not held that much learning drives a child mad? Are not infant phenomena looked on with extreme suspicion? These grave doubts and dismal forebodings do not seem to have troubled

the mind of good father Stregani. He made haste to let all the learned world of Bologna know of the prodigy within its walls.

Dr. Gaetano Tacconi, Professor in the College of Medicine, was deeply interested. He knew the Bassi family. He was as astonished as his friend Stregani, at Laura's progress. There was a solemn council held as to what was to be done with this learned little lady, and there was no improbable chance, perhaps, of turning the learned little lady's head. Was she to pass her life in the discharge of household duties—all her Latin and learning so much literary lumber? Forbid it, shades of departed greatness! Forbid it, profound faculty of Bologna! At length, after much discussion and delay, it was resolved that Laura should devote herself to a learned education, and that Dr. Gaetano Tacconi should exercise her in logic, carry her on to metaphysics, and so to natural philosophy. And with steps—strides, if we may use the expression—that fully kept pace with those of her instructors, little Laura marched up Hill Difficulty, good father Stregani on the one hand, and excellent Dr. Tacconi on the other, until they reached the top; the two professors spent by this time, Laura quite fresh and ready for another start. In plain words, her teachers' knowledge of the sciences was confined to what was taught in the schools, while the penetrating genius of the pupil was not to be confined to these limits: her scientific studies, and even discoveries, left the faculty of Bologna far behind in the career of knowledge. The gentlemen, who had taken pleasure in cultivating her rare mind, began to be desirous of surprising the public by a display; but they determined that, as a preparation, some unprejudiced and exact scholars should examine the learned damsel, certain of their sanction, before presenting her to any public trial. For this purpose, the Abbé Giovanni Trombelli and Dr. Zanotti were selected. They were astonished at the girl's proficiency, charmed by her modest bearing, and captivated by her eloquence. They agreed that her wonderful acquirements ought to be made known; and as the result great things were predicted.

Had the good gentlemen who advised this step been versed in modern views of a *blue-stocking*, and the natural shrinking which the polite world has of the least suspicion of indigo in a lady's hose; had they been aware that women are guilty of serious impropriety in extending their education beyond accomplishments, and in ever venturing to trench upon those fields of learning and science which well-regulated minds recognize as the indefeasible possession of the masculine gender, no doubt they would have held their tongues, smiled disparagingly on her Latin—the eldest amongst them, perhaps, playfully have pulled her by the ear, bidding her get married as soon as she could. Instead of this, they encouraged the young maiden to appear publicly in Bologna, and to hold a philosophical discussion in the old palace of the Auziana.

Poor Laura! she loved learning, but she did not court publicity, and her natural modesty shrank from it. She was not afraid that the students of Bologna would assemble in the palace to overwhelm her with noisy interruptions, the singing of tavern songs, and other ingenious modes—the employment of which was reserved for a later date—to teach a clever woman to respect all masculine prerogatives; she was not afraid of such interruptions, but she was timid, had less faith in her own ability than had her learned friends, and was in fact without a particle of arrogance or presumption. But the persuasions of her friends prevailed, and on the 17th of April, 1732 Laura Bassi made her *débüt*. The singularity of the case brought a great concourse: all the learned men and dignified ecclesiastics from distant towns, besides noblemen and ladies of rank, crowded to listen to so unusual an orator. Fortunately her powers were equal to the occasion. Her knowledge was profound and miscellaneous, and the elegance and accuracy of her Latin speech was truly wonderful. The admiration and applause was unbounded. The Cardinal Archbishop Lambertini waited upon her the



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## THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN'S RECIPE-BOOK.

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**GENEVIEVE PASTRY.**—Quarter pound almonds pounded, half pound fresh butter, ten ounces sifted loaf sugar, ten ounces flour sifted, four eggs. Mix well, and bake thirty-seven minutes in a moderate oven.

**ICEING.**—Whites of two eggs well beat, six ounces of loaf sugar sifted. Whip well, and spread over the cake or pastry, and bake immediately. Vanille or almond flavouring may be added to the eggs.

**CAKES.**—Quarter pound of fresh butter, quarter pound of loaf sugar sifted, rind of two lemons grated, quarter pound of almonds beaten, half pound of currants, six ounces of flour sifted, and as much carbonate of soda as will lay on a fourpenny piece, and one egg. Mix thoroughly, and bake five minutes.

**CAKES PLAIN.**—Half pound of butter, half pound of sugar well mixed, three quarters of flour, and one egg. Mix well, roll out, and bake five minutes.

**SODA CAKE.**—Half pound butter, three quarters of a pound of loaf sugar, rind of one lemon grated, four eggs, beat the whites, add a tea-spoonful of soda; beat twenty minutes, bake two hours and a half in a moderate oven.

**WEE PUDDINGS.**—Quarter of a pound of flour, quarter pound of butter, quarter pound of sugar, two eggs, rind of a lemon; beat for twenty minutes, half fill tea-cups, and bake for twenty minutes.

**CURD CHEESE CAKES.**—One pint new milk boiled, add while warm, six ounces of butter, half pound of sugar; when cold add six ounces of currants, the rind of a large lemon, six eggs; put on the fire and stir until it curdles, then pour into tartlet-pans like ordinary cheese-cakes.

**WHITE GINGERBREAD.**—One pound of loaf sugar, one pound of butter, one pound of dried flour sifted, one ounce of ground ginger, two eggs, mixed peel. Mix well and bake one hour.

**DROP BISCUITS.**—Two pounds of flour, one pound of butter creamed (beaten up to a cream), half pound of currants, three quarters of a pound of pounded loaf sugar, eight eggs, grated lemon-peel or essence of lemon. Mix thoroughly, drop on buttered tins, and bake six minutes.

**BISCUITS.**—Three quarters of a pound of pounded lump sugar, one pound of flour, half a pound of butter rubbed into the flour, then add one egg without the white, one glass of sherry, a little nutmeg, a few drops of essence of lemon, and a few carraway seeds. Bake ten minutes in a moderate oven.

**DUKE OF CUMBERLAND'S PUDDING.**—Six ounces of grated bread, six ounces of Sultana raisins, six ounces of finest beef suet, six ounces of apples chopped fine, six ounces of loaf sugar, six eggs, a very little salt, the rind of a lemon grated, add lemon, orange, and citron peel. Mix all well together put it in a basin covered closely with a floured cloth, boil it three hours and a half; serve with wine sauce.

**TO MAKE VINEGAR FROM THE PLANT.**—*Ingredients:* Three pints of water, a quarter of a pound of treacle, half a pound of coarse moist sugar. *Mode:* Mix the above ingredients together, pour the mixture over the vinegar plant, placed in a stone jar with a close-fitting lid, paper over the lid and keep for two months in a dry place; then pour off the liquor, boil, skim, and strain it; when cold, bottle and cork closely, and treat the vinegar plant as before.

## OUR DRAWING-ROOM.

### NINE OF US.

E.W.F.S.I.T.Y.D. & G.

AT MR. SMITH'S.

A Puzzle to be answered in a few weeks.

Enquiries to be addressed, with twelve postage stamps, to Mr. S. O. Beeton, Warwick House, Paternoster Row.

### COVERS FOR BINDING.

CLOTH COVERS for binding the 12 Monthly Parts of "The Young Englishwoman" are now ready, price 1s. 3d. each.

Messrs. WARD, LOCK & TYLER beg to inform subscribers that they will bind "The Young Englishwoman" handsomely in cloth at 2s. per volume; gilt edges, 6d. extra.

Subscribers must forward their parts by Book-post (paid), with the ends of the packet open, at the rate of 1d. for every 4 ounces.

Country subscribers must send 8d. extra for the return of their volumes.

OFFERS, SINGULAR AND PLURAL.—CLARA writes:—"Sir,—I thank you for favouring my request in the August number of "THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN." We have been out of town, and now are busy preparing for the third wedding in our family, therefore I have not only had no time to try the pattern, but not even to write and thank you for it. I cannot tell you how delighted I am to see that you are endeavouring to put down vanity and foolishness amongst your correspondents, and encouraging common sense. There is one thing, however, about your "Drawing-Room" which is rather peculiar: the members of it are so exceedingly *personal*. As each number comes in, and I read those little pieces (which you assure me are sincere, and therefore I am bound to believe you), I wonder who the girls can be that ask such questions, and who you can be that answer them! As to that girl that boasts of having had seven offers, I don't credit

the half of it; it is simply impossible that seven men could each have made up their minds to have that particular girl for his wife. The greatest beauty I ever knew in mind, form, and face had but *two*, the first of which she rejected, the second accepted. Of course, she had numerous *lovers*, but only *two* who actually asked to be her husband. Therefore, either that girl vainly boasts of that which is not wholly true, or else I live in far more honourable society than she does, and know nothing about such follies. But that I know enough of the *real* thing you are aware by the first part of my note. I congratulate you also on the decided improvement of the rest of your magazine; it is more respectable than it used to be, and far more congenial to my taste. I like those "Letters from Granny."—[Probably, more of our readers will give *their* experiences of the number of offers received, and we shall be able to publish some very valuable statistics unfurnished by the census.]

A. Z.—Second cousins as well as first cousins may marry, if they choose. When married, a man is liable for his wife's debts contracted before marriage. A married woman, if proceeded against alone, may plead her marriage, or, as it is called in law, coverture. The husband is liable for debts of his wife contracted for necessities while living with him. He is also liable for any debts contracted by her with his authority; and the law implies his authority where the debt is for necessities, or in the common course of house-keeping, unless the contrary be proved. If the husband have abjured the realm, or been transported by a sentence of law, the wife is liable during his absence as if she were a single woman for debts contracted by her.

YOUNG AMERICA.—Yankee Doodle is an old English tune, and is said to have been played by our troops at Bunker's Hill. A modern American poet alludes to this—

"We kept the tune, but not the Tea,  
Yankee Doodle Dandy."

M. ANGELL.—SHRIMPS, OH!—Mr. Lord, R.A., a considerable authority in matters fish-like, has anticipated some of your questions in a little book he has written on crabs and lobsters. With little alteration, this is what he says: Shrimps, like crabs, are of many species, and inhabit all seas. Our own coast-line sees millions of them, and most seaside places afford sport to the shrimp or prawn catcher. But Cæsar is not Pompey, and a shrimp is not a prawn, although they are very much alike. The true shrimp of our water is the mottled, spotted, brown kind, the so-called land-shrimp (*Crangon vulgaris*). Between the prawn and shrimp there is a difference in colour and the shape of the fore-feet. Also the head of the prawn is provided with a formidable-looking weapon, after which shape the Pacific Islanders seem to make their shark-tooth swords. The shrimp has not this weapon. The shrimp frequents the wide open sand-flats and the mouths of tidal rivers. "Sand-raiser" it is often called by fishermen, and this name arises from the curious habit it has of suddenly raising around itself a perfect cloud of fine sand, literally throwing dust in the eyes of its enemies. After raising this sand-storm, the shrimp adroitly scoops for itself a tiny trench in the soft sand, and, remaining perfectly still, the falling grains cover him snugly over like a sheep in a snow-drift. Shrimp-catching is by no means a difficult operation, and either with dredge or net numbers of the *Crangon vulgaris* may be taken, as also small flat fish, and all kinds of odd waifs and strays that in the waters dwell.

JESSIE.—With regard to the sagacity of animals, everybody, we suppose, knows Mr. Jingle's story of Ponto, who would not enter on a plantation because of the board which set forth that all dogs found within the enclosure would be shot. A correspondent sends us the following, which is perhaps as good:—"We once owned a small, beautiful black-and-tan terrier, and while residing, a year or two since, for a few months at a favourite summer resort, a most magnificent Newfoundland dog, the property of an ex-Governor and prominent politician, residing a mile or two distant, was in the habit of visiting our house almost daily. One day our little dog was missing. Being a special favourite, her loss was seriously felt. Advertisements were published in the newspapers, and hand-bills

circulated, offering a liberal reward for her return. Whether or not Mr. Newfoundland saw and read them we are not prepared to say; but one forenoon he came trotting up the street, carefully holding Mistress 'Yet' by the nape of her neck, as a fond mother-cat does her kittens. Reaching the servants' door of the house, and waiting till it was opened, he walked in, and deposited his charge in the kitchen—gravely nodded his head, wagged his tail, and quietly left, not even intimating a claim for the reward."

#### AN AMOROUS BACHELOR'S DILEMMA.

I'm getting up in years, indeed—

A "bachelor" my friends now call me;  
Yet woman-hating's not my creed;

I wish that marriage *would* befall me.  
Of ladies I am very fond,

And have been, right throughout my history:  
Short, tall, in turn "brunette" and "blonde."  
And yet I'm single, that's the mystery!

But yet it's not; I think I know

The reason that I'm still unmated—  
I can't confine my love; its glow

O'er many hearts to shine is fated;  
And as I'm not by birth a Turk,

And Mormon tenets do not please me,  
I matrimony have to shirk,

And friends begin to chaff and tease me.

When I was only sixteen, then

To seven young ladies I was writing.  
Indeed I can't remember when

Some girls I didn't take delight in.  
At every dinner, "rout," or ball

I got entrapped by some fresh beauty,  
And then I found that not at all

To old loves could I do my duty.

And so 'tis now,—a pretty face,

A classic bust, eyes brightly glancing,  
A tiny foot, a finished grace,

Are each in turn my heart entrancing.  
And thus it is my desk is stored

With flowers and kid gloves without number.  
And scores of "cartes," which I've adored,  
And each of which has spoilt my slumber.

I meet fair Kate—to-day, suppose—

At Lister's strawberry feast—with croquet—  
I fall in love, and ere she goes,

I beg a rosebud from her bouquet;

I take it home in rapt delight,  
And dream of Katie and her graces ;—  
And at the Alleyne's ball next night  
Meet Isabella, and gone Kate's face is.

What can I do? I cannot wed,  
For it would cause a lot of sorrow ;  
To get a wife, then wish her dead  
To have one you liked more to-morrow !  
No ! as my heart I can't divide,  
And give to all I love the pieces ;  
I must in single bliss abide,  
And leave my money to my nieces !

A. A. D.

A GIRL OF SIXTEEN will find some very interesting particulars in the natural history of the year in the "ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE," under the title of "Nature's Monthly Work." The National Portrait Gallery at Kensington is closed. The last series of portraits exhibited extended from 1688 to 1800.

OLIVIA. — Certainly. We betray no confidences. Send what you think worth having, and we will let you know if we think as you do.

LOTTIE will do well to give up "plaiting" for a time, as plaiting has a tendency to break the hair. This, we think, accounts for the short hairs "Lottie" complains of. Cold water can do no possible harm ; but the hair must be rubbed dry after its application, or a severe cold may be the consequence.

EFFIE is, we think, suffering from indigestion, and would do well to consult her medical adviser. Warm water is preferable to cold in cold weather. A little glycerine put in the water will help to prevent the skin chapping.

C. H. R. writes a lady-like hand, and her diction is correct.

SCHOOL-GIRL ought to know that Abyssinia was first made known to Europeans by the Portuguese missionaries. It is bounded on the north by Nubia, on the east by the Red Sea and Danakil, on the west by Sennaar, and on the south by Gingia and Alaba. The estimated area is 27,000 square miles. Bruce, though a very old traveller, has given the best account of this *terra incognita* ; we have added very little to what he told us.

S. B. F.—The proverb that tells us the least said is the soonest mended is one which we should strongly recommend to your attention. Never say anything ill of other people, if it be possible to avoid it, and be sure, if you do say anything of the sort, that your accusations are well founded. An old lady was asked what she thought of one of her neighbours named Jones, and, with a very knowing look, she replied, "Why, I don't like to say anything about my neighbours ; but as to Mrs. Jones, sometimes I think—and then again I don't know—but, after all, I am inclined to think she will turn out just such a woman as I take her to be." Had you been equally cautious not to commit yourself, you would have escaped your present trouble. The word once spoken cannot be brought back with a coach and six.

EMMA wants to know who is the writer of the following lines :—

"Every perfumed thought that came  
From the Poet's silent heart,  
Shall in other days impart  
Grateful incense to his name.  
And the seeds of truth he leaves  
On the seeming barren ground,  
Shall in other days be bound  
Into golden harvest sheaves."

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Musical supplements will probably be given next year. We are glad to know that you are "delighted with the YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN in its new form."

A. L. F.—Gamut is the name given to the scale of musical notes. Guy of Arezzo, who reformed the church music about the year 1024, composed a musical scale with these six words, ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la. Afterwards he placed on the side of these notes the following seven letters, A, B, C, D, E, F, G. And by reason that he placed the letter G (called in Greek gamma) on the note which he had added to his ancient system, the whole scale was therefore denominated, as it is to this day, gamut.

L. A. did quite right in refusing to accept the flower. If the gentleman is in earnest, he will not let the refusal daunt him. He is certainly unworthy of "L. A.'s" consideration if he does not appreciate her discretion, and try some less equivocal mode of making his advances.

F. L. O.—Yes, certainly London is more than a city; it is “a province covered with houses.” We may get some impression of its present magnitude by looking at a few details of its colossal state. Its houses number more than 350,000, and its streets, if placed in line, would extend from Liverpool to New York, and are lighted at night by 360,000 gas lamps, consuming every twenty-four hours about 13,000,000 cubic feet of gas. Of the water supply 44,383,328 gallons are used per day. The travelling public sustain 5,000 cabs and 1,500 omnibuses, besides all the other sorts of vehicles which human need can require or human wit invent. Its hungry population devours in the course of every year 1,600,000 quarters of wheat, 240,000 bullocks, 1,700,000 sheep, 28,000 calves, 35,000 pigs, 10,000,000 head of game, 3,000,000 salmon, and innumerable fish of other sorts; and consume 43,200,000 gallons of beer, 2,000,000 gallons of spirits, and 65,000 pipes of wine; as a consequence, 2,400 doctors find constant employment. London, finally, supports 852 churches, which are presided over by 930 divines of greater or less note.

ELLEN T.—To bleach a straw bonnet, first scrub the bonnet well with yellow soap and a brush dipped in clean water; after this, put into a box a saucer containing burning sulphur; it must remain there a short time, and as soon as it is removed, the bonnet must be placed in the box and well covered up, so that the sulphuric atmosphere may whiten it; next dissolve a little oxalic acid in boiling water. Wash all over the bonnet with a small paint-brush; put it into a pail of cold water, and let it remain half an hour; then hang it out to dry; it must afterwards be stiffened with gelatine, dried again, and then pressed into shape. Furs may be preserved from moths and insects by placing a little colcyntb pulp (bitter apples), or spices—as cloves, pimento, &c.—wrapped in muslin among them; or they may be washed in a very weak solution of corrosive sublimate in warm water, ten or fifteen grains to the pint, and afterwards carefully dried. Furs, as well as every other species of clothing, should be kept in a clean, dry place.

ROSE may send her translation of the Duchess D'Abrantes' story.

A TWO YEARS' SUBSCRIBER.—Very excellent beef tea may be made as follows:—Take one pound of lean beef, free from fat; chop finely as for mince meat or beef sausages. Mix with its own weight of cold water, slowly heating until it boils; after boiling briskly for a minute or two, strain through a muslin, and you obtain an aromatic soup of such strength as cannot be obtained even by boiling the beef in the pot for hours. When mixed with salt and the other additions by which soup is usually flavoured and tinged somewhat darker by means of roasted onions or burnt bread, it forms an excellent soup.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—We think it would be very indiscreet for a “young lady” to bow to a young gentleman whom she has only met at church, especially as there is no evidence to show that the wish to be introduced is mutual.

### HOPES.

Hopes! I've had a thousand hopes  
(To what has hoping led?)  
They always promise to fulfil,  
And disappoint instead.

At school I used to hope for “tin,”  
When last supply was waning,—  
Was told I spent too much in “grub,”  
And then I got a caning!

I hoped to be the first in class,  
And answer questions baulking;  
I got as far as second boy,—  
Was then sent last for talking!

I hoped to be the master's pet,  
But no, poor fated sinner!  
He always gave me “imps” to write,  
And kept me minus dinner!

Since then I've hoped to win some hand.  
To lessen earthly troubles,—  
But all the matches I have tried  
Have come to “South Sea bubbles”!

I've hoped, but bother! what's the good?  
In perplexity I'm groping;  
I dread to be a misanthrope,  
And thus to end all hoping.

Fair maiden! save me—be my wife!  
My happiness (?) to share;  
But stay,—I've one remark to make—  
I hope you've no “false hair”!

F. G. P.



# THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN.



## THE DIARY OF A DISAPPOINTED YOUNG MAN.

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**O**CT. 1st, 18.—Long letter from the Mater—and, by Jove! the most remarkable coincidence! She fills three pages with a rather discursive but very interesting account of some “charming girls” she has met at Sir John Bletchworth’s, come over from York to assist at the festivities consequent on young Bletchworth’s coming of age. “Sweet, unsophisticated, fresh girls,” my most simple-minded, excellent mother writes. “Most refreshing to meet with, after the worldly-minded, heartless specimens one comes upon in the world now-a-days.” And so on for three pages, as I said before, and with the most transparent design. My most “unsophisticated” mother! Evidently, she has forgotten that wise saying about the futility of setting the snare in the sight of the bird. But the coincidence. These charming girls are Bessie and Eve Travers! It is curious how things come about. I am glad the dear old lady likes them; they *are* nice girls, although I have just written to decline the pressing invitation with which her epistle winds up to run down to L—shire in time for the ball on the 3rd, and although I have, at the same time, expressed myself pretty plainly to the effect that charming girls have henceforth no charms for me, my heart having got over all and every weakness, and taken to itself, for ever and henceforth, that dry and musty skeleton—the law. Poor old mother! it will be something of a disappointment to her. She has set her heart on seeing me settled, as she calls it, and the old place and old name in a fair way of being handed down to posterity, &c. Well, there’s no help for it. “It might have been *once*,” as Browning says; but it won’t be now. When a fellow’s heart gets burnt to cinders and powdered to ashes, there’s not much left to raise a flame from. I’m fire-proof henceforth, like a patent safe. Poor dear mother! I am sorry for her. Hillo! what’s this postscript, crowded down in the corner? Amy Marchmount’s marriage to the eldest son of a peer. I’m heartily glad of it—shall add a postscript to *my* letter, and say so.

Oct. 2nd.—No sign of life over the way; the lawn still deserted. Took a stroll on the beach this morning; thought I saw Fairy’s golden locks glittering in the sunshine: vanished, fairy-like, whilst I was turning a corner to get up to them.

I have altered my mind. I *shall* run down to L—shire for the ball. I start by the mail-train to-night. I am tired of everything, and this may create a new sensation, and it will please the old people. I keep on my rooms here, and come back again.

Oct. 4th.—The ball was not so bad, after all, for a county affair. Nobody went to sleep, that I saw; and my Lord Tom Noddy danced with Miss Smith without turning his back on her more than once or twice, or otherwise showing his sense of the condescension. And if pretty Miss Smith *did* draw on the back of her programme a splendid caricature of his lordship, and of his lordship's fat, cantankerous mamma in the act of reproving him for the act (the dancing, not the back-turning), why, it was no more than might have been expected of a smart, clever little girl, with more sense in her little finger than in his lordship's whole body, and her ladyship's, too, to boot. Miss Smith showed me the sketch, under the seal of secrecy, and I brought it away in my pocket. It sent young Bletchworth and half-a-dozen more into fits after supper. Miss Smith is the Bletchworths' governess; her father led a forlorn hope in the Crimea, lost an arm and a leg, got the Victoria Cross, and nothing else, and died last year—of his services! Miss Smith is a great deal prouder of *his* memory than my Lord Tom Noddy has any reason to be of that of the late Viscount, who gambled his (unentailed) estates away on the turf, and turned the Viscountess sour and crabbed by his other misdeeds, and drank himself into *delirium tremens* at last.

But the pleasantest part of the evening was the re-introduction to Bessie and Eve. I get on well with those two girls; why the deuce should Die—the others, I mean—fly at the sight of me as if I were a wild beast? They blushed and dimpled when they saw me—pretty creatures they are, to be sure, as fresh as daisies, and as sweet as new-mown hay—and received me like the valued family friend I flatter myself I deserve to be considered. “Had I been at St. Sebastian lately?” “Just come from there.” “Dear me! only fancy! And papa and mamma, and all their brothers and sisters, lived there; it was so strange to meet any one, so far off, actually just come from the very same place!”

“So it was,” I agreed.

Then they “wondered” if I had ever, by chance, seen their sisters? No: it was very likely though, for they were very little about the place, less than ever, just now—looking shyly at one another—“since—since strangers—visitors—had even found their way to the lawn which they had been accustomed to have all to themselves.”

“These impertinent Cockney idlers,” I denounced, with a look of stern reprobation, “intrude themselves everywhere. But what were their sisters like? I might have seen them in church, perhaps.”

“They were like any other young ladies, only quieter, and Die a great deal sweeter and prettier,” Eve broke in. “They went to St. Michael's Church, and Fairy had long, golden hair. Oh, such lovely hair; perhaps I might have remarked *that*?”

“No; I thought not (reflectively). So many little girls, now-a-days, have golden hair. But I should be returning to St. Sebastian in a day or two, and I would look out especially for Fairy. Perhaps, in fact (thrown in carelessly as an after-thought), they might have some message or parcel, of which I should be pleased to be the bearer.”

“Oh, they would be so glad, if it would not be troubling me *too* much; and mamma, and they all, would be so delighted to hear of them from some one who had seen them so lately.”

So that is managed, and, I flatter myself, very well managed. Only, they are such guileless doves that it is almost a shame to take advantage of their simplicity, as it is of the simplicity of my dear old mother, who has been sitting opposite to me all the morning, feigning to be very much occupied with some sort of charity garment, but in reality having what she would call “a good talk” with me—a gentle, placid, monotonous stream of talk—all “telling me how fair young”—Bessie—“is.” Dear mother! playing her cards so well, as she thought, but showing her hand all the time.

“I don't know when I have seen such a really nice girl, Frank—such an unaffected,

good girl. A charming wife she will make for somebody, and I fancy young Bletchworth thinks so, too" (glancing furtively up at me over the hem of the charity garment); "he danced with her so often last night. It would be a good match on both sides, for old Sir Walter makes no secret of his having adopted his nieces, and intending to provide liberally for them; and the old gentleman is immensely rich, and one of the oldest families in Yorkshire. I have an idea that Lady Bletchworth hoped something might come of it when she asked the girls here on a visit. But girls like that are soon snapped up. Harry Bletchworth must take care."

"Yes," I assented, finding, from the pause made here, that something was expected of me. "I think it would be a capital match, and, although I have dropped out of the matrimonial race myself, I wish Harry good luck with all my heart." The flannel petticoat trembled in my mother's hands.

"Pray don't hint at the subject to Harry," she cried, breaking out of her placidity for a moment. "It is only conjecture on my part, from beginning to end, and it only relates to Harry's side of the question, after all. I did not observe the least sign of any preference on the young lady's part; on the contrary, I thought, do you know, Frank, dear, that she rather preferred talking to—a-hem!—to *you*? What an odd coincidence it is that you should have been staying at the very place these girls came from! I wonder you never remarked them at St. Sebastian; they are such peculiarly sweet-looking girls. I fancy I should never have passed them without noticing them. In fact, I do not know when I have met with any one who pleased me so entirely as Miss Bessie does. She is quite clever, too. Lady Travers tells me she sketches beautifully. Do you remember how fond you used to be of sketching from nature? I wonder you do not keep it up; but I suppose you have no opportunities for that kind of thing in that horrid, smoky London. Oh, Frank! how glad I shall be when you get through all that tiresome law study, and settle down."

"My dear mother, I never shall settle down. I shall be a sort of a vagabond all my life."

The dear old lady looked wistfully at me. "Oh, Frank, I hope not. Surely you would never be so foolish as to let a heartless, good-for-nothing (getting very red and excited) jilt, ruin all your life, when there are such (beginning to cry) good—sweet—charming——"

"Oh, bother!" I interrupted, irreverently, and strode out of the open French window.

"Frank! Frank!" cried my mother, distractedly, "come back. Where are you going?"

"For a gallop on Heathmore Common."

"You will be back to luncheon?"

"Perhaps—I am not sure. Don't wait for me."

"But Frank," coming out on the terrace, "you must indeed. I have asked the Bletchworths, and Lady Travers, and all her nieces to lunch with us, and go over the grounds afterwards. And Miss Travers particularly wishes to sketch the church-tower from the top of the hill; and oh, Frank! (seeing my discontented shrug of the shoulders) you *must* really do the honours, for you know your father is on that tiresome committee, and I know nothing about the wine; and Lady Bletchworth can't walk since she sprained her ankle: so I shall have to stay indoors with her, and there will be no one to walk with the rest, you know."

Not so bad, mother mine, for such a very simple-minded, ingenuous old lady. I shouldn't wonder if you turned out as accomplished a match-maker, in time, as any Belgravian dowager of the lot—that is, unless I save your character by taking the matter into my own hands.

So I walk with the ladies, and show Miss Bessie the best point of view for her sketch, and advise her on the other details thereof; and afterwards I very graciously accept Lady Bletchworth's pressing invitation to return with them and dine, and I turn over the leaves of Bessie's music whilst she sings, and then (I am *not* a coxcomb, I protest) I pack my portmanteau when everybody else is in bed, and am all ready for a start by the first train in the morning. So ends my poor mother's little play. Poor, dear mother! I could wish, for her sake, that my heart were not such a dried-up piece of anatomy. And it is hard lines, too, before a fellow is five-and-twenty.

Oct. 9th.—Back again at St. Sebastian. Presented the letter of introduction with which Bessie had armed me, and remain where I was. Deuced ungracious of the old experimenter, too! The girls are certain to have mentioned the little services I rendered them on their journey. What on earth does he mean by taking no notice of me? Ought I to call again? He may be—probably is—one of those cloudy individuals who put a letter aside, and forget all about it. It would be only decently attentive, on my part, now I think of it, to call again. I have seen Bessie and Eve so lately, I have promised to make my report of them to the mother and sisters, *faithfully* promised, and, of course, I am bound to do it. I think I'll wait till to-morrow though, and give the old fellow another chance of being civil.

Oct. 10th.—Found Fairy down on the beach, with the hobbledehoy and a knickerbocker, picking periwinkles and sea-weed off the rocks. Watched my opportunity, and joined them. Won Fairy's good opinion by bringing a long riband of sea-weed safely to land with my cane, after it had floated out of her reach. Also, by discovering a magnificent sea-anemone, and bringing it home for her in a pail. Parted with expressions of mutual regret. A step in the right direction, at all events.

Oct. 11th.—The papa makes no sign, but Fairy and I are fast friends. Spent three hours on the rocks again this morning, hobbledehoy in attendance, and found out where the girls spend their mornings—i.e., down on the beach, in a sort of tiny land-cove, very snug, very sheltered, and quite shut out from view. Dared not investigate, but took Fairy's word for the fact. Took the opportunity of ascertaining various other little family particulars from Fairy, but very nearly spoilt all by blurting out Die's name, in the midst of an interesting account of "sisters'" habits, accomplishments, &c. "And Die sings too, then?"

"How did you know her name was Die?" says Fairy, turning sharply upon me.

"You told me so, just now," I reply, with unblushing effrontery.

"No, I didn't," Fairy asseverates. "I'm quite *sure* I didn't; because, you see, they always tell me I'm not to tell their names to anybody. Once last year, an officer of the new regiment asked me Die's name, and I told him, and she said I was never to do it again. And I never *have*. So how could you know?"

"Perhaps I guessed it," I answered, carelessly.

"But it's not an easy name to guess," persisted Fairy, uncomfortably. "If it had been Mary or Anna, I should not have been surprised."

"Hullo!" I shouted, "what a big fellow—glued on to the rock, too, as if he belonged to it." And down on her knees went Fairy to assist in the appropriation of the polypus, and forgot her wonder for the time.

Oct. 12th.—Fairy not out to-day. Have they taken alarm at our acquaintance? Likely enough. There seems a blight upon all my efforts to approach this family. I believe that I shall find myself back in town on the 1st of November—at least, I can stay till then—without having advanced further than Fairy. Oh, and Bessie, and Eve, of course; but they are not *here*. Not that I mean to give it up yet—not if I know it. But, hang it all! what can a fellow do that I have not done?

Oct. 13th.—Supped on lobster-salad, and spent the "witching hours of night" in

the transaction of a variety of moving incidents, all naturally enough, after the train of thought which preceded my falling asleep, tending to make the acquaintance of the Travers family through such highly sensational effects as Fairy pitching headlong down the cliffs, and being recovered by myself before she reached the bottom, with the pseudo-dramatic conclusion of placing the rescued one in Die's outstretched arms, and being rewarded with her sobbing thanks. Also, with the same conclusion, exciting scene of old visionary father setting himself and the house on fire in the course of demonstrating that perpetual motion is to be found in self-generating steam; grand tableau of flames, smoke, shrieks, and frightened provincial firemen; old father insensible by the side of crucible; dragged out, amidst a complication of difficulties which would have daunted even dauntless Braidwood: total result as already stated.

And can my brain be softening? I have spent the best part of the morning lounging on the beach (Fairy still invisible), and elaborating the same little sketches of heroism.

Brought down with a run by the perusal of the very courteous, but extremely matter-of-fact note, awaiting me at home, in which "Mrs. Travers scarcely knows how to apologise for what must appear both discourteous and ungrateful; but Mr. Travers, in the great pre-occupation of his engrossing scientific pursuits, unfortunately laid aside the letter of introduction which Mr. Nethercliff had presented at his house, and so prevented the pleasure of sooner making an acquaintance which is peculiarly acceptable to him and his family. Mrs. Travers hopes that Mr. Nethercliff will kindly accept this explanation, and join her family party at tea this evening at six o'clock."

Humph! falls rather flat after the heroics in which I have been indulging (my brain must be weakened, if not absolutely softened). Tea and bread-and-butter, and marmalade, and perhaps even shrimps. (No; I *don't* believe shrimps are their style, although people will do *anything* at the sea-side, and at a six o'clock tea.) Disgustingly common-place, though, without the shrimps, and horridly vulgar with them. See what it is to live in the high-pressure latitudes of sensation. Last week, I should have hailed the tea and marmalade with appreciative gratitude, and now I quarrel with my bread-and-butter.

11 *p.m.*—Family party, charming; good tone throughout. (N.B. No shrimps.) Mother faded, but pretty and lady-like. Fairy in a perfect twitter of excitement and surprise, constituting herself a complete catechism. "Why didn't you say you knew Bessie and Eve?" "Didn't you know we were their sisters?" "Did they dance much at the ball?" "Did you like them?" &c. and, "Oh! that's how you knew Die's name, wasn't it?"—winding up with, "I'm so glad mamma and everybody knows you, because, now, they won't mind your finding the sea-weeds and things for me." The father came in with the tea-things, and disappeared with the bagatelle-board; glad, no doubt, to escape to his laboratory, or whatever he calls it. He looked and talked like a man of refinement, and evidently tried hard to rouse himself from the pre-occupation of his favourite pursuits, and to do his proper part in my entertainment.

*Sept. 25th.*—Haven't written a line for a fortnight, absolutely. Don't know what else I have been doing either. Let me see, for this week, at all events; the last is gone beyond recall.

*Monday.*—Morning, on the beach with Fairy, and—and the others. Afternoon, croquet on the lawn. (I have actually come to croquet like a lamb!) Evening, tea at the Travers', and bagatelle.

*Tuesday.*—Ditto, ditto, ditto.

*Wednesday.*—Excursion to ruins in three basket-carriages, and family picnic—very pleasant. Drive home by moonlight.



*Thursday.*—Beach and croquet. After tea, accompanied the Travers' party down to beach again, to see the mackerel-boats unload by moonlight.

*Friday.*—Programme much the same as usual, only bagatelle instead of beach in the evening.

*Saturday.*—Ditto, ditto.

Rather jolly: this being received completely *en famille* by such pleasant and agreeable people makes all the difference to a poor devil of a bachelor all alone at a watering-place. I have slipped into the place of *l'ami de la maison* in the most natural way in the world. How has it come about? Fairy gave me what may be a sort of clue, the other night, as I helped her up the steps in the side of the cliff on our way home.

"You and Die are just alike," she said; "isn't it odd?"

"How?" I asked, not without a certain amount of curiosity.

"Why, you've both had a disappointment," says the *enfant terrible*, dropping her voice a little; "I heard mamma say so."

"What—that your sister and I were alike?"

"Oh, no! but I heard mamma tell Mrs. Hutchins, our doctor's wife, that Die had had a disappointment when she was ill; and I heard her read it about you out of Bessie's letter, one day."

So, this must have come through Lady Bletchworth and Lady Travers; and, thanks to the tattling tongues of women, I must go about the world placarded in this wise. And, I suppose, a certain sympathy and fellow-feeling account for my kindly reception by the family here.

Well, a—a—(to speak conventionally)—a—*disappointment* has its advantages; it gives a man as much license and as many privileges as matrimony. I don't suppose for a moment that I should have been trusted, or should have trusted myself, on such a familiar footing in a family of pretty and attractive girls, if it had not been for this safeguard. It's as good as a dip in the River Styx.

*Oct. 31st.*—I go back to London to-morrow, and somehow London doesn't do, after the easy, jolly sort of life I have been leading down here. Chambers will feel "flat, stale, and unprofitable," and rusty Mrs. Brown—my only sample of womankind—will be rustier and uglier than ever. Fairy will miss me—it's pleasant to be missed. I wonder if—if—the others will? There certainly was a gloom on—on—most of their faces this morning, when my departure was talked of. Will—will Die miss me? I'll ask her—upon my soul, I will. Why not? The footing we are on justifies the presumption, and our disappointment prevents all danger of misconstruction. Of course, I can ask her.

12.30 *p.m.*—I met her hurrying home alone—having been basely deserted by the hobbledohoy on some shopping excursion—and I joined her. She blushed divinely—how lovely she is when she blushes! I took the opportunity of asking her—she said, "No"—I said—the fact is, I have a very confused impression of what either of us said, or of what happened next; but I know that I managed to make my sweet Die confess that she *should* miss me a little—and—and something more besides; and I am the luckiest dog in the world. I don't believe she ever cared—*much*—for that other fellow, confound him! And now Mrs. Brown may look as rusty as she likes, and the old chambers may be as fusty as *they* like. It will only be for a week, and I can run down from Saturday to Monday, and the thought of my sweet girl will brighten up the week like the one flower I have seen sometimes on a smoky London window-sill. Upon my word, I am merging into the sentimental! And now for the dear old mother; I must scribble her a line for the early post. Won't she be glad! Will she? It isn't Bessie—exactly, and old Sir Walter's money is out of *this* calculation (so much the better);

but I can turn the Mater's own weapons against herself. "Such a good connection! Such an old family—such well-brought up, innocent, sweet girls!"—(Die is the sweetest of all) and,—“Oh, Frank, how glad I shall be when you settle down.” I have her there, and she will be all right; and my father too, for the matter of that; and, upon my soul, it is a relief to throw off my rôle of blighted heart, a disappointed young man, and all the rest of the confounded rubbish!



## IN ILLNESS.

WHEN violets blossom in the spring,  
 Dear heart,  
 And May flowers nestle in the moss;  
 When the red-breasted robins sing,  
 And the glad sunshine smiles across  
 The new green earth;—who dreams of loss,  
 Or vainly grieves  
 At missing last year's faded leaves?  
 There will be violets in the spring,  
 Dear heart;  
 But haply I shall not be here:  
 And will the brooks or robins sing  
 Less jocundly? Believe me, dear,  
 I am of autumn—faded, sere:  
 And who would be  
 Sad in the spring-time, missing me?  
 You pity me;—life seems to you,  
 Dear heart,  
 So much a thing to be desired;  
 But I have toiled the wide world through.  
 My whole heart aches, and I am tired;  
 The aims to which my soul aspired  
 Seem poor and small:  
 Only Love saves us, after all!  
 And mine has been so full of gloom,  
 Dear heart,—  
 So twinned with sorrow or with fear,  
 It never came to perfect bloom;  
 And now the harvest-time is here,  
 My fields lie bare. But you are dear,  
 And I could die  
 Upon your breast without a sigh.  
 Now hush, oh hush! I kiss your tears,  
 Dear heart.  
 This grief is more than I can claim;  
 Whether I live to three-score years,  
 Or perish with this candle-flame,  
 I love and thank you all the same:  
 Then, Love, be still,  
 And let it be as God may will.



## 406, 407. MANTELET FOR A LADY.

This is the newest model of the season for a lady's mantle. It is cut in the shape of a circular cape at the back, and loose jacket in front.

The side pieces form ample flowing sleeves, and there are tight ones underneath. The original pattern was of light gray cloth, trimmed with black guipure lace.

## A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GAYWORTHYS," "FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD," ETC.

## XIII.

THE whole school-party had considerably subsided. Madame Routh held a tighter rein; but that Sin Saxon had a place and a power still, she found ways to show in a new spirit. Into a quiet corner of the dancing hall,—skimming her way with the dance yet in her feet, between groups of staid observers,—she came straight, one evening, from a bright, spirited figure of "the German," and stretched her hand to Martha Josselyn. "It's in your eyes," she whispered,—"come!"

Night after night, Martha Josselyn had sat there, with the waltz-music in her ears, and her little feet, that had had one merry winter's training before the war, and many a home practice since with the younger ones, quivering to the time beneath her robes, and seen other girls chosen out and led away,—young matrons, and little short-petticoated children even, taken to "excursionize" between the figures,—while nobody thought of her. "I might be ninety, or a cripple," she said to her sister, "from their taking for granted it is nothing to me. How is it that everything goes by, and I only twenty?" Susan's heart longed with a motherly tenderness for her young sister when she said such words,—longed to put all pleasant things somehow within her reach. She had given it up for herself, years since. And now, all at once, Sin Saxon came and "took her out."

It was a more generous act than it shows for, written. There is a little tacit consent about such things, which few young people of a "set" have thought, desire, or courage to disregard. Sin Saxon never did anything more gracefully. It was one of the moments that came now, when she wist not that she shone. She was dropping, little by little, in the reality of a better desire, that "satisfaction" Jeannie Hadden had spoken of, of "knowing when one is at one's prettiest," or doing one's cleverest.

It was the figure in which the dancers form in facing columns, two and two, the girls and the young men; when the "four hands round" keeps them moving in bright circles all along the floor, and under arches raised and joined hands the girls come down, two and two, to the end, forming their long line to face again the opposing line of their partners. "The German" may be, in many respects, an undesirable dance; it may be, as I have sometimes thought, at least a selfish dance, affording pleasure chiefly to the initiated few, and excluding gradually almost from society itself those who do not participate in it. I speak of it here neither to uphold nor to condemn,—simply because they *did* dance it at Outledge as they do everywhere, and I cannot tell my story without it; but I think at this moment, when Sin Saxon led the figure with Martha Josselyn, there was something lovely, not alone in its graceful grouping, but in the very spirit and possibility of the thing that so appeared. There is scope and chance even here, young girls, for the beauty of kindness and generous thought.

Some one, standing behind where Leslie Goldthwaite came to her place at the end of the line by the hall-door, had followed and interpreted the whole; had read the rare,

shy pleasure in Martha Josselyn's face and movement, the bright, expressive warmth in Sin Saxon's, and the half-surprise of observation upon others; and he thought as I do.

"'Friends of the mammon of unrighteousness.' That girl has even sanctified 'the German!'"

There was only one voice like that,—only one person who would so speak himself out. Leslie Goldthwaite turned quickly, and found herself face to face with Marmaduke Wharne. "I am so glad you have come!" said she.

He regarded her shrewdly. "Then you can do without me," he said. "I didn't know by this time how it might be."

The last two had taken their places below Leslie while these words were exchanged, and now the whole line moved forward to meet their partners, and the waltz began. Frank Scherman had got back to-day, and was dancing with Sin Saxon. Leslie and Dakie Thayne were together, as they had been that first evening at Jefferson, and as they often were. The four stopped, after their merry whirl, in this same corner by the door where Mr. Wharne was standing. Dakie Thayne shook hands with his friend in his glad boy's way. Across their greetings came Sin Saxon's words, spoken to her companion,—*"You're to take her, Frank."* Frank Scherman was an old childhood's friend, not a mere mountain acquaintance. "I'll bring up plenty of others first, but you're to wait and take *her*. And, wherever she got her training, you'll find she is the featest-footed among us." It was among the children—training them—that she had caught the trick of it, but Sin Saxon did not know.

"I'm ready to agree with you, with but just the reservation that *you* could not make," Frank Scherman answered.

"Nonsense," said Sin Saxon. "But stop! here's something better and quicker. They're getting the bouquets. Give her yours. It's your turn. Go."

Sin Saxon's blue eyes sparkled like two stars; the golden mist of her hair was tossed into lighter clouds by exercise; on her cheeks a bright rose-glow burned; and the lips parted with their sweetest, because most unconscious, curve over the tiny gleaming teeth. Her word and her glance sent Frank Scherman straight to do her bidding; and a bunch of wild azaleas and scarlet lilies was laid in Martha Josselyn's hand, and she was taken out again into the dance by the best partner there. We may trust her to Sin Saxon and Frank Scherman, and her own "feet-footedness;" everything will not go by her any more, and she but twenty.

Marmaduke Wharne watched it all with that keen glance of his that was like a level line of fire from under the rough, gray brows.

"I am glad you saw that," said Leslie Goldthwaite, watching also, and watching him.

"By the light of your own little text,—'kind, and bright, and pleasant'? You think it will do me good?"

"I think it *was* good; and I am glad you should really know Sin Saxon—at the first." And at the best; Marmaduke Wharne quite understood her. She gave him, unconsciously, the key to a whole character. It might as easily have been something quite different that he should have first seen in this young girl.

Next morning they all met on the piazza. Leslie Goldthwaite presented Sin Saxon to Mr. Wharne.

"So, my dear," he said, without preface, "you are the belle of the place?"

He looked to see how she would take it. There was not the least twinkle of a simper about eye or lip. Surprised, but quite gravely, she looked up, and met his odd bluntness with as quaint an honesty of her own. "I was pretty sure of it a while ago," she said. "And perhaps I was, in a demoralized sort of a way. But I've come down, Mr. Wharne,—like the coon. I'll tell you presently," she went on,—and she spoke now

with warmth,—“who is the real belle,—the beautiful one of this place! There she comes!”

Miss Craydocke, in her nice, plain cambric morning-gown, and her smooth front, was approaching down the side-passage across the wing. Just as she had come one morning, weeks ago; and it was the identical “fresh petticoat” of that morning she wore now. The sudden coincidence and recollection struck Sin Saxon as she spoke. To her surprise, Miss Craydocke and Marmaduke Wharne moved quickly towards each other, and grasped hands like old friends!

“Then you know all about it!” Sin Saxon said, a few minutes after, when she got her chance. “But you *don't* know, sir,” she added, with a desperate candour, “the way I took to find it out! I’ve been tormenting her, Mr. Wharne, all summer. And I’m heartily ashamed of it.”

Marmaduke Wharne smiled. There was something about this girl that suited his own vein. “I doubt she *was* tormented,” he said, quietly.

At that Sin Saxon smiled too, and looked up out of her hearty shame which she had truly felt upon her at her own reminder. “No, Mr. Wharne, she never was; but that wasn’t my fault. After all, perhaps,—isn’t that what the optimists think?—it was best so. I should never have found her thoroughly out in any other way. It’s like”—and there she stopped short of her comparison.

“Like what?” asked Mr. Wharne, waiting.

“I can’t tell you now, sir,” she answered, with a gleam of her old fearless brightness. “It’s one end of a grand idea, I believe, that I just touched on. I must think it out, if I can, and see if it all holds together.”

“And then I’m to have it?”

“It will take a monstrous deal of thinking, Mr. Wharne.”

“If I could only remember the chemicals!” said Sin Saxon. She was down among the out-crops and fragments at the foot of Minster Rock. Close in around the stones grew the short, mossy sward. In a safe hollow between two of them, against a back formed by another that rose higher with a smooth perpendicular, she had chosen her fire-place, and there she had been making the coffee. Quite intent upon the comfort of her friends she was to-day; something really to do she had; “in better business,” as Leslie Goldthwaite phrased it to herself once, she found herself, then only to make herself brilliant and enchanting after the manner of the day at Feather-Cap. And let me assure you, if you have not tried it, that to make the coffee and arrange the feast at a pic-nic like this is something quite different from being merely an ornamental. There is the fire to coax with chips and twigs, and a good deal of smoke to swallow, and one’s dress to disregard. And all the rest are off in scattered groups, not caring in the least to watch the pot boil, but supposing none the less that it will. To be sure, Frank Scherman and Dakie Thayne brought her firewood and the water from the spring, and waited loyally while she seemed to need them; indeed, Frank Scherman, much as he unquestionably was charmed with her gay moods, stayed longest by her in her quiet ones, but she sent them off herself at last, to climb with Leslie and the Josselyns again into the Minster, and see thence the wonderful picture that the late sloping light made on the far hills and fields, that showed to their sight between framing tree-branches and tall trunk shafts as they looked from out the dimness of the rock.

She sat there alone, working out a thought; and at last she spoke as I have said,—“If I could only remember the chemicals!”

“My dear! what do you mean? The chemicals—for the coffee?” It was Miss Craydocke who questioned, coming up with Mr. Wharne.

“Not the coffee, no,” said Sin Saxon, laughing rather absently, as too intent to be

purely amused. "But the—assaying. There now, I've remembered *that* word, at least!"

Miss Craydocke was more than ever bewildered. "What is it, my dear? An experiment?"

"No; an analogy. Something that's been in my head these three days. I can't make everything quite clear, Mr. Wharne, but I know it's there. I went, I must tell you, a little while ago, to see some Colorado specimens—ores and things—that some friends of ours had, who are interested in the mines; and they talked about the processes; and somebody explained. There were gold, and silver, and iron, and copper, and lead, and sulphur, that had all been boiled up together some time, and cooled into rock. And the thing was to sort them out. First, they crushed the whole mass into powder, and then did something to it—applied heat, I believe—to drive away the sulphur. That fumed off, and left the rest as promiscuous as before. Then they—oxydized the lead, however they managed it, and got that out. You see I'm not quite sure of the order of things, or of the chemical part. But they got it out, and something took it. Then they put in quicksilver, and that took hold of the gold. Then there were silver, and copper, and iron. So they had to put back the lead again, and that grappled the silver. And what they did with the copper and iron is just what I can't possibly recollect, but they divided them somehow, and there was the great rock-riddle all read out. Now, haven't we been just like that this summer? And I wonder if the world isn't like it somehow? And ourselves too, all muddled up, and not knowing what we *are* made of, till the right chemicals touch us? There's so much in it, Mr. Wharne, I can't put it in clear order. But it is there,—isn't it?"

"Yes, it is there," answered Mr. Wharne, with the briefest gravity. For Miss Craydocke, there were little shining drops standing in her eyes, and she tried not to wink lest they should fall out, pretending they had been really tears. And what was there to cry about, you know?

"Here we have been," Sin Saxon resumed, "all crushed up 'together, and the characters coming out little by little, with different things. Sulphur's always the first—heats up and flies off,—it don't take long to find that; and common oxygen gets at common lead and so on; but, dear Miss Craydocke, do you know what comforts me? That you *must* have the quicksilver to discover the gold!"

Miss Craydocke winked. She had to do it then, and the two little round drops fell. They went down, unseen, into the short pasture-grass, and I wonder what little wild-flowers grew of their watering some day afterwards. But Sin Saxon had to jump up to attend to her coffee that was boiling over, and then they took up their little cares of the feast, and their chat over it.

Cakes and coffee, fruits and cream,—I do not care to linger over these. I would rather take you to the cool, shadowy, solemn Minster cavern, the deep wondrous recess in the face of the solid rock, whose foundation and whose roof are a mountain; or above, upon the beetling crag that makes but its porch-lintel, and looks forth itself across great air-spaces towards its kindred cliffs, lesser and more mighty, all around, making one listen in one's heart for the awful voices wherein they call to each other for evermore.

The party had scattered again after the repast, and Leslie and the Josselyns had gone back into the Minster entrance, where they were never tired of standing, and out of whose gloom now they looked upon all the flood of splendour—rosy, purple, and gold—which the royal sun flung back—his last and richest largess—upon the heights that looked longest after him. Mr. Wharne and Miss Craydocke climbed the cliff. Sin Saxon, on her way up, stopped short among the broken crags below. There was something very earnest in her gaze, as she lifted her eyes, wide and beautiful with the

wonder in them, to the face of granite upreared before her, and then turned slowly to look across and up the valley, where other and yet grander mountain ramparts thrust their great forbiddance on the reaching vision. She sat down where she was, upon a rock.

"You are very tired?" Frank Scherman said, inquiringly.

"See how they measure themselves against each other," Sin Saxon said, for answer. "Look at them—Leslie and the rest—inside the Minster that arches up so many times their height above their heads; yet what a little bit—a mere mouse-hole—it is out of the cliff itself! and then look at the whole cliff against the Ledges, that, seen from anywhere else, seem to run so low along the river; and compare the Ledges with Feather-Cap, and Feather-Cap with Giant's Cairn, and Giant's Cairn with Washington, thirty miles away!"

"It is grand surveying," said Frank Scherman.

"I think we see things from the little end best," rejoined Sin Saxon. "Washington is the big end of the telescope."

"Now you have made me look at it," said Frank Scherman, "I don't think I have been in any other spot that has given me such a real idea of the mountains as this. One must have steps to climb by, even in imagination. How impertinent we are, rushing at the tremendousness of Washington in the way we do; scaling it in little pleasure-waggon, and never taking in the thought of it at all!"

Something suddenly brought a flush to Sin Saxon's face, and almost a quiver to her lips. She was sitting with her hands clasped across her knees, and her head a little bent with a downward look, after that long, wondering mountain gaze, that had filled itself and then withdrawn for thought. She lifted her face suddenly to her companion. The impetuous look was in her eyes. "There's other measuring too, Frank. What a fool I've been!"

Frank Scherman was silent. It was a little awkward for him, scarcely comprehending what she meant. He could by no means agree with Sin Saxon when she called herself a fool; yet he hardly knew what he was to contradict.

"We're well placed at this minute. Leslie Goldthwaite and Dakie Thayne and the Josselyns half-way up above there, in the Minster. Mr. Wharne and Miss Craydocks at the top. And I down here, where I belong. Impertinence? To think of the things I've said in my silliness to that woman, whose greatness I can no more measure! Why didn't somebody stop me? I don't answer for you, Frank, and I won't keep you; but I think I'll just stay where I am, and not spoil the significance!"

"I'm content to rank beside you; we can climb together," said Frank Scherman. "Even Miss Craydocks has not got to the highest, you see," he went on a little hurriedly.

Sin Saxon broke in as hurriedly as he, with a deeper flush still upon her face. "There's everything beyond. That's part of it. But she helps one to feel what the higher—the Highest—must be. She's like the rock she stands on. She's one of the steps."

"Come, Asenath; let's go up." And he held out his hand to her till she took it and arose. They had known each other from childhood, as I said; but Frank Scherman hardly ever called her by her name. "Miss Saxon" was formal, and her school sobriquet he could not possibly use. It seemed to mean a great deal when he did say "Asenath."

And Sin Saxon took his hand and let him lead her up, notwithstanding the "significance."

They are young, and I am not writing a love-story; but I think they will "climb together;" and that the words that wait to be said are mere words,—they have known and understood each other so long.



"I feel like a camel at a fountain; drinking in what is to last through the dry places," said Martha Josselyn, as they came up. "Miss Saxon, you don't know what you have given us to-day. I shall take home the hills in my heart."

"We might have gone without seeing this," said Susan.

"No, you mightn't," said Sin Saxon. "It's my good luck to see you see it, that's all. It couldn't be in the order of things, that you should be so near it, and want it, and not have it, somehow."

"So much is in the order of things, though!" said Martha. "And there are so many things we want, without knowing them even to be!"

"That's the beauty of it, I think," said Leslie Goldthwaite, turning back from where she stood, bright in the sunset glory, on the open rock. Her voice was like that of some young prophet of joy, she was so full of the gladness and loveliness of the time. "That's the beauty of it, I think. There is such a worldful, and you never know what you may be coming to next!"

"Well, this is our last—of the mountains. We go on Tuesday."

"It isn't your last of us, though, or of what we want of you," rejoined Sin Saxon. "We must have the tableaux for Monday. We can't do without you in 'Robin Gray,' or 'Consolation.' And about Tuesday—it's only your own making up of minds. You haven't written, have you? They don't expect you? When a week's broken in upon, like a dollar, the rest is of no account. And there'll be sure to be something doing, so many are going the week after."

"We shall have letters to-night," said Susan. "But I think we must go on Tuesday."

Everybody had letters that night. The mail was in early, and Captain Green came up from the post-office as the Minister party was alighting from the waggons. He gave Dakie Thayne the bag. It was Dakie's delight to distribute, calling out the fortunate names as the expectant group pressed around him, like people waiting the issue of a lottery venture.

"Mrs. Linceford, Miss Goldthwaite, Mrs. Linceford, Mrs. *Lince*-ford! Master—hem! Thayne," and he pocketed a big one like a despatch. "Captain Jotham Green. Where is he? Here, Captain Green; you and I have got the biggest, if Mrs. Linceford does get the most. I believe she tells her friends to write in bits, and put one letter into three or four envelopes. When I was a *very* little boy, I used to get a dollar changed into a hundred coppers, and feel ever so much richer."

"That boy's forwardness is getting insufferable!" exclaimed Mrs. Thoresby, sitting apart with two or three others, who had not joined the group about Dakie Thayne. "And why Captain Green should give *him* the bag always, I can't understand. It is growing to be a positive nuisance."

Nobody out of the Thoresby clique thought it so. They had a merry time together, "you and I and the post," as Dakie said. But between you and me and that confidential personage, Mrs. Thoresby and her daughters hadn't very many letters.

"That is all," said Dakie, shaking the bag. "They're only for the very good to-night." He was not saucy; he was only brimming-over glad. He knew "Noll's" square handwriting, and his big envelopes.

There was great news to-night at the Cottage. They were to have a hero—perhaps two or three—among them. General Ingleside and friends were coming early in the week, the Captain told them, with expansive face. There are a great many generals and a great many heroes now. This man had been a hero beside Sheridan, and under Sherman. Colonel Ingleside, he was at Stone River and Chattanooga, leading a brave Western regiment in desperate, magnificent charges, whose daring helped to turn that terrible point of the war, and made his fame.

But Leslie, though her heart stirred at the thought of a real, great commander, fresh from the field, had her own news, that half neutralized the excitement of the other. Cousin Delight was coming, to share her room with her for the last fortnight.

The Josselyns got their letters. Aunt Lucy's husband had gone away to preach for three Sundays for a parish where he had a prospect of a call. Mrs. Josselyn could not leave home immediately, therefore, although the girls should return; and their room was the airiest for Aunt Lucy. There was no reason why they should not prolong their holiday, if they chose, and they might hardly ever get away to the mountains again. More than all, Uncle David was off once more for China and Japan, and had given his sister two more fifties—"for what did a sailor want of greenbacks after he got afloat?" It was a "clover summer" for the Josselyns. Uncle David and his fifties wouldn't be back among them for two years or more. They must make the most of it.

Sin Saxon sat up late, writing this letter to her mother:—

"DARLING MAMMA,—I've just begun to find out really what to do here. Cream doesn't always rise to the top. You remember the Josselyns, our quiet neighbours in town, that lived in the little house in the old-fashioned block opposite—Sue Josselyn, Effie's schoolmate? And how they used to tell me stories, and keep me to nursery-tea? Well, they're the cream—they and Miss Craydocke. Sue has been in the hospitals—two years, mamma!—while I've been learning nocturnes, and going to 'Germans.' And Martha has been at home, sewing her face sharp; and they're here now to get rounded out. Well now, mamma, I want so—a real dish of mountains and cream, if you ever heard of such a thing! I want to take a waggon, and invite a party, as I did my little one to Minster Rock, and go through the hills—be gone as many days as you will send me money for. And I want you to take the money from that particular little corner of your purse where my carpet, and wall-paper, and curtains, that were to newly furnish my room on my leaving school, are metaphorically rolled up. There's plenty there, you know; for you promised me my choice of everything, and I had fixed on that lovely pearl-grey paper at ——'s, with the ivy and holly pattern, and the ivy and scarlet geranium carpet that was such a match. I'll have something cheaper, or nothing at all, and thank you unutterably, if you'll only let me have my way in this. It will do me so much good, mamma!—more than you've the least idea of. People can do without French paper and Brussels carpets, but everybody has a right to a mountain, and sea, and cloud-glory—only they don't half of them get it, and perhaps that's the other half's look-out!

"I know you'll understand me, mamma, particularly when I talk sense: for you always understood my nonsense when nobody else did. And I'm going to do your faith and discrimination credit yet.

"Your bad child—with just a small, hidden savour of grace in her, being your child,  
"ASKNATH SAXON."

#### XIV.

SATURDAY was a day of hammering, basting, draping, dressing, rehearsing, running from room to room. Up stairs, in Mrs. Green's garret, Leslie Goldthwaite and Dakie Thayne, with a third party never before introduced upon the stage, had a private practising; and at tea-time, when the great hall was cleared, they got up there with Sin Saxon and Frank Scherman, locked the doors, and in costume, with regular accompaniment of bell and curtain, the performance was repeated.

Dakie Thayne was stage-manager and curtain-puller; Sin Saxon and Frank Scherman represented audience, with clapping and stamping, and laughter that suspended both,—making as nearly the noise of two hundred as two could,—this being an essen-

ial part of the rehearsal in respect to the untried nerves of the *débutant*, which might easily be a little uncertain.

"He stands fire like a Yankee veteran."

"It's inimitable," said Sin Saxon, wiping the moist merriment from her eyes. "And our cap, Leslie! And that bonnet! And this unutterable old oddity of a gown! Who *did* contrive it all? and where did they come from? You'll carry off the glory of the evening. It ought to be the last."

"No, indeed," said Leslie. "'Barbara Frietchie' must be last, of course. But I'm so glad you think it will do. I hope they'll be amused."

"Amused! If you could only see your own face!"

"I see Sir Charles's, and that makes mine."

The new performer, you perceive, was an actor with a title.

That night's coach, driving up while the dress-rehearsal of the other tableaux was going on at the hall, brought Cousin Delight to the Green Cottage, and Leslie met her at the door.

Sunday morning was a pause and rest and hush of beauty and joy. They sat—Delight and Leslie—by their open window, where the smell of the lately harvested hay came over from the wide, sunshiny entrance of the great barn, and away beyond stretched the pine-woods, and the hills swelled near in dusky evergreen and indigo shadows, and lessened far down towards Winnipiseogee, to where—faint, and tender, and blue—the outline of little Ossipee peeped in between great shoulders so modestly,—seen only through the clearest air on days like this. Leslie's little table, with fresh white cover, held a vase of ferns and white convolvulus, and beside this Cousin Delight's two books that came out always from the top of her trunk,—her Bible, and her little "Daily Food." To-day, the verses from Old and New Testaments were these:—"The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way." "Walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time."

They had a talk about the first,—“The steps,”—the little details,—not merely the general trend and final issue; if, indeed, these could be directed without the other.

"You always make me see things, Cousin Delight," Leslie said.

Afterwards, they walked round by a still wood-path under the Ledge to the North Village, where there was a service. It was a plain little church, with unpainted pews; but the windows looked forth upon a green mountain-side, and whispers of oaks, and pines, and river-music crept in, and the breath of sweet water-lilies, heaped in a great bowl upon the communion-table of common stained cherry-wood, floated up and filled the place. The minister, a quiet, gray-haired man, stayed his foot an instant at that simple altar, before he went up the few steps to the desk. He had a sermon in his pocket, from the text, "The hairs of your heads are all numbered." He changed it at the moment in his mind, and when presently he rose to preach, gave forth, in a tone touched, through the fresh presence of that reminding beauty, with the very spontaneousness of the Master's own saying,—“Consider the lilies.” And then he told them of God's constant thought and care.

There were scattered strangers, from various houses, among the simple rural congregation. Walking home through the pines again, Delight and Leslie and Dakie Thayne found themselves preceded and followed along the narrow way. Sin Saxon and Frank Scherman came up and joined them when the wider openings permitted.

Two persons just in front were commenting upon the sermon.

"Very fair for a country parson," said a tall, elegant-looking man, whose broad, intellectual brow was touched by dark hair, slightly frosted, and whose lip had the curve that betokens self-reliance and strong decision,—“very fair. All the better for not flying too high. Narrow, of course. He seems to think the Almighty has nothing

grander to do than to finger every little cog of the tremendous machinery of the universe,—that He measures out the ocean of His purposes, as we drop a liquid from a phial. To me it seems belittling the Infinite.”

“I don’t know whether it is littleness or greatness, Robert, that must escape minutiae,” said his companion, apparently his wife. “If we could reach to the particles perhaps we might move the mountains.”

“We never agree upon this, Margie. We won’t begin again. To my mind, the grand plan of things was settled ages ago,—the impulses generated that must needs work on. Foreknowledge and intention, doubtless: in that sense the hairs *were* numbered. But that there is a special direction and interference to-day for you and me—well, we won’t argue, as I said; but I never can conceive it so; and I think a wider look at the world brings a question to all such primitive faith.”

The speakers turned down a side-way with this, leaving the ledge path and their subject to our friends. Only to their thoughts at first; but presently Cousin Delight said, in a quiet tone, to Leslie, “That doesn’t account for the steps, does it?”

“I am glad it *can’t*,” said Leslie.

Dakie Thayne turned a look towards Leslie, as if he would gladly know of what she spoke,—a look in which a kind of gentle reverence was strangely mingled with the open friendliness. I cannot easily indicate to you the sort of feeling with which the boy had come to regard this young girl, just above him in years, and thought, and in the attitude which true womanhood, young or old, takes towards man. He had no sisters; he had been intimately associated with no girl-companions; he had lived with his brother and an uncle, and a young aunt, Rose. Leslie Goldthwaite’s kindness had drawn him into the sphere of a new and powerful influence; and this lifted her up in his regard, and enshrined her with a sort of pure sanctity. He was sometimes really timid before her, in the midst of his frank chivalry.

“I wish you’d tell me,” he said, suddenly, falling back with her as the path narrowed again, “what are the ‘steps?’”

“It was a verse we found this morning,—Cousin Delight and I,” Leslie answered; and as she spoke the colour came up full in her cheeks, and her voice was a little shy and tremulous. “‘The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord.’ That one word seemed to make one certain. ‘Steps’—not path, nor the end of it; but all the way.’ Somehow she was quite out of breath as she finished.

Meantime Sin Saxon and Frank had got with Miss Goldthwaite, and were talking too.

“Set spinning,” they heard Sin Saxon say, “and then let go. That was his idea. Well! Only it seems to me there’s been especial pains taken to show us it can’t be done. Or else, why don’t they find out perpetual motion? Everything stops after a while, unless—I can’t talk theologically, but I mean all right—you hit it again.”

“You’ve a way of your own of putting things, Asenath,” said Frank Scherman,—with a glance that beamed kindly and admiringly upon her and “her way,”—“but you’ve put that clear to me as nobody else ever did.”

Sin Saxon was quiet; her own thought coming back upon her with a reflective force and a thrill at her heart at Frank Scherman’s words. Had these two only planned tableaux and danced “Germans” together before?

Dakie Thayne walked on by Leslie Goldthwaite’s side, in his happy content touched with something higher and brighter through that instant’s approach and confidence. If I were to write down his thought as he walked, it would be with phrase and distinction peculiar to himself and the boy mind,—“It’s the real thing with her! it don’t make a fellow squirm like a pin put out at a caterpillar. She’s good; but she isn’t pious!”

This was the Sunday that lay between the busy Saturday and Monday. "It is always so wherever Cousin Delight is," Leslie Goldthwaite said to herself, comparing it with the other Sundays that had gone. Yet she, too, for weeks before, by the truth that had come into her own life and gone out from it, had helped to make these moments possible.

She was in Mrs. Linceford's room on Monday morning, putting high velvet-covered corks to the heels of her slippers, when Sin Saxon came over hurriedly, and tapped at the door.

"*Could* you be *two* old women?" she asked, the instant Leslie opened. "Ginevra Thoresby has given out. She says it's her cold,—that she doesn't feel equal to it; but the amount of it is, she got her chill with the Shannons going away so suddenly, and the 'Amy Robsart and Queen Elizabeth' picture being dropped. There was nothing else to put her in, and so she won't be 'Barbara.'"

"Won't be 'Barbara Frietchie!'" cried Leslie, with an astonishment as if it had been angelhood refused.

"No. 'Barbara Frietchie' is only an old woman in a cap and kerchief, and she just puts her head out of a window: the *flag* is the whole of it, Ginevra Thoresby says."

"*May* I do it? Do you think I can be different enough in the two? Will there be time?" Leslie questioned eagerly.

"We'll change the programme, and put 'Taking the Oath' between. The caps can be different, and you can powder your hair for one, and—*would* it do to ask Miss Craydocks for a front for the other?" Sin Saxon had grown delicate in her feeling for the dear old friend whose hair had once been golden.

"I'll tell her about it, and ask her to help me contrive. She'll be sure to think of anything that can be thought of."

"Only there's the dance afterwards, and you had so much more costume for the other," Sin Saxon said, demurringly.

"Never mind. I shall be 'Barbara;' and 'Barbara' wouldn't dance, I suppose."

"'Mother Hubbard' would, marvellously."

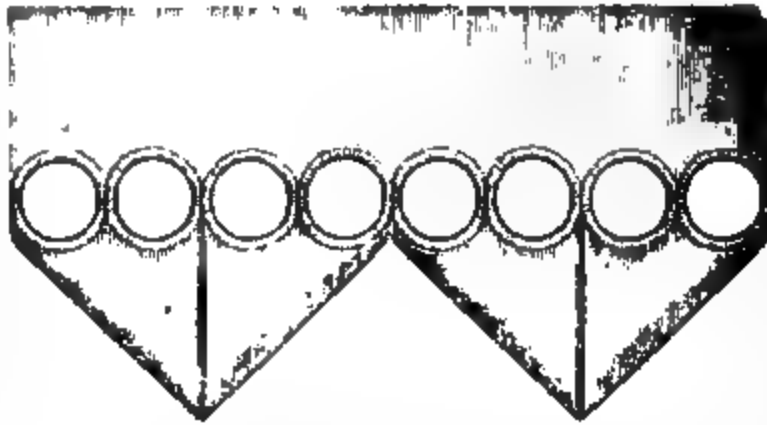
"Never mind," Leslie answered again, laying down the little slipper, finished.

"She don't care *what* she is, so that she helps along," Sin Saxon said of her, rejoining the others in the hall. "I'm ashamed of myself and all the rest of you beside her. Now make yourselves as fine as you please."



**408, 409. TWO PATTERNS FOR TRIMMING UNDER LINEN.**

**408.** Makeslits lengthways at regular distances about 1 2-5ths of an inch along the edge of the material. Each slit 1 inch long. Slightly fold back the edge between two slits, then turn down both corners on the right side, so as to form a triangle. Continue in the same way for all the slits, then work a



**408. TRIMMING FOR UNDER LINEN.**

**409.** Cut out the edge of the material into vandykes, turn down the edges, then fold back the vandykes on the right side of the material, tack them down and then work round them in tight button-hole stitch. This pattern is particularly suitable for trimming little girls' white petticoats round the bottom.

**410. BUTTON-HOLE STITCH SEAM.**

This seam is very strong and neat, and is used for coarse linen clothes and children's things. Put the selvedge of both materials, or their edges, one over the other, as can be seen in Illustration; fasten them with loose stitch, and work close button-hole stitch, inserting the needle into both edges.

**411. JEWEL CASE WITH PIN-CUSHION.**

This jewel case is 3 inches high and measures 5 inches across; it is made of cardboard, covered inside and outside with chints, and trimmed with ruches of the same material. The shape of the case is a round cardboard box, the chints is pleated outside all round; at the top and bottom it is stretched plain. The lower edge of the case is

**410. BUTTON-HOLE STITCH SEAM.**

trimmed with a ruche. The cover forms at the same time a pin-cushion; it consists of a round piece of cardboard, wadded and covered on both sides with chints. Round the top the case is ornamented with vandykes edged all round with ruches of chints.

**412. BORDER IN TATTING AND CROCHET.**

Begin this border with one of the smaller circles consisting of \* 3

row of eyelet holes close together just above the vandykes of the border. Work the eyelet holes round in button-hole stitch, the lower part of the embroidery must cover the edge of the material folded back to form the vandykes. This is a very firm and pretty border for petticoats, drawers, &c.

**409. TRIMMING FOR UNDER LINEN.**

double, 1 purl, 3 double, 1 purl, 3 double; work a large circle at a short distance. 5 double, 4 times 1 purl divided by 2 double, 5 double close to this circle another as follows 5 double, fastened on to the last purl of the preceding circle, 5 times 2 double divided by 1 purl, 1 purl, 5 double; a third circle as follows 5 double fastened on to the last purl of the preceding circle, 3 times 2 double divided by

**411. JEWEL CASE WITH PIN-CUSHION.**



purl, 1 purl, 5  
bles; the cotton  
fastened a short  
lance further on  
the 2nd purl of  
first worked  
all circle which  
st be turned  
inwards; then  
n the work so  
t the 3 circles  
ich are joined to-  
ther are turned  
inwards. Work another small circle as follows  
the distance of 2-5ths of an inch: 4 double, 1  
rl, 4 double, leave again an interval of about  
5ths of an inch, and repeat from \* till the lace  
long enough; but in working the following figures,  
nating of three circles, the 1st circle must be  
stened on to the last purl of the 3rd circle  
the place of the 1st purl. Complete the  
ting with the 2  
ochet: \* 1 slip st  
as of the small cu  
rds, 5 chain, 1 ali  
ext purl, 4 chain; 1  
. In the following  
double in every sti

#### 412. BORDER IN TATTING AND CROCHET.

1 chain, repeat 3 times more from \*, 1 slip stitch  
in the first stitch, fasten off the cotton.

4th round.—1 slip stitch round the 3 chain be-  
tween the 5 double repeated twice, the first 3 count  
for 1 treble stitch, 1 treble over the same 3 chain  
6 times, 2 chain, 1 treble in the next stitch but 2,  
2 chain, \* 3 treble divided by 2 chain over the  
following 3 chain 6 times alternately, 2 chain,

\* to end of round,  
at end of round, 1  
slip stitch instead of  
1 double in the first  
double of this round.

3rd round.—3  
double over the 2  
next chain, 1 chain,  
3 double over the 2  
next chain, 1 chain,  
twice 5 double di-  
vided by 3 chain  
over the next 7 chain,

stitch but 2, repeat  
; at end of round 2  
round the next 3  
tly 2 chain.

id.—1 double in each  
preceding round.

h round.—1 slip st.  
every stitch of the  
preceding round, 2  
chain between.

7th round.—  
Alternately 2  
double in the  
next 2 st.  
of 5th round,  
9 chain at end  
of round, 4 slip  
stitch in the first, 4  
ouble. The small  
n stitch of the 6th  
must come in front  
7th round.

round.—1 slip stitch  
first 9 chain, \* 1 purl  
of 5 chain, 1 double  
first; 1 slip stitch in  
chain stitch scallop,

repeat from \*.

7th round.—

Alternately 2

double in the

next 2 st.

of 5th round,

9 chain at end

of round, 4 slip

stitch in the first, 4

ouble. The small

n stitch of the 6th

must come in front

7th round.

round.—1 slip stitch

first 9 chain, \* 1 purl

of 5 chain, 1 double

first; 1 slip stitch in

chain stitch scallop,

repeat from \*.

#### 413. CROCHET SQUARE.

This square can  
be used for  
cuvrettes,  
ntima-  
assars, &c.,  
together with  
unbrodered or  
hick crochet  
squares. It may  
worked with crochet  
ton of any size. Begi  
centre on a foundati  
of 16 stitches, join  
a circle and work  
round as follows: \*  
round the circle, tw  
nately, 9 chain,  
round the circle, 9 chain, re-  
peat 3 times more from \*, 1  
slip stitch in the 1st double  
stitch, and fasten the cotton.

#### 413. CROCHET

#### SQUARE.

repeat from \*.

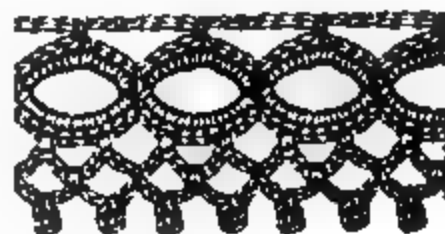
2nd round.—Begin with a fresh piece of cotton,  
1 double in the first loop of 9 chain, \* twice alter-  
nately 2 chain, 1 double in the next loop of chain,  
7 chain, 1 double in the following loop, repeat from

#### 414. BORDER IN TATTING AND CROCHET.

This lace is rendered stronger by the crochet  
rows of scallops and treble stitch round the edge.  
Begin with the tatting as follows: Make a circle  
of 8 double, 7 purl divided by 2 double, 8 double.



This circle is repeated at the  
distance of about  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an  
inch, only instead of the 1st  
purl each following circle  
must be fastened on to the  
last purl of the preceding cir-  
cle. Then take some crochet  
cotton, which must be finer



#### 414. BORDER IN TATTING AND CROCHET.

#### 415. CROCHET LACE.



than the cotton used for tatting, and work a row of double stitches over the thread which joins the circles. The number of stitches depends on the length and size of the cotton; work double stitches round the circles at the place where both ends meet. The outer row consists of treble stitches, which are worked with 1 chain stitch between, missing 1 stitch under each chain. The scallops consist of the two following rows: 1 double, with which the last and first part of 2 circles are joined, 4 chain; in each of the other part 1 double, 4 chain between 2 double stitches.

2nd row.—1 double in each chain-stitch scallop, 1 double, 3 long double, 1 double.

#### 415. CROCHET LACE.

This pattern is worked with Evan's crochet cotton No. 36, the long way in 7 rows. Make a foundation chain one-third longer than you wish the border to be, and then work a row of chain over the foundation as follows: 1 slip stitch in the 1st stitch of the foundation, 7 chain, 1 slip stitch in the 8th stitch of the foundation, carry on the thread underneath the foundation chain to the other side of this chain, and work 7 chain, which forms a scallop on the opposite side, 1 slip stitch in the 8th stitch, carry on the thread underneath the foundation chain to the other side again, 7 chain, 1 slip stitch in the 8th, and so on.

2nd and 3rd rows.—9 double in every chain stitch scallop.

4th row.—On one side: 1 double in the middle stitch of every scallop, 6 chain between.

5th row.—On the other side; \* 1 double in the next double stitch but 2 of the next scallop, 5 chain, miss 3 stitches under them, 1 double in the next stitch but 3, 5 chain, repeat from \*.

6th row.—1 double in the middle stitch of every chain-stitch scallop, 1 chain, 1 purl (3 chain, 1 slip stitch in the 1st), 1 chain stitch between.



## LOVELIEST WORDS.

### NOVEMBER.

THE drifting clouds are dark and drear,  
The blossoms die of cold and fear;  
The wild wind mourns the fading year,  
And winter threatens near.

Oh love, our sky is overcast,  
Our sweet hopes fall before the blast;  
The future darkens, dim and vast,  
And life is wearing fast.

Yet sunshine brightens after rain,  
The darkness comes and goes again;  
So solace follows bitter pain,  
As seasons wax and wane.

Then clasp my hand with closer hold,  
True hearts are never unconsold;  
They fear not care, nor cloud, nor cold,  
And smile at growing old.

## WHERE THE ROSES GREW.

THIS is where the roses grew  
In the summer that is gone;  
Fairer bloom, or richer hue,  
Never summer shone upon.  
Oh, the glories vanished hence—  
Oh, the sad imperfect tense!

This is where the roses grew  
When the July days were long—  
When the garden, all day through,  
Echoed with delight and song.  
Hark! the dead and broken stalks  
Eddying down the windy walks!

Never was a desert waste,  
Where no blossom-life is born,  
Half so dreary and unblest—  
Half so lonesome and forlorn:  
Since in this we dimly see  
All the bliss that *used to be*.

Where the roses used to grow!  
And the west wind's wailing words  
Tell, in whispers faint and low,  
Of the famished humming birds—  
Of the bees which search in vain,  
For the honey-cells again!

This is where the roses grew,  
Till the ground was all perfume,  
And, whenever zephyrs blew,  
Carpeted with crimson bloom!  
Now the chill and scentless air  
Sweeps the flower-plots brown and bare.

Hearts have gardens sad as this,  
Where the roses bloom no more—  
Gardens, where no summer-bliss  
Can the summer-bloom restore—  
Where the snow melts not away  
At the warming kiss of May;

Gardens where the vernal morns  
Never shed their sunshine down—  
Where are only stems and thorns,  
Veiled in dead leaves, curled and brown—  
Gardens where we only see  
Where the roses used to be.

# LINEN COLLARS AND SLEEVES.

416.—PARURE of Irish linen with turned-down collar. Each point is ornamented with a daisy, embroidered in satin stitch; cuff to match.

417.—Standing - up

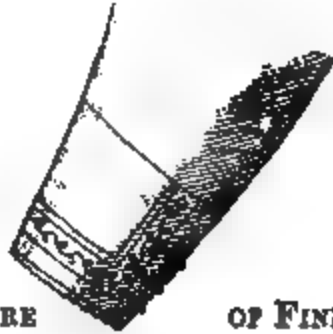


collar, of fine linen, ornamented with a small embroidery pattern, and two narrow strips of black velvet. This collar is fastened upon a chemise with narrow tacks. The cuff of the sleeve has the same trimming.

416.—PARURE OF IRISH LINEN.

**WAIST-BAND WITH A  
BASQUE.**

418, 419.—This new  
and pretty Parisian  
model is composed of  
waist-band, with a  
deep-pleated basque at  
the back, a Benoiton



417.—PATTERN

OF FINE LINEN.

in front, and long sash  
ends at the side. The  
original was of lilac  
silk, trimmed with a  
grelot fringe. It can  
be made either of the  
material of the dress,  
or of black silk, to  
wear with any dress.

## THE CZARINA MARINA.

A PAGE FROM RUSSIAN HISTORY.

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**G**EORGE MNISZECH was a Polish nobleman, who, about three hundred years ago, was Palatine of Sandomir. He was a weak man; ambitious, but without the ability to carry out his ambition—a striking example of the difference that exists between aspiration and action. That he was what people call superstitious, is to cast no slur upon him, for all women and men, of whatsoever degree, were, in those times, more or less under the influence of ghostly terror.

Now, it happened that a witch was captured on the estates of George Mniszech, and she was roughly handled, submitted to gross indignity, and finally condemned to the flames—flames that she was well assured by her spiritual consoler were but the figure of the flames which awaited her—flames which never should be quenched if she died contumacious. Poor soul! she was in great agony, and she implored mercy with an earnestness and vigour that would have made the fortune of an actress. The dread of death made her eloquent; she was as one inspired—a Polish pythoness of the sixteenth century. In her vehement appeal she pointed to a little child, the daughter of the Palatine, that a nurse bore hurriedly across the hall, and cried out as she pointed—“That child shall wear the crown of Muscovy!” The Palatine changed colour; he whispered with his officials; and the end of it was, the witch’s life was spared.

Soon it came to be known that the pardoned witch had predicted great things for the little daughter of the Palatine, and Marina—that was the child’s name—was not kept in ignorance of the grand destiny which the fates had in store for her. She was, even in the nursery, educated for her future elevation. The nurses filled her ears with flattery; they were never tired of telling the girl that she was to wear a crown and sway a sceptre. And the child listened, and grew haughty, as if the crown were hers already, and the sceptre in her hand. These foolish, babbling women, scattered a child’s joys and sorrows—all a child’s ways—from the path of Marina. She was never checked nor chidden—never caressed nor petted; her passionate face was never made to melt in penitence, her angry eyes to shed tears that love was to kiss away; but she was a little empress to her abigail—her mandate, law. Marina was naturally good, but her small head was turned by the homage paid to her, and so she ruled her father’s household, lady paramount.

There was a youth of noble birth in the household—a Cossack—whose education had been committed to the Palatine. His name was Zarucki, and he loved Marina—first as a brother loves a sister, then as a devotee loves a saint, then as a man loves a woman. She loved him; but she saw that her road lay a different way from his. To be his bride would put an end to her ambition. So she plucked, or thought she did, this love out of her heart; she rejected his suit, dismissed him—not with contumely, but with supreme surprise that he should ever have dreamed the dream. They mate together! No, it might never be. She admired him, respected him, loved him as a sister loves a brother; but to wife with him—the thought was never in her mind, and never could be. Let them be friends. She told him this, and felt that there was no truth in it while she spoke; and he went forth silent and sorrowful—his heart, that yesterday was full of life and joy, the sepulchre of a dead love.

Now, it is necessary that we should glance at the condition of Muscovy, or Russia. Ivan IV. was the son of the first monarch who took the title of Czar, a contraction of Cæsar. He ascended the throne in 1555. It was during his reign that the first Russian ambassadors were received at the Court of England. Ivan IV. left two sons, Fedor and Demetrius. The first was a sickly, weak-minded young man; and the sagacity of his father, aware that he was unfit to govern, led him to establish a regency, and place at the head of it a man but too able—the boyard Bosis Godonuff. Demetrius, who was of tender years, was placed with his mother, Irene, in the city of Uglitz, on the Volga. Bosis found it an easy matter to constitute himself the efficient head of the state; but he had uneasy moments in thinking of the growing advantages of Demetrius, who was beautiful, intelligent, and adored by the people. Bosis adopted the usual expedient; he procured assassins, who stabbed the young prince to the heart. A few months later, Fedor died, whether naturally or by poison is unknown. Bosis then became undisputed ruler, and took the title of Czar. Some years passed before Bosis was disturbed by any apprehension of danger. A rumour then spread abroad that Demetrius had escaped the dagger of the assassin, and that the boy who had been slain was a substitute. Demetrius himself, it was said, had been brought up under the name of Gregory Otripieff, protected by the family of Romanoff; for greater safety he had entered a monastery. It would appear that this young man was a mere pretender, trading on a likeness to the late Czar. When the report reached the ears of Bosis, he issued orders for the arrest of this man, who took to flight, and found a refuge in the house of George Mniszech. There he was well received, his story believed, and his cause adopted.

Demetrius—for by this name he was now called—conceived a passion for the daughter of the Palatine, and Marina, who saw in it a divine fulfilment of the old prediction, very readily responded. Here was the crown of Muscovy within her reach, *if* Demetrius could but establish his claims. Father Sawicki, a Jesuit's priest, took a warm interest in the matter; he obtained from Demetrius a promise that, if successful, he would establish the Roman Catholic religion in Russia. The pretended prince assented. Then Father Sawicki lent all his powerful, subtle aid; a large army was organized. The King of Poland, by the powerful intercession of Mniszech, pledged himself to support this pretender, who, in the event of success, was to cede the duchy of Novgorod, and espouse the beautiful Marina.

When it was known the son of Ivan claimed the crown, there was a thrill of joy throughout Russia. The usurper, Bosis, had made himself obnoxious to the people. He died, whether fairly or unfairly does not seem to be known; and Demetrius, at the head of a large army, crossed the frontier. Without opposition, he was at once recognized as Czar, and Irene accepted him as her own son. Then Marina's dream of ambition was fully realized. She made a triumphant progress to Moscow, was everywhere received with honour, and with all due ceremony was crowned Czarina, and wore the crown and swayed the sceptre as had been foretold. Her father accompanied her—he perhaps the happier of the two, for the old love was not all dead in the woman's heart. As for Demetrius, who reigned foolishly—offended the prejudices of his people—wore the Polish garb, which they considered heinous—eat veal, to them an abomination—and attempted to overthrow the Greek Church, and establish that of Rome on its ruins. Revolution followed. A Boyard—Tzwisky by name—was at the head of the revolt. The palace was stormed; Demetrius fell, pierced by a hundred weapons; and his widow, whose ambitious dream was thus so rudely disturbed, returned to Poland in sad dejection. Marina, who had come to Moscow guided by hope, joy, and pride, left it a poor, exiled, and despised woman.

Basilio Tzwiski was on the throne of the Czars, and how to hurl him from his

elevation was the task to which Marina set herself. She had tasted the joys of power—to her they had become almost essential; the draught of ambition she had quaffed had but increased her thirst. So, with a skill and shrewdness that could scarcely have been anticipated in one so young, she plotted with a Jew, named Jankeli, who bore a strong resemblance to Demetrius, declared him to be her husband saved a second time from the hands of assassins, and made war on the usurping Boyard. The country now became a prey to civil discords, carried on by armies composed of ferocious semi-savages. At length the King of Poland determined to interfere; he assembled his forces, easily routed the disorderly partizans of T'zwiski, and as easily purchased the renunciation of the false Demetrius. He brought forward his own son, Ladislaus, and seated him on the throne of Muscovy.

All hope of Marina's old dream of ambition being again realized seemed now at an end. But she was of that stamp of character which Napoleon the Great ascribed to the British soldier—she did not know when she was vanquished. With heroic determination, she animated the courage of those who had adhered to her cause, put herself at the head of an irregular army, and opposed herself to Ladislaus. Tartars and Cossacks rallied round her standard, but it was all in vain; she was defeated, her troops scattered, and herself thrown into a dungeon. There, lingering out her miserable days, she still dreamed and hoped that the crown would be hers: nothing could subdue the strong will of this marvellous woman. Shut up within four stone walls, completely in the power of those who might at any moment end her life, she still indulged the idea that the old prediction must be fulfilled—the diadem must again be set upon her brow, the sceptre again be swayed by her hand. Had not this been the lesson of her youth?—had not this ambition separated her from the man she loved? She thought of Zarucki, the sweetheart of her child-life, and wondered whether he ever thought of her.

Thought of her! He had thought of her by day, dreamed of her by night. He had loved her as a brother loves a sister, as a devotee loves the object of his worship, as a man loves a woman: and now he loved her as we love the dead. He was the chief of a powerful Cossack tribe, and, when he heard of Marina's imprisonment, put himself at the head of his wild warriors, flew to her rescue, and delivered her. She could scarcely believe it to be true—scarcely believe it when he stood bareheaded before her, and proffered his service to conduct her home. Home!—she would not listen to the suggestion: home—Muscovy was her home—the palace of the Czars! He entreated her to return; she was touched by his appeal, and, safe in the wilderness, well guarded by a thousand Cossack lances, she talked freely with her old love; and the half-cold embers grew red and warm, the old passion was revived, and Marina married Zarucki—he, for her sake, espousing her cause as well as herself; and, gathering the wild tribes, poured them like a deluge on the plains of Russia. For awhile they were successful; but as they drew nearer the capital, difficulties beset them. The patriots, Kosmo, Minin, and the Prince Pojarski, formed a confederacy to free their country from these savage hordes. In a determined engagement between the opposing forces, Zarucki was completely defeated. He fled with Marina and his infant son, seeking refuge in the snowy wilderness: it was the depth of the Russian winter.

One night, Zarucki, and she who was dearer to him than his life, were crossing a frozen river, when they were suddenly surprised by a small body of Russian soldiers. The struggle was over in a few minutes. Zarucki lay dead at the feet of his bride, and his murderers were breaking the ice of the river—digging a watery grave for Marina and her child. When these preparations were complete, they bound her, hand and foot, and cast her in with her infant with her. She offered no opposition, uttered no appeal—but sank beneath the sullen waters, and never more was seen. So ended the life-dream of Marina Mnischech.



## LETTERS FROM "DEAR OLD GRANNY."

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### XI. ON THE SEA-SIDE.

"'Tis the soul that sees ; the outward eyes  
Present the object, but the mind describes,  
And thence delight, disgust, or cool indifference rise."

"Whate'er of beautiful or new,  
Sublime or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,  
By chance or search was offered to his view,  
He scanned with curious and romantic eye.  
Whate'er of lore, tradition could supply  
From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,  
Roused he, still keen, to listen and to pry."

**M**Y DEAR GRAND-DAUGHTER,—I am saving myself from the cold winds of the approaching winter by sheltering on the South Coast. Here you know, as well as I, how late they are with their snow and frost, and how much of mid-summer is left to us even in October. Very bright and pleasant the weather has been ; chilly—just a little in the morning and evening, but within the hours prescribed to me for out-door exercise by Dr. Healall, namely, eleven till three, it has been quite warm. My health is better than it has been—you will be glad to know that ; and I have not only been trotted about in a pony-carriage, and been exhibited in a Bath-chair, but I have promenaded on the Parade, and mixed with the young folks on the beach, as I did before the aristocratic quarters of the town I am living in were built or thought of. What changes a few years make, when those genii, the speculators and the architects, exercise their potent spells. I am not, however, disposed to waste my paper and exhaust your patience by the repetition of such truisms. Let me say I am enjoying the sea-air, and taking notes of the young-ladyism which I observe on the Parade and on the beach.

To begin with, let me say I am much pleased at the disappearance of that huge amount of crinoline, which, at the sea-side more than anywhere else, was so perplexing to the wearers, and afforded—we seldom laugh but at other folks' misfortunes—so many comical illustrations in *Punch*. The young ladies carried too much sail, and it is agreeable that they have taken this in, and now ride in comparative safety. You will agree with me that the neat, well-shaped dresses worn by the young ladies, with charming little hats instead of detestable old uglies, is an admirable change for the better. But are the young ladies themselves improved ?

On the sands I find the youngsters busy at work with wooden spades and toy baskets just as they used to be ; and I find the young ladies just as frivolous—I won't say gay and light-hearted, for it is a good thing to be both—but just as frivolous as they always were. I can see that half the girls I meet, aye, and more than half, are thinking too much of the admiration they hope to excite, to have any sensible idea in their heads. I am abashed to see the mincing airs they will assume when some young stranger—that is, a mere passing acquaintance—of the opposite sex is seen approaching. They mean no harm, I know that ; they are fond of a little flirtation, than which nothing can be more foolish or dangerous. I am free to confess, as the members of

parliament say, that if a young lady accustomed to the gaieties of town life, passes a month or six weeks in doing nothing but walking up and down a level beach, or sitting on the sands, the hours seem to be one hundred and twenty minutes long, and that any little variety is cheerfully welcomed. But what a pity, I say to myself, that with all the opportunities which the sea-side affords, these young women cannot profitably employ themselves. To the green and white striped bathing-machines—the best part of their day's work, perhaps—then home—then on the beach—then home to lunch—then on the beach—then home to dinner; then an evening as like a town evening as may be—then to bed. So on for the allotted term. Always trailing on the beach—to and fro like so many restless ghosts, or gathered in gossiping little clusters, or inviting solitariness on the sands, doing—nothing, which is enough to be the death of any of us. Out of all the scores and scores of young ladies who were on the beach this morning, I saw but one at work, and she was doing very little. As for reading—well, a good many of them read—but what? Novels; and you know, my dear grand-daughter, I am no great friend to the threadbare fictions which extend over a thousand pages, and are bound in three volumes, post octavo. But I would rather the girls read trash than let their minds be vacant altogether; for vacant they cannot be—the silly thoughts of how pretty they are, and how much the men—in light boots and domed hats—admire them, turns their pretty little noddles. Better—much better to make mud pies, with their little brothers and sisters, or help to fill with sand or shingle the wooden little buckets with wooden little spades.

Why cannot our young ladies turn their annual visit to the sea-side to profitable account? How many valuable subjects for investigation do the sea-waves leave us at every receding tide? How much that would enrich an aquarium, if we would but take the pains to secure what is so easily within our reach. I suppose it is not "genteel" to be interested in this sort of thing; for the only person besides myself that I found engaged in it was a simple, quiet girl, who seemed to have no idea that she was handsome, and was only "down for a day or two." A poor girl, with a clever head though, who was making the most of her time. What do the promenading young ladies, or the young ladies dozing over the love and courtship of Sir Henry and Lady Maud, care about shells, and fish, and sea-weed, crabs and periwinkles, earth-worms, and the rest of it? Why should they disturb themselves to learn anything about prawns and lobsters, which they can see in their *natural* colours on a supper-table, or in a West-end fish shop? The waves that cast treasures at their feet may wash them away again with the next tide. Well, I own to being sorry at all this; and I have been thinking, my dear, that if *you* could be with me—you who are something better than the walking advertisement of your mantua-maker, and whose mind is not wholly absorbed in the contemplation of the woman-coveted ring of gold—what fine times you and I would have on these sands; what books *we* would read; what trophies we would bring away of our shrewdness and dexterity. Only to see this star-fish—but there, enough of that.

I should dearly like to set some of these young ladies gathering ferns. There are real beauties here about, but I have seen no one collecting any of them. With a little healthy toil, how many beautiful collections of ferns might be enriched; friends who had been at one part of the country exchanging them with those who had been at another, and so making very complete books. No; the sea-nymphs I refer to will do nothing but promenade, and feed themselves on the sawdust of the circulating library. I heard one of these young ladies inform a friend that she had been that day to so-and-so, mentioning the name of a place that I knew abounded in botanical specimens—wild flowers, with homely names, that smell sweet—speedwell, gold-of-pleasure, way-bread, live-long, traveller's-joy, shepherd's-needle, hearts-ease, forget-me-not, rest-harrow, golden-rod, and harvest-bells; she had been amongst all these, and my old

ears were sharpened to hear what she would say of them—nothing. "I met him." "What, *him*?" "Yes, dear; and he had the most ridiculous hat on you can possibly conceive." "No!" "Yes!" "But his style is generally—" "Quite superb, infinitely nice; but—" "Well." "I was going to say—" "Yes!" "I think—" "No!" "I do, indeed!" "Really now, and is it possible?" "With whom, too, do you suppose?" "Oh, I could not hazard the faintest guess." "Lucy!" "You are not serious?" "Never more so, my dear girl, I do assure you." Intelligent conversation this for educated young ladies! I saw a child about seven years old, two days afterwards, gathering the wild flowers I so love—quite a gallant bouquet—and it knew the names of every one.

I find that, as a rule, young ladies at the sea-side only visit places of note. If there is a famous old castle—known to everybody and to which everybody goes, just as pilgrims used to go to the shrine of Thomas à Becket—they go under proper escort. My impression is that they care nothing for the place, that they take no interest in the historical associations connected with it, and that if it was not "the thing to do," they would prefer not troubling themselves about the Early Saxon tower or Norman crypt. But what a source of intellectual enjoyment they lose! Why cannot they read up all about the place? Why cannot they try to quicken their imaginations by attentively perusing the page of history? Why should not they make themselves sufficiently well acquainted with the leading peculiarities of various styles of architecture, as to be able to understand and to appreciate what they see? But, to return to the idea which I had in my mind when I began this paragraph, why do not our young ladies seek out some new things for themselves? Why, if they leave the shore, always trust to a guide, and always look at the sight from a guide-book point of view? I know the reason: it is because they are too frivolous to do anything else.

There, you see, I am very angry with the young ladies at the sea-side, and I cannot help it. I remember hearing of a man once, who was engaging a pew at church—"Let me have a seat," said he, "where I can see well and be well seen." My young friends here, with their trailing dresses, their coquettish hats, and pretty faces, are, I think, very much of this man's opinion. They do not come to the sea-side for the healthy breeze, and the wholesome ramble, but for the company! I am very sorry they should throw away so much valuable time. Here am I, an old woman and feeble, but I *must* look about me; I must pick up something on the beach, and gather something from the hedges, or else I should think I was quite unworthy of my holiday; and am sure of this—I should not enjoy it.

I am pretty certain, pet, that you will agree with me in all I say, and that your verdict on this poor scribble will be, it is just like

DEAR OLD GRANNY.



# 420. CROCHET PURSE.

## MATERIALS.

—1 skein of black purse silk, 1 skein of blue, 2 reels of fine gold thread.

The bottom of this purse is square. Begin in the centre with the gold thread, make a foundation chain of 4 stitches, join them into a circle and work double in each st.

2nd round. — double in each st 3 stitches into same stitch at corners.

3rd round. — the 2nd. Continue work in the same manner till you have 11 stitches on each side, then work 4 stitches with blue 4 gold, 1 blue, 4 gold and 3 blue stitches in the same stitch at the corner, repeat the end of the row.

In the next row 4 blue, 2 gold on the middle 2 of the 4 of the preceding round, 3 blue, 2 gold, repeat to the end of the round.

8th round. — 1 gold in the middle of the 2 of the preceding round, 6 blue, 1 gold, repeat.

9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th rounds. — Entirely blue, increasing at each corner by working 3 stitches in the same stitch.

19th and 20th rounds. — Entirely gold, increase in the same manner.

21st, and 22nd rounds. — Black; continue to increase as before.

23rd round. — 6 gold, beginning on the 3rd black

of the preceding round, 2 black, 6 gold, repeat.

24th round. — 1 gold on the 1st of the 6 of preceding round, 4 black, 1 gold, 2 black, 1 gold, repeat.

25th round. — 2 gold, the 1st on the 1 gold start of the preceding round, 2 black, gold, repeat.

26th round. — 1 gold on the 2 gold of the preceding round, 4 gold, 2 black, repeat.

27th round. — 6 gold, the 1st on the 1st stitch of preceding round, 2 black, 2 black, repeat.

28th and 29th rounds. — Entirely

black and 31st round. — Entirely

black and 32nd round. — In blue

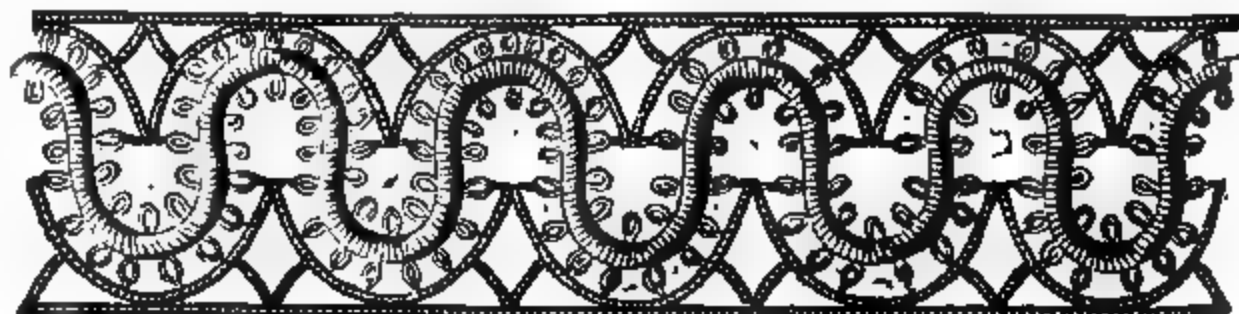
These rounds complete the square, it with the following lace: 3 chain,

in black silk, miss 2, 1 double, 3 chain,

miss 2, 1 long double, 3 chain, miss 2, continue in the same manner. Then make a round as follows: 3 chain, miss 2, 1 double, continue to the end of the round and cut off the silk and fasten it.

Then make the real purse formed of a bag of open-work crochet with blue silk. Make 18 open-work rounds as follows: 2 chain, miss 1, 1 treble. The 19th and 20th rounds. — Make 5 chain, miss 4, 1 treble in the 5th stitch. Then work a border similar to that round the square only with gold thread. To fasten the bag on the square, fasten first the four corners of the latter and then the

## 420. CROCHET PURSE.



421. INSERTION IN CROCHET AND MIGNARDISE.

rest. The square is lined with blue glacé silk. Three tassels of blue and black silk complete the square in the centre; run a row of chain through the holes at the top of the bag to draw it up, and ornament it with tassels on either side.

#### 421. INSERTION IN CROCHET AND MIGNARDISE.

This insertion is worked in the same manner as

medallion consists of a duck raised on black velvet bordered with gold.

This letter-case is worked in two parts, the back part is the highest and is  $9\frac{1}{4}$  inches high, 8 inches wide. It is worked on Penelope canvas with solferino, scarlet, green, blue, or purple filocelle. It is worked in common cross stitch or any other fancy stitch, such as that which consists in working cross stitch over 8 threads, or beginning to work slanting

#### 422. LETTER-CASE.

of chain stitches fastened by double or treble stitches, so as to form a straight edge on either side. This insertion is extremely pretty for trimming white bodices. It looks very well lined with coloured silk.

#### 423. LETTER-CASE.

**MATERIALS.**—12 inches of Penelope canvas, solferino floss silk, black silk, 8 gold butterflies, in 4 rows of gold beads, a bow at top, the centre

is worked on black velvet. The border of the medallion is in black with gilt ornaments. The duck is worked in raised satin stitch with white wool, with some shades of gray, and a few black strokes in the wings; the beak is worked with yellow silk, and a black bead forms the eye. The reeds are of different shades of green silk; the water is imitated by straight lines in blue and green silk, with some shades of brown and green for the border of the water.

The needlework is mounted on cardboard and lined with silk of the colour of the grounding.

## "THE MAN O' AIRLIE."

THE STORY OF A MODERN DRAMA.

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IN a "sweet little cottage" by the side of a picturesque loch in Scotland, lives a well-to-do young farmer, James Harebell. The modest "hame" holds a little wifey and twa wee bairnies. The bonnie gude wife does not disdain to prepare with her ain willing hands the savoury haggis for their frugal meal, altho' she has £300 laid up in store for rent and stock, and a further nest-egg of £200. For what, think you, gentle reader? None other than the publication of a volume of poems of his own inditing, for our village farmer is the Burns of Airlie.

But everything is not to go pleasantly for ever. Our honest farmer-poet's fate is hovering near him in the form of George Brandon, his foster-brother, who, though nursed at the same breast, is of a widely opposite nature. Harebell is the impersonation of truth. Brandon, on the contrary, is profligate, treacherous, and designing. One of the rulers of the cottage is a dictorial but faithful domestic Saunders, who acts as a sort of man and maid-of-all-work to the sousie little wife, who loves his master well; and indeed he is regarded by neighbours with much affection, children and all, who delight in carolling his songs as they return from labour and school.

There is another, too, who has taken a lively interest in him, a very amiable and accomplished young lady, daughter of Lord Steelman, the great man of the place; and who, wishing that his genius may no longer "blush unseen," procures for him an introduction to her noble father, and permission to inscribe his lordship's name on the title-page of his book.

Present at this interview is George Brandon, who is the accepted suitor of Miss Steelman; though why, we are rather at a loss to imagine. At first, Brandon is rather disposed to take umbrage at the warm interest evinced in his foster-brother's fortunes by his betrothed, but his sentiments change when he finds the obscure poet is no penniless adventurer, but the owner of a substantial roll of bank-notes.

This sum, Harebell confidingly entrusts to the "man about town," who is just going to return thither, and on whose honour he implicitly relies, to push his interests with the publishing fraternity. Brandon, however, before quitting the house, is terribly disconcerted by the unexpected appearance of Sir Gerald Hope, to whom he owes £500 for debts of honour, which he has hitherto evaded, and is taunted thereupon by the Baronet, himself an aspirant for the hand of Miss Steelman, by whom he is preferred. Stung to the quick by his creditor's cutting contempt, Brandon resolves to relieve himself of at least a part of the debt, and for this purpose he appropriates the £200 of the farmer-poet, promising the remainder on the morrow, for he dreads lest Sir Gerald should expose his conduct.

But one expedient exists to avert the threatened danger. Remembering Harebell to have said that, in investing the £200 in literary speculation, he had not embarked his all, but had still £300 in the bank, he, when the enthusiastic poet returns with his cherished manuscript, manufactures a story, that he had become security to that amount to save a friend plunged in bitter distress, and that if the bills, which he is unable to meet, are dishonoured, his marriage will be broken off. The generous song-maker cannot resist the sight of his distress, but presses his little hoard, his all, upon



him, and receives his assurance that it shall be repaid in a couple of months. Brandon is thus enabled to fulfil his promise to Sir Gerald. The money is not repaid to poor Harebell, and he thus becomes a ruined man. The news of the catastrophe is brought to him by the worker of it as he is in his pretty secluded home—now, alas! his no longer—with his wife and bairns. Still the noble fellow’s confidence in his false friend is not destroyed; he believes that he is as unfortunate as himself, and divides his sympathy with him.

Lord Steelman has returned to Edinburgh, and Harebell sadly and reluctantly accepts an engagement as a sort of secretary to his lordship, with whom we find him at the opening of the third act, a pale, broken-hearted widower, with his eldest little boy, both clad in solemn sable, for the poor young wife, always delicate, has not been able to bear up against their misfortunes, and she and their youngest child are dead. The good old serving-man, too, is turned out on the world, poor old Saunders! who in happier days was so thrifty that he managed to save up five golden guineas, which he hid away in the *handle of his shaving-brush*, and used to delight himself with their chink as he shaved away, till one unlucky Saturday night his wife found it out, and soon exchanged it for a fine silk gown and brooch, and poor Saunders *never shaved so clean afterwards!*

The faithful old man comes to see his half-crazed master, who, he says, he watched over “as a bairn, but who, wi’ a’ his care, managed to tumble out o’ window.” He brings him a paper signed by all the puir folks about who, he says, had come with the pence in their hard hands to get up a subscription for him. So many couldn’t write, so that the number of O’s and X’s among the signatures made it look like a game of “Fox and Geese!”

There is still worse sorrow in store. Up to this time Harebell has firmly refused to divulge the cause of his undoing; but when Sir Gerald Hope arrives at Lord Steelman’s house, an *éclaircissement* takes place; it transpires that Brandon has recently discharged a heavy debt, and the means are now apparent. To add to the bitter pang caused by the discovery of his treachery, the manuscript of poems is produced by Sir Gerald, who has found it in Brandon’s lodgings, to which he has succeeded, so Harebell discovers that in every way he has been betrayed. His reason gives way beneath this final shock, and he staggers forth under a weight of sorrow, seemingly too grievous to be borne. His protracted absence leads to the belief that he has committed suicide, although the body is not discovered.

We have now to pass over a period of twenty years, during which many changes have occurred. The poor poet’s little son Robert has grown into a fine young man, and been reared and educated by Sir Gerald Hope. Lord Steelman has also accomplished his father’s cherished object, and published his book of poems, which have become famous. The homely but touching ditties, set to music by the first composers, are sung by the gentle and the simple, and James Harebell lives in the hearts of his friends as the best, the kindest, the most generous of men.

His countrymen, humble folks like himself, have all subscribed a day’s wage to put up a statue of their favourite (who they believe drowned himself in the loch twenty years ago), upon the very spot where his happy home once stood, so we are told by old Saunders, who is still there, hale and hearty, and as garrulous as ever, though time has silvered his once sandy locks; and the day on which the last act opens is the very one appointed for the uncovering of the garland-decked statue.

On they come, trooping from far and near, old and young, gentle and simple, the gray-headed veteran, the babe in its mother’s arms, and foremost among the group of visitors to the ceremony are Lord Steelman and his daughter—now Lady Hope; Sir Gerald, her husband, and young Robert Harebell. A song is sung; we have heard it



once before, but then it was sung in Lord Steelman's drawing-room by the poet himself, in the pride of youth and vigour, and brimful of bright hopes and ardent aspirations. Now it is chorussed in open air by lusty voices, and as they cease and die away a decrepid, silver-haired beggar totters in, and, staggering to the statue's foot, with quavering voice, adds another verse to the well-known chant, "The Man o' Airlie."

Returning reason seems to visit this distracted brain, and illumine that wandering eye at first sound of the familiar strains. It is the poet himself, whose statue they have met to inaugurate. They press around him; they place his son beside him, and lavish on him kind words and tender caresses; "for," say they, "to the statue we can give fame, but warm love is wanted to restore to life and happiness the sorrow-stricken, broken-hearted man."\*

This is, we believe, the first dramatic work of the author, Mr. W. G. Wills; at all events, the first that has achieved success.

The work, we are told, is strictly original, with the exception of the leading incident borrowed from a German drama. The new drama has high and striking merits; it is not, however, devoid of faults, and these are mainly those of construction and incident, for the dialogue, especially the comic portion, is terse and sprightly. One defect of the plot is the apparent anomaly of Miss Steelman's engagement to a man whom she protests she does not love, and in whose character and position there seems nothing to justify her father's selection in preference to a man like Sir Gerald Hope. Again, in allowing the largest margin for the impulsiveness and liberality of the *artiste* race, such generosity as Harebell's stripping himself of his *all*, savours somewhat too much of recklessness. Also—albeit George Brandon is rather a repulsive personage, we ought not to be left in such total ignorance of the fate of one who has played so important a part in the three first acts of the drama, but to whom, in the last, not the slightest reference is made.

A large portion of the success of the drama is due to the admirable impersonation of the hero by Mr. Hermann Vezin. Natural and affecting is his heart-broken exclamation, when the subscription paper is offered him:—"Oh! if my poor Mary had lived to see this!" And very good is his assumption of the senility of age, when reason's throne is vacant, in the last act. Additional charm, too, is imparted by his sweet and simple manner of singing the plaintive ditties of the poor poet—an accomplishment very rare.

By express permission, we are enabled to subjoin the verses, on the theme of which the drama may be said to be founded:—

"THE MAN O' AIRLIE."

Oh! there abune yon heather hill,  
Where foot fa' comes but rarely,  
There is a house they point at still,  
Where dwelt "the Man o' Airlie."  
He wore a coat o' hodden gray,  
His hand was hard wi' labour,  
But still he had a hamely way,  
O' standing by his neighbour.

\* After the few first performances of this drama the *dénouement* was changed, and, we think, advantageously; and the faint flicker of the "Man o' Airlie's" life expires, instead of being restored.

# "THE MA

Oh! up an' d  
An' o'er th  
Ye might ha'  
Anither " )

His burly laugh  
His words th  
Yet little bairn  
And in his m  
The word to-day  
Became a dee  
Hout mon! the  
Would lift th  
He was na' prou  
He lacked in l  
And yet ye'd pic  
The honest "  
His wealth it wa  
It was na' in  
A mint o' honou  
His heart a m

(Add

He's dead and go  
Mute is his bu  
But, ah! the mu  
That bides wi  
His mem'ry lived  
That lingers b  
Just like a star l  
Whose ray sur

Oh! up an' do  
And o'er th  
Ye might ha'  
Anither " M

423. WA

Felt l  
with a  
golden  
strings.

The pa  
bluish-bl  
short in  
the back,  
side-piece  
pocket. '  
tations c  
row cro  
satin plac  
sementeri

## 423. WALKING TOILET.

Felt hat, adorned with a feather and golden star. Satin strings.

The pale bluish-black short in front the back, with side-piece in pocket. The tations come row cross satin placed *sementerie* [

## THE F

AT this season vate evening families and gathered together wanderings and mer and early au

For such oc toilets are comp transparent ma *poult de soie*.

For instance, silk can be made worn with a shon nadine of the sar the bottom with material, and wi fichu to corresp skirt.

For young l pretty dresses of short skirts, w light blue or g silk. The leno and short sleeve cross-way bands colour of the u the middle.

For mourning grenadine is mu ing is not very may be worn, flounce of grenad Each pleat is l down by a jet sleeves are trim quilling to corr Antoinette fichu dine, is crossed and tied with back.

SHIONS.

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friends are onc  
after the v  
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evening dresses  
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ed with a  
spond, and a  
also of black  
ver the low  
ng lappets

#### 424. VISITING TOILET.

Velvet empire bonnet,  
turned up at the back, and  
trimmed with loops of co-

tion of wearing these graceful fichus of an evening has now become so great that many silk dresses are made with two bodices: one high for the day time; the other, to wear with the fichu in the evening.

It is also fashionable to wear of an evening a short dress or tunic of silk gauze, or transparent material, with a high bodice and long sleeves, over a low silk dress of the same colour. The under silk dress is generally quite plain; the upper one is trimmed with ruches of the same, and with satin rouleaux.

Lace is also much used for evening dresses. Princess-shaped dresses of this *dentille delaine* are worn over coloured silk dresses. Marie-Antoinette skirts, i.e., looped up with bows of coloured ribbon, are made to correspond with the same material.

Long sashes of both white and black lama, with long lappets, are also worn this season over coloured silk dresses.

And exquisitely fine *dentille delaine* is infinitely preferable to any imitation of Brussels, or Chantilly lace, and we strongly recommend it to those persons who can afford wearing tunics, fichus and sashes of real black and white lace; which, scarcely add, are still more fashionable for very elegant evening toilets.

As you last month a list of the principal kinds of new materials for walking which are invariably composed of the double skirt and paletot; we have, but little to add on the subject.

As of cloth or cotton velvet are already being prepared, with narrow fur trimmings.

And of black gros-grains silk or silk velvet, entirely lined with fur, will be much worn when the very cold weather comes.

Double-breasted paletots of plushy lambskin cloth are fastened slantways all the way down with very large round buttons, and are called *redingotes*. Some have coats, and others loose open ones.

As we have already hinted, paletots are of various shapes this season. Some are very fancifully cut out; some are long and plain; some have tight and some have loose sleeves: so that each lady may choose the style best suited to her taste and taste.

And as for the materials, lac cloth, plush, velveteen, and sealskin are indifferently used for paletots of various kinds, and also a new kind of cloth, smooth on the outside, with a long-haired lining.

And velvet paletots are very prettily trimmed with wide, flat, silk braid, edged with pipings, and with fine silk soutache, arranged in different patterns. There is no need for trimming than it was last winter. Plushy materials require very little and are merely bound or piped with gros-grain silk or satin.

Some are made but very little larger than in the summer. Some models have been made up curtains. They fit close to the head, like tiny caps of velvet or satin. The material is arranged in flat pleats.

And of violet terry velvet is piped round with satin of the same colour. At the back are three satin rouleaux and a fringe of satin grelots. In front, a plait of a white velvet anemone, and violet-tinted velvet foliage, sprinkled with gold on the left side. Strings of violet gros-grain ribbon, edged on one side, and lined with satin grelots.

And as for the bonnets, innumerable, trimmed with feathers tipped with gold, or with pearls.

And velvet bonnets, always in great majority as most useful for winter wear, are generally trimmed with gold corn-flowers or wheat-ears.

And as for the ladies, they prefer a rather large fanchon of black or coloured velvet, with a man-



THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS

Modelled for

*The Young Englishwoman.*

NOVEMBER 1891



tilla veil of black lace, to the small rounded shapes now in vogue. This style of veil is, however, worn with most bonnets, of whatever shape, and also with hats; only, in the latter case, they are put on differently—the rounded part over the face, and the lappets tied at the back, but the shape is still the same.

We must not forget we have been asked many questions about boots and shoes; with looped-up dresses and short petticoats, the subject becomes an important one.

For elegant visiting toilets we see: demi-high velvet boots, stitched all round the instep, buttoned on one side; each button-hole is made in the centre of a scallop, also neatly stitched with silk; the boot is pointed at the top in front, and edged all round with sable or astrakan fur. In front there is a bow of satin ribbon and a handsome silk tassel. The high heel is covered with velvet.

Brazilian boots of *satin français*, much higher than the preceding, stitched twice and laced in front with fine cord, finished off with tassels. The boot is curved out at the top. The high heel is covered with leather; the sole is pretty thick, so that the boot may be worn in winter, when the weather is fine.

Boots of the same shape as the preceding are also made of dull black kid, with patterns stitched over it either in black or white silk, according to taste. There are no tassels to this boot.

For the drawing-room, very low shoes are made of soft kid, either of a light golden brown or of the same colour as the dress. In front there is a satin rosette in the shape of a dahlia, demi-high square heels are covered with kid.

Ball-dress shoes are of the same shape, of white satin, with a butterfly bow of white lace, fastened with pearls.

But the most coquettish of all *chaussures* are morning slippers of coloured satin, sloped off towards the high heel, edged with a satin ruche, and ornamented with a large rosette of the same in front. They are lined with quilted white satin. The satin on the outside should correspond with the colour of the dress. Slippers are also sometimes of black gros-grain silk, embroidered in Oriental style, and spangled with gold.



## DESCRIPTION OF OUR FASHION-PLATE.

LEFT-HAND FIGURE.—*Walking Toilet*.—Green velvet bonnet, the front of which is pleated, and arranged in the Mary Stuart shape. White ribbon strings, tied under the chignon. Lace scarf; strings fastened in front with a jewellery clasp. The short loose paletot and double dress are made of green glacé silk, or thick poplin, edged and trimmed with black velvet cut out in lozenges.

RIGHT-HAND FIGURE.—*Indoor Toilet*.—Muslin head-dress, trimmed with lace and solferino ribbon. White muslin dress, with a low bodice surrounded by a bouillonné, trimmed with lace and solferino ribbon. The sleeve is composed of several bouillonnés, divided by solferino ribbon. Lace cuff of solferino ribbon. Scarf waistband. A tulle chemisette edged with lace is worn under the low bodice. The long skirt is trimmed at the bottom with a row of bouillonnés over a deep lace.

COSTUME FOR A LITTLE GIRL SIX YEARS OLD. — Grey poplin dress, ornamented with blue silk cross-strips, edged with silk fringe. Muslin chemisette.

## GOOD SALT HERRING.

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THE ocean provides the table with an enormous mass and an agreeable variety of palatable food. The Greeks and Romans, less famous than the ichthyophagi of modern times, still held fish in high esteem, and boasted that they could discover by the taste in what waters they had been caught. Eels were highly prized, especially those of Vedius Pollio, who fed his with the bodies of slaves whom he had slain for the purpose—but herrings they knew nothing of; the round of buttered toast, hot—the cup of strong tea, hot, with cream and sugar—the Yarmouth bloater, smoking hot—were luxuries of which even Heliogabalus was ignorant.

We make the acquaintance of the herring for the first time in the “Chronicles of the Monastery of Evesham” (A.D. 709), where there is a reference to an impost laid on them, and called “Herring Silver.” The Herring Fishery seems to have been largely carried on in Scotland in the ninth century, but a meddlesome government prohibiting the exportation of the herring until the resident population were supplied, drove the erect, manly, independent fishermen, strong in free-trade principles, to more northern waters, where they might reap the harvest of the sea without interruption. In the thirteenth century, the Herring Fishery was chiefly in the hands of the Danes, and they grew fat and flourishing upon it. Most probably, to the Danes we owe our *red-herring*, that is to say, cured herrings—the ancients (meaning Greeks and Romans) had salt fish—*Vide* Aristophanes, and Shakespeare’s “Antony and Cleopatra”—but they had not a good red-herring. When Eric of Norway sent his beautiful daughter to the Queen of Scotland, the ship was victualled with mediæval bloaters. William Benkelinga, or Denkelsgoon, is said to have found out the art of curing dead herrings, but it was doubtless known long before his time. Whoever hit on the happy expedient was a mighty reformer. It is said, “it was the herring packed in barrels which changed the historic destinies of Holland, and, by consequence, the destinies of the world during the 16th and 17th centuries. . . . The Gospels relate that one of the disciples of Christ found in the mouth of a fish a piece of money wherewith to pay the tribute: that is the history of Holland; she found in the herring’s mouth the means to pay her excessive imposts, to provide for the maintenance of a soil which the sea threatened to engulph, and to nourish the sources of public wealth.” The Dutch Herring Fishery is a great fact in history; it was the gold mine of Holland, and led to bitter jealousy on this side of the water. We loved the herring as well as did the Dutchman, and could ill brook his ’busses carrying off the manure from our coasts. Think of Blake and Van Tromp fighting over herring-bones like hungry dogs—they did it, and, what with French squadrons and competing Swedes, broke up the Dutch monopoly. Industrious Dutchmen had lorded it over idle Englishmen, who were negligent or ignorant in improving the advantages of their own coasts. “You English, we will make you glad to wear our old shoes,” was flouted at us by the Dutchmen. Well, we broke down the Dutch trade, and began, with success, to catch herrings on our own account, to cure and pickle them, for the herrings are abundant in our waters.

What does herring mean but a giant host, an army—from the German *Heeren*. They are round us in shoals. Yarrell tells us, there can be no doubt that the herring inhabits the deep waters all round our coasts, and only approaches the shore for the pur-

pose of depositing its spawn within the immediate influence of the two principal agents in vivifaction—increased temperature and oxygen; and, as soon as that essential operation is effected, the shoals that haunt our coast disappear. The old theory of annual migration is exploded, and it is proved, beyond a doubt, that the herring is as local to particular coasts as salmon to particular rivers. All the year round the fishermen may catch herrings on the coasts of the three kingdoms. We are troubled at the fact, which is made too plain to us, that we have almost exhausted that delicious bivalve, the oyster—that our beds are almost empty; and that, if we want oysters, we shall have to farm them, to grow them—and it takes four times as long to grow an oyster as it does a sheep—or else to go without them: but the herring seems inexhaustible; and it is because the herring is so common, that we value it so little as we do.

The herring is as goodly a fish as swims; a coat of true blue, shot with white, white waistcoat, shining with metallic lustre; graceful in movement, as all fish are, warranting them to challenge us:

“Of split body and ridiculous pace!”

The herring is found under four different conditions—Fry, or sill; maties, or fat herring; full herring; shotten or spent herring. The first term is applied to all herrings not larger than sprats, under five or six inches in length. The milt, or roe, in fish of this size is so small as to be discoverable only by careful dissection. The Fry pass imperceptibly into *maties*, from six to thirteen inches in length. The *full herring* has the milt or roe fully developed; when the roe is completely emptied of its contents, the herring is called shotten or spent, and when cooked is harsh, dry, and insipid. The herring is said to attain its full size in about eighteen months: but it reaches its spawning condition in a year, and its ova are probably hatched within two or three weeks after deposition.

The usual method of capturing the herring is in dropping a wall of net-work, supported by buoys, into the sea; sometimes the merl will extend for two or three miles, and the fish swimming in shoals against it are stunned and captured; they get entangled with the net-work, and have no escape. As the nets are hauled in, it is a beautiful sight to see the shimmering fish as they come up like a sheet of silver from the sea, uttering a weak death-chirp as they are flung to the bottom of the hold. As the herring boats are often out for three weeks, the salting of the fish must necessarily begin on board; and in the hold, and wherever else they are stowed away, they are kept in a strong brine of bay salt. When the boat comes in, the herrings are shovelled out into wicker baskets with a broad wooden scoop, and conveyed, in carts, to the curing house. There they are emptied on a brick floor, and spread out in layers, like malt, until they rise into a pile technically called a cob; they are rapidly salted as the cob rises; and after laying there—twelve hours for bloaters, ten days for red herrings—they are carried to the cleaning vats. Here they are thoroughly washed in open wicker baskets, called “maunds.” After this they are taken to the smoking-house, rived on long spits through the gills and mouth. A great number of herrings are threaded on one spit, but they are not allowed to touch each other. The spits are suspended in the drying rooms, and beneath them wood fires are kindled, the smoking being prolonged or shortened according to the market for which the fish is intended. A well-cured herring, if thrown on the floor, falls with a dry, rattling sound, that is highly satisfactory—the fish has been properly sweated and smoked, and will keep for a long period.

## 425. INSERTION IN TATTING AND LACE STITCH.

## 425. INSERTION IN TATTING AND LACE STITCH.

This insertion forms a very pretty standing-up collar when worked with fine cotton and a coloured ribbon drawn through. It consists of 2 rows of 3 branched figures turned opposite one another, which are worked separately and then joined into a row. Work 9 times as follows: 2 double, 1 purl, 2 double, \* draw into a circle and \* work at a short distance a 2nd circle as follows: 2 double fastened on to the last purl of the 1st circle, 8 times 2 double, 1 purl, 2 double, repeat once more from \*, knot together the two ends of the cotton, and fasten them on the wrong side. One figure is thus completed; each following figure is fastened on to the preceding one on the middle purl of a circle (see Illustration). When a sufficient number of

such figures have been worked, work a 2nd row of them in the same manner, and fasten

from Illustration each middle circle of one figure on to the corresponding circle of the 1st row. The circles filled with lace stitch are worked when the 2 rows are completed from Illustration in the empty places between 4 patterns; work first 3 double, fasten them on to a purl on the side of a leaf turned inside, \* 3 double, fasten them on to a purl of the next leaf, repeat 5 times more from \*, work 3 double, join the stitches into a circle, but not too close, so that the purls keep their natural position: cut off the cotton, and fasten the two ends on the wrong side. The lace stitch inside of these circles are worked with fine crocheted cotton; the pattern may be changed for a single or double wheel.

## 426. CRAVAT END IN RAISED EMBROIDERY.

#### 426. CRAVAT END IN RAISED EMBROIDERY.

This pattern is a muslin cravat 32 inches long. The greater part of the embroidered ends is worked in satin stitch, the leaves in the bouquet of the centre are worked in raised embroidery.

#### 428. SQUARE OF EMBROIDERED LINEN.

Squares of this kind are often used to divide squares in crochet or darned netting. They are made of fine linen, with an open-work hem all round. The pattern is worked in *point-russe* with extremely fine silk.

#### 427. INSERTION IN NETTING, CROCHET, AND LACE STITCH.

#### 427. INSERTION IN NETTING, CROCHET, AND LACE STITCH.

This insertion, which is very suitable for pillow-cases and sheets, is very easy to work. Work first the netted foundation; it consists of 4 rows the long way, with pretty strong knitting cotton, over a mesh measuring 4-5ths of an inch round. The stitches of the ground-

ing are drawn closer together by the crochet chain-stitches worked over them, as can be seen in Illustration. The crochet cotton must always be under the netted foundation. The work is edged at the top and bottom with a row of double; 1 chain divides 2 double; lastly, the squares of the foundation are darned with coarse cotton from Illustration.

## OUR FERNERY.

### CHAPTER IV.

**THE HOLLY FERN, OR ROUGH ALPINE SHIELD FERN.**—*Polystichum Lonchitis*, Roth., Babington, Newm., &c. *Aspidium Lonchitis*, Swartz, Smith, Hooker, and Arnott.—This is a very pretty fern, and, if you have ever seen it, you will agree that the name is very appropriate, it is so very rigid and prickly-looking. It grows from three-quarters to a foot and a half high, and is well suited for hardy and exposed ferneries: as with all the other *Polystichums* or Shield Ferns, it is thoroughly hardy and evergreen, and is very ornamental. It must not be planted by dripping water, or where it would be exposed to much sun, if you would grow it in its full beauty; it should also be well drained, and prefers a mixture of loam and sandy peat. Ours is not a British specimen; we obtained it during our tour in Switzerland, and almost gave our necks in exchange for it. In the distance, we felt sure it must be the Holly Fern; so we determined to get it at all hazards, and well we were repaid. It was springing from the clefts of some precipitous rocks high above our heads—such as that are its favourite situations; and very likely it is more from this cause than its actual scarcity that it has been considered as amongst our botanical rarities. The fronds are rigid, of the same length throughout, except just at the ends, pinnate, pinnæ, spiny, and toothed like a saw, with a projection like an ear at the base above, and curved below—mark this peculiar form of the pinnæ. I think you will see what I mean directly you look at one. The fronds of the Common Polypody (*Polypodium Vulgare*)—our driver in the Isle of Wight used to call this latter the Pollypolly Fern—when very young are sometimes this shape, or *auricled*, as it is called. The pinnæ are short, set alternately on the rachis, and reaching almost to the ground. The leaf-stalk is thickly covered with reddish-brown, chaffy scales. The indusium is round, open on all sides, and remains attached by a short stalk in the centre; this, as we saw above, is the characteristic of the genus. The fronds grow in a tuft from the end of a scaly, very slowly-lengthening rizome; they are generally rigid in texture, and erect in growth, but in some of the English and Welsh specimens are almost drooping. The colour is a deep, glossy green, very similar to that of the Hearthstone—as our driver in the Isle of Wight used to call it—though you will recognize it better under its more general name, the Hart's-Tongue Fern. We have only had our pet a year, and we fear we shall not rear it, as it does not look at all flourishing. It is a very difficult plant to grow in or near London. We have it in a pot with plenty of stones and pieces of charcoal in the bottom, and slate about it, though not touching the rizome; this, I believe, is the best way to treat it.

**PRICKLY SHIELD FERN.**—*Polystichum Aculeatum*, Roth., Babington, Moore, Newm. *Aspidium Aculeatum*, Swartz, Smith, Hooker, and Arnott.—This I have often found growing on hedge-banks and the borders of woods; it is not uncommon throughout the kingdom. It grows from a foot and a half to two feet high; the fronds are in a tuft. One of ours, when we first had it, was very young; the fronds then spread out horizontally, but as years wore on they gradually became almost erect: this is always the case with immature specimens. I also find that during the early period of development they are very limp in texture, and are apt to hang down, as if flagged for want of water; but as the pinnæ and rest of the frond become uncurled, they gradually assume the characteristic rigidity of their genus. So do not be alarmed, as we were at first, and



drench it with water; it will come all right without any extra care. It is a most handsome evergreen fern, the foliage is glossy, and of a bright colour; new fronds keep springing up from the spring until winter sets in, so that the contrast of the pale yellow green of the young fronds with the dark, shiny green of the older ones, is very pretty. This, and all its varieties—for it has a great many—are very well suited to the covered fernery; they are not difficult of cultivation, and, if carefully tended, their beauty is very much increased. They like large pots and plenty of room for their fronds; otherwise, if you crowd them, you miss much of the beauty of their full development. Good drainage is a chief requisite. The Prickly Shield Fern is one of the handsomest plants there is for the uncovered fernery, where it has plenty of space. Like some other ferns, though not actually injured by exposure to the sun, it flourishes best on a sheltered bank, or under the shade of trees. It will grow in common garden soil, but the best for it is sandy loam and peat mixed. When mature the fronds are rigid, lance-shaped, bipinnate; the pinnæ are set on the rachis alternately, the pinnules are more or less perfect, and they are either *decurrent*—that is, they seem to become one with the rachis insensibly—or they are attached by the point of their wedge-shaped base. All the principal divisions terminate in sharp, spiny points, and the margins are more or less jagged with spiny teeth. The pinnules all have in a greater or less degree the same projection on the upper side of the base, like an ear, to which I have called your attention in the Holly Fern, the lower side of the base being, as it were, cut away. The leaf-stalk, which is only a few inches long, is thickly clotted with broad, rust-coloured scales; these scales also extend up the rachis, but they become gradually fewer and fewer as they near the point of the frond. The indusium is circular, and, as is always the case in this genus, is attached at the centre by a stalk. *Lobatum* is a tolerably common variety of the Prickly Shield Fern, or, as is more generally supposed, is merely a different state of the same plant, according to its age, or other circumstances.

ANGULAR, OR SOFT, PRICKLY SHIELD FERN.—*Polystichum Angulare*, Presl., Newm., Babington, Moore. *Aspidium Angulare*, Willdenow, Smith.—This is by some supposed to be only a variety of the preceding; and others again do not even, I think, allow it to be any more than a different form of the Prickly Shield Fern, caused by some condition of soil or situation; for our own part, we will not offer an opinion; but as some give it the position of a different species, as such we will for the present consider it. It is by no means so common as the Prickly Shield Fern; I have only found it a few times, excepting in the Isle of Wight, but it has always been in similar situations to those that the other chooses. The first I found was a great beauty in a lane near Godshill, Isle of Wight; it was about three feet high, but it will grow to five feet; it is a strong-growing plant and forms large masses. This is more drooping than the latter; the leaf-stalk occupies from a third to a fourth of the frond, and is covered with a sort of red-coloured, chaffy scales. It is almost evergreen; that is to say, in mild winters, or in sheltered situations, it retains its old fronds until the spring, so that in Our Fernery it is, of course, an evergreen. The fronds are lance-shaped, bipinnate, the pinnules are not *decurrent* as in the Prickly Shield Fern, but are invariably attached to the rachis by a slender stalk. They are broad and angular at the base, with spiny, saw-like margins. They are also auriculate on the upper side, or, as I have described the Holly and Prickly Shield Fern, they have a projection like an ear at the upper side of the base, and are curved on the lower side. There are several varieties. This is the last of our British species of Shield Ferns; with it we leave Genus IV., and go on to the Bladder Ferns, or Genus V., *Cystopteris*. This once belonged to the genus *Aspidium*, as well as the Buckler and Shield Ferns. The texture and growth of the plants of this genus are quite the opposite of those of the Shield Ferns. All the Bladder Ferns are small and elegant, of a fragile and delicate texture. Under cover they are evergreen,



but in the open air the first frost destroys them. They grow on rocks, walls, and mountains, and bear exposure to the sun and drought much better than most of the ferns. They are called Bladder Ferns on account of the peculiar form of the indusium, which is "hollow at the base, forming a sort of hood, fixed by its inner margin, that is curved beneath the sorus." I have quoted this from Messrs. C. Johnson and Sowerby's "Ferns of Great Britain," because I could find no words of my own which would so well express the form of indusium peculiar to this genus. There are but three native species of Bladder Ferns, but of one of them there are a great number of varieties.

**BRITTLE BLADDER FERN.**—*Cystopteris Fragilis*, Hooker and Arnott, &c. *Cystea Fragilis*, Smith. *Cyathea Fragilis*, Smith. *Polypodium*, Linnæus.—This pretty fern is well suited to the covered fernery, on account of its feathery foliage and lively green hue. It grows from about half to a foot high. We found ours in Wales, in the vicinity of the loveliest little waterfall you can imagine; there were many in the crevices of the limestone rock. As the situation was very damp and shady, they were as luxuriant as any I have ever seen. Most of them were more than a foot high, and all differed more or less in form, and in the divisions of the fronds. The rizome is creeping; but it progresses forward very slowly, as it forms many new crowns around the old one; from these crowns the erect fronds arise in tufts. In the covered fernery there is a succession of fronds the whole year round, some ever dying, and others supplying their places; but in the open air this only continues till the frost comes. The leaf-stalk is very brittle, and has a few small scales at the base; it is not half the length of the leafy portion. The general form of the frond is lance-shaped, bipinnate; the pinnae are lance-shaped, distant, by no means regularly set on the rachis, but having a tendency to alternate; the pinnules are more rounded than lance-shaped, deeply pinnatifid, the segments rounded, or lance-shaped, sharply notched. The sori are very numerous on the under-side of the frond; when young they are covered by the usual bladder, or hood-shaped indusium, but it is soon thrown off. The Brittle Bladder Fern is abundant throughout the kingdom in the mountainous districts; it is also sometimes found on old walls in less elevated situations. Under cultivation, it is seen to the best advantage on shady rock-work; it requires good drainage. The soil best suited to it is that similar to what it grows in in its natural habitats, but it will grow well in any. It has many varieties; one, the Toothed Bladder Fern (*C. dentata*), is smaller, grows only from one to two-thirds of a foot high, and differs a good deal in general outline. The pinnae are somewhat lance-shaped, but rounded at the point, having rounded pinnules, which are notched with blunt teeth. The sori are more marginal; the leaf-stalk is very smooth and slight, generally of a deep purple-brown colour. The variety *Dichæana* is very peculiar; all its divisions are broader and more rounded than those of the preceding variety; they are nearer together, and, being broader, overlap one the other; it is not always quite bipinnate; the sori are somewhat marginal. It was first found by a Dr. Dickie in 1846, growing in a cave by the sea, near Aberdeen.

**THE ALPINE BLADDER FERN.**—*Cystopteris Alpina*, Hooker and Arnott, Moore. *Cyathea Regia*, Forster. *Cystea Regia*, Smith.—This fern is most beautiful. We have never found it growing in England, at which you will not be surprised when you hear that about the only known place in the kingdom where it has ever been found wild was on an old wall at Low Leyton, near Walthamstow, Essex, about thirty years ago. The wall was repaired, and the Alpine Bladder Fern became a victim. As is often the case, it was almost, if not quite, destroyed by the workpeople, and it is now a very rare thing for a specimen to be found either on that wall or any in the neighbourhood. It is said to have been found in Wales and Scotland; but this is, I believe,

considered very doubtful. On the Alps it is common enough. Its numerous bright green fronds grow in tufts; they appear in May, but die down with the first frosts of autumn; they are from a third to three-quarters of a foot high. It is not difficult of cultivation when once established, but good drainage is an absolute necessity. It does better in a sheltered situation out of doors than in the covered fernery. The fronds are lance-shaped, sub-tripinnate; pinnæ somewhat egg-shaped; the pinnules are deeply lobed, so that, at first sight, they appear again pinnate, but they are, in reality, always confluent. The lobes are the same breadth throughout, except at the ends; their apex is very rounded; they are generally divided with two or three blunt teeth. The leaf-stalk is short, smooth, and scaly towards the base. The sori are round, small, and sub-marginal, or near the margin covered with their hooded indusium.

MOUNTAIN BLADDER FERN, OR WILSON'S FERN.—*Cystopteris Montana*, Bernhardt, Moore, Hooker, and Arnott, &c. *Cystopteris Myrrhidifolium*, Villars, &c. *Polypodium Montanum*, Allioni. *Aspidium Montanum*, Swartz.—This very rare fern was first found in Britain by Mr. W. Wilson—hence its second name—in 1836, when, together with Sir W. J. Hooker and Professor Graham, he visited Ben Lawers, one of the Breadalbane mountains. It has since been found in the Clova mountains, Forfarshire, but is very sparingly distributed. It abounds on the Northern Alps of Europe, and is found on the Rocky Mountains of America, as well as in other rough and stony situations. It grows from a third to three-quarters of a foot high, and is not evergreen. In its habits and general appearance it very much resembles the Rigid Three-branched Polypody (*P. Calcareum*). It is exceedingly fragile and delicate, of an almost transparent texture. There is considerable difficulty in getting it established; but when this is once achieved, it flourishes; it needs very good drainage. If you do not keep it in a pot, it is best to remove about a square foot of soil, to half fill the hole thus made with broken bricks and charcoal, and the remaining half with fibry peat, mixed with a little loam and silver sand. On first being planted, it should, for a time, be covered with a bell-glass, under which, on the surface of the soil, you should place two sticks, a little longer than the diameter of the glass, and about half an inch thick; this will provide for sufficient ventilation. It must be planted in a damp, sheltered, sunless spot, and you must watch carefully that no snails get in under the bell-glass. The form of the fronds is triangular, bipinnate; the pinnules of the lowest pair of pinnæ are pinnate; all the upper pinnæ are only deeply lobed. The lowest pair of pinnæ, which are opposite, while the others are alternate, are almost as large as all the others put together. The lower basal pinnule on this pair is always larger than the corresponding upper one, and more divided. This is the case in a gradually lessening degree throughout this pair of pinnæ until towards its point, where the opposite pinnules are nearly equal. The segments, or lobes, are toothed at the point. The stalk is about twice as long as the leafy portion of the frond. The thread-like rizome spreads widely, branching and creeping in all directions, with its dark, wiry roots. The small roundish sori are generally numerous, and in maturity very prominent; they are covered with the usual hooded indusium, the edge of which is jagged, but it is not in all stages easily perceived.



429, 430  
 CRAVAT W  
 LACE AND  
 FLOWERS  
 WORKED  
 APPLIQUE

This cravat  
 made of a  
 of lace inset  
 3-5ths of

wide, trim-  
 all round  
 Valenci-  
 nes lace  
 2 of an inch  
 and lined  
 purple rib-  
 1 3-5ths of  
 inch wide  
 bordered

429. COLLARETTE WITH FLOWERS WORKED IN APPLIQUE.

pansies worked in appliqué are  
 sewn on at intervals of 1 1-5th of  
 an inch. A larger pansy is fas-  
 tened in front. No. 430 shows  
 this pansy in full size; it is  
 worked on muslin or cambric in  
 satin, overcast, back, and lace

stitch, lined with ribbon, and  
 sewn on at the place where  
 the ends cross. The smaller  
 flowers are worked in the same  
 manner; the three smaller petals  
 are filled with back stitch in-  
 stead of lace stitch.

430. PANSY FOR COLLARETTE 429.

431, 432. CHEMISE  
 FOR A  
 LITTLE GIRL FROM  
 6 TO 8 YEARS.

Our pattern is  
 made of fine linen,  
 richly trimmed with  
 strips of insertion

and open-work  
 hems, and with  
 tucks down the  
 front and on the  
 sleeves. No. 432  
 shows the arrange-  
 ment of tucks and  
 insertion for sleeves

431. CHILD'S CHEMISE.

**433. LITTLE GIRL'S  
CASHMERE FROCK,  
FROM 3 TO 5  
YEARS OLD.**

This pretty frock is made of blue cashmere; the trimming consists of a pattern in white silk

braid and white guipure insertion. This trimming simulates a short tunic over frock, and a senorita jacket over bodice. A pleated chemisette, long sleeves of white muslin.

**432. TUCKS AND INSERTION FOR SLEEVES OF CHILD'S CHEMISE (FULL SIZE).**

## THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN'S RECIPE-BOOK.

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**FRITADELLAS.**—Put half a pound of crumb of bread to soak in a pint of cold water. half a pound of any kind of meat, roast or boiled (or of fish), with a little fat, chop it up like sausage-meat, then put the bread in a clean cloth, press it to extract all the water. Put into a stew-pan two ounces of butter, fry for two minutes, then add the bread, stir with a wooden spoon till rather dry, then add the meat, season well, stir till very hot, add two eggs, one at a time, well mix together, and pour on a dish to get cold: when cold, roll with the hand to the shape of a small egg, egg and bread crumb, and fry in a quarter of a pound of lard or clean fat, and fry a yellow colour; serve very hot, either plainly or on mashed potatoes, or with sauce piquante.

**PEACH BRANDY.**—*Ingredients:* Two ounces of peach leaves, two quarts of pale brandy. three pounds of loaf sugar, twenty drops of essence of almonds, one quart of water: *Mode:* Soak the peach leaves twenty-four hours in the brandy, dissolve the sugar in the boiling water; when cold, mix the whole together, strain through a cloth, and add the essence of almonds. Cork closely.

**MINCED CRAB.**—*Ingredients:* Crab, wine-glassful of sherry, pinch of pepper, salt, nutmeg, cayenne pepper, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one ounce of butter, one anchovy, bread-crumbs. *Mode:* Remove the meat, mince it finely and place it in a saucepan, with a wine-glass of sherry, a pinch of salt, pepper, nutmeg, a little cayenne, and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, stew for ten minutes, mince an anchovy, and add it to one ounce of melted butter, and the yolks of two eggs, mix well and stir it into the crab, adding bread-crumbs to thicken it; fill the shell, and garnish with the claws, and with thin toast cut in shapes, and green parsley. Lobster may be dressed in a similar way.

**POTATOES SOUFFLE.**—*Ingredients:* Twelve potatoes, a quarter of a pound of butter, three eggs, salt, half a pint of milk. *Mode:* Wash and scrub quite clean twelve large potatoes, and bake thoroughly, cut out a round piece of skin the size of a shilling, and scoop out the whole inside, mash the potatoes very smooth, rub through a sieve, add a quarter of a pound of butter, a pinch of salt, a half a pint of good milk or cream, or half of each; boil this mixture with the white of three eggs to a stiff froth, stir thoroughly, and fill up the skins; bake in a quick oven and serve up on a napkin.

**SODA CAKE.**—In the recipe given for a soda cake in our last number, the article flour was accidentally omitted. The recipe should run thus: *Ingredients:* Half-pound of butter, half-pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar, four eggs, one tea-spoonful of soda, the rind of one lemon grated. *Mode:* Beat the eggs for twenty minutes, the yolks and whites separately, melt the butter, and add the ingredients to it separately, beating them all the time. Bake for two-and-a-half hours in a moderate oven.

**MY DEVIL.**—*Ingredients:* One table-spoonful of Worcestershire sauce, one small desert-spoonful of anchovy sauce, three spoonfuls of mustard, one spoonful of salt, half salt-spoonful of black pepper, half ditto of cayenne, one table-spoonful of vinegar, a few drops of, say, one tea-spoonful of brown sugar, one squeeze of lemon, one glass of port wine. The above ingredients to be well mixed together. Fry the meat in a frying-pan, with a little butter. When almost ready, pour.

## OUR DRAWING-ROOM.

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### NINE OF US

IS THE TITLE OF THE STORIES IN

BEEETON'S

**CHRISTMAS ANNUAL.**

Post Free for 12 Postage Stamps.

#### COVERS FOR BINDING.

CLOTH COVERS for binding the 12 Monthly Parts of "The Young Englishwoman" are now ready, price 1s. 3d. each.

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OUR uninvited contributors are numerous this month, and, we regret to say, the large majority are declined with thanks. "The Nightingale's Song" is not sweet enough; "The Dark Night" is too obscure; "Young Love" is too old a subject; and we have no inclination to take "The Cottage on the Moor." That "November is Coming" will be a *fait accompli* by the time this magazine appears, and though "Never Forget," with its very peculiar metre, still points, we should be glad to forget it if we could. "My First-born," if applied to the poem, is not indicative of a healthy family; and to "Welcome!" we are only too glad to say farewell. Why is it people will give themselves so much pains to write so much bad poetry? Nothing can be easier than to string rhymes together, and we suppose that those who have acquired this knack, veritably believe that they have hold of Apollo's lyre.

"Too partial friends," who induce rhymesters to publish their effusions, are answerable for a large amount of mischief. Our advice is—"after you have written some verses, read them carefully, then read an extract from some of our great poets: try to put it to yourself fairly—do these rhymes of mine bear any resemblance, in tone or spirit, to this great work?" Another suggestion we would offer is—reduce your rhymes to prose; put the ideas (if there are any) on paper. A few simple tests of this sort would convince the writer—supposing he or she had common sense—whether there was anything genuine in their composition—whether it was musical thought, or only ti-tum-tiddy-iddy.

MABEL.—With regard to the varieties of human hair, Professor Huxley, in a recent lecture, remarked that they found two great varieties of hair in the human race—one was the crisp hair, which was often called "woolly" hair—hair which was twisted upon itself in consequence of a very curious peculiarity. The section of hair was not round, but elliptical, and the ellipsis was not always in the same direction, and, in consequence of that, the hair had a great tendency to twist upon itself. He did not mean to say that there was no gradation between that extreme and the character of lank hair; but it was only in particular groups of mankind that they found that structure typically developed. All other people had what, for the sake of distinction, he would call smooth hair. It might happen that Europeans had curly hair—hair even approaching to crispness; but smooth hair, as a rule, would be found amongst them. The shaft of the hair was more cylindrical, and there was not that tendency to twist upon itself which was so marked in a great many of the African races. And there was not only this difference in the arrangement of the hair, but there was a great difference in the quality of it. Amongst themselves and certain kindred races, they found a great development

of hair upon the face and different parts of the body; but amongst many of the lower races the beard was scanty, the moustache was bare, and the hair was confined almost to the head. Some of the Central Asiatic races were bald, except so far as the head was concerned. The colour of the hair varied immensely. It varied from the intensely-brown, which was the characteristic of the black, through the reddish-brown, and all the varieties, to that beautiful fair flaxen hair which was only to be found among the European races, and those of the western parts of Asia. This hair, which they were disposed to admire so much, was as much a deviation from the average hair of mankind on the one hand, as the woolly hair was on the other. They had the fair flaxen hair on the one hand, and the short crisp hair of the negro on the other hand.

ONE COMING OUT says:—"Could you procure me a recipe for making Jersey Wonders, and American Dough Nuts? I should be so much pleased if you could. And oh, Mr. Editor, I am going to my first dinner-party next month—a stylish affair—and I feel afraid about the table-napkin; do, please, give me a few hints as to how I shall dispose of it gracefully and lady-like—in fact, according to the most approved style of the present day. You cannot imagine how very grateful I shall be at getting information. Lastly, what do you think about my handwriting? Is it lady-like enough for the present style? I hope I am not troubling you too far in asking so much." [The table-napkin is always made a "bogey" of to *debutantes*. If "One Coming Out" disposes of it as she does every day at home, she will be quite correct; for a natural way of disposing of a necessary article is the only proper method. Her writing is lady-like and legible.]

WHITE HANDS says:—"I was rather amused by Clara's letter in your last number, saying seven offers to one girl were an impossibility; and, as you express a wish to hear more on the subject, I will give you my experiences. I am twenty-two, and I have had no less than *eight* 'bond fide' proposals. The first was when I was seventeen, which I accepted, and was engaged for four years, *sub rosa*, during which time I received various offers, but was prevented from thinking of them by this unfortunate entanglement, which I at last broke off, and I was again

engaged for the space of three months, when my first admirer came on the scene again. I was again caught, and re-engaged, until last autumn, when I succeeded in getting free. Since then I have had two more offers. I am generally considered to be a very pretty girl, and I am afraid I am a great flirt. Will you, or any of your correspondents, give me a receipt for keeping the hands smooth and white?—this cold, windy weather dries mine sadly."

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—Your request shall be complied with.

### GUNEOPATHY.

I saw a lady yesterday,  
A regular M.D.,  
Who'd taken from the Faculty  
Her medical degree;  
And I thought, if ever I was sick,  
My doctor she should be.

I pity the deluded man  
Who foolishly consults  
Another man, in hopes to find  
Such magical results  
As when a pretty woman lays  
Her hand upon his pulse!

I had a strange disorder once,  
A kind of chronic chill,  
That all the doctors in the town,  
With all their vaunted skill,  
Could never cure, I'm very sure,  
With powder nor with pill.

I don't know what they called it  
In their pompous terms of art,  
Nor if they thought it mortal  
In such a vital part,—  
I only know 'twas reckoned  
Something icy round the heart!

A lady came—her presence brought  
The blood into my ears!  
She took my hand—and something like  
A fever now appears!  
Great Galen!—I was all aglow,  
Though I'd been cold for years!

Perhaps it isn't every case  
That's fairly in her reach,  
But should I e'er be ill again,  
I fervently beseech  
That I may have for life or death  
A lady for my "leech"!



A SUBSCRIBER.—You can send your work for sale to Miss Beard, 66, Berners Street, where there is an establishment for the sale of ladies' work. It is the only institution of the kind we know of. Madame Goubaud disposes of tatting and crochet-work, if sent in accordance with her rules. See the "ENGLISH-WOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE" for August.

## ODE TO TEA.

(From the German of Uhland.)

RING out, my lyre, with dulcet tone,  
Touched as by fairy hand,  
And joyful praise the herb we own  
A friend in every land.

In sunny India's mythic clime,  
Where Spring aye young may be,  
Renew each year the golden prime,  
Thyself a myth, oh, Tea!

Only the gentlest bees may glean  
The nectar from thy flowers!  
Only birds decked in wondrous sheen  
May chant thy soothing powers!

When lovers, on a festal day,  
Fled to thy leafy shade,  
Thy rustling boughs, thy blossoms gay  
Around them music made.

They saw thee on that sun-bright strand;  
Nurtured by purest light;  
But we, in a far distant land,  
Can recognize thy might.

As nymphs beside the swelling stream  
Glide gently, each in turn;  
So lovely woman meet doth seem  
To guard the sacred urn.

Rash man, in vain, may hope to see  
Thy mysteries so tragic;  
For female lips alone, oh, Tea!  
Can penetrate thy magic.

E'en I, the minstrel of thy glory,  
Scarce realize thy beauty;  
But to believe the ladies' story  
I hold a sacred duty.

Thy tones, my lyre, then softly raise,  
As touched by fairy hand,  
Sure woman's voice alone should praise  
Her friend in every land!

ELENDER.

OLIVIA.—We will endeavour to comply with your request.

POTATO CAKE.—LOLLY, in answer to F. W., sends the following recipe, which she knows to be a good one:—First steam the potatoes, then mash them up, and grate a little suet very fine over them. Add milk enough to keep them moist, and pepper and salt to taste. Carefully mix up all together. Grease a tin, and smooth the whole into a good shape. Place in the oven, and bake till the cake becomes a nice light brown. This is an excellent way of using up cold potatoes.

LAPWING adds:—"In reply to a letter which I have read in your October magazine, I beg to say that, whoever the person is who asserts that they never heard of a lady having more than two offers, I think that they have not heard much, with all their experience of *three weddings*; for you must know yourself that, though some ladies have neither beauty of mind or person enough to attract one single offer, yet, we have seen those beautiful fascinating women who could elicit a proposal from almost any eligible person. I personally know a lady who had *twenty* offers. It certainly is not very usual for young ladies to be asked more than two or three times; but I do think that, when we see fifty ladies in love with one gentleman, it is too bad to say that 'we don't believe seven gentlemen could be found who all fancied the same lady.' Your correspondent seems to think that you answer too many foolish questions; but I can assure you, that the very generous and candid manner in which you do answer these questions, does far more good to your *foolish* correspondents than if you took no notice, or ridiculed them; and, if I had more space, your usual kindness would invite me to make a rather silly inquiry."

CARRIE.—Mr. Cameron and the European residents in Abyssinia were seized by the order of the King, on account, as he alleged, of certain promises of assistance on the part of the British Government being withheld.

LIGHT O' LOVE.—It is no jest to sport with a man's feelings; time may come when you will bitterly repent what now seems nothing but a jest to you.

"I loved him not; and yet now he is gone

I feel I am alone;

I checked him while he spoke; yet could he speak,

Alas! I would not check."

A SUBSCRIBER says:—"I am much annoyed by a redness of my nose. I powder it, but without deriving any benefit. I sometimes wonder if Madame Rachel could cure it, but am afraid of using anything injurious. The thought has struck me to seek your kind aid. I know of no cause for it, and am otherwise of a pale complexion. It is quite a disfigurement to me. If you will take my case into your consideration, I shall be thankful." [Will some of our correspondents suggest a remedy?]

BELLA DONNA.—The Bull-Fights in Spain are far from being the amusement of the men only: they are very largely patronized by the Spanish, and even by English ladies—English ladies doing abroad what they would faint at the suspicion of at home. The press of Madrid has for some time past been publishing articles against bull-fighting, and, in their attacks on that sport, have given some curious statistics. The number of bull-fights have of late considerably increased, and it is calculated that in a single year, in 1861, as many as 1,990 of those animals were thus sacrificed. The value of each being estimated at 2,500 reals (five sous each), the loss may be set down at 4,975,000 reals. In the same year, 3,000 horses, worth 660,000 reals, are supposed to have perished. The losses in 1866 were still greater, and consisted of 2,375 bulls and 3,561 horses, representing a total value of 7,800,000 reals. The money paid for admission to the 475 bull-fights which took place last year amounted to 13 millions of reals, so that the total cost of that amusement to the country for the year was not less than a million of piastres, or five millions of francs.

CHAPPED HANDS.—Scrape into an earthenware vessel one ounce and a half of spermaceti, and half an ounce of white wax; add six drachms of powdered camphor, and four table-spoonsful of the best olive oil; let it stand near the fire till the ingredients are dissolved, and stir well while liquid. When cold, put it away in a jar, and keep it well covered. The way to use it is as follows:—Before the hands are washed, rub them thoroughly with the mixture, and in about five minutes' time wash them in the usual way.

LADY MERLE.—We believe that you would be eligible; but our advice is, write to the secretary.

MARY.—"The Groves of Blarney" is an old Irish melody.

AGNES.—You ought by all means to discourage the familiarity; it is presumptuous on the part of the gentleman, and imprudent on yours. That he has known you since you were thirteen years old, is no sufficient extenuation. If you do not wish to tell him in so many direct terms that his behaviour is objectionable, be careful not to go near him, and let him see—men can read quickly enough, if they will—that you are keeping him at a distance.

LADY O. V. would feel obliged to any person who would kindly tell her where she can dispose of all kinds of needlework for charitable purposes.

S. S.—The lines—

"Know this, enough for man to know,  
Virtue alone is happiness below,"  
occur in Pope's "Essay on Man."

A SUBSCRIBER.—Piercing the ears is, necessarily, a painful process, and is rendered unnecessary by the self-adhering ear-rings.

#### TO DIANA.

WHEN chaste Diana, goddess of the field,  
Skims over Erymanthus' dizzy height,  
Armed with the bow and arrow for the fight,  
What boar or deer could do aught else than  
yield?

When she, who knows how well the dart to wield,  
And string her arrow to the Cyclops' bow,  
Spies a tall deer, and seeks to lay him low,  
No power can save him—his fate is sealed.

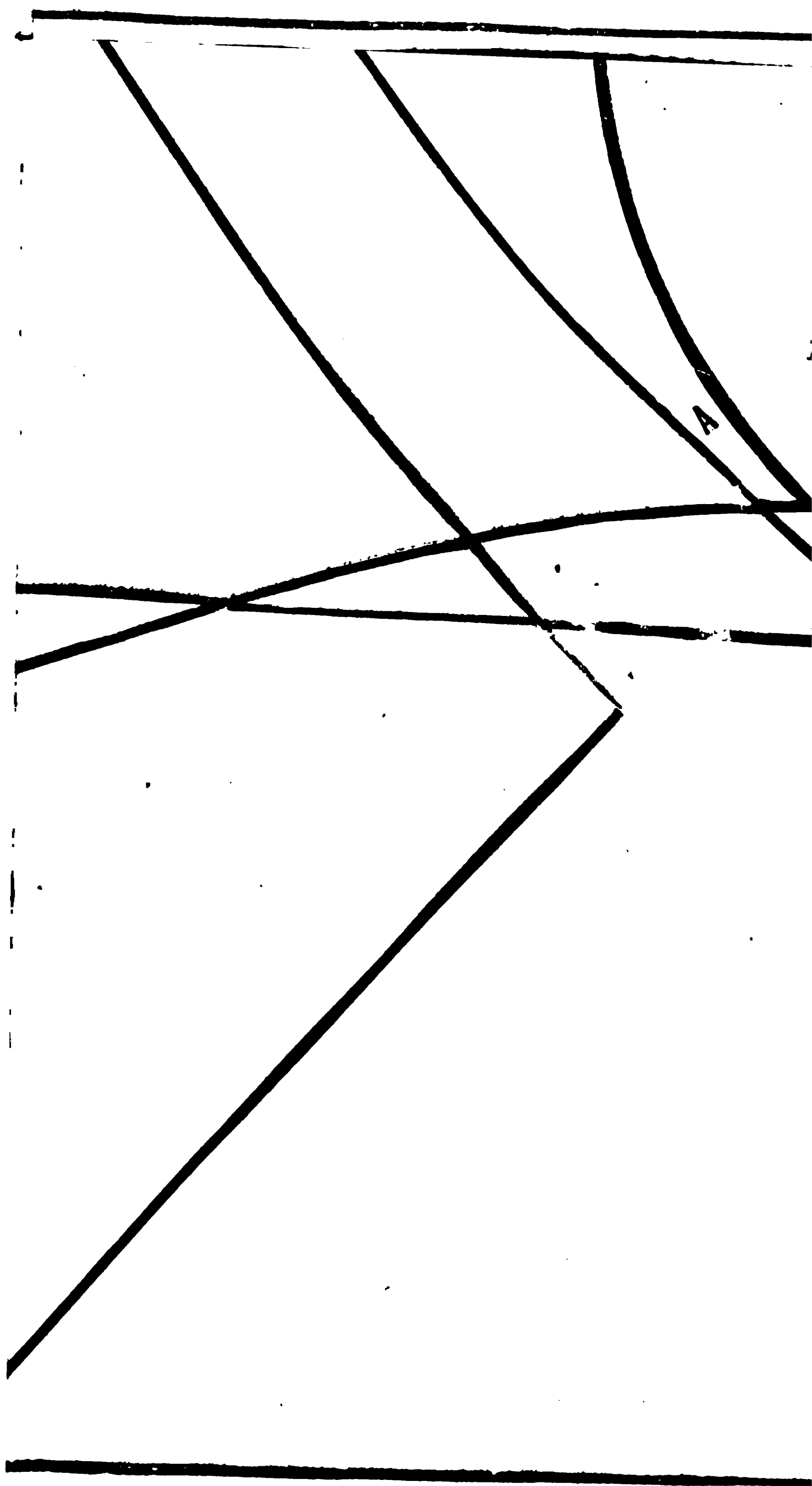
And when, with plaintive moan and tearful face,  
The dying beast looks up for aid in vain,  
His hard fate is unheeded—off again  
Flies Artemis to scour another place:  
Attended by her nymphs, but first, by far,  
She shines among them like a silv'ry star.

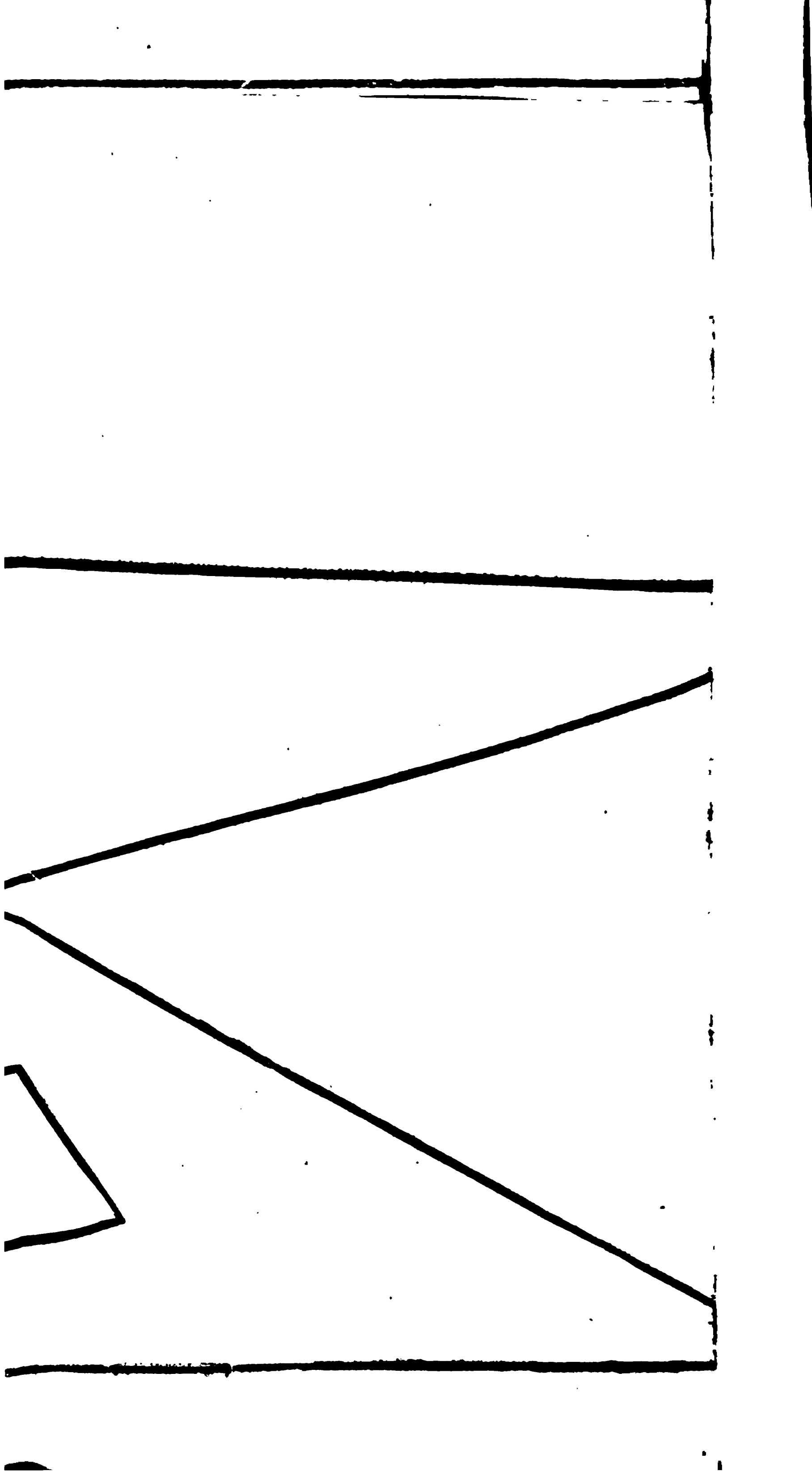
W. W.

A SALFORD SUBSCRIBER has our best thanks, and the suggestion she offers will be adopted, and carried out to the best of our ability.

CATHERINE.—We shall be happy to glance over any translation you may please to send us. It would be advisable to send the original with the translation, in order to judge of the accuracy of the English rendering.

ALICE R. would be glad of some instructions in the manufacture of paper flowers.





# THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN.



## POOR TRAVEL-ALONE.

**E**IGHT o'clock P.M. in autumn looked a rather eerie hour with which to set one's face towards a long road when, with the help of a good strong determination (I had no other aid), I clambered to my place upon the mail-car before the Sulanestown Hotel. The post-boy was getting out the mails from the Post-office close by. The clock was almost at the starting-point; and yet no fellow-passenger appeared either way along the wide, stirless-seeming street. So that it was with a somewhat nervous curiosity that I surveyed the bearer of the half empty post-bags as he stepped nearer me. He struck me only as being much less of an original than most car-drivers are; merely a good-looking, quiet-going man of about thirty. Seeing me look earnestly at him, he looked all round me and round my luggage, ascertaining, without question, that all was right with both. Next moment he mounted to his box, and off we rattled over the paving-stones of street and lane, and, less noisily, along the shady road—getting every now and then glimpses of the river, running in the same direction with ourselves.

During a mile or more I had been thinking, half forgetful that I was in motion, and hardly noticed a slackening of our speed till the post-boy spoke to me.

"We'll be over this bit of a hill, Miss, in a minute; an' then we'll have the road fair before us for a long stretch."

I nodded. He flourished his whip around the horses' heads; but to no effect, and apparently with no design against their easy rate of progress. As we neared the hill-top a horseman came up with the car.

"You see, I'm not all alone to-night!" remarked the post-boy to him.

"I was just looking to see if I could b'lieve my eyes," the horseman returned, with a jocose air.

"Faix, an' you may, for wance!"

"More o' that sort to you, Thtravel-Alone!"

"Well, an' is it going to bate us you are now?" queried the post-boy, as the other turned his horse so as to pass us by the side opposite to that I sat on.

"You may take your Bible iv it. *You* may take your aise—you're on her Majesty's business; but I'm on me own. So good-night to you an' the lady," touching his hat with his whip. "An' a pleasant dhrive to you, poor Thtravel-Alone! You've a fine cool evening!"

"Good-night!" returned the post-boy, and "Good-night!" repeated I. "What is your name?" I asked, after a moment.

"'Tis Thravel-Alone, you mane, Miss, I suppose," replied he, turning half round and with a smile (which I could not see, for the dust was deepening) in the tone of his voice. "'Tis the way they pity me, Miss, for being mostly always 'ithout any war with me. But," he added, after a pause, "'tis betther for a man to be ~~alone~~ an' happier, too, than in a dail o' the company that's going."

I thought of Seneca and Thomas-à-Kempis. Travel-Alone had thought with him: "Each time that I have gone amongst men, I have returned less man." Conquering ~~for~~ once in my life—that faint-heartedness that is wont to make me treat a spiritual thought as though it was flat treason, I spoke out mine: "Do you know Thomas-à-Kempis?"

"The 'Imitation,' Miss?"

"Yes."

"I have an 'Imitation,' Miss. But I ought to be ashamed to say that I don't know as much about it as I ought."

"Well, he says what you said just now of company, and of being alone."

"Where is it, Miss, if you plase?"

"If I could tell you," I said, "it would be better that you should look for it yourself; but I really cannot. I do not know it myself as I ought and might." His quotation from the Pagan philosopher was all of the passage that I could recall. "But you, I think, have a special call to know that part of what he says, Travel-Alone."

"Why thin, indade, I must search for it. But it wasn't on this road, Miss, ~~that~~ I got that name first."

"Where, then?"

"I dare say you dhruv' the South road, Miss?"

"Never."

"Why, thin, if ever you're going to go it, Miss, don't mind it. This road is a thousan' times han'somer. You have none o' the views here upon the other road. I used to be wairy iv it meself, let alone a lady like you, that knows how to admire a fine counthry. Well, 'twas there I was dhriving the first couple o' years. An' whin the thravellers 'ould be going to the Lakes, they were all for this road now—an' no blame to 'em; an' in the middle of the week, when there 'ouldn't be many o' the towns-people back an' forwards, the never a wan at all would I have sometimes."

"And so they called you 'Travel-Alone?'"

"Just so, Miss; 'poor Thravel-Alone!' The boys in the lane used to call it afther me whin I'd be dhriving into town. An' afther that I got the mail to carry; an' I'm poor Thravel-Alone, sure, in airnest ever sence."

I do not know if it was the cold-sounding sough of the autumn wind, with the rain-like drip-drip of the falling leaves in it, or sympathy with Travel-Alone, that reached my heart; but just then I shuddered.

"You're cold, Miss?" he said, getting down from his box to put some straw under my feet, and tuck in the flapping apron. "'Tis late for you to be thravelling, surely—an' alone."

"I'm used to travel alone, too;" I said, with a smile.

"Why, thin!" he exclaimed, half queringly. "Well, you'll have shelter for a good bit, at all evints, when we reach the plantation yondher."

So saying, he whipped up his horses with the sound of his whip, and we ran on rapidly without more words. I was not sorry for the interruption. The wild, Rhine-like cliffs (that is to say, cliffs I fancied Rhine-like), over-beetling that part of the river, its own broad curvings silvery and still, and the quiet, sad-looking niches deserted of cattle at that hour and season, drew from me a strange, pitiful kind of feeling that

I rather liked the giving way to. After a mile or so, we reached a piece of road, to which a thick belt of trees gave a welcome, though half-gloomy shelter. Travel-Alone looked at his watch; and, finding that he was sufficiently in advance of time, he slackened pace, and leaned at ease back towards where the cross-cushion should be upon such a car.

"I little thought, some time ago, Miss, that I'd be here now," he said.

"Where, then?" I asked.

"'Egor, 'tis hard for me to say, Miss. Whether I'd go to America or not, I dun know; I would, I suppose. But I did surely mane to give up dhriving in the long run; an' I had a little money spared towards it. In the time o' the opposition cars, Miss, they run the fares so low intirely, that the people thought nothing o' paying the dhrivers dacently. An' I used be running over in me mind what was the turn for me to put it to, when a brother o' mine tuk a start for America himself. There was a little girl from the same place (saving your favour, Miss!) going that he was afther for a long spell; an' nothing 'ould serve him but to go in the same ship 'ith her. They get so grand out an' out in the States, we hear, that they dun know themselves in no time. An' 'How-are-you-why,' (that's a name they put on him, too, when he used to dhrive, Miss,) he was afraid she'd marry, maybe, if he let her from him, an' he wanted to keep his eye on her. It was hard to prevint him. An' who'd do it for him if I wouldn't—there was on'y the two of us, Miss. An', indade, I'm sure an' certain he'd do as much for me if it come to his turn; whatever come over him latterly, if it isn't dead he is—the Lord between us an harum! 'If he was a living man,' he said, 'he'd send it to me, an' more with it;' but I never heard from him sence."

"He never wrote to you?" I asked.

"From Liverpool he did, Miss—before they sailed; an' signs on he told me he'd never send an empty letter, not to expect it; but that was all. That's the best hopes I have. Sure, it isn't for the money I care so much, if I knew he was to the good himself. All I can hear iv him is that he left St. Louis, and wint further west. There was word sent me o' that be some o' the neighbours; that was all they could learn about him, good or bad. It feels quare, Miss, to be always carrying letters an' never to get wan! I used to think it too long Mr. Donaldson 'ould be opening the bag; expecting an' expecting every day. But now I don't wait—I'd as soon not see 'em."

I could not at once find a word in season to reply to this. After a pause, I expressed a hope that he might again make money enough to serve his purpose.

"Har'ly, Miss, as I am now," he said. "There are no chances at all on the like o' this iv a dhrive. Wance in a while, I'll have a passenger or two. An' then, maybe, thim same will be in a hurry, or in throuble—going to a sick friend; 'tis something out o' the common that'll make 'em thtravel so late an' so airly; an' maybe they'll forget me, or not have it to spare. An' sure, what signifies a sixpence? I wouldn't tell me name for it. I don't be looking for it, an' so I don't be disappointed."

"Still," I said, "you should get what is customary."

"I'd often as soon not, an' sooner, sometimes: 'twould never come to anything for me. An' do you know, Miss, when a gentleman or lady will spend a piece o' the night talking to me, I feel as if we got acquainted an' friendly somehow, without maning any disrespect to you, Miss. You don't feel at all the same about the money as you would on a day-car, where you'd har'ly know wan from another, if it wasn't for their being more onraisonable, some of 'em."

"And what sort is your regular pay?" asked I.

"Little enough for the work, Miss. But in the way o' saving anything, I don't see where I'm to find anything betther. The difficulty is, you see, wan must be well clad, an' warmly, too, now; an' in the summer nights, likewise, it gets cold drawing on



mornings, an' you can't be without a second coat. An' you must have a watch, an' keep it in repair; an' that costs something. An' you must live purty well, or you can never stand the hardship—that's as far as 'ating goes; for I never tuk to drink, thank God! But I can't complain any more than others. There's Mr. Donaldson, himself—the post-masther, you know, Miss?"

"I know."

"He has but twenty-five pounds a-year, Miss, an' to be up in the office to receive the mails at five o'clock in the morning, winter an' summer. That's along 'ith the best o' the throuble he has. That isn't ten shillings a-week: ten shillings would be twenty-six pounds; an' to find light, an' paper, an' twine, an' tape, and wax out o' that. You'd suppose 'twas just to put a man in the way o' tem'tation, they do it. Now, surely, Miss, if the Government cared in airnest to have the business done properly, or to get honest people to do it, they'd pay something more reasonable than that. I often wondher they don't do something more for Mr. Donaldson. But I suppose they can't; 'twouldn't tell well for 'em to make fish o' wan and flesh o' another."

"What is really to be wondered at," I said, "is that they do not pay the smaller offices in England well, either, so far as I can learn."

"Why, then, d'ye know, Miss, there was an Englishman, that thravelled with me the winter before last, told me that, an' I didn't half b'lieve him. But, be all accounts, they know how to pay thimselves there. I'd be glad to know, Miss, if all their own newspapers say of 'em, is thrue, or the half of it aither—if they'd get twenty-five miles of a lonely road like this in England, an' many a starving crature on it, where a single man could carry the bags safe going and coming three hundert and sixty-five nights in the year, an' never to see anything worse than myself yet, thanks be to God!"

"But," I said, "do you suppose, Travel-Alone, that no one at this side of the water finds a way to pay himself?"

"I know well they do, Miss—some of 'em. But here, or there, I think that them that puts 'em in the way of it are as much to blame, an' sometimes may be more than them that does it. There were two little chaps, taken out o' the Union, to carry the letters ~~about~~ for Mr. Donaldson, an' wan afther the other they went to America. They were orphans left afther the famine. An' every wan in the place knew that they hadn't kif nor kin belonging to 'em to send 'em a penny, nor a penny's worth. An' they had but wan-an'-sixpence a week from the office. An' egor, Miss, you'd be a long time getting ready to go to America on that."

"And had you no complaints or inquiries through all that?"

"Lots of 'em, Miss. Mostly 'twas poor people lost money sending to 'em from friends. But the inquiries come to nothing. An' what's the good of an inquiry putting out wan thief, to let another in? The post-masthers can't afford to employ the people they'd be sure of. Say, they're allowed ten pounds-a-year to pay a letter-carrier. Then it doesn't stand to raison to expect they'd pay that much to another man for half an hour, or an hour's aisy work in the day, an' to have only wance an' a half as much again for their own trouble all day long, an' a good piece o' the night, too, watching the time to get up. The Englishman I told you about 'while ago, Miss, came down about some money that was missed in an office not a hundert miles from our own. He wouldn't let on to be an inspector, but I guessed he was; an' I hear afterward about the inquiry. Well, Miss, I git out iv him, be the way o' no harum, where he come from. The last time I dhruv him, he told me he had a' hundert-an'-ninety-eight miles to go home, an', of course, he come the same distance. An' what did that cost the counthry? He thravelled four times backwards an' forwards with meself, an' had to take a car to carry him across the counthry, where a boy carries the bags to meet the railroad. That, an' his expenses at hotels here an' there, an' not to

catch the thief afther aH. But they'd rather stand all that, every now an' again, than pay nest, careful people properly, wance for all, an' let the strange inspectors stay at home." "Penny-wise and pound-foolish, you know, Travel-Alone," I said.

"The very thing, Miss. They might put that over the General Post-office, an' no-dy hereabouts, at any rate, to say it was in the wrong place."

But we now had got beyond the sheltering trees; and the wind, blowing against us, grew chillier and stronger. So I muffled up my ears, and turned my back on Travel-Alone, who, on his part, had now to watch his rate of progress pretty closely. In silence, broken only when we stopped to change horses, we kept on our way, till near our place of destination.

"Here we are, Miss!" was a far from unwelcome sound, as we entered on a long at-lying city street. "We must walk about now," pursued Travel-Alone. "A man an't be before the time with the Post-office, any more than after it. 'Tis well for us the Almighty is more lanient. Airly or late, He's ready an' willing to recave us. Glory for ever to His Holy Name!"

"Amen!" said I.

It was easy to divine that it was the influence of the hour, and that of our previous conversation, which had brought this reflection from the lips of Travel-Alone. His countenance bore the expression of habitual reticence—*reserved* an Irishman hardly an look.

I preferred allowing that response of mine to close our communication, rather than to speak the thoughts to which it carried on my mind; especially as they were not of a purely spiritual cast. Occupied with them, and with others more personal to self, I leaned back, and, half-dreamily viewing such houses as still had lights in them, was borne at funeral pace to the Post-office. There Travel-Alone stopped to deposit his bags, and then drove me quietly to my resting-place.

"Good-night, Miss. An' I hope you're not very cold intirely. Oh, Miss! upon me word, I'd rather not! Well, now, I wouldn't offend you—but——."

"And many thanks, Travel-Alone! I have had a pleasanter journey than on that same road by day. We may travel together again."

"I'd be glad to see you, Miss, if it was no harum to yourself to be out so late. If they get you a cup of tay now, Miss, 'twill keep you from taking cold."

"I shall take it, too," I said; "thank you!"

"And, saving your presence, Miss—if the maid'll rub your feet, afther the cold night, with a drop o' spirits—'tis the best thing when your feet are numbed or wet! You needn't be a bit afeard o'catching cold from 'em afther. An' good-night, Miss."

"Good-night, Travel-Alone!"

That good-night was good-bye. Poor Travel-Alone! He took cold himself on one of his long, chill journeys in winter. He could not nurse nor spare himself. He feared to throw up his employment. "He was so long dhriving, now," he said, "that he wouldn't know what else to turn himself to. He'd pull through, plase God!"

The cold became pleurisy, and he went to hospital—the Union-hospital in his native town—"where the doctors knew him;" and after a long, hard struggle—for his hold on life was young and strong, and disappointment withal, hopeful, he died there, and was saved by a subscription from a pauper grave.

His coffin was borne on his old mail-car (not in use during the day-time), the car on which he had driven me and told me his story. It was laid along the well, for no one seemed so much as to think of occupying the seat so long held by himself. The car was led through the town, where everybody knew him; and many came to their doors to look on, and to remark that he was now going the journey that we all must go *Alone*, and to wish "God rest him!" at the end of it.

When I heard of his death, I asked myself, "What was this man to me, that I should shed tears for him?"—and I answered myself with tears again. But I dared not say that it was simply pity that I felt. With the recollections of that half-lonely night, the sorrowful events towards which I travelled then were deeply mingled. A little time after all was over with poor Travel-Alone, I heard that much more than he had looked for came for him from the States. And when I thought of what his brother's agony should be—keeping his good news for a grand surprise—and then to be surprised himself, indeed—perhaps I remembered that I, too, had made such a delay; that I, too, would be silent till I could write glad tidings, proud tidings, to a friend; and that a day came when I would write anything—anything, so that those eyes might but unclose to read it. It is so; our own sorrow lays hold of that of others, and makes it in part its own.

On my last visit—possibly my last in life to Sulanestown—I saw the post-boy's grave. How I wished to place on it something suggestive of the simple, sad story ended there! But the neighbours, probably, would take me for a Pagan, should I propose to set what they would call a nick-name on the headstone that now marks it. It seems to me, however, that no other epitaph could touch the passers-by for him or for themselves, so powerfully, so prayerfully, as these three words—"POOR TRAVEL-ALONE!"

### EMPTY BEDS.

WE referred in our last number to the abundant supply of herrings—the full shoals that surrounded our coasts. We propose, in contrast, drawing attention to the empty state of our oyster beds. We have eaten up all our oysters. They are delicious; Dando thought so, and so did ancient poets and philosophers—people who perhaps paid for their oysters, which Dando never did. But we have eaten them so fast, and without proper consideration, that we have the prospect of none at all—surfeit the father of much fast. It was estimated in 1864 that seven hundred millions of oysters were consumed annually in London, and considerably more than that number in the provinces! The supply is not equal to the demand. Oysters—not of the best quality—now cost twopence or threepence a-piece, so that one of the good old oyster suppers is out of the question, except to the wealthy. The fact that oysters are so prolific as they are known to be,—according to one authority, an oyster will produce 1,200,000 eggs,—renders still more apparent the enormous and inconsiderate consumption which has exhausted the beds. It is very plain that we cannot eat our oysters and have them too. In France, the dearth of oysters is felt almost as much as it is here; the Cancale beds, which used to yield about 60,000,000 a-year, now yield nothing! A magnificent oyster-bed in mid-channel was stripped completely clean in a very short time. No thought exercised, no precautions taken—wilful, wanton sweeping away of all the oysters that would with proper care have increased and multiplied, and replenished the table. An oyster-bed on the Irish coast used to employ two thousand fishermen, and yield oysters weekly to the value of a thousand pounds; now it is not worth three hundred a-year. If our farmers should reap all their corn and never sow any more seed, or our graziers should slay all their cattle and keep none for breeding, they would at the least be set down as lunatics; but this is precisely the thing that sane men have been doing with the oyster beds—stripping them clean, and making no provision for a fresh supply.

Taught wisdom by experience, we are now going in for oyster-farming. We must

grow our oysters. Fortunately for us, our islands are the best in all the world for oyster-farms. But to cultivate our luscious bivalves needs cost and care. We have at the outset to prepare artificial beds, and then sow our seed, or plant it with oysters, *If*—and the *if* involves a considerable amount of uncertainty—the oysters are prolific, there is a good crop; if not, there is an enormous outlay and no result. At present, oyster farmers are learning their trade by a series of experiments, which may ultimately enable them to calculate their chances, at all events with not less certainty than a hop-grower; as it is, they are baffled by the apparent inconsistency of the object of their interesting culture. In the Hayling fishery, this very season, two beds were laid down, one with a bottom of shingle and a hedging of light hurdles and brushwood—the other with flat tiles in the place of hurdles. In the first bed the water was still, except for an occasional flush at spring-tide; in the second, a running stream was kept up. Now, that one of these plans should be successful and the other unsuccessful is not surprising; for both, it may be said, could hardly be right; but the strange thing is that the unsuccessful plan had been modelled precisely on a French system which had succeeded admirably. Again, the successful experiment was repeated, of course, with the most exact adherence to the fortunate precedent; but the second trial resulted in a complete failure. All this is very harassing to the pisciculturalist.

At Hayling, according to a correspondent of the *Times*, there is now a bed, or *parc*, of eighteen acres' area, and one of seven acres, both in working order. There are also ten acres laid out in parallel beds, with puddled clay and chalk-lined walls, trench, and reservoir, as in the French oyster grounds, with a feeding reservoir of five acres. "In addition, low walls have been commenced over a large area of shoals between two points of the coast, communicating channels are being cut for boat service between the shoals and "rythés" deepened, and 800 other and adjoining acres remain for any further extension of the present range of *parcs* which may be found requisite. The present purpose is to deal more with what has been done, however, than with what may be done here. The eighteen-acre *parc* and the adjoining one of seven acres were both stocked with oysters during the spring of the present year, the conditions in both cases being as nearly as possible alike; the oysters themselves, it is necessary to observe, being taken indiscriminately from one lot and deposited at the same time in both *parcs*. The water in both ranged from five feet to six feet in depth, and wattle-work hurdles of hazel sticks and fine twigs were staked down over the oysters, and at a certain height above them. Two thousand tubs of oysters were laid down. On the 1st of June the presence of spat was first discovered in the eighteen-acre *parc*, and by the 6th the births of the oyster baby hosts were evidently brought to a close for the season. Sixteen thousand hurdles were staked over the old oysters. These hurdles are now being taken up, and the oysterlings removed, with the bark, from the larger sticks by a number of men and lads employed for the purpose, and the smaller twigs cut into short lengths of four or five inches. These strips of bark and cut lengths of twigs, with the oysterlings attached, in sizes varying from a pea to that of a large horse-bean, are then sent away to the *parcs* prepared for their reception and growth for market. Taking the lowest estimate of the numbers of oysterlings on each of these hurdles taken up from the eighteen-acre *parc* as the spat there of the season, they cannot average less than 5,000, giving a grand total of 80,000,000 young oysters as stock for market in 1870-1."

Hayling thus becomes a sort of land of promise; but we want 800,000,000 oysters for the London market, and we want them *now*. What is to be done till our oysters are grown?—for nearly four years it takes an oyster to grow, and that is a long time to wait. Oysterlings must have their day, flit about in the waters, see something of life before they take to their beds, grave and settled. It is all our own fault. We have killed the goose that laid the golden eggs.

## 442. CASHMERE BODICE (BACK).

## 442, 443. CASHMERE BODICE.

THE shape of this bodice is that of a plain, high, tight-fitting dress-body, but the arrangement of its trimming is both new and pretty; it consists of strips of blue silk piped with white, edged with a narrow blue vandyke border, some loops of blue

## 443. CASHMERE BODICE (FRONT).

ribbon bordered with white. These strips simulate a double necklace at the back of the bodice, and a sort of fichu crossed over the bosom in front; they are placed as bracelets upon the sleeves. Waistband to correspond, fastened at the side under a blue and white silk rosette. This trimming may be copied for a dress.

## A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GAYWORTHYS," "FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD," ETC.

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### XV.

WE must pass over the hours as only stories and dreams do, and put ourselves, at ten of the clock that night behind the green curtain and the footlights, in the blaze of three rows of bright lamps, which, one above another, poured their illumination from the left upon the stage, behind the wide picture-frame.

Susan Josselyn and Frank Scherman were just "posed" for "Consolation." They had given Susan this part after all, because they wanted Martha for "Taking the Oath," afterwards. Leslie Goldthwaite was giving a hasty touch to the tent drapery and the gray blanket; Leonard Brookhouse and Dakie Thayne manned the halyards for raising the curtain; there was the usual scuttling about the stage for hasty clearance; and Sin Saxon's hand was on the bell, when Graham Lowe sprang hastily in through the dressing room upon the scene.

"Hold on a minute," he said to Brookhouse. "Miss Saxon, General Ingleside and party are over at Green's,—been there since nine o'clock. Oughtn't we to send compliments or something, before we finish up?"

Then there was a pressing forward and an excitement. The wounded soldier sprang from his couch; the nun came nearer, with a quick light in her eye; Leslie Goldthwaite, in her mob cap, quilted petticoat, big-flowered calico train, and high-heeled shoes; two or three supernumeraries, in Confederate gray, with bayonets, coming on in "Barbara Frietchie;" and Sir Charles, bouncing out from somewhere behind, to the great hazard of the frame of lights,—huddled together upon the stage and consulted. Dakie Thayne had dropped his cord and almost made a rush off at the first announcement; but he stood now with a repressed eagerness that trembled through every fibre, and waited.

"Would he come?" "Isn't it too late?" "Would it be any compliment?" "Won't it be rude not to?" "All the patriotic pieces are just coming!" "Will the audience like to wait?" "Make a speech and tell 'em. You, Brookhouse." "Oh, he *must* come! 'Barbara Frietchie' and the flag! Just think!" "Isn't it grand!" "Oh, I'm so frightened!" These were the hurried sentences that made the buzz behind the scenes; while in front "all the world wondered." Meanwhile, lamps trembled, the curtain vibrated, the very framework swayed.

"What is it? Fire?" queried a nervous voice from near the footlights.

"This won't do," said Frank Scherman. "Speak to them, Brookhouse. Dakie Thayne, run over to Green's, and say,—The ladies' compliments to General Ingleside and friends, and beg the honour of their presence at the concluding tableaux."

Dakie was off with a glowing face. Something like an odd, knowing smile twinkling out from the glow also, as he looked up at Scherman and took his orders. All this while he had said nothing.

Leonard Brookhouse made his little speech, received with applause and a cheer.



Then they quieted down behind the scenes, and a rustle and buzz began in front—rept up for five minutes or so, in gentle fashion, till two gentlemen in plain clothes walked quietly in at the open door; at sight of whom, with instinctive certainty, the whole assembly rose. Leslie Goldthwaite, peeping through the folds of the curtain, saw a tall, grand-looking man, in what may be called the youth of middle age, every inch a soldier, bowing as he was ushered forward to a seat vacated for him, and followed by one younger, who modestly ignored the notice intended for his chief. Dakie Thayne was making his way, with eyes alight and excited, down a side-passage to his post.

Then the two actors hurried once more into position; the stage was cleared by a whispered peremptory order; the bell rung once, the tent trembling with some one whisking further out of sight behind it—twice, and the curtain rose upon "Consolation."

Lovely as the picture is, it was lovelier in the living tableau. There was something deep and intense in the pale calm of Susan Josselyn's face, which they had not counted on even when they discovered that hers was the very face for the "Sister." Something made you thrill at the thought of what those eyes would show, if the downcast, quiet lids were raised. The earnest gaze of the dying soldier met more, perhaps, in its uplifting; for Frank Scherman had a look, in this instant of enacting, that he had never got before in all his practisings. The picture was too real for applause—almost, it suddenly seemed, for representation.

"Don't I know that face, Noll?" General Ingleside asked, in a low tone, of his companion.

Instead of answering at once, the younger man bent further forward towards the stage, and his own very plain, broad, honest face, full over against the downcast one of the Sister of Mercy, took upon itself that force of magnetic expression which makes a look felt even across a crowd of other glances, as if there were but one straight line of vision, and that between such two. The curtain was going slowly down, the veiling lids trembled, and the paleness replaced itself with a slow-mounting flush of colour over the features, still held motionless. They let the cords run more quickly then. She was getting tired, they said; the curtain had been up too long. Be that as it might, nothing could persuade Susan Josselyn to sit again, and "Consolation" could not be repeated.

So then came "Mother Hubbard and her Dog,"—the slow old lady and the knowing beast that was always getting one step ahead of her. The possibility had occurred to Leslie Goldthwaite, as she and Dakie Thayne amused themselves one day with Captain Green's sagacious Sir Charles Grandison, a handsome black spaniel, whose trained accomplishment was to hold himself patiently in any posture in which he might be placed, until the word of release was given. You might stand him on his hind legs, with paws folded on his breast; you might extend him on his back, with helpless legs in air; you might put him in any attitude possible to be maintained, and maintain it he would faithfully, until the signal was made. From this prompting came the illustration of "Mother Hubbard." Also, Leslie Goldthwaite had seized the hidden suggestion of application, and hinted it in certain touches of costume and order of performance. Nobody would think, perhaps, at first, that the striped scarlet and white petticoat under the tucked-up train, or the common print apron of dark blue, figured with innumerable little white stars, meant anything beyond the ordinary adjuncts of a traditional old woman's dress; but when, in the second scene, the bonnet went on—an ancient marvel of exasperated front and crown, pitched over the forehead like an enormous helmet, and decorated, upon the side next the audience, with black and white eagle plumes springing straight up from the fastening of an heraldic shield.

—above all, when the dog himself appeared, “dressed in his clothes” (a cane, an all-round white collar and a natty little tie, a pair of three-dollar tasselled kid gloves dangling from his left paw, and a small monitor hat with a big spread-eagle stuck above the brim,—the remaining details of costume being of no consequence),—when he stood “reading the news” from a huge bulletin,—“LATEST BY CABLE FROM EUROPE,”—nobody could mistake the personification of Old and Young America.

It had cost much pains and many dainty morsels to drill Sir Charles, with all the aid of his excellent fundamental education; and the great fear had been that he might fail them at the last. But the scenes were rapid, in consideration of canine infirmity. If the cupboard was empty, Mother Hubbard's basket behind was not! he got his morsels duly; and the audience was “requested to refrain from applause until the end.” Refrain from laughter they could not, as the idea dawned upon them and developed; but Sir Charles was used to that in the execution of his ordinary tricks; he could hardly have done without it more than any other old actor. A dog knows when he is having his day, to say nothing of doing his duty; and these things are as sustaining to him as to anybody. This state of his mind, manifest in his air, helped also to complete the Young America expression. Mother Hubbard's mingled consternation and pride at each successive achievement of her astonishing puppy were inimitable. Each separate illustration made its point. Patriotism especially came in when the undertaker, bearing the pole with red-lettered border,—Rebellion,—finds the dog, with upturned, knowing eye, and parted jaws, suggestive as much of a good grip as of laughter, half risen upon fore-paws, as far from “dead” as ever, mounting guard over the old bone “Constitution.”

The curtain fell at last, amid peals of applause and calls for the actors.

Dakie Thayne had accompanied the posing with reading the ballad, slightly transposed and adapted. As Leslie led Sir Charles before the curtain, in response to the continued demand, he added the concluding stanza—

“The dame made a curtsy,  
The dog made a bow;  
The dame said ‘Your servant,’  
The dog said ‘Bow-wow.’”

Which, with a suppressed “Speak, sir!” from Frank Scherman, was brought properly to pass. Done with cleverness and quickness from beginning to end, and taking the audience utterly by surprise, Leslie's little combination of wit and sagacity had been throughout a signal success. The actors crowded round her. “We'd no idea of it!” “Capital!” “A great hit!” they exclaimed. “‘Mother Hubbard’ is the star of the evening,” said Leonard Brookhouse. “No, indeed,” returned Leslie, patting Sir Charles's head,—this is the dog-star.” “Rather a Sirius reflection upon the rest of us,” rejoined Brookhouse, shrugging his shoulders, as he walked off to take his place in the “Oath,” and Leslie disappeared to make ready for “Barbara Frietchie.”

Several persons, before and behind the curtain, were making up their minds just now to a fresh opinion. There was nothing so very slow or tame, after all, about Leslie Goldthwaite. Several others had known that long ago.

“Taking the Oath,” was piquant and spirited. The touch of restive scorn that could come out on Martha Josselyn's face just suited her part; and Leonard Brookhouse was very cool and courteous, and handsome and gentlemanly triumphant as the Union officer.

“Barbara Frietchie” was grand. Grahame Lowe played Stonewall Jackson. They had improvised a pretty bit of scenery at the back, with a few sticks, some paint, brown carpet-paper, and a couple of mosquito-bars;—a Dutch gable with a lattice window

vines trained up over it, and bushes below. It was a moving tableau, enacted to the reading of Whittier's glorious ballad. "Only an old woman in a cap and kerchief, putting her head out at a garret window,"—that was all; but the fire was in the young eyes under the painted wrinkles and the snowy hair; the arm stretched itself out quick and bravely at the very instant of the pistol-shot that startled timid ears; one skilful movement detached and seized the staff in its apparent fall, and the liberty colours flashed in Confederate faces, as the broken lower fragment went clattering to the stage. All depended on the one instant action and expression. These were perfect. The very spirit of Barbara stirred her representative. The curtain began to descend slowly, and the applause broke forth before the reading ended. But a hand, held up, hushed it till the concluding lines were given in thrilling tones, as the tableau was covered from sight.

"Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,  
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

"Honour to her! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

"Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,  
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

"Peace, and order, and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law;

"And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below in Fredericktown!"

Then one great cheer broke forth, and was prolonged to three.

"Not be 'Barbara Frietchie!'" Leslie would not have missed that thrill for the finest beauty-part of all. For the applause—that was for the flag, of course, as Ginevra Thoresby said.

The benches were slid out at a window upon a lower roof, the curtain was looped up, and the footlights carried away; the "music" came up, and took possession of the stage; and the audience hall resolved itself into a ball-room. Under the chandelier, in the middle, a tableau not set forth in the programme was rehearsed, and added a few minutes after.

Mrs. Thoresby, of course, had been introduced to the General; Mrs. Thoresby, with her bright, full, gray curls, and her handsome figure, stood holding him in conversation between introductions, graciously waiving her privilege as new-comers claimed their modest word. Mrs. Thoresby took possession; had praised the tableaux as "quite creditable, really, considering the resources we had," and was following a slight lead into a long talk, of information and advice on her part, about Dixville Notch. The General thought he should go there, after a day or two at Outledge.

Just here came up Dakie Thayne. The actors in costume, were gradually mingling among the audience, and "Barbara Frietchie," in white hair, from which there was not time to remove the powder, plain cap and kerchief, and brown woollen gown, with her silken flag yet in her hand, came with him. This boy, who "was always everywhere," made no hesitation, but walked straight up to the central group, taking Leslie by the hand. Close to the General, he waited courteously for a long sentence of Mrs. Thoresby's to be ended, and then said, simply,—“Uncle James, this is my friend, Miss Leslie Goldthwaite. My brother, Dr. Ingleside,—why, where is Noll?”

Dr. Oliver Ingleside had stepped out of the circle in the last half of the long sentence. The Sister of Mercy—no longer in costume, however—had come down the little flight of

steps that led from the stage to the floor. At their foot the young army-surgeon was shaking hands with Susan Josselyn. These two had had the chess practice together—and other practice—down there among the Southern hospitals.

Mrs. Thoresby's face was very like some fabric subjected to chemical experiment, from which one colour and aspect has been suddenly and utterly discharged to make room for something different and new. Between the first and last there waits a blank. With this blank full upon her, she stood there for one brief, unprecedented instant, in her life, a figure without presence or effect. I have seen a daguerreotype in which were cap, hair, and collar, quite correct,—what should have been a face rubbed out. Mrs. Thoresby rubbed herself out, and so performed her involuntary tableau.

"Of course I might have guessed. I wonder it never occurred to me," Mrs. Linceford was replying, presently, to her vacuous inquiry. "The name seemed familiar, too; only he called himself 'Dakie.' I remember perfectly now. Old Jacob Thayne, the Chicago millionaire. He married pretty little Mrs. Ingleside, the Illinois Representative's widow, that first winter I was in Washington. Why, Dakie must be a dollar prince!"

He was just Dakie Thayne though, for all that. He, and Leslie, and Cousin Delight,—the Josselyns and the Inglesides,—dear Miss Craydocke, hurrying up to congratulate,—Marmaduke Wharne looking on without a shade of cynicism in the gladness of his face, and Sin Saxon and Frank Scherman flitting up in the pauses of dance and promenade,—well, after all, these were the central group that night.

"Oh, Chicken Little!" Mrs. Linceford cried to Leslie Goldthwaite, giving her a small shake with her good-night kiss at her door. "How did you know the sky was going to fall? And how have you led us all this chase to cheat Fox Lox at last?"

But that wasn't the way Chicken Little looked at it. She didn't care much for the bit of dramatic *dénoûement* that had come about by accident,—like a story, Elinor said,—or the touch of poetic justice that tickled Mrs. Linceford's world-instructed sense of fun. Dakie Thayne wasn't a sum that needed proving. It was very nice that this famous General should be his uncle,—but not at all strange; they were just the sort of people he *must* belong to. And it was nicest of all that Dr. Ingleside and Susan Josselyn should have known each other,—“in the glory of their lives,” she phrased it to herself, with a little flash of girl-enthusiasm and a vague suggestion of romance.

"Why didn't you tell us?" Mrs. Linceford said to Dakie Thayne next morning. "Everybody would have—" She stopped. She could not tell this boy to his frank face that everybody would have thought more and made more of him because his uncle had got brave stars on his shoulders, and his father had died leaving two millions or so of dollars.

"I know they would have," said Dakie Thayne. "That was just it. What is the use of telling things? I'll wait till I've done something that tells itself."

There was a pretty general break-up at Outledge during the week following. The tableaux were the *finale* of the season's gaiety,—of this particular little episode, at least which grew out of the association together of these personages of our story. There might come a later set, and later doings; but this last week of August sent the mere summer-birds fluttering. Madame Routh must be back in New York to prepare for the re-opening of her school; Mrs. Linceford had letters from her husband, proposing to meet her by the first, in N——, and so the Haddens would be off; the Thoresbys had stayed as long as they cared to in any one place where there seemed no special inducement; General Ingleside was going through the mountains to Dixville Notch. Rose Ingleside,—bright and charming as her name,—just a fit flower to put beside our Ladies' Delight,—finding out, at once, as all girls and women did, her sweetness, and leaning more and more to the rare and delicate sphere of her quiet attraction,—Oliver

and Dakie Thayne,—these were his family party ; but there came to be question about Leslie and Delight. Would not they make six ? And since Mrs. Linceford and her sisters must go, it seemed so exactly the thing for them to fall into ; otherwise Miss Goldthwaite's journey hither would hardly seem to have been worth while. Early September was so lovely among the hills ; opportunities for a party to Dixville Notch would not come every day : in short, Dakie had set his heart upon it, Rose begged, the General was as pressing as true politeness would allow, and it was settled.

"Only," Sin Saxon said, suddenly, on being told, "I should like if you would tell me, General Ingleside, the precise military expression synonymous with 'taking the wind out of one's sails ?' Because that's just what you've done for me."

"My dear Miss Saxon ! In what way ?"

"Invited my party,—some of them,—and taken my road. That's all. I spoke first, though I didn't speak out loud. See here !" And she produced a letter from her mother, received that morning. "Observe the date, if you please,—August 24. 'Your letter reached me yesterday.' And it had travelled round, as usual, two days in papa's pocket, beside. I always allow for that, 'I quite approve your plan ; provided, as you say, the party be properly matronized, I'—h'm—h'm !—That refers to little explanations of my own. Well, I was going to do this very thing,—with enlargements. And now Miss Craydocks and I may collapse."

"Why, when with you and your enlargements we might make the most admirable combination ? At least, the Dixville road is open to all."

"Very kind of you to say so,—the first part I mean,—if you could possibly have helped it. But there are insurmountable obstacles on that Dixville road to us. There's a lion in the way. Don't you see we should be like the little ragged boys running after the soldier company ? We couldn't think of putting ourselves in that 'bony light,' especially before the eyes of Mrs.—Grundy." This last, as Mrs. Thoresby swept impressively along the piazza in full dinner costume.

"Unless you go first, and we run after you," suggested the General.

"All the same. You talked Dixville to her the very first evening, you know. No, nobody can have an original Dixville idea any more. And I've been asking them,—the Josselyns, and Mr. Wharne, and all, and was just coming to the Goldthwaites ; and now I've got them on my hands, and I don't know where in the world to take them. That comes of keeping an inspiration to ripen. Well, it's a lesson of wisdom ! Only, as Effie says about her housekeeping, the two dearest things in living are butter and experience !"

Amidst laughter, and banter, and repartee, they came to it, of course ; the most delightful combination and joint arrangement. Two waggons, the General's and Dr. Ingleside's two saddle-horses, Frank Scherman's little mountain mare, that climbed like a cat, and was sure-footed as a chamois,—these, with a side-saddle for the use of a lady sometimes upon the last, made up the general equipment of the expedition.

The Josselyns had not quite consented at once, though their faces were bright with a most thankful appreciation of the kindness that offered them such a pleasure ; nay, that entreated their companionship as a thing so genuinely coveted to make its own pleasure complete. Somehow, when the whole plan developed, there was a little sudden shrinking on Sue's part, perhaps on similar grounds to Sin Saxon's perception of insurmountable obstacles ; but she was shyer than Sin of putting forth her objections, and the general zeal and delight, and Martha's longing look, unconscious of cause why not, carried the day.

There had never been a blither setting off from the Giant's Cairn. All the remaining guests were gathered to see them go. There was not a mote in the blue air between Outledge and the crest of Washington. All the subtile strength of the hills—ores, and



sweet waters, and resinous perfumes, and breath of healing leaf, and root distilled to absolute purity in the clear ether that only sweeps from such bare, thunder-scoured summits—made up the exhilarating draught in which they drank of mountain-joy and received afar off its baptism of delight.

It was beautiful to see the Josselyns so girlish and gay; it was lovely to look at old Miss Craydocke, with her little tremor of pleasure, and the sudden glistenings in her eyes; Sin Saxon's pretty face was clear and noble, with its pure impulse of kindness; and her fun was like a sparkle upon deep waters. Dakie Thayne rushed about in a sort of sustained satisfaction which would not let him be quiet anywhere. Outsiders looked with a kind of new, half-jealous respect on these privileged few who had so suddenly become the "General's party." Sin Saxon whispered to Leslie Goldthwaite,—  
"It's neither his nor mine, honeysuckle; it's your's,—Henny-penny and all the rest of it, as Mrs. Linceford said." Leslie was glad with the crowning gladness of her bright summer.

"That girl has played her cards well," Mrs. Thoresby said of her, a little below her voice, as she saw the General himself making her especially comfortable with Cousin Delight in a back seat.

"Particularly, my dear madam," said Marmaduke Wharne, coming close and speaking with clear emphasis, "as she could not possibly have known that she had a trump in her hand!"

To tell of all that week's journeying, and of Dixville Notch,—the adventure, the brightness, the beauty, and the glory,—the sympathy of abounding enjoyment,—the waking of new life that it was to some of them,—the interchange of thought, the cementing of friendships,—would be to begin another story, possibly a yet longer one. Leslie's summer, according to the calendar, is already ended. Much in this world must pause unfinished, or come to abrupt conclusion. People "die suddenly at last," after the most tedious illnesses. "Married and lived happy ever after," is the inclusive summary that winds up many an old tale whose time of action only runs through hours. If in this summer-time with Leslie Goldthwaite your thoughts have broadened somewhat with hers, some questions for you have been partly answered; if it has appeared to you how a life enriches itself by drawing towards and going forth into the life of others through seeing how this began with her, it is no unfinished tale that I leave with you.

A little picture I will give you farther on,—a hint of something farther yet,—and say good-bye.

Some of them came back to Outledge, and stayed far into the still rich September. Delight and Leslie sat before the Green Cottage one morning, in the heart of a golden haze and a gorgeous bloom. All around the feet of the great hills lay the garlands of early-ripened autumn. You see nothing like it in the lowlands;—nothing like the fire of the maples, the carbuncle-splendour of the oaks, the flash of scarlet sumach and creepers, the illumination of every kind of little leaf in its own way, upon which the frost-touch comes down from those tremendous heights that stand rimy in each morning's sun, trying on white caps that by and bye they shall pull down heavily over their brows, till they cloak all their shoulders also in the like sculptured folds, to stand and wait, blind awful chrysalides, through the long winter of their death and silence,

Delight and Leslie had got letters from the Josselyns and Dakie Thayne. There was news in them such as thrills always the half-comprehending sympathies of girlhood. Leslie's vague suggestion of romance had become fulfilment. Dakie Thayne was wild with rejoicing that dear old Noll was to marry Sue. "She had always made him think of Noll, and his ways and likings, ever since that day of the game of chess

that by his means came to grief. It was awful slang, but he could not help it; it was just the very jolliest go!"

Susan Josselyn's quiet letter said,—“That kindness which kept us on and made it beautiful for us, strangers at Outledge, has brought to me, by God's Providence, this great happiness of my life.”

After a long pause of trying to take it in, Leslie looked up. “What a summer this has been! So full,—so much has happened! I feel as if I had been living such a great deal!”

“You have been living in others' lives. You have had a great deal to do with what has happened.”

“Oh, Cousin Delight! I have only been *among* it! I could not *do*—except such a very little.”

“There is a working from us beyond our own. But if our working runs with that—? You have done more than you will ever know, little one.” Delight Goldthwaite spoke very tenderly. Her own life, somehow, had been closely touched through that which had grown and gathered about Leslie. “It depends on that abiding, ‘In me, and I in you; so shall ye bear much fruit.’”

She stopped. She would not say more. Leslie thought her talking rather wide of the first suggestion; but this child would never know, as Delight had said, what a centre, in her simple, loving way, she had been for the working of a purpose beyond her thought.

Sim Saxon came across the lawn, crowned with gold and scarlet, trailing creepers twined about her shoulders, and flames of beauty in her full hands. “Miss Craydocke, says she, praised God with every leaf she took. I'm afraid I forgot to—for the little ones. But I was so greedy and so busy, getting them all for her. Come, Miss Craydocke; we've got no end of pressing to do, to save half of them!”

“She can't do enough for her. Oh, Cousin Delight, the leaves *are* glorified, after all! Asenath never was so charming; and she is more beautiful than ever!”

Delight's glance took in also another face than Asenath's, grown into something in these months that no training or taking thought could have done for it.” “Yes, she said, in the same still way in which she had spoken before, “That comes too—as God wills. All things shall be added.”

My hint is of a Western home, just outside the leaping growth and ceaseless stir of a great Western city; a large, low, cosy mansion, with a certain Old-World mellow-ness and rest in its aspect—looking forth, even as it does on one side, upon the illimitable sunset-ward sweep of the magnificent promise of the New; on the other, it catches a glimpse, beyond and beside the town, of the calm blue of a fresh-water ocean.

The place is “Ingleside;” the General will call it by no other than the family name—the sweet Scottish synonym for Home-corner. And here, while I have been writing and you reading these pages, he has them all with him; Oliver and Susan, on their bridal journey, which waited for summer-time to come again, though they have been six months married; Rose, of course, and Dakie Thayne, home in vacation from a great school where he is studying hard, hoping for West Point by and bye; Leslie Goldthwaite, who is Dakie's inspiration still; and our Flower, our Pansie, our Delight—golden-eyed Lady of innumerable sweet names.

The sweetest and truest of all, says the brave soldier and high-souled gentleman, is that which he has persuaded her to wear for life—Delight Ingleside.

THE END.



## LOVELIEST WORDS.

### CONSOLATION.

Now leave, O leave me! I have stayed to hear  
All the vain comfortings your lips have said,—  
Well meant, but yet they fall upon my ear  
As yellow leaves might whirl about my head;—  
Now leave me with my dead.

I would not be ungrateful, friends; but still  
Your kind, consoling voices trouble me:  
This aching need, which words can never fill,  
Rejects your proffered comfort utterly,  
As husks and vanity.

They are unwise physicians who would bind  
A bleeding wound, and pour in wine and oil.  
While yet the arrow-head remains behind;—  
This stab, whence yet the ruddy life-drops boil,  
Mocks your unskilful toil.

You tell me that to him I mourn is given  
Such bliss as makes this world seem poor and dim;  
Is there an angel in the whole of Heaven,  
In all the shining ranks of seraphim,  
Can take *my* place to him?

Can he be happy while I grieve and pine?  
Can he rejoice and I in misery?  
Then he is changed, and is no longer mine;  
For he so loved me, that he could not be  
Content away from me.

And yet you say he dwells in joy and peace,  
Far from this dim and sorrowful estate;  
And, when my earthly wanderings shall cease,  
Will come and meet me at life's outer gate:  
"Be strong," you say, "and wait."

Would that I were like Stephen, and could see,  
What time the cruel stones bruise out my soul,  
The opening heavens, and angels waiting me!  
Alas! I hear no opening chariot-roll,  
No welcome to the goal.

Ah, me! the red is on my cheek,  
And in my veins life's vigorous currents play;  
Adown my hair there shines no warning streak,  
And the sweet meeting which you paint to-day  
Seems sadly far away.



#### 444. BORDER IN CROCHET AND MIGNARDISE.

Take a piece of mignardise and work 1 row of open crochet, inserting the needle in the small loops of the mignardise to make the treble stitches.

2nd row.—Work loops of chain-stitch fastened by double.

3rd row.—In each loop of chain-stitch work 2 double, 1 purl, 1 double, 1 purl, 1 double, 1 purl, 1 double. On the opposite side of the mignardise work 1 double in each loop, 1 chain between each double.

#### 445. FANCHON IN BLACK SHETLAND WOOL.

MATERIALS.—1½ ounce black Shetland wool, 2 fine bone knitting-needles.

This fanchon is knitted plain backwards and forwards with black Shetland wool. Cut a good paper pattern, and follow it for the increasings and decreasings, which always take place at the edge of the knitting. The border is knitted with the same wool in the following manner:—Cast on a number of stitches sufficiently long to go all round the fanchon, and for the 1st round—Knit 1, \* throw the wool forward, knit 1, throw the wool forward, slip 1, knit 2 together, draw the slipped stitch over the 2 knitted together, thus decreasing 2, knit 1; repeat from \*.

2nd round.—Entirely purled, the stitch formed by throwing the wool forward is purled as one stitch. Repeat these 2 rounds 9 times more, and cast off. The border is sewn on round the fanchon, as in Illustration.



446. CROCHET INSERTION.



444. BORDER IN CROCHET AND MIGNARDISE.

wards and forwards. Insertion No. 446 is worked on a foundation chain of 18 stitches.

1st row.—1 treble in the 8th and 1 in the 9th stitch of the foundation, counting from the end

1 leaf as follows 6 chain, 1 long treble in the 2nd of the same, cast it off so far only as to keep 2 loops on the needle, 1 double long treble (throw the cotton 3 times round the needle) in the 1st of the 6 chain; the stitch is cast off so far only as to keep 3 loops and the cotton once on the needle these loops are all cast off together in 1 stitch, 1 double in the next stitch but 1 of the foundation chain, 1 leaf, 2 treble in the 2nd stitches of the foundation 7 chain.

2nd row.—2 treble in the next 2 treble of the preceding row, 1 leaf, 1 treble in the following double, 1 leaf, 2 treble in the next stitches, 7 chain. These rows are repeated till the insertion is sufficiently long; the leaves and treble stitches must be worked one over the other, as can be seen in Illustration. Work on either side of the insertion 1 double in every chain scallop. 6 chain between a row of double stitches completes the insertion, 1 stitch in every stitch of the preceding row.

#### 447. INSERTION.

For this insertion make a foundation chain of 25 stitches, and work the

#### 445. FANCHON IN SHETLAND WOOL.

row back over them: 1 long treble in the 8th stitch of the foundation chain, commencing from the end, 2 chain stitch; 9 leaf as follows: 6 chain, 1 treble in the second, 1 long treble in the 1st of the 5 chain; these are cast off in the same manner as has been described for insertion (No. 446), 1 double in the



447. CROCHET INSERTION.

#### 446, 447. CROCHET INSERTIONS FOR TREMBLING LINGERIES.

Both steps of insertion reversed with crochet cotton the short way, in row back-

t stitch but  
the founda-  
ion chain,  
2 chain,  
ong treble  
the next  
ch but 5  
the founda-  
2 chain,  
long treble  
the last  
ch of the  
undation  
in.

2nd row.—2  
able in every  
sin stitch  
Hop of the  
ceeding row,  
leaf after  
ery 6 double.

3rd row.—7 chain, 1 long treble in  
e next double stitch but 2, 2 chain,  
leaf, 1 double in the middle chain  
itch of the leaf; 1 leaf, 2 chain, 1  
ng treble in the next double but 2;  
chain, 1 long treble in the last  
uble stitch.

#### 448, 449.—BEAD PIN CUSHION.

MATERIALS.—Small crystal beads,  
reen glacé silk, calico, bran for stuff-  
g the cushion, fine crochet cotton.

Our pattern consists of a green silk  
ilet pin-cushion, 6 inches long, 6 inches wide;  
e bead-work cover is made in the following man-  
er:—Thread 260 crystal beads upon a piece of  
otton; knot both ends together so as to obtain a  
ricle, which forms the foundation. Work upon  
his founda-  
on 44 rounds  
the follow-  
g pattern  
(see 449):  
—Thread 9  
eads on the  
otton with  
which you  
work, draw  
he needle  
hrough the  
10th bead of  
he foundation  
and continue  
n the same  
manner till the  
round is fin-  
ished; the  
other rounds  
are worked in  
the same man-  
ner, only at the  
beginning of  
each round  
draw the nee-  
dle through

#### 448. BEAD PIN-CUSHION.

the first 5  
beads before  
threading 9  
beads, and, in  
the course of  
the work, draw  
the needle al-  
ways through  
the 9 beads  
which form  
one scallop.  
When the 44th  
round is com-  
pleted, fasten  
the cover upon  
the cushion,  
and close the  
2 correspond-  
ing sides at  
the top and at  
the bottom by fastening the cotton  
in one corner, threading 4 beads on  
it, drawing the needle through the  
5th bead on one side, threading beads  
again on the cotton, and drawing the  
needle through the 10th bead on the  
other side. Continue to do so till the  
open side is closed, and close the  
other side in the same manner; the  
cushion is then edged with long bead  
loops, as seen in Illustration.

#### 449. PATTERN FOR CUSHION.

#### 450. EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR PORTE-MONNAIES, CARD CASES, &c.

This pattern is worked in satin stitch, overcast,  
and *point russe*, with different shades of purple silk  
of the same colour. It is worked on gros grain  
silk, morocco, or leather. The choice of colours  
depends upon personal taste.

#### CRINOLINE.

The Crino-  
line and the  
Corset have  
been the cho-  
sen ground of  
battle between  
combatants of  
both sexes for  
several years.  
Some have  
pronounced  
both to be  
hideous and  
unhealthy;  
others declare  
them to be  
charming and  
unhurtful —  
nay, whole-  
some. A book  
is advertised  
upon these  
subjects. We  
hope it will  
decide our  
doubts.

#### 450. EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR PORTE-MONNAIES, CARD CASES, &c.

## THE PRINCESS OF WOLFENBÜTTEL.

A PAGE FROM GERMAN HISTORY.

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**W**OLFENBÜTTEL is a quaint old German town in the Duchy of Brunswick. The ancient fortifications are now in ruins, but the town itself is somewhat prosperous; the old castle has been turned into a prison, and the ducal residence into a factory. There is a workhouse, hospital, orphan asylum, gymnasium, several schools, and several churches, together with an excellent library, including a large collection of Bibles, among which is one that belonged to Luther, with autograph notes; also his marriage ring, doctor's ring, spoon, drinking-glass, and portrait. Once upon a time, Wolfenbüttel was a place of note, where a baron, often at war with his baronial neighbours, fought and feasted, smoked immense pipes of tobacco, and drank gallons of Rhenish; it was a place of note when the daughter of the house, Caroline Christina Sophia, sister of the wife of Charles VI. of Germany, was sought in marriage by that supreme scoundrel and rude barbarian, Alexis, son of Peter the Great.

The heiress of Wolfenbüttel was not particularly consulted in the question of her loving likes and dislikes. Russia was an increasingly powerful State; stout-hearted, stern Czar Peter had founded an empire on a barbarous ruin, had worked in our dock-yards—a beam for a throne, an adze for a sceptre—and the result was that he had imported civilization; and if he was somewhat of a despot—slitting noses, striking off heads, and knouting with no sparing hand—he was not so bad as barbarous chiefs had been before him, and was not the vile, cruel, vindictive reptile that called him father, and was known as the Prince Alexis. This Prince Alexis was in due time married to the Princess of Wolfenbüttel, and never was so ill-assorted a match upon earth. She was of gentle mould, timid, retiring, caring nothing for state ceremony, very affectionate, pitifully tender; and he—he was a monster, caring for nothing but the gratification of his own brutal selfishness, with a temper uncontrollable; a glutton, a drunkard, one who in his mad mirth would be guilty of the most wanton cruelties, and who in his savage fury was a fiend.

Truly, Caroline Christina Sophia was no fit wife for him. He mocked at her pale face, aggravated her timidity by his coarse jests, openly insulted her, and made her, or endeavoured to make her, the sport even of her own women. The Countess Konigsmark, her chief attendant, commiserated the unhappy condition of her mistress, and was the means of sparing her from many a gross offence. It was a very difficult matter to arrange, for had Alexis suspected that the countess was in any way favouring his wife or rendering her condition less unendurable, he would quickly have dismissed her, and put some vile creature of his own in her place. Every day becoming more and more impatient, he secretly plotted against his wife's life: twice unsuccessfully attempted to poison her. One day, in a fit of passion, chiefly produced by drink, he struck her a cruel, heavy blow; the blood gushed from her lips and nostrils as she fell to the earth; and he, seeing what he had done, slunk away, apprehensive in his coward nature of the consequences that might follow, making him hide his vindictive face under a mask of shame.

Soon it was noised through the Court that the wife of Alexis was dead; and the report was circulated, but as something only to be named with bated breath, that she died by her husband's hand. Alexis retired, under a pretence of sudden and serious ill-

ness, to his country residence; the funeral obsequies were performed with all becoming solemnity, and the Courts of Europe went into mourning.

But the princess was not really dead. Her faithful attendant, the Countess of Konigsmark, with the assistance of an attached servant, revived her from the death-like trance into which she had fallen. They considered it prudent, however, to conceal the truth from Alexis and the Court, and to try such means as they could command to afford the princess the chance of escape. Secret plottings were not strange to the Court of Czar Peter; there were those who would not hesitate to conspire, and still in whom some sort of confidence might be placed. Alexis was hated of all; but they well knew it would be none the better, but rather the worse, for the unhappy princess should she avow all the ill-treatment she had received, and even cast herself on the protection of the Czar. Truly, Alexis was hated; but he was powerful, and creatures might be readily found to work his will with poison or dagger. So the unfortunate wife was assisted to escape, under the guidance of an old and attached male servant, who was represented as her father. Safe beyond the confines of Muscovy, her valuables were soon disposed of, and with the money thus obtained she, still under the protection of her supposed father, sailed for America, and settled in New Orleans.

In New Orleans, where a number of French emigrants had recently laid up their pilgrim staves, there resided a young man named Moldask; he held office in the colony. He was a man of substance; well educated, well-looking, and of unexceptionable character. He had travelled much in Russia, had resided some two or three years in St. Petersburg, and when he saw the young stranger he recognized her as the wife of Alexis. From herself, under promise of secrecy, he learned her sad story. The princess and her reputed father took up their residence under the roof of their new friend. He behaved with all courtesy and kindness, never forgetting in public that he had her secret to keep, and in private that she was a princess, and the wife of Alexis of Russia.

In the course of two or three years came the news of the death of Alexis. Whether he had died fairly—his premature decease produced by his own gross self-indulgence—or whether he was secretly despatched, was uncertain; but he was dead, and Caroline a free woman. From that time, the friendship between herself and Moldask ripened into love, and on the death of her supposed father they were married.

Those early days of wedded happiness were very precious to the princess; in the man of her heart she found one who was "the very soul of honour." They had one daughter to crown their bliss, and their time sped rapidly, as on the wings of love. Then came dark hours. Moldask fell sick. The colonial doctors were unable to cope with his malady; after trying for months in vain, they could only suggest change of air—a return, if possible, to Europe. To obtain the opinion of the most distinguished physicians, the princess disposed of all their property in Louisiana, and came with her husband and child to Paris. The doctors were for a time, at least, successful in baffling disease. Moldask grew better, and from Paris he, his wife, and child, departed for the Island of Bourbon, where they settled. But there great troubles followed them: the child fell ill and died, and its father speedily followed it. Widowed in a strange land, our Princess Caroline was recognized by the Marquis of Saxony, son of the Countess of Konigsmark, to whom she owed her life. He entreated her to assert her rights, to return at least to the Court of Vienna; but she steadily refused. In the glare and glitter of royal life—in kings' houses—she had experienced nothing but unhappiness; in the peaceful obscurity of private life she had been a happy wife and mother; the memory of those joyous days should, at least, never be lost in the attempt to return to her former grandeur. Maria Theresa granted a small pension to this truly royal widow, who lived for many years in the island where those she loved lay buried, to sleep beside them at the last.

## LETTERS FROM "DEAR OLD GRANNY."

### XII. ON A WEDDING.

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments."—SHAKESPEARE.

"O let us walk the world, so that our love  
Burns like a blessed beacon, beautiful  
Upon the walls of life's surrounding dark."—GERALD MASSEY.

**D**EAR GRAND-DAUGHTER,—And so you are going to be married. I knew it would come to this, but I did not expect it quite so soon. There are some books I can read without my spectacles, they are printed in such large clear type. Yes, dear, I read in your looks and downcast glances, and little sighs and mantling blushes, whenever Algernon appeared, and sometimes even when his name only was mentioned, that you had a secret between you—not yet breathed, but that would sooner or later be told by him; and, let me say it now with cheerful confidence, I hoped that nothing would prevent your owning that your secret was like his. "Tell him," sings the Grand Duchess to insensible Fritz; Algernon, I felt sure, understood you thoroughly, without your telling him at all, or only telling him with tell-tale blushes. I am very willing to have Algernon for a sort of grand-son, and I quite approve your choice.

I have watched you very closely, and may now safely congratulate you, without frightening you out of your wits, or turning your head with vanity. You have behaved very fairly to Algernon; you have not played the hypocrite, as a good many young women do, by assuming an artificial and constrained style of behaviour in his presence, shunning common civilities sometimes, and trying to make him believe that he was indifferent if not disagreeable to you. I have seen this sort of thing done, and labelled maiden modesty; it is what I regard as exactly the reverse of modest. It either challenges a man to make more rapid and unmistakeable advances, or it scares him away altogether. My idea is that this sort of mask-wearing between the young people of opposite sexes should be broken up. "Marriage is honourable in all;" there is no reason to be ashamed of the courtship which leads to it. Young women—the large majority, at all events—aspire to the dignity of being loved and wedded; young men want to be husbands. When Benedict said he would die a bachelor, he did not think he should live to be married. The great thing with me has always been that we should be frank in these matters. A young lady may, I hold, with perfect safety—supposing her to have common sense—mix freely with gentlemen, be frank and cordial with all, and rest assured that their conduct towards her will be honourable and manly. An affected shyness, a deceitful coldness, ought to be avoided, and in your case, dear child, they were avoided; so there is not the faintest shadow of reproof in my remarks. You were never capricious, as some young ladies are; you have treated all your bevy of beaux with polite consideration, but never led any one of them to believe—excepting Mr. Right—that you regarded them in any other light than that of friends: friends they remain, which is a very agreeable and pleasant consummation.

Grandmother fastens a feather in her cap to-day, for she thinks you have followed her advice in the matter of the choice you have made. Not that you consulted her



**BUTTONS WITH CROCHET COVERINGS.**

Nos. 456 to 458 are buttons, worked in the original pattern, with black silk in crochet, and sewn upon a wooden base, covered with silk. The crochet



work consists of slip-stitches, which are worked from left to right, and not from right to left, in coils. This sort of crochet is especially suitable for passementerie. For button No. 458, wind

**456. CROCHET BUTTON.**

The silk covers the right times a

1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
10

will require compromises on both sides. There are no two natures perfectly identical, so that, without an effort, they can keep exact step with each other in the rugged path of the world. One must slacken pace a little, and the other put the best foot foremost. There must be mutual consideration. Few brides there are who have not cried bitterly before the first six months of married life were over, because the husband uttered some hasty words, or was suspected of not caring about her as he used to do. And there are few husbands, too, I think, who have not—chafing under some, perhaps imaginary, neglect—felt they might have made a wiser choice. Of course, it is all folly, and when the pair grow thoroughly used to each other, they can afford to smile at it; but the first few months are the test that you and Algernon have to pass through. Let Granny, who has had some experience, suggest the only means of avoiding quarrel should any little breach of harmony occur. Clear it up at once. Mulish pride in men, and sensitive feelings in women, lead to endless mischief, by provoking silence. The demon of discord seals the lips, and leaves the husband and wife to brood over the real or fancied wrong. Never, as you would ensure a virtuous and happy home, allow of this evil. Make things clear. I would say to both parties, if anything has displeased your companion, beg his or her pardon; it is the safest and most expeditious way of settling the difference: kiss, and be friends. Of course, your sky is very clear now—not a cloud the size of your wedding-finger to break its intensity of blue—but—there old Granny is not “croaking,” but she knows you are both mortal.

And now, Grand-daughter of mine, call to mind that I have written you many letters, and that in times past your letters to me—I have them all snugly put away—have been rather those of an affectionate, dutiful, enquiring child than a grown woman. Now I look for a difference in your letters; I expect much from a matron. When you are married you must tell me all about your domestic experiences; how you are managing with your servants; how you are fluttered with your first reception; how the cooking goes on; what friends you make in the neighbourhood—all this of course I want to know, and you must tell me frankly. Now, you must promise, or I shall have to write to Algernon, and beg him to tell me what he thinks of things, and whether the queen of his heart is not a little dowdy as the mistress of his home.

With all love, dear, I am, as always,

YOUR AFFECTIONATE OLD GRANNY.

P.S.—About your wedding taking place so soon, I can only say, as Paul Dombey said when Mrs. Pipchin informed him there was nobody like her, that—“it’s a very good thing!”



## AN INDESTRUCTIBLE SILK.

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**A** VERY pains-taking, observant naturalist, Mr. Lord, has written an interesting little book upon Silkworms. He writes in a lively style; but does not, according to modern practice, as developed by Special Commissioners, Correspondents, or Reporters, hide his want of knowledge by wealth of words. He knows what he is talking about, and also talks about it well. With but immaterial change, he thus instructs us, from his own observations on the spot, concerning the spinner of the silk called Tusseh.

By the natives of India, the worm, *Antheræa Paphia*, is called the *Bughey*, and the autumnal brown-coloured silk spun by it is known as *Tusseh*. The becoming appearance, and almost indestructible qualities of the silk when woven, are rapidly bringing it into favour in England; and Regent Street, as well as the bazaars of the East, can boast of its display of the rich brown fabric spun by the Tusseh worm. It is in universal use throughout India, and years are insufficient to wear out garments made from it, provided that they are never washed in hot water—that fresh from the river, or well, in no way interferes with the tough texture of the cloth—and it is not uncommon for a particular article of dress to be worn by two or three successive generations. The worm is to be found in Assam, Bahar, and Bengal, the Beerbhoom Hills in that presidency abounding with it, affording an inexhaustible supply of silk to the native population, who make use of it for a great number of purposes. The food of the worm is the leaf of the *Rhamnus Jujuba*, the *Byer*, or abundant bear-berry of the jungles; but at times those of the prolific *Asseen* bush are freely eaten by it. Beneath the branches of a spreading banyan, in a likely locality, near the well of life-giving water, so dear to the Hindoo, will the native erect his simple hut, and pass his time in trimming out and pruning the young trees, until the season approaches when experience has taught him that the young broods of worms may be successfully sought amongst the mazes and intricacies of the woods. He then prepares to start worm-hunting, for, unlike an insect of respectable habits, Bughey is a thorough-paced vagrant, who feels contempt for a settlement, and on no account suffers himself to be trammelled with the cares of a family. Our dark-visaged, sharp-eyed, worm-hunting friend, wending his way through the bear-berry and Asseen thickets, keeps a watchful eye, not on the trees, but below them, where, on some wide leaf, upturned blade of grass, or fragment of fallen bark, he at length finds what he is in search of—viz., traces of the worms. These are the black, gunpowder-like droppings fallen from the canopy above, and our hunter at once knows that the brood he is in quest of is there. A little further search, upwards this time, soon puts the matter beyond doubt, and with a sharp wood-knife, or tomahawk, the branch is severed from the main trunk, and the whole colony of young Bugheys cautiously handed down and placed with other colonies and branches obtained in like manner. When a sufficient number have been procured, strange, wild, religious rites and ceremonies celebrate the capture and supplicate luck for the adventure. Tom-toms are beaten unmercifully; and the worm-bearing branches are triumphantly carried to the Asseen trees previously prepared for their reception. The worm-hunter and his friends now declare war to the arrow's point against *janwars* of all kinds. Greedy silkworm-loving crows, hungry mocking-birds, and insolent crow-pheasants, are met with, stones, pellet bows, slings, and old rusty matchlocks. Noises, wild and fiendish, are made by day in order to scare off the feathered bandits; and by night, when the huge leathern-winged bats—fond of a fat rich silkworm as any of the day robbers—have flapped off in long lines for their night's work, the concert begins

in earnest. The howling of jackals, the distant shriek of a prowling leopard in the forest, and the owl-like hootings of the silkworm watchers, make the night hideous indeed, and sleep to be longed for but not enjoyed.

The young worms usually make their appearance from the egg in from two to four weeks, according to temperature and condition of climate. The moth has generally selected the crevices and roughened inequalities of the bark as places of deposit for her ova, secreting at the time of laying a very adhesive varnish-like liquor, which not only serves to prevent the eggs from being displaced, but acts as a protection from the attacks of ants and other insect pilferers. A period of about three months is passed in the egg and larva stage before the worm begins to spin; and for marvellous foresight and clever engineering the Bughey may be pitted against any other insect. The cocoon is of an oval form; it is strongly and densely woven, and at the side of one of the extremities a long tough stem is given off, as a means by which it is suspended; it looks, indeed, like fruit hanging from a tree. The material of this stalk is horn-like in structure, and at the upper end a perfect ring, as the ring of a watch, is formed. This ring is passed round a twig or branch (almost invariably bifurcated), and allows the cocoon the greatest freedom of to-and-fro motion. No method that human ingenuity could devise for strength, simplicity, and efficiency of attachment could well surpass the mode adopted by the Tusseh worm. Should storms of wind or other disturbing influences affect the trees of the forest, the ringed stem, instead of being broken short off, as would happen if simply cemented to the stem, works forward and back on the branch like a ring on a curtain-pole, the lateral branches of the twigs preventing it from falling off the end, and a few filaments of silk thrown out between the inside of the ring and the branch keeping the cocoon steady until the disturbing influence becomes great enough to be dangerous. In this secure retreat the worm lies dormant from October till July, when the moth makes its exit. The males at once take their departure and wing their way to other and far-off localities, leaving the lady moths in the lurch in a manner most ungallant and inexcusable. These disconsolate damsels remain quietly and contentedly at home, and are rewarded; for soon, sometimes even within a few hours, at others in two or three days, a throng of gay gallants arrive with all the flutter and importance of conscious splendour, as hovering on their gorgeously painted wings they alight amongst the trees and seek 'the society of the ladies. Some troops of these gay Lotharios have been said by the natives to have winged their way from immense distances, marks having been placed on their wings by the inhabitants of the far-off districts whence they came. It is difficult to say whether creatures so restless as these would select suitable partners in a state of domestication. One thing is certain, that matrimonial alliances in the home circle are matters by no means to the liking of the wandering Tusseh worm.

The natives attach very great importance to the movements and arrival of these curious insects, good or evil fortune being supposed to follow their early or late arrival, when the inevitable *tom-tom* is again called into requisition, together with other musical instruments of the most bewildering and ear-piercing tone, the din and discord produced being something terrible—the only wonder is that all the gay visitors are not frightened clean out of their wits and made to forget that there are such things as lady moths in the world.

After depositing her eggs, the female moth usually dies in from eight to twelve days, no food of any description being taken during the period of her short existence. Long before the moth is about to make its exit the cocoons are gathered in from the trees, and more general *tomash* takes place, more *tom-tom*, and more unearthly noises. The leaves of the plaintain are now gathered, dried in the sun, packed in bundles, and burned. The ashes are carefully collected and placed in jars with water, when a *ley* is

formed, which, when strained, is duly placed in one of those quaintly-formed earthen pots, which forcibly remind one of the "quaint imp" who "sat in an earthen pot," well known in the pages of Ingoldsby. The cocoons about to be wound off are placed to soak in this vessel of mixture for about two or three hours. They are then transferred to another earthen vessel, not unlike the first, and in this they are allowed to remain in their damp state until sufficiently softened to be capable of treatment, which they will usually be in four or five days. They are now thrown out into wide shallow earthen dishes, but no liquid is placed with them. Four or five of the ends of the silk filaments from as many cocoons having been dexterously secured by the winder, he turns them round the frame of a small reel of the most primitive form of construction, being merely a few bars of hard smooth wood fastened together somewhat in the form of the letter A, the centre pivot on which it turns running through two hollow cane bars bored for the purpose. The left hand is occupied in holding the reel, with the base downward, whilst the right gives motion to it. The threads pass obliquely across the thigh of the operator, who squats on the ground with his dish before him, as though about to make a feast of his silkworm fruit. By manual dexterity, only to be acquired by very long practice in the art, a twist of peculiar character is communicated to the united threads as they are given off by the cocoons; and to do this without breakages and entanglements appears a matter of no common difficulty. Yet our dusky friend, experienced as he is in all the sleight-of-hand manipulations of his craft, croons to himself his monotonous Indian song as the reel runs round, and his labours progress right merrily, and the proceeds, when duly wound off and properly packed, find their way into the hands of those who fit them for the looms of the country.



#### WERTER TO CHARLOTTE.

Come closer, dear persuasive eyes,  
 Lift me above this dark despair;  
 To you my soul for ever cries,  
 Ye are so tender and so fair.  
 O loving eyes, compelling eyes,  
 Help me to conquer and to arise.  
 The sunset darkens from the skies,  
 The shades come creeping on and on;  
 I know the stars will soon arise  
 And ere they burn, you will be gone.  
 O strange and steady planet eyes,  
 Between our souls the midnight lies!  
 Who could foretell so great a change!  
 The careless touch of finger-tips,  
 Then sweet and strange, O sweet and strange,  
 Wild hurrying hearts and hovering lips.  
 O marvellous eyes, resistless eyes,  
 With you my soul's salvation lies!  
 O, who shall bid this sorrow cease,  
 And gather up Life's wasted wine?  
 Not even Death can give me peace,—  
 He cannot part your soul and mine.  
 O haunting eyes, immortal eyes,  
 Love's bitter anguish never dies.

**459, 460. CASE FOR A  
POCKET-BRUSH AND  
NEEDLES, IN THE SHAPE  
OF A MUFF.**

The brush and needles are contained in a case made in shape of a small ermine muff; the fur is imitated in raised embroidery with white and black Berlin wool on canvas. The muff is 4 inches long and 6 2/5ths inches wide; it is lined with scarlet silk. Illustration No. 459 shows the inside of the muff smaller than the original pattern: prepare a piece of American cloth and a piece of red silk for the lining, each 4 inches long and 4 inches wide, which must be sewn together; seams a piece of black silk 4 inches long, 4 inches wide round the outside and over in black silk. The needle piece of silk. A pocket is sewn over the roll and

stitch in black silk. On the outside the pocket is ornamented with similar stitch; this pocket is for hair-pins. Along the sides the lining and material of the outside are fastened together with loose button-hole stitch; then crochet along the sides alternately 1 treble, 1 chain, the treble stitch always in the button-hole stitch; then crochet a 2nd row, 1 double in every chain stitch and 5 chain between. A fine red silk foundation chain, forming a cord, is drawn through the latter row and ornamented with tassels. At the lower corners of the piece of silk lined with cloth make small loops, and sew on corresponding buttons on roll. Put the needles and brush into the inner part, and cover the whole with case imitating a muff.

**461, 462. CROCHET  
COMFORTER FOR LADIES.**

**MATERIALS.**—2½ ounces white double Berlin wool, ½ ounce lilac filoselle.

This comforter is worked with white wool in ribbed stitch, a variety of crochet & tricoté: it is edged all round with some rows of chain and double stitches. These, as well as the fringe at both ends of the scarf, can be made with white wool and lilac filoselle, as seen on No. 462, or only with wool as on No. 461. The original pattern is 20 stitches wide and 120 double rows long. Begin the scarf at one end on a foundation chain of 20 stitches, and work as follows: 1st part of 1st double row (forwards). Take up 1 loop in every other stitch.

nd part of the double row (backwards). — Alternately cast off 1, 1 chain.

nd part of the double row. — Take up alternately loop in the previously missed stitch the foundation row, working at same time round top chain of the hood in the preceding row, and one loop in the next long chain of the preceding row.

nd part of the double row. —

Take together the

loop taken up in the foundation chain with following loop, one chain.

nd part of the 3rd double row. — Take up alternately one loop underneath the

chain stitch of the

before the last,

in the next long

preceding row. 1

aving long stitch

as in the second

. This 3rd double

ated till the scarf

ly long. Work

outer edge from

row of double sti

filoselle, then on

ble stitch with whi

3rd row is work

h filloselle, alterna

ble, one chain sti

g one under the las

last row insert

into the two upper

the preceding row

forter is orna-

ted at both ends

h fringe in white

ol, the upper

ge of which may

covered with lilac

selle from No.

2, which shows

part of the com-

ter full size.

3. KNITTED HOOD.

MATERIALS. — 4½

nces white, four

red fleecy, 3 oz.

riety, and a small

ntity of black;

o wooden knit-

g needles.

This hood is knit-

ted backwards and forwards with white fleecy. It is trimmed with a knitted border in scarlet wool, which is edged on one side with crochetscallops in white wool. Cut a good paper pattern, and follow it exactly as you knit. Begin centre of hood at bottom; cast on 32 stitches and knit plain, following paper pattern. The increasing and decreasing take place at beginning and end of rows. For knitted border which is work-

ed the short way, cast on 14 stitches with scarlet wool, and work as follows: 1st row\*... Slip 1st stitch, knit the next, take up slipped stitch and knit it; this stitch must be crossed on

is with stitch knitted front. Repeat from\*.

2nd row. — Slip 1\*, slip 1, purl 1 stitch, take up the stitch and purl it; it comes on right side, overwound before. Repeat

At end of row purl 1. At both rows till border entirely long; then crochet border with white wool in livedge stitch of knitting; do in next row crochet border in every double, 10 main stitches between.

3rd row take together 3 loops with few stitches wool. This forms a vandyke in Illustration. Be-

tween vandykes are black wool stitches. The border is sewn round edge of hood; in front it must be slightly gathered. 2 pieces of white worsted braid are drawn through hood, and finished off in centre of back with two scarlet wool tassels. The beginning of braid on either side is arranged in four loops, and joined to four loops of black velvet. The hood fastens under chin by two buttons and double loops of white wool.



## OUR FERNERY.

### CHAPTER V.

**ATHYRIUM.**—*Genus VI.* contains but one species, though of this there are many varieties. Some writers have placed this, the Lady Fern, in the old genus, *Aspidium*; but you can perceive the difference if you examine the sori and indusium when young. In point of fructification, it most resembles *Asplenium*, *Genus VII.*; but it differs from it greatly in habit; it is, as it were, a sort of connecting link between the *Aspidium*-like ferns (which genus does not now exist) and the Spleenworts (*Asplenium*), from the latter of which the Lady Fern is distinguished by having its oblong and slightly-curved indusium, fringed on its curved and unattached side with hairy notches, and by its oblong kidney or crescent-shaped sori. Like those of the Spleenworts, the sori are on the *side*, not the back of the veins.

**THE LADY FERN.**—*Athyrium Filix-fœmina*, Roth., Moore, &c. *Asplenium Filix-fœmina*, Bernhardt, &c. *Aspidium Filix-fœmina*, Swartz, &c.—The Lady Fern is most graceful and elegant—hence its name. It is not quite so common as the Male Fern (*Filix-mas.*), but grows abundantly in many wet, shady ditches, or moist woods. Under such circumstances it attains its greatest luxuriance, the rather pale green fronds growing to the height of four, and I am inclined to think I have seen them almost five feet; but under less advantageous circumstances they are sometimes not more than a foot high. It is not an evergreen. In the bogs of Ireland it abounds, and is used there as we use the Brake (*Pteris Aquilina*), for packing fruit and also fish. The numerous lance-shaped fronds arise in tufts from the rizome, which in old specimens rises above the ground to a foot or more, like the stipes of the tree ferns. The fronds are bipinnate, the pinnæ also lance-shaped, pinnules oblong, lance-shaped, deeply toothed. This is its general form; but it varies very much. The spores are so numerous that Sir J. E. Smith says:—"If a single plant were uninterrupted in its possible increase for twenty years, it would cover an extent equal to the surface of the whole globe." I have not space here even to give the names of the numerous varieties there are of the Lady Fern; but I will just notice a remarkable one:—

*Convexum*, Newman. *Rhæticum*, Moore.—Fronds from two to three feet, nearly erect, rigid, lance-shaped, narrow; pinnæ distant, convex, not flat; pinnules distant, the same breadth all the way up, toothed, or pinnatifid, also convex, the margins curved under. Sori are short, numerous, and towards maturity they run one into the other, or become confluent. In a shady, covered fernery the Lady Fern attains its greatest beauty of hue and texture. It should be planted in a mixture of turfy peat and sand, and be well supplied with water.

**GENUS VII.—ASPLENIUM.**—*Genus VII.* is, as we said before, very closely allied to *Genus VI.*, though the difference between them is slight.

The general characteristics are that the sori are oblong, or strap-shaped, straight, lying in the direction of the veins, which go across the frond. The only other British fern which resembles them in this particular is the Ceterach, or as it is commonly called, the Scaly Spleenwort; but this is easily distinguished from the real Spleenworts, by having its fronds thickly covered with brown scales.

The indusia are of the same strap-like form as the sori, and are attached on one side, and open on the other.

The Spleenworts are all small evergreen ferns—there are nine British species. The

**name** *Asplenium* is derived from the Greek word *asplenon*, which was bestowed on one of the European kinds by old authors, on account of its supposed efficacy as a remedy in diseases caused by enlargement of the spleen; it was also supposed that, if given in too large a quantity, it would entirely dissolve that organ.

**THE SMOOTH ROCK SPLEENWORT.**—*Asplenium Fontanum*, Bernhardt, Smith, Hooker, and Arnott, Moore, Handb. *Aspidium Fontanum*, Swartz. *Athyrium Fontanum*, Presl., Babington, Manual. *Polypodium Fontanum*, Linnæus. *Asplenium Halleri*.—This is a rare English fern, though it is not uncommon in rocky situations on the Continent, and in the north of India.

It appears to have once been more common in England than now. It was first noticed by Hudson, as growing near Wybourn, in Westmoreland, and the Rev. W. H. Hawker has recently found it "growing in some quantity on a very old wall near Petersfield, in Hampshire." It is well suited to a Ward's case, or covered fernery. The fronds, which grow in thick tufts, varying from a fourth to a third of a foot in length, are of a thick, opaque, rigid texture; the upper surface is deep green, the under of a pale whitish hue; they retain their colour during the winter.

This fern is said not to succeed in the neighbourhood of London, but it answers very well in the covered fernery in a large pot—as it needs plenty of room for its roots—planted in sandy peat and well drained by means of old mortar and charcoal. It is a slow-growing plant, but its increase is much facilitated by damp heat. Mr. Moore advocates elevating the rizome a little above the soil, by means of two or three pieces of sandstone.

The fronds are of a narrow lance-shape form; the leaf-stalk is very short, and has a few narrow-pointed scales at the base.

It is bipinnate, the pinnæ considerably longer than they are broad, and egg-shaped, the pinnules egg-shaped, but with the small end downwards, somewhat wedge-shaped, tapering towards the base, often decurrent, with two or five large, long, and sharp spiny teeth. The principal rachis of each frond, and the rachis of each pinnæ, have a narrow leafy wing throughout their length; this is a distinctive feature of this fern, and is the principal means of distinguishing it from the following plant, the Lanceolate Spleenwort. The lower pinnæ diminish in size, and become more distant as they near the base, the upper get gradually smaller and closer together towards the point; an oblong sorus is seated on two or three of the veins which branch from the principal vein, going up each pinnule; and is covered with an indusium of a similar form, waved and indented on the margin. Sometimes the sori continue distinct, but they not unfrequently run together, and cover nearly the whole of the under surface of the pinnules.

**THE LANCEOLATE SPLEENWORT; OR, HUDSON'S FERN.**—*Asplenium Lanceolatum*, Hudson, Smith, Hooker, and Arnott, &c. *Tarachia Lanceolata*.—This is also very rare. It is a native of the Atlantic Islands, and the South of Europe, but it is said to be abundant in Jersey, and the other Channel Islands. It has been found in Cornwall, Tunbridge, on Adderbury Church, Barmouth, Stapleton, Bristol, also in Tremadoc, and Pwllheli, North Wales. It is well suited to a Ward's case, but does not succeed quite so well in *Our Fernery*,—it answers best in a hot-house, where the temperature is not too high. In the open air it thrives best near the sea, on rocks along the southern or western coasts. It is extremely elegant and ornamental. The young fronds appear in May, and attain maturity about August. The rizome is brown, tufted, and thickly clothed with bristle-like scales; its long, black, wiry roots penetrate into the fissures of the rocks, old walls, sides of wells, and shafts of deserted mines, where it is usually found. The fronds vary very much in length, according to their situation; in damp places they are sometimes found eighteen inches, whilst on dry

rocks and walls they do not exceed half a foot. Vigorous plants are erect in growth, but those less so are more drooping, sometimes spreading horizontally. The outline is lance-shaped, the brownish-coloured leaf-stalk about a third of its length; on this, as on the rachis, are scattered small bristle-like scales. The fronds are bipinnate, the pinnæ are egg-shaped, and lance-shaped, often, but not always, opposite the pinnules, growing slender at the base, egg-shaped, but with the small end downwards, deeply and sharply notched. The pinnules of the lower pinnæ are somewhat lobed. The rachis is not winged, as is that of the following Black-stalked Spleenwort.

The sori are at first oblong, and covered by a white indusium of the same form, with the unattached side notched; but as they attain maturity they assume a somewhat roundish form, the indusium disappears, and eventually the sori run one into the other. Each pinnule has a winding principal vein, and branching veins, which extend one to every notch; the sori are near the end of each of these branching veins.

THE BLACK-STALKED SPLEENWORT; OR, BLACK MAIDEN HAIR FERN.—*Asplenium Adiantum-nigrum*, Linnæus. Generally adopted. *Tarachia Adiantum-nigrum*. *Asplenium laucidum*.—This is very generally distributed throughout the kingdom; growing wild, it is not nearly so pretty as the two former, but under cultivation I have brought it to great beauty. The first plant I had in a pot did not seem to succeed at all well, I therefore re-potted it, putting a large quantity of drainage in the pot, and filling the rest with the black decayed wood which I took from a hollow tree, similar to what I recommended for the Common Polypody. I have other specimens, half a foot or more, while this is still not more than three inches, but the rich beauty of its hue far surpasses that of any other I have found. Its favourite resorts are shady, sandy hedge-banks, rocks, and old walls—the former is the situation where it attains its greatest height. It is a native of Europe, South Africa, Madeira, and North India.

It is suited by its size and habit for the covered fernery, succeeds well in a stove, but must be perfectly drained, and like most ferns requires the shade for its perfection. The Black Maiden-Hair Fern was formerly supposed to be efficacious in the cure of asthma, cough, &c., but whether there was any truth in this belief or not I cannot say. It varies very much in appearance, and is very apt to mislead young collectors. The usual form of the fronds, which spring in tufts from a slowly branching rizome, is egg-shaped or triangular, spear-shaped, tripinnate below. The lowest pair of pinnæ is usually longer than the others. The pinnæ are pinnate, triangular, and usually incline towards the point of the frond, becoming gradually smaller as they near it; they are set on the rachis alternately; the pinnules also are alternate, somewhat egg-shaped, lance-shaped, and snapped, pinnatifid, and unequally toothed; the rachis winged in the way that the rachis of the Smooth Rock Spleenwort is, only the rachis of the pinnæ is not also winged, as is that of the latter. The strap-shaped sori are covered when they first appear with a white indusium, attached by the outer side on the inner, or upper side of the vein, near the separation of the branches from the mid-vein of each pinnule, so that there is a sorus near the centre of every pinnule or lobe. As the thecæ near maturity, the sori run one into the other, sometimes covering the whole of the under surface of the frond in one thick, dark mass.

The leaf-stalk is of a glossy purplish-black, and bare about half of its length, it has upon it small, bristle-like scales, as also has the rachis. The Black Spleenwort is one of the latest ferns in unfolding its fronds, very frequently the new ones do not appear till the middle of June. At first they are quite erect, but as they grow taller they gracefully curve over. The texture is tough and leathery, and it is much veined.

The variety *obtusum* is much more blunt in form; that of *acutum* is much more slender and tapering.

Mr. Newman thinks that the only British habitat of this latter is Ireland, but on the Continent it, as well as *Obtusum*, is very common, as also in the Canaries, the Azores, and Madeira.

SEA SPLEENWORT.—*Asplenium Marinum*, Linnæus, Smith, Hooker, and Arnott, &c.—This is not uncommon on the sea-coast, but seldom found inland; its habitats are rocks and cliffs, caverns, and old walls.

It is found principally on the south-west and north coasts of Britain, in Europe, and Madeira. It varies very much in size and form, from a third to a foot and a half, sometimes even more than two feet. Its usual size and habits suit it to the covered fernery, where it grows with great vigour, and becomes very handsome; but it and its varieties rarely succeed in the open air in winter, nor does it answer very well in the neighbourhood of London. It must be well sheltered from the sun and wind, and perfectly drained; peat and sand, mixed with the usual compost, seems the soil best suited to it, with broken slate, &c., pushed into the ground on planting, amongst which the long, and very delicate, wiry roots of the short rizome love to penetrate, as in the crevices of the rocks when wild. On account of the roots thus penetrating the interstices of the rocks, or walls, where it grows, this plant is very difficult to transplant, unless you can take a large piece of the wall or rock with it, which is not often practicable. Mr. Johnson gives an account of how he managed to rear one out of doors, which may be interesting to our readers: "I have tried it several times on rock-work, and under various treatment as to soil and elevation, but have never succeeded in keeping it through the winter. In many of its native habitats it occupies caverns and narrow crevices, of such depth, that the light must be almost totally excluded; in these it attains the greatest luxuriance; and in an imitation cleft, a small Devonshire specimen, planted this spring, bids fair to rival its wild associates, and, judging from present appearance and progress, to find itself quite at home." The Sea Spleenwort used to be considered good for the cure of burns.

The fronds, which in old plants form a thick tuft, are of a deep, rich, glossy green, the under surface is paler. Cornish specimens are very beautiful. The Sea Spleenwort is evergreen, as are all the others; the young fronds unfold about July; the sori are in perfection about September and October. Its general appearance is very different from any other British fern, so that it is easily recognized after having been once seen. The leaf-stalk is bare about a third of its length, glossy, at the base black, and eventually becoming, as it nears the leafy portion, of a dark purplish-brown colour. The fronds are strap-shaped, in form pinnate, the pinnæ are stalked, oblong, blunt, and notched, with teeth like the edge of a saw, unequally wedge-shaped, and somewhat auricled at the upper side of the base, and cut away on the under. They are nearly all the same length, except quite towards the point of the frond. In texture the frond is almost leathery. The veining is very perceptible, each pinna has a mid-vein, which has side-veins branching from it, and these again have other veins branching from them. The sori appear on the side of the veins nearest the apex of the pinna, they are a bright-rust colour, of an oblong form. The indusium, which is of the same shape, is persistent, and does not burst until the spores are nearly ripe.

COMMON WALL SPLEENWORT. COMMON MAIDEN-HAIR SPLEENWORT.—*Asplenium Trichomanes*. Moore, Hooker and Arnott, &c.—This, and its varieties, of which there are several, succeed very well in the open fernery, or in pots, but they do not answer so well in a very shady, close or moist, covered fernery, as the moisture collects on the fronds, and causes the pinnæ to turn black and drop off.

The soil best suited to it, is about two-thirds of sandy peat, such as you will find on commons, and yellow loam; amongst this you must mix plenty of old mortar; you should be careful not to wet the fronds, and to keep it well watered. It is best to

plant the crown a little above the surface. If you have not old mortar at hand, mix brick rubbish with the compost—it will do nearly, if not quite, as well. I think that if you follow these directions, and plant it in the upper and drier parts, you may be successful with it in your fernery. Its size well fits it for a small place, as it only grows from a quarter to a third of a foot high. This pretty little plant is very generally distributed, on rocks and old walls, in Europe, Madeira, South Africa, North India, Australia, and North America. I have seen it growing plentifully on stone walls in Devonshire, and have found it in the Landslip, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, growing on the limestone rock. It is very easily cultivated in the open air, but needs care in removing, as the thin succulent points of the wiry roots, which penetrate every crevice of the rock, or whatever it is, on which it is found, in search of moisture, are, unless great care is taken, left behind; young plants are more easily transplanted than older ones.

The fronds grow in tufts from a short, thick rizome, sometimes erect, at others almost horizontal, according to their situation and circumstances. They are strap-shaped, pinnate, the pinnæ are longer than broad, and narrow though rounded at the ends, and scalloped, wedge-shaped at the base. They are attached to the rachis by a very short stalk, and are usually set on opposite one to the other, but not very regularly as to their distance apart. They are of a deep, glossy green, which contrasts strikingly with the rachis, which is smooth, glossy, and black, like a coarse horse-hair. Each pinna has a mid-vein, which has side-veins; from these, again, branch one, sometimes two; the upper branch bears the sorus near its point, which inclines upwards, in the direction of the apex, or point of the frond. The sori are, when young, covered with a thin indusium, one side of which is free and notched. As the spores near maturity, they sometimes run together, and form one dark-brown mass on the under surface of the pinna. When the pinnæ are old, they fall off, and have only the black, wiry rachis, mingling with the green fronds, the effect of which is rather peculiar, and gives to the plant a shabby appearance. A tea and syrup are made from the fronds of the Common Maiden-hair Spleenwort, and recommended for diseases of the lungs.

GREEN SPLEENWORT.—*Asplenium Viride*, Hudson, Smith, Hooker and Arnott, &c. *A. Trichomanes Ramosum*, Linnæus.—The Green Spleenwort very much resembles the preceding, but it differs from it in being more erect, and in the rachis being green, or yellow; excepting at the base, where it is dark-brown, or purple, the whole plant is of a much paler, brighter hue. It is not so common as the Common Maiden-hair Spleenwort, but is more local than rare. It is found in Europe. I have a specimen from Switzerland, and North India. At home it is found in the North of England, Wales, and Scotland—in the Highlands it is frequent. It principally affects mountains and rocks, delighting most in the neighbourhood of waterfalls and mountain streams, though it is now and then found in other situations. It is not easily transplanted, from the same reasons as *A. Trichomanes*. This succeeds much better in Wardian and close cases than the above; its size, which varies from a quarter to a third of a foot, also well fits it for them; but London air does not appear to suit it very well, it is apt to damp off. It is best to grow it in pots, of which one-third should be filled with drainage, charcoal amongst other porous substances, and for soil, broken freestone, and sandy peat mixed. The fronds, like those of the Common Wall Spleenwort (*A. Ruta-muraria*), are strap-shaped, pinnate. The pinnæ are set on the rachis alternately, and usually farther apart than those of the Common Maiden-hair Spleenwort; they are more frequently inclined to be nearly diamond-shaped, but broader one way than the other; they are sometimes roundish, egg-shaped, notched with rounded teeth, or rather scalloped, attached to the rachis by a stalk: about a third of the slender rachis is bare.



The veins are distinct; a number of side-veins arise alternately from the mid-vein, and are sometimes divided, or forked, sometimes undivided, or simple. The sori are on the side nearest the apex, or top of the pinna; they are oblong, covered at first by notched, membranous indusia, but these soon fall off. As they near maturity, they run one into the other, covering the under surface of the pinna with a dark-brown mass. The fronds have a tendency to branch, hence the name of "Branching Trichomanes," given it by Linnæus.

WALL RUE. WHITE MAIDEN-HAIR. WALL RUE-LEAVED SPLEENWORT.—*Asplenium Ruta-muraria*, Linnæus, Moore, &c., &c. *Amesium Ruta-muraria*, Newman.—This is also a difficult fern to transplant, as it grows on old walls and rocks, and insinuates its roots into the old mortar, or the interstices of the rock, from which it is very difficult to get them safely; and when you have succeeded in, as you think, persuading it to grow, it will fog off. It is very necessary, in planting it and its varieties, to keep their clustering crowns above the surface of the soil, and with the soil should be mixed porous brick, old mortar, limestone, and charcoal; they should be so planted that water cannot rest on the crowns. Its height—which is from a sixth to a quarter of a foot—well suits it to the close or small glass-covered case, but free air seems to be rather a requisite. It is very common throughout the kingdom, and is found in Europe and North India. The rachis is of a dark, purplish-brown colour, slender, and glossy; the leafy portion occupies more than half its length. The fronds are triangular, spear-shaped, or trowel-shaped, bipinnate, especially below; both pinnæ and pinnules should be alternate, but they are not unfrequently opposite. The pinnules are nearly diamond-shape, but broader one way than the other, wedge-shaped; they are sometimes egg-shaped, with the small end downwards, lobed, or scalloped on the upper edge. The fronds grow in tufts, from the end of a slowly extending and branching rizome; their texture is thick and leathery, the colour a dark, deep green.



## FASHION AND PHYSIC.

Is some fine lady quite o'ercome with woes,  
From an unyielding pimple on her nose,—  
Some unaccustomed "buzzing in her ears,"  
Or other marvel to alarm her fears,  
Fashion, with skill and judgment ever nice,  
At once advises "medical advice;"  
Then names her doctor, who, arrived in haste,  
Proceeds accordant with the laws of taste.  
If real ills afflict the modish dame,  
Her blind idolatry is still the same;  
Less grievous far, she deems it, to endure  
Genteel mal-practice, than a vulgar cure.  
If, spite of golden pills and golden fees,  
Her dear dyspepsia grows a dire disease,  
And Doctor Dapper proves a shallow rogue,  
The world must own that both were "very much in vogue."

## 464.—WALKING TOILET.

Bonnet of plush velvet, trim-

THE

**C**HANGE of course changes the toilet. Thus, entirely new With high the throat collar of the lingerie collar therefore, vermisettes with neck.

For the collars are and general more becoming harsh outline Valenciennes collars.

To wear is fastened the top, with plastron for *moyenne* bodices and chemisettes to them, arranged in frilling round for open jacket, trim border round down the ing one of fronts worn George IV.

For the fichus, of v are worn bodice or p

It would period our the style of the first model which In fact, co



The veins are distinct; a number are sometimes divided, or forked, side nearest the apex, or top of notched, membranous indusia, but run one into the other, covering mass. The fronds have a tendency to "manes," given it by Linnæus.

WALL RUE. WHITE MAIDEN-BRIDE. *Ruta-muraria*, Linnæus, Moore, &c. also a difficult fern to transplant, roots into the old mortar, or the wall, to get them safely; and when you grow, it will fog off. It is very much clustering crowns above the surface of brick, old mortar, limestone, and cannot rest on the crowns. Its growth well suits it to the close or small space requisite. It is very common throughout North India. The rachis is of a leafy portion occupies more than half the space, or trowel-shaped, bipinnate, but alternate, but they are not diamond-shape, but broader one or two times egg-shaped, with the small ones. The fronds grow in tufts, from the base, their texture is thick and leathery.

# FASHION

Is some fine  
From an un-  
Some unac-  
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Fashion, with  
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Her dear dy-  
And Doctor  
The world m-

t, and

## 464.—WALKING TRAIL

Bonnet of plush very trim-  
med with lace and en, is  
The dress is entirely the b-  
cloth. The paletot and dress  
dress are piped with the v-  
trimmed with soutache, viz  
beaded fringe. The long, plain  
plain and pleated at the down  
The lappet which falls on  
the back of the paletot on either  
on. The pattern of the w-  
with soutache, and filled with  
beads.

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moment, and each lady may, in a great measure, choose for herself what style she prefers.

We are asked some details about brides' dresses. They are invariably made with sweeping trains, as all dress toilets are at present. The latest model of the kind we have seen, is a bridal dress of white satin, made in the princess shape, and extremely long at the back. Strips of white plushy velvet were placed up the side-seams, from the shoulders down to the bottom of the dress; these strips gradually become smaller towards the waist, then wider again to the bottom of the skirt. On the *outer* side of each strip, viz., towards the back of the dress, there are narrow cross-bands of the same material, placed at equal distances all the way down, but of unequal lengths, and each fastened down by a round pearl button. A necklace of orange-flowers, the first row of which falls over the bosom, and the second below the waist, is finished off in long sprays on either side. Veil of *tulle illusion*, with a ruching of the same round the edge. The wristbands are trimmed with a double ruche of tulle, divided by a border of orange-flowers.

The bride's visiting toilet is a dress of pale golden-brown satin, one of the prettiest varieties of the Bismarck colour; a double-breasted paletot of silk velvet of a darker shade of brown, trimmed with a border of golden pheasants' feathers, and a bonnet of white velvet, trimmed with white feathers, white lace, and one pink rose.

In the trousseau, we notice a very handsome dress of violet gros-grain silk, made in the princess shape, and trimmed all the way down on each side the front, and all round the skirt at the back, with a pattern of pansies made partly of velvet and partly of satin, all of the same violet colour, but with centres embroidered in yellow silk.

Patterns of this kind, worked in appliqué of velvet and satin over dull silk, are most fashionable this winter. It is in good taste to have the pattern of the same colour as the dress.

There is a rich simplicity, if the expression may be allowed, about this winter's toilets, which we very much admire.

Beads are quite banished from modern trimmings, except as heavy fringes of jet or amber, and, if a small quantity of gold is introduced in the ornaments of bonnets and coiffures, it is generally mixed with such a large amount of black or brown, as to take away from the *tout ensemble* of the toilets any appearance of gaudiness or tinsel.

The golden aigrette first lights up the toilet, entirely composed of dark brown, olive green, purple, or black velvet, cloth, tweed, or poplin, and is, therefore, admitted by persons of the most fastidious taste.

The same may be said of the gilt buttons which are used to loop up the upper skirt of complete costume of dark blue, green, violet, or brown cloth. These buttons are placed in rows of three upon the cloth, which is arranged in folds under them.

Bonnets, like all other articles of the female toilet at this time, are of varied and capricious shapes; there is not one uniform model for all heads, but a series of coquetish coiffures, all so small as to be far more ornamental than useful.

A Louis XV. bonnet, of the rich, new golden-brown colour, is trimmed with a feather border of golden-pheasants' plumage; it is lined with turquoise-blue satin, and a satin rosette of the same colour is placed at the side.

A puff bonnet of nasturtium-coloured satin has a border and lappets of black lace, and a tuft of black, drooping cock's feathers on one side.

A *chaperon* bonnet of white swans'-down velvet is trimmed with thick pipings of cerise-coloured satin, which are continued upon the wide lappets of white satin. Upon the front border there is a curled white feather, fastened with a bow of cerise-coloured satin and a pearl brooch.

For an elderly lady, a bonnet of black velvet is piped with *capucine* (nasturtium)



THE NEWEST FRENCH FASHIONS

Modelled for

*The Young Englishwoman.*

DECEMBER '57

coloured satin. In front there are a few leaves of gaufered velvet of the same colour, and a black feather. Black lace curtain and lappets fastened over strings of striped, black and capucine-coloured ribbon, fastened with a jet brooch.

Mourning winter bonnets are made of black terry velvet, trimmed with rouleaux of black crape. At the back, a bow of the same velvet is edged with dull silk fringe. Lappets to correspond are fastened in front with a jet brooch. Leaves of jet passementerie are laid over the edge of the front border.

The colours most in vogue this winter have, some of them, very strange names. To designate various shades of crimson and orange, we have *flamme du Vésuve*, *flamme de punch*, and *amaranthe*; blush-rose colour is called *teinte de nymphe*; yellowish brown is, as you know, *Bismarck malade*; and reddish brown, *Bismarck en colère*.

Two shades of purplish brown much loved by our grandmothers are also come into fashion again, *puce* and *plum-colour*; these, with olive-green, are used most of all for satin, now that satin dresses are once more admitted for walking toilets.

For evening dresses, shot-silks are preferred even to satin. The time of ball toilets is not yet come; but we are told by competent authorities, that tunics of crape or gauze will be worn over silk dresses of the same colour, and that the Grecian style will be more closely followed than ever, both for dresses and coiffures.



## DESCRIPTION OF OUR FASHION-PLATE.

LEFT-HAND FIGURE. — *Walking Toilet*. — Fanchon-shape bonnet, of blue velvet, trimmed with lace and blue velvet flowers. Velvet strings, edged with narrow lace. Blue cloth paletot and dress, edged with velvet ribbon. The paletot is quite straight, long in front, and cut in the *stole* shape. The upper skirt is gored, and fastened at the waist with a band with flowing ends. The under skirt is long and ample, and ornamented round the bottom with velvets. This toilet may be made as well of silk.

RIGHT-HAND FIGURE. — *Walking Toilet*. — Grey velvet bonnet, adorned with ivy foliage. The crown is rounded, and forms a small flat curtain; the front is in the Mary Stuart shape, with long pearls drooping on a grey velvet *drapé*. Grey velvet dress, trimmed with black velvet cross-strips and braid. The upper dress forms a pelisse, and is crossed on the left side, under the waistband. Wide sleeves. Large pocket, trimmed to match. The under skirt is gored, and ornamented round the bottom.

# 466, 467. WORK- BASKET IN BEAD- WORK.

**MATERIALS.**—  
Light bronze-co-  
loured, black, silver  
and crystal beads,  
purple glacé silk,  
black wool, wire.

The principal part  
of the basket is  
composed of light,  
bronze - coloured  
beads, edged with a  
border of crystal  
and black beads.  
The sides are formed  
by two pockets of  
purple glacé silk.  
The basket itself is  
made of wire, wound  
round with black  
wool; black and sil-  
ver beads cover the  
black wool. The  
handle is formed in  
the same manner;  
four bronze feet are  
fastened on the wire  
basket at each of the  
corners. Our pat-  
tern is 8 inches long

at the top, 6 inches wide, and, without the feet,  
4 inches high; the bottom is 7 inches long,  
and 3 1-5th inch wide. Prepare the basket  
with these measures from No. 467. The two  
pieces of wire at the top of the basket and the  
two curved ones at the sides are formed of one piece  
of wire 40 inches long; the two lower pieces, each  
of which is 7 inches long, are fastened separately  
on to the side pieces. The handle

is formed of 14  
inches long, tw  
to leave only a  
long free on  
these four ends  
seen on Illustrat  
is completed  
so far, and the  
feet have been  
fastened, wind  
the wool round  
it; then begin  
the bead work.  
This measures  
a surface 7  
inches long, 11  
inches high,  
for the sides  
and bottom of  
the basket.  
Stretch a cer-  
tain number of  
silver wires  
across a deal

## 466. FRAME FOR MAKING BASKET.

the work inside the wire basket, twisting the ends of  
the wire round the two thick wires which form the  
top of the basket. Now wind the strings of beads  
round the wires forming the basket itself, fastening  
at the same time the handle, which has been sewn  
on beforehand, with a few stitches. The pockets at  
each end of the basket consist of two pieces of purple  
silk, 10 inches long, 5 inches wide. They are  
rounded off at the lower corners. Hem

frame from No.  
466. The inner  
surface of the frame  
must, of course, cor-  
respond to that of  
the bead work re-  
quired for the bas-  
ket. Thread a cer-  
tain number of  
beads; place them  
under the wires,  
and thread one bead  
on the needle be-  
tween two wires,  
above the frame,  
as can be seen on  
Illustration. After  
having finished one  
row, draw it up  
close to the pre-  
ceding one. Any  
pretty small Berlin  
wool work pattern  
is suitable for the  
border on the out-  
side of the bead  
grounding. After  
you have finished  
the bead work, cut  
the ends of wire on  
the outside of the  
frame, and fasten

ould be nar-  
at the top.  
ches across  
gather in  
a piece of  
Two simi-  
pieces are  
sewn on  
side on the  
ed pieces of  
. At the  
com they  
gathered  
fastened on  
bead work,  
ch must be  
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a parts of  
pocket.  
h pocket is  
pleted by  
long bead  
el fastened  
be outside.

**468. KNITTED CUFF.**

**MATERIALS.** — 1 ounce scarlet double Berlin wool.

The cuff is very easy to make; it is knitted in rounds in brioche knitting with scarlet wool.

**1st round.**—\* Throw the wool forward, slip 1, as if you were going to purl it, knit 1; repeat from \*.

**2nd round.**—\* Purl together the stitch formed in the preceding round by throwing the wool forward and the next stitch, throw the wool forward, slip 1; repeat from \*.

These two rounds are constantly repeated. Cast on 50 stitches, divide them upon 4 needles, and knit 20 rounds in brioche stitches as before described, then 12 rounds alternately, 1 round knitted, 1 round purled, and then again 64 rounds of brioche knitting, 12 rounds alternately, 1 knitted, 1 purled,

and finally 20 rounds brioche knitting. The lower edge of the cuff is formed by a round of black scallops in crochet. This is worked by taking together, in the last knitted round before casting off the stitches, the slipped stitch, the stitch formed by throwing the wool forward, and the knitted stitch, with 1 double stitch in crochet, and working 6 chain stitches between.

**468. KNITTED CUFF.****469. CROCHET MAT FOR A SCENT-BOTTLE.**

This mat is worked in rounds with double stitch over white cord, the centre with white cotton, the pattern and the border with red knitting cotton. Begin the mat in the centre, work three rounds with white cotton, increasing so as to have 30 stitches in the 3rd round.

**4th round.**—Take the red cotton and work alter-



nately, 1 stitch red, 2 white; the red stitch must be cast off with white cotton, and the white stitch with red. This round is worked without increasing; it has, therefore, 10 red and 20 white stitches.

5th round.—3 red in every red stitch, 1 white in every white stitch of the preceding round.

6th round.—5 red on the 3 red of the preceding round, 1 white in every white stitch.

7th round.—3 red, 1 white, 3 red on the 5 red stitches of the preceding round, so that the white stitch is in the centre of the 5 red.

8th—10th rounds.—Like the 7th round, the 3 red must be on the 3 red of the preceding round; the increasing takes place between the 3 red stitches repeated twice. In the 8th round work 2 white instead of 1 only; in the 9th round 3; in the 10th round 4 white stitches; in the 11th—15th rounds are worked from Illustration; in the 11th—13th round the increasings take place only in the grounding. The red star is completed in the 13th round.

16th round.—Work alternately 1 red, 1 white, and complete the mat with the following border worked in red cotton, and forming chain stitch scallops.

1st round of the border.—Alternately 6 chain, 1 double in the next stitch but 3, inserting the needle into both chain of every stitch.

2nd round.—Alternately 7 chain, 1 double in the next chain stitch scallop of the preceding round.



## THE YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN'S RECIPE-BOOK.

TO BOIL RICE FOR CURRY.—*Ingredients*: 1 lb. rice, water. *Mode*: Thoroughly wash the rice in three separate waters, then place it in a very large saucepan nearly full of water, let it boil gently until it is quite tender, which may be tried by pressing a grain between the thumb and finger. Pour the water off from the rice, and shake it over the fire in a smaller saucepan until it is quite dry. Turn it into a hot basin, and cover with a plate; place before the fire, let it stand five minutes, then turn it out into a hot dish ready for the table.

LITTLE SAUCER PUDDINGS.—*Ingredients*: Two tablespoonsful of flour, two tablespoonsful of powdered sugar, three eggs, a teacupful of milk, butter, preserve of any kind. *Mode*: Mix the flour and sugar, beat the eggs, add them to the milk, and beat up with the flour and sugar. Well butter three saucers, half fill them, and bake in a quick oven about twenty minutes. Remove them from the saucers when cool enough, cut in half, and spread a thin layer of preserve between each half; close them again, and serve.

FRIAR'S OMELET.—*Ingredients*: Six apples, one lemon, one egg, butter, three ounces of powdered sugar, bread crumbs. *Mode*: Stew the apples with two ounces of sugar until quite tender, add half the lemon juice and peel finely chopped. Beat the egg for five minutes, and add it to the mixture. Butter a shallow pie-dish, and cover the sides and bottom thickly with bread crumbs fine enough to form a crust when turned out. Pour the apple mixture into the dish, cover with bread crumbs, and bake for half an hour. Turn out on a white d'oyley, and sift plenty of sugar over, and serve.

GINGER-BREAD PUDDING.—*Ingredients*: Half-pound gingerbread, half-pound flour, one ounce treacle, one ounce sugar, two ounces almonds blanched and pounded, one egg, half-pint milk. *Mode*: Crumble the ginger-bread, which is best stale, into a basin, and mix with the flour, stir in the treacle, sugar, and almonds, beat the egg and milk together for five minutes, add and mix thoroughly, and boil two and a half hours.

## OUR DRAWING-ROOM.

**CHURCH DECORATIONS.**—With regard to the subject of church decoration, which just now occupies a good deal of attention in our drawing-rooms, as well as in other quarters, our opinion is, that there is excess on both sides of the controversy. To crowd a sacred building with stage properties is bad—worse than leaving the edifice without any ornamentation at all. But we see no harm in floral embellishments at certain seasons. A correspondent, very much interested in the subject, sends a few hints, which may be acceptable to some of our readers:—At this season of the year, when the Christmas festival is so near at hand, we think a few words on the decoration of our churches might be acceptable to those who have not had experience in the work, and are at a loss how to set about it. First, let us say something about the decorations themselves, before we give any hints as to the easiest way of making them. Avoid *excess* of decorating, as of everything else; do not overload your church with wreaths, texts, festoons, triangles, crosses, &c. Nothing looks in such bad taste as this, and it is a fault into which many willing hands are apt to fall. Let there be handsome, well-made wreaths round the chancel arch, reading-desk, and pulpit. Never make festoons,—they remind one too much of a ball-room, and are by no means appropriate for a church. The style and form of our churches is so various that it is impossible to lay down any rules for the *plan* of decorating, but let it be always borne in mind that all the devices, &c., must be in good proportion, both to each other and to the size of the church. Most people consider the making of wreaths very easy work, and it is, therefore, the portion frequently allotted to the least efficient among the workers. This is a mistake; it requires great care and nicety, and a considerable degree of “knack” to make the sprays lie firmly and lightly. Take for the foundation a thick cord or rope, and, having previously cut the evergreens into pieces of uniform size (with a good length of stalk), place them on it, one over the other, binding each separately and firmly with twine, which should be used in short lengths, as it is so apt to entangle. Do not make *round* wreaths, they never hang well; be careful always to form them only on one side of the rope so as to have a smooth back-ground. Laurel, or bay-leaves, sewn on narrow strips of calico, with a piece of cap-wire down the centre of the wrong side, form light and pretty wreaths for small windows and doors, and can easily be tied on lecterns. With regard to devices for walls, the single and double triangles, and the

three circles (all emblems of the Holy Trinity) are among the favourites. The triangles should be made of three laths of equal length, nailed together at the ends, and covered with evergreens. It looks well to have one triangle made of moss, with bunches of holly-berries placed on it at intervals, the other of bright green holly. Where evergreens are scarce it will be found a good plan to cover the laths with green baize, or any scraps of green material at hand, and bind the evergreens on it, the spaces between the sprays thus becoming invisible. The circles should be cut out in stiff mill-board, and covered before they are sewn together. Each should be different; for instance, one might be of white or variegated holly, and the others of green holly, yew, or box. Care must be taken in sewing on the white holly, for if bruised it becomes discoloured. Crosses may be formed of calico stretched on a framework of laths, and may be covered with holly, box, or moss, with I. H. S. in the centre, made of brown paper and covered with red-berries. In using holly-berries it will be found best to *glue* them when possible, as they are too soft to admit of being sewn well. Designs for placing over the altar should be made of white calico, stretched on a wooden frame, and the letters of the text pasted or tacked on it according to the material of which they are made. A good way is to cut them out of thin brown paper, paste them on the calico, and sew ivy and box-leaves over them, with berries here and there. If berries and “immortelles” are not to be got, make the letters of scarlet cloth, and sew tufts of holly on them; the spaces of red left between will have the appearance of berries at a distance. There should always be a light border of green round the frame. “Glory to God in the highest,” “Unto us a child is born,” “Immanuel, God with us,” are appropriate texts. An elegant design for the reading-desk, or pulpit, may be made by cutting out a star in paper, and gumming it on a square piece of some red material; on the paper sew closely pieces of straw cut in different lengths, all radiating from the centre. This is a little troublesome, as each straw has to be sewn separately, but it has a beautiful effect, and quite repays the trouble. A simple and pretty way of decorating the font is to fill it with water, and make a small cross of Christmas roses (when they are to be obtained) to float on the surface; a small piece of cork underneath each end will effectually prevent its sinking. Another good way is to have a thin board made to fit the top of the font; on this may be raised a pyramid of moss, or otherwise decorated, it

being remembered that there should be a handsome wreath round the edge to prevent the board being seen.

### MARINERS.

SAD wrecks there are of hope and love—

Sad wrecks on Life's dim sea !  
But look at yonder heaven above,  
And Hope will smile on thee !

Steer calmly ! Rocks and shoals, alas !

Must meet thee on thy way ;  
Beware, yet fear not, for we pass  
Such perils every day !

Be sure we are not left alone  
To find a haven blest ;  
Wisdom is sitting on a throne,  
And Love will give thee rest.

Poor, weary mariner, I fear  
Thy strength is nearly o'er,  
But ever, while thy bark is here,  
Cry, "One brave struggle more !" R. B.

ETTA.—Your lines on Flirtation are sound in morality, but defective in rhyme and measure.

TROUBLESOME.—We should not suppose the books to be of any great value, but your best plan is to consult a dealer in old books.

REBECCA.—The composer of "Should he Upbraid" is Sir Henry Bishop.

### CHRISTMAS EVE.

CHRISTMAS is come again, and we  
Are met once more as friends together ;  
And as this Christmas Eve we see,  
Warm are our hearts, though cold the weather ;  
And thoughts that please, and thoughts that grieve,  
Are ours this frosty Christmas Eve.

How many changes since we met  
Together here in last December ;  
Friends lost—we never can forget,  
Friends made—we ever shall remember :  
So changed that one could scarce conceive  
It all has happ'd since Christmas Eve.

Harry has gone abroad : we miss  
His cheery voice and laughter sadly ;  
And cousin Janie sends a kiss ;  
"She wished to come," she says, "so badly."  
Poor girl ! she can't her chamber leave,  
To join us here this Christmas Eve.

Bessie is married ; far away ;  
And Tom is dead, and so is Annie ;  
And Fanny can't be here to-day,  
For she is ill. Poor little Fanny !  
'Tis hard, indeed, to now believe,  
They all were here last Christmas Eve.

And we who are met here to-night,

We, year by year, are getting older ;  
Our step is not so quick and light ;  
Less bright our hopes ; our blood is colder :  
We can't such sanguine fancies weave  
As on some bygone Christmas Eve.

Grandpa seems rather more infirm,  
As he stands up to dance "Sir Roger ;"  
Grandma of dancing's had her term,  
She says, since Gout has been her lodger.  
It may be God will us bereave  
Of them before next Christmas Eve.

And Pa and Ma are not so young,  
And Uncle's brow is getting wrinkled ;  
And dear Aunt Katie has among  
Her raven locks some grey hairs sprinkled ;  
So none of us can time retrieve,  
All older are this Christmas Eve.

But still we're here, so let's be gay,  
For Christmas is no time for sorrow ;  
And let us, in our usual way,  
Sing in the glad and blest to-morrow.  
And though an inward sigh we heave,  
We'll spend a merry Christmas Eve.—A. A. D.

EMMA L.—Your velveteen would make a nice jacket for walking. Trim plainly with braid or handsomely with jet trimming.

A. H.—We refer you to the articles on Winter Gardening in "THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE." We will endeavour to comply with your request.

MISS ELLIOT.—The "History of Lace" is not a manual of instructions, and it would be of little use to you. We will endeavour to assist you.

INCOGNITA.—We can hold out no encouragement at present ; but if we may form an opinion of your ability from your letter, it should be very promising indeed.

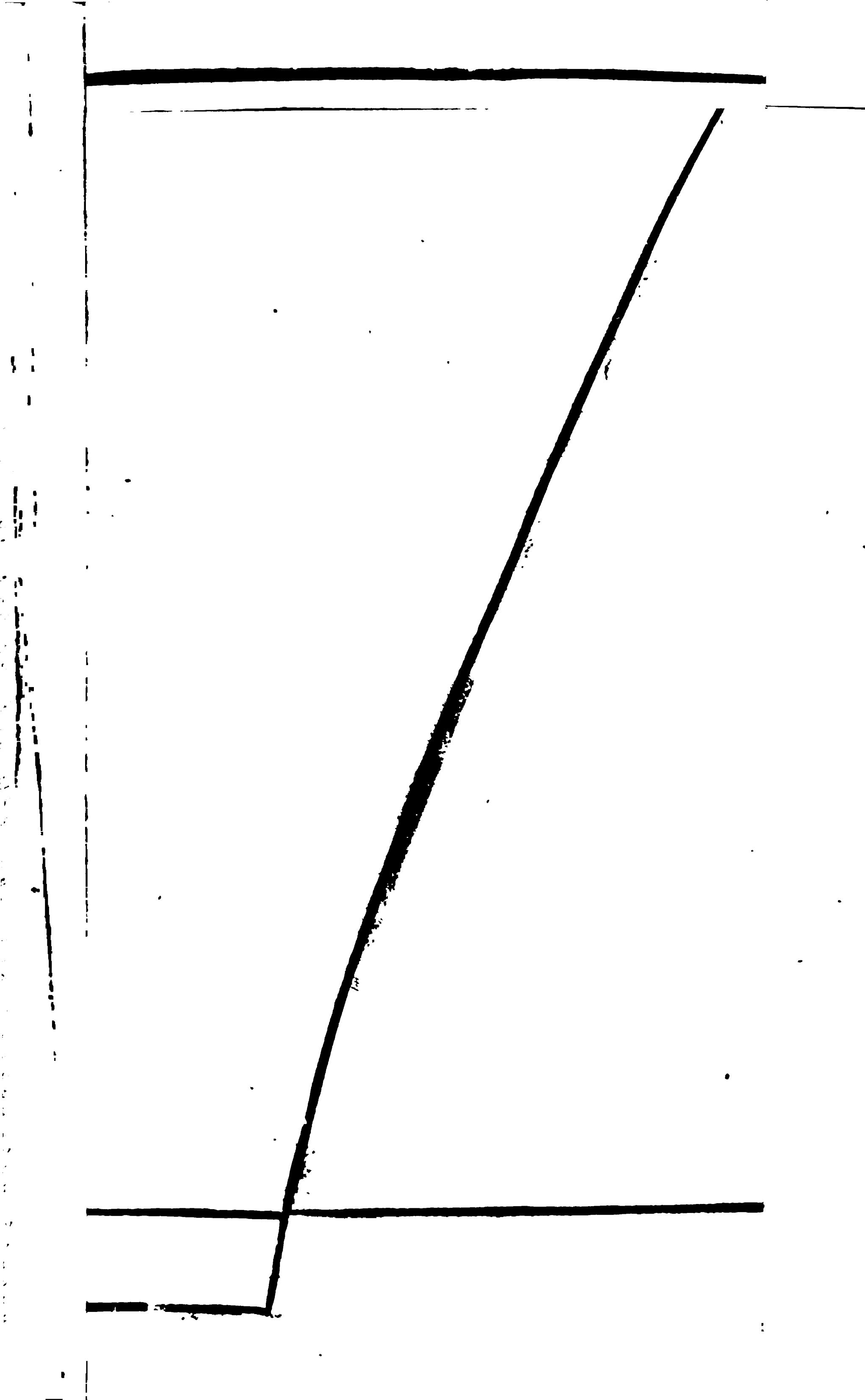
AN INQUIRER.—The only sure way of removing superfluous hairs is to pluck them out by the roots with a pair of tweezers.

CANARY.—Balmoral should be pronounced with the accent on the last syllable ; both a's are sounded as in can. Singer should be pronounced sing-ur. Audacious is pronounced aw-da'-shus.

DAISY is referred to the article, on Health and Beauty now appearing in the pages of "THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE."

MARIE.—Either gold ink or gold shell will serve for purposes of illumination. Chalk drawings look best on tinted paper, which admits of the use of white chalk in touching up the high lights.

ALICE.—Colouring "Cartes" is, to many, a source of profitable income. If you can do the work successfully, write, with specimens, to any of our leading London Photographers. Say Claudet, Mayall, Adolph Bean. It is a very difficult matter to advise, without knowing all the circumstances.



BOY'S CLOTH JACKET.

Jacket for a Boy from 10 to 12 years of age.

A neat and simple jacket is made of dark-gray cloth, stitched round with black silk. Buttons to correspond.

Full-sized Patterns for cutting out the above are given on this Sheet.

Illustrated with "The Young Englishwoman"  
December, 1867.

DESCRIPTION OF THE DIAGRAMS.

Fig. 1. Front.

2. Side-piece.

3. Half of Back.

Fig. 4. Sleeve.

5. Half of Collar.

6. Lapel of Pocket.







